

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1141

Chapter 1141 Are You Firing Me

“So, Ms. Miranda, Charlotte said innocently, “should we agree to terminate those contracts? That would be a massive loss, don’t you think? Maybe we should hand the projects back to Ms. Smith instead.”

Miranda’s face went red with frustration, feeling the mounting embarrassment.

Watching from her seat, Cecilia fought back a smirk, clearly amused by the unfolding drama.

Meanwhile, Charlotte continued, undeterred. “Honestly, we don’t even know if the clients are still interested at this point?”

“Get out! Now!” Miranda’s voice reached a fever pitch, her temper flaring as she all but screamed for Charlotte to leave.

The rest of the room watched the spectacle with amused expressions, taking in the show. But before Charlotte could slip out, Elena, who had remained silent up until now, spoke up. “Wait a minute,” Elena called out, her tone firm but calm. “You don’t need to leave just yet.”

Charlotte stopped in her tracks and, with a s

ly smile, moved to close the conference room door as she made herself comfortable. If anyone was leaving, it wasn’t going to be her. Not until things were resolved.

“Miranda,” Elena began, “What’s this I hear about you taking over Ceci’s projects? Care to explain?”

Elena couldn’t have been more relieved that she had attended the meeting today. Had she not been there, she might have remained blissfully unaware of the underhanded scheming taking place right under her nose.

Before Miranda could gather her thoughts, the managers from other departments couldn’t hold back any longer. They quickly jumped in, airing their grievances.

“Mdm. Elena, our department had a promising project, but Ms. Miranda took it from us,” one of them accused.

Too ashamed to admit that Adrian had handed the projects to Miranda, they resorted to claiming they were taken by force.

Elena was no fool, and she saw through their attempts to save face. “Since when did Orion Corporation become the Leighton family’s playground?” she asked, her eyes narrowing in disbelief.

This kind of ruthless competition was exactly what Orion Corporation despised. It led to immeasurable losses, both financial and reputational.

Miranda, sensing the tension, cast a desperate glance at Adrian, silently begging for his support. But Adrian wasn’t going to stick his neck out for her. Instead, he feigned disapproval.

“Miranda, what you’ve done is completely inappropriate,” Adrian said, his voice stern but insincere. “Even though you’re a daughter-in-law of the Rainsworth family, here at Orion Corporation, we’re all employees. You can’t resort to such disgraceful tactics.”

Miranda couldn’t believe her ears. Her own husband was throwing her under the bus. She opened her mouth to protest, but Adrian cut her off. “According to company policy, engaging in unethical competition is grounds for immediate dismissal,” Adrian stated, as if reading from a rulebook.

Miranda’s eyes widened in shock. “Adrian, are you... firing me?” she asked, her voice shaking with disbelief.

In a fit of anger, Miranda slammed her hands down on the table and stood up, her face flushed with rage. The entire conference room felt like a stage for just the two of them now.

Elena, not expecting things to escalate, turned to Nicholas. “Is this how you run your company, Nicholas?” she asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Nicholas, unphased, tapped his fingers lightly on the table. “This is a workplace, not your living room. If you want to argue,

do it at home.”

Only then did Miranda’s mouth snapped shut. Adrian gave her a subtle, knowing look, silently urging her to keep quiet. They could hash this out later in private.

Reluctantly, Miranda sat back down, but the tension in the room was palpable.

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Chapter 1141 Are You Firing Me

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had never imagined that she would lose to Cecilia, but the tables had turned. It wasn't Cecilia who left the company in disgrace—it was her.

As she gathered her things to leave, she cast a furious glance at Cecilia.

“Trying to sabotage me, are you?” Miranda commented snidely.

Cecilia met her gaze coolly, unbothered by the bitter outburst. “If you hadn't been so greedy, none of this would've happened.”

“You think you've won, don't you?” Miranda hissed. “This isn't over. Don't think you're invincible just because Elena is backing you up. She'll grow old, she'll die, and let's see how you, a mere woman, can handle things with that dim-witted husband of yours.

With one final glare, she stormed out, her anger trailing behind her.

Charlotte sidled up to Cecilia once Miranda was gone. “That woman really has a way with ugly words, doesn't she?”

Cecilia let out a light laugh. “It's all she has left.”

Charlotte admired her boss' cool, level-headed approach to the situation. It was one of the reasons she had so much respect for her.

With Miranda gone, there was no one left to run her department/The employees were reassigned to other areas of the company, and Cecilia wasted no time transferring Charlotte into her own team. In doing so, she had the satisfaction of firing the spy Miranda had planted in her department.

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When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1142

Chapter 1142 Popular Kid

When the spy was finally dismissed, she remained completely oblivious to the fact that her betrayal had been exposed long before that day.

*Boss, did you... perhaps misunderstand something?” she stammered.

Cecilia, however, had no interest in indulging her pleas or engaging in any more unnecessary conversation. Instead, she simply presented her with a series of d’mming pieces of evidence, each one more incriminating than the last.

“It’s better if we part on good terms, Cecilia said coldly,

Realizing that she had no defense left, the traitor finally slinked away, defeated and broken.

Meanwhile, the project that Miranda had previously taken control of had been returned to Team Five, and the employees couldn’t help but admire Cecilia’s handling of the situation. True to her word, she hadn’t disappointed her subordinates; she had dealt with the crisis swiftly and efficiently.

Once Cecilia had wrapped up all the company's affairs, as promised, she made her way to see Elena.

When Elena saw Cecilia's radiant smile, she immediately waved her over. "Ceci, come here and sit down with me."

Cecilia took a seat next to her.

"How have you been feeling lately?" Elena asked, her voice filled with genuine concern. "Isn't it exhausting, working so hard every single day like this?"

Cecilia shook her head gently. "No, everything's fine. The doctor said the baby is developing well. I haven't had any discomfort, and I'm not feeling tired at all."

Elena's fondness for Cecilia seemed to grow deeper with each passing day. Lowering her voice, she leaned in a little closer. "Did you... arrange that situation with Miranda?" she asked.

Cecilia didn't hesitate to answer. "I had no other choice. Adrian gave all of my best projects to her and left us with a complete mess to clean up."

Upon hearing this, Elena nodded thoughtfully, her expression serious. "You did the right thing," she said with conviction. "But you need to be careful. The people in Adrian's family are all small-minded. They'll definitely try to find a way to save face and retaliate"

"I know," Cecilia replied. "I'll be cautious."

"Good," Elena said, her voice softening. "But don't worry too much. As long as I'm still here, I've got your back. I'll make sure you and Nathaniel don't have to deal with unnecessary troubles."

After they finished discussing the business matters, they decided to head out together to pick up Elliot from preschool.

When Elena's car pulled up in front of the entrance, quite a few onlookers couldn't help but turn their heads in her direction.

"Isn't that one of Orion Corporation's cars?"

"That's a limited-edition car... and look, there's even a bodyguard! Does that mean one of Orion Corporation's senior management has their child studying here too?"

Although the parents gathered there were all fairly wealthy and important in their own right, they rarely had any interactions with the senior management of Orion Corporation. Seeing a member of the powerful Rainsworth family at such a local preschool was certainly unexpected.

Don't the Rainsworth family children usually attend the most prestigious international preschools?

Initially, Cecilia had sent Elliot to this kindergarten because she had been concerned that Felix might bully her. As they arrived, Cecilia noticed the curious glances from the other parents, leaving her slightly puzzled.

"Why isn't Eli going to the same school as Jon?" Elena asked, a note of curiosity in her voice.

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Chapter 1142 Popular Kid

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tone firm. "Felix, that brat, has been spoiled by his grandfather since he was little. Given Eli's delicate health, it's best Felix stays away from him."

"By the way," Elena continued, her voice lowering slightly. "Is Felix still giving Jon trouble?"

Cecilia let out a small chuckle. "Not anymore. I heard from Jon that Felix's attitude has improved. He listens to Jon a lot these days.

Elena sighed in relief. "That's good to hear. After all, how could my grandson possibly be bullied by someone else?" she said, her pride evident in her voice. Throughout his young life, Nathaniel had always been the one standing tall against others, not the one being pushed around.

As they chatted, the school bell rang, signaling the end of classes for the day.

Cecilia pulled out her phone and dialed Elliot's wristwatch, "Eli, Grandma and I are here to pick you up. We're waiting at the main entrance."

Upon hearing that his mom and grandma were outside waiting for him, Elliot's face lit up with excitement. He quickly said goodbye to a few of the little girls who were fond of him, sending them a playful blown kiss, before rushing outside to meet his family.

When the other parents caught sight of Elliot, they couldn't help but comment on his appearance. "This child is so good- looking

"He's not just handsome; there's something familiar about him... like I've seen him somewhere before."

Hearing this, Elliot quickly pulled the collar of his shirt up to cover his face. He was quite well-known online at the time, and the last thing he wanted was to be recognized in public.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1143

Chapter 1143 He Is An Idiot

Fortunately, the parents didn’t dwell on their curiosity for too long. Once their own children appeared, they quickly turned their attention away from Elliot and dispersed.

After Elliot hopped into the car, the atmosphere immediately brightened with cheerful chatter and laughter.

The three of them set off toward the Rainsworth residence, where Elena felt her spirits lifting. It had been so long since she’d felt this happy. Elliot’s vibrant energy was infectious.

When they arrived at the mansion, they were greeted by Cassandra, who had come over that day as well. As she watched Elena bring back Cecilia and Elliot, a flicker of displeasure crossed her face.

“Mom,” Cassandra greeted,

“Mm.” Elena responded with a gentle nod, treating her with the utmost courtesy.

Cassandra’s eyes darted to Cecilia, and her expression stiffened. She turned back to Elena, her voice a little sharp, “Mom, what brings Ms. Smith here?”

Ms. Smith?

The use of “Ms. Smith annoyed Elena, but given Cassandra’s ba

ckground and connections, she held her temper. Speaking in a more measured tone, she replied. “Ceci has given birth to two children for our Rainsworth family, and the child she’s carrying now is also a Rainsworth. From now on, you should refer to her as your elder sister-in-law, Cecilia, not Ms. Smith That’s too formal”

Cassandra’s face stiffened further, clearly showing her displeasure.

Why should I address Cecilia—an orphan, and someone who isn’t even of the same social standing—as my sister-in-law? What on earth has gotten into Elena to suddenly treat Cecilia so well?

“Understood, Cassandra responded curtly, but she made no move to greet Cecilia properly. Instead, she simply sat back down on the couch, avoiding further interaction.

Elena, not wanting to escalate the situation, turned to Cecilia and Elliot with a smile. "Dinner will be ready soon. Why don't you both relax for a bit?"

"All right." Cecilia replied.

Unable to contain his curiosity, Elliot looked up at Elena, his eyes wide with anticipation. "Grandma, can I see Daddy now?"

He had heard rumors about his father's condition, about how Nathaniel had lost his mind, but it still seemed so hard for him to believe.

Elena hesitated for a moment, her expression softening with concern. "Not yet," she said gently. "Give it a little more time, and you'll be able to see him"

She didn't want Elliot to meet Nathaniel while he was still in such a fragile, confused state. She feared it would be too much for the young boy to handle.

"Okay." Elliot sighed, his disappointment evident in his voice.

Elena offered a reassuring smile. "I'm going to go change my clothes. We'll have dinner together in just a bit."

As Elena disappeared upstairs, Cassandra remained seated on the couch, her gaze fixed on Cecilia. Watching how carefully Cecilia doted on the frail child beside her, she couldn't help but feel a surge of bitterness. Nathaniel had been reduced to a fool, and yet here Cecilia was, still receiving attention: and care.

"Cecilia," Cassandra suddenly said, her voice laced with disdain. "Do you honestly think Mom has grown fond of you! She's only keeping you around because Nathaniel isn't capable of taking care of things anymore. She needs you to look after the

Cecilia glanced over at Cassandra, her expression calm and composed. "I don't really care if others like me or not. But you.... are you upset that Mom treats me well?" she asked, her tone steady, deliberately provoking Cassandra.

Cassandra's temper flared, and she quickly rose from her seat, one hand protectively resting on her stomach. Her eyes were filled with arrogance. "Cecilia, don't think for one second that you're important just because you're pregnant. I'm carrying a Rainsworth child too. Once my baby is born, you'll have no place here. Nicholas and I will have plenty more children in the future."

Cecilia couldn't help but let out a laugh. "Well, here's to you having more children, then."

Cassandra bristled at Cecilia's calm response. It felt like she was hitting a pillow—her words had no effect, no impact whatsoever. Frustration gnawed at her.

Cecilia, unfazed by Cassandra's outburst, decided to take Elliot with her and step out for a breath of fresh air, wanting to get away from the tension. However, just as she was about to leave, Cassandra stepped in front of them, crouching down to Elliot's eye level.

"You're Elliot, right?" Cassandra said, her voice sweet but venomous. "Do you know why your dad isn't around anymore?"

Cecilia's eyes narrowed, sensing something off in Cassandra's tone. Before she could step in, Cassandra continued, her words sharp and cruel. "It's because your dad has become a fool now. Do you know what a fool is? It means he's an idiot!"

Elliot's little hands clenched into fists, his expression darkening.

*Cassandra, are you out of your mind?" Cecilia snapped, her voice cold and filled with warning.

But Cassandra, seemingly unfazed, looked up at Cecilia with a mocking smile. "What's the matter?" she teased. "Did I strike a nerve? I haven't even said anything-

Before she could finish her sentence, a sudden pain shot through her arm. She gasped in shock, looking down to see that Elliot had sunk his teeth into her flesh.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1144

Chapter 1144 He Bit Me

"Ah!" The sharp pain finally hit Cassandra, making her cry out in agony, "Ouch, you little brat! How dare you bite me!"

In a fit of rage, she raised her hand, fully intending to strike Elliot.

Cecilia, watching this unfold, would never let anyone lay a hand on his son. He immediately stepped forward, grabbing Cassandra's arm to stop her. Neither of them had the advantage, as both women were pregnant, and the tension only heightened the struggle.

Elliot, meanwhile, was still fiercely biting down on Cassandra's arm, his grip unyielding. Blood filled his mouth, but his eyes were cold, showing none of his usual sweet charm.

The mansion's housekeeper, witnessing the chaos, stood frozen in place. They were unsure whether to step in or simply watch, clearly unsure how to handle the situation.

Upstairs, Elena had just begun to change her clothes when the piercing scream from below reached her ears. She hurried downstairs, arriving just in time to see the mess—Cecilia and Cassandra locked in a physical confrontation, and Elliot still clamped down on Cassandra's arm like a vice.

“What’s going on here?” Elena’s sharp voice cut through the tension.

At the sound of her voice, Elliot finally let go, exhaling a sigh of relief. Both women froze in place, the hostility between them momentarily paused.

Cassandra, however, was clearly worse off. Her arm was a bloody mess, and the bite marks showed just how hard Elliot had sunk his teeth into her flesh.

Elena rushed over, concern etched on her face. But before Cassandra could launch into a tirade, Elliot was the first to speak his eyes brimming with tears. “Grandma Elena, she said my dad turned into a fool! She called him an idiot!”

His quick accusation left Cassandra flustered, unable to react as fast as she would’ve liked.

Elena’s gaze shifted to Cassandra, her eyes narrowing. There was an unmistakable sharpness in her expression. “Cassandra, is this really how you, as his aunt, talk to Elliot?”

Cassandra, refusing to take the blame without defending herself, immediately showed off the wound on her arm. “Mom, look at this! He bit me! He’s out of control!”

Cecilia, standing by her son’s side, wasn’t about to let Cassandra twist the situation in her favor. “Cassandra, if you hadn’t spoken so poorly of his father in front of him, why would he have reacted like that?”

With a smug sneer, Cassandra shot back, “What did I say that wasn’t true? Nathaniel is mentally deficient. He’s a fool, and everyone knows it. I wasn’t wrong!” She winced, clutching her throbbing arm, but continued, “But you—what kind of child are you raising? He bites at the first sign of trouble! Honestly, I’m the victim here. If this were someone else, they would’ve put an end to his behavior a long time ago!”

Elena silently endured Cassandra’s complaints, her patience wearing thin as Cassandra continued to push her luck. Finally, she couldn’t take it anymore.

“Enough!” Elena’s voice was stern, her authority unquestionable. “One is my son, and the other is my grandson. Who are you to meddle in this family’s affairs? If you look down on our Rainsworth family so much, then go tell Nicholas—this wedding is off!”

Cassandra’s arrogance faltered at Elena’s words. She knew full well that if the wedding was called off, it would cause a huge fallout with the Jamieson family. That was a risk no one wanted to take.

Her tone softened instantly. “Mom, I didn’t mean it like that. I was only speaking the truth. And besides, I’m carrying a Rainsworth baby too. You can’t be so biased.”

At that moment, Nicholas, who had just arrived, overheard the tail end of the argument. He stepped inside, his voice rising to catch everyone's attention.

"Cassandra, stop using the baby as an excuse to make things difficult for Mom" Nicholas said sternly.

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Once outside, she wasted no time in showing him the bite mark on her arm. "Nicholas, I'm not being unreasonable, but look at this! Elliot was ruthless. He bit me so hard, and he's just a child"

Nicholas glanced at her, his expression unreadable, his eyes cold. "Cassandra," he said calmly, "do you remember what I told you? I don't like troublemakers. We're about to get married—can you please avoid causing unnecessary complications?"

Cassandra's defiance crumbled under his steady ga

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1145

Chapter 1145 Still Pretending

Back inside the mansion, Elena knelt down beside Elliot, gently stroking his hair as she tried to calm him. "Sweetie, don't cry. Your dad is just sick. He'll get better soon, I promise."

Elliot, though young, wasn't naive. He knew she was only saying that to comfort him. But, deciding to play along, he sniffled and nodded, trying to appear like any other ordinary child.

"Really? Can I see my dad? I want to know how he's doing now."

Elena hesitated, glancing over at Cecilia for guidance. "Ceci, what do you think?" she

Cecilia smiled reassuringly. "After dinner, we can go see your dad," she suggested.

e asked softly.

Elena, still unaware that Nathaniel was pretending, nodded in agreement. "Yes, let's do that," she said, finalizing the plan with Cecilia's lead.

Elliot's tears dried up as soon as he got confirmation. He immediately perked up and obediently started eating his dinner, excitement bubbling beneath the surface. He could finally check on his father and see for himself how things were going.

After dinner. Elena took Elliot and Cecilia to visit Nathaniel. He was staying in his old residence, now under the care of his previous housekeepers, and his living conditions were far more comfortable than they had been at the mansion.

When they arrived, they found Nathaniel seated by the window, staring out at the landscape in a dazed state.

“Has Nathaniel eaten yet?” Elena asked one of the housekeepers.

“Yes, he’s already eaten,” the housekeeper confirmed.

“That’s good,” Elena nodded, clearly relieved that he was taking care of himself.

From where he stood, Elliot glanced at his father. Nathaniel still looked a bit lost, his expression vacant. Could this be the aftereffect of his surgery? The sight troubled Elliot. He could see that his father’s condition was a heavy burden on his mother.

“Daddy,” Elliot called out softly, stepping closer.

Sensing that things could get complicated. Cecilia gently held onto Elliot’s hand. “Elliot, your dad needs his rest right now. Let’s not disturb him today, okay?”

Seeing the look in his mother’s eyes. Elliot reluctantly agreed. “All right then,” he said, taking a step back

After casting a few more lingering glances at his father, Elliot allowed Cecilia to lead him away. Later, once Elliot was out of sight, Cecilia returned to Nathaniel’s room alone.

She closed the door behind her and walked straight over to Nathaniel, her brow furrowed in concern. Just as she was about to test whether he was still playing dumb, Nathaniel’s hand shot out, grabbing hers with surprising strength.

“How did you get here?” Nathaniel asked, his voice serious, his gaze meeting hers with clarity—no longer the vacant stare from before

Cecilia blinked in surprise. “Why are you still pretending?” she asked, confused.

This was Nathaniel’s territory, and he wasn’t worried about anyone overhearing. However, he didn’t share every detail of his plan with Cecilia. “I wanted to see who was truly concerned about me when I was vulnerable, and who was just pretending,” he explained. “Plus, it’s allowed some of my rivals to lower their guard.”

He didn’t mention the little “wedding gift” he had planned for his younger brother. After all, he wasn’t sure if Cecilia still had any lingering feelings for Nicholas.

“All right. Just tell me what you need me to do,” Cecilia said, ready to cooperate.

“You’re willing to cooperate?” Nathaniel’s mind briefly wandered back to the earlier incident with Elliot. “We need to keep a closer eye on our sons in the future. They’re not as simple as they seem.”

Cecilia laughed, unable to hold back. “Come on, how can a four or five-year-old not be simple?”

As her laughter rang out, Nathaniel found himself momentarily stunned by her beauty. Without thinking, he leaned in, pressing a kiss to her cheek.

Cecilia blushed as his handsome face came closer. Her cheeks turned a deep shade of red, and she shyly turned away, her

heart racing.

Nathaniel’s kiss was gentle, but Cecilia tensed up slightly at first. Mistaking her reaction for reluctance, Nathaniel stopped. “Ceri.”

“Hmm?” Cecilia asked, still flustered.

Taking a few steps back, Cecilia lightly touched her flushed face. “If there’s nothing else, I should go. I’m worried Eli might feel uncomfortable being here alone. Her voice held an odd tension that Nathaniel couldn’t quite place.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1146

Chapter 1146 A Treasure Vault

Nathaniel’s gaze held an unmistakable urgency, an intense need to stop Cecilia from leaving. Without thinking, he tightened his grip on her hand, his voice low as he admitted. “I’m not used to being here alone.”

It was such a strange contrast coming from him—a man known for his unyielding strength and icy demeanor, one who typically handled everything with ruthless efficiency. Hearing such vulnerable words felt almost surreal to Cecilia

She raised an eyebrow, finding his statement slightly absurd. “This is your home. How could you not be used to it?”

He looked at her seriously, as though what he was about to say was the most natural thing in the world. “Our home is Daltonia Villa, isn’t it?” he replied.

Cecilia felt her breath catch. In the past, Nathaniel would never admit something like that. The fact that he now so casually recognized Daltonia Villa as their home was a big shift.

"All right, all right. Til stay and keep you company for a while," she said, shaking her head with a small smile. Nathaniel was acting more like a child than ever before, and it amused her.

As soon as she agreed to stay, Nathaniel wasted no time. He stood up, his long legs swiftly carrying him across the room. He picked out a chair designed for comfort, perfect for a pregnant woman, and placed it next to her. "Here, sit down. Don't stand for too long

Cecilia sat down, leaning back against the chair with a sigh of relief. "Thank you," she murmured.

Nathaniel disappeared for a moment, then returned carrying a tray laden with various fruits and snacks. He set it down in front of her, and Cecilia stared at the assortment in surprise. "Where did all this food come from? Did the housekeepers prepare it?"

She glanced over the food again and noticed something strange—many of the dishes were her favorites, including some Nathaniel himself didn't even like. "Wait a second," she said, narrowing her eyes playfully, "Why is all this food stuff that i

like?"

that

Nathaniel smiled, a bit of mischief in his expression. "I heard you were coming, so I had someone buy it all secretly. It wouldn't be much fun for you to keep me company without something you enjoy, would it?" He added, "Besides, pregnant women get hungry quickly, right? How could I not have something ready for you?"

Now that he was almost fully recovered, Nathaniel was ready to step up as a husband and father. He intended to take care of Cecilia and their child properly.

Cecilia couldn't help but beam as she took in the sight of all the delicious food. Without hesitation, she began digging in, savoring each bite. "I'm happy," she said, half-joking as she enjoyed the food.

Eating like this makes anyone happy.

Nathaniel, however, wasn't done. In addition to the food, he had arranged something else to keep her entertained. "Come with me," he said, leading her toward the closet. Inside, rows of beautiful clothes were hanging neatly.

Cecilia's eyes widened in amazement. "You bought all these? There's so many!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with surprise.

“Mason picked them up for you. I told him to get all the new styles from this year’s major brands, in your size.”

As she glanced over the garments, Cecilia felt like she could spend days trying them on and still not run out of new things to wear. She glanced at him, her brow furrowed slightly. “But I’m pregnant in a few months, my belly will be much bigger.”

Nathaniel didn’t miss a beat. “These are based on your measurements after pregnancy,” he replied smoothly.

Cecilia’s heart soared. After eating her fill, she walked over to the clothes, carefully selecting a few pieces she loved, and began gathering them to take with her. But as she turned to leave, Nathaniel gently grabbed her wrist. “You can’t take the clothes out of here,” he said with a teasing smile.

Her eyes widened in confusion. “What? Didn’t you buy these for me?” she asked, clearly disappointed. She had assumed they

were for her to take home.

Nathaniel chuckled. “The clothes stay here. Come by every day, wear whatever you like, and take it with you if you’re going

* Die anne erneblad with a misnura of affarian and semant a hadsereneed all of this to baan har semund Innens hoping it would give her more reason to visit him regularly.

Cecilia sighed, but a smile tugged at her lips. “I thought you wouldn’t let me wear them outside at all.”

Nathaniel leaned in, his voice soft. “Do you want to see the jewelry, too?” he asked, as though offering her another treasure.

Cecilia’s face lit up instantly. “Of course, I want to see it!” she said eagerly.

The residence Nathaniel was staying in now seemed like a treasure vault, filled with all the things she loved. It was almost overwhelming how he had managed to gather so much in such a short time. There were enough clothes and accessories to last her a year without repeating an outfit.

Nathaniel had put in a lot of effort to capture Cecilia’s heart. It wasn’t until eight in the evening, when Elliot called, that she finally realized she had to leave.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1147

Chapter 1147 Danger Lurking In The Rainsworth Residence

From the outside looking in, people didn't see Cecilia as happy at all. To them, she seemed pitiful. Even the housekeepers who worked in Nathaniel's residence whispered behind her back.

"Who would've thought Mr. Nathaniel would end up like this? The poor Mrs. Rainsworth, divorced, and now she has to come back and take care of their child"

"Yeah, it's sad. She's just too kind. If it were me, I wouldn't have done it."

"Are you kidding? You think Cecilia's stupid? Mr. Nathaniel might be simple-minded now, but he's still a Rainsworth. Even in that state, he's better off than most men. Cecilia knows what she's doing. I bet Mdm. Elena gave her a hefty sum of money." The gossip continued for a while, but as soon as Cecilia stepped outside, the chatter came to an abrupt halt.

Cecilia, however, paid no attention to them. She was in high spirits, dressed in her new clothes and adorned with her new jewelry.

Miranda, however, had been keeping an eye on her. Having been forced to resign earlier that day, Miranda waited outside, clearly intent on catching Cecilia off guard and humiliating her.

When she finally saw Cecilia leaving Nathaniel's residence, Miranda's eyes narrowed. "Oh, you're only just leaving? What, were you up to no good with that fool Miranda taunted, her voice dripping with venom.

Cecilia glanced briefly at Miranda, unimpressed, and continued walking without a word, heading toward her car and the place she shared with Elliot

Miranda, however, wasn't one to let things go so easily. She followed closely behind, a sneer on her face. "What's wrong? Did I hit a nerve? How does it feel to be stuck taking care of a fool?" she pressed.

Cecilia felt no need to entertain her petty remarks. If only Miranda knew that Nathaniel wasn't actually the blind fool she believed him to be, she'd probably be even more enraged

"It feels fine, Cecilia replied coolly. "At least a fool wouldn't betray me."

Her words were laced with a hidden meaning, and Miranda sensed it immediately. "What's that supposed to mean?" she asked, her tone sharpening.

Cecilia shrugged, barely bothering to look at her. "Exactly what it sounds like.

Miranda let out a mocking laugh. "Oh, please. You're not talking about Adrian, are you? He's nothing like Nathaniel with his so-called 'first love

She scoffed at the notion, but Cecilia didn't bother arguing. Instead, she just kept walking, leaving Miranda behind.

Miranda, irritated by Cecilia's indifference, had no idea that her own Adrian was desperately trying to raise money at that Very moment.

When Cecilia finally arrived home, Elliot was there waiting for her, his expression serious. "Mommy, why did you come back so late?" he asked, concern etched in his young face.

He had been talking to his older brother earlier, and they both agreed that their father's current situation was a cause for worry. They believed Cecilia should be cautious, and avoid spending too much time at the Rainsworth residence, fearing it could become dangerous for her and her unborn child.

Cecilia smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry, Sweetie. I lost track of time."

Elliot's sharp eyes didn't miss a thing. "Mommy, did you change your clothes?" he asked, noticing her outfit.

Cecilia paused, caught off guard. After a moment, she nodded. "Yes, I did. I took a shower and changed while I was there because my clothes are at his place."

"Okay," Elliot said, though he didn't press the issue further. "Mommy, when are we going back?"

Cecilia hesitated. "Can we take care of your dad for a little longer?" she asked.

In The Rainsworth Residence

Elliot frowned. "Can we go back earlier? I miss Ms. Campbell, Ms. Talbot, and Amy."

Hearing this, Cecilia felt at a loss for words. She knew Elliot was anxious to leave, but there was still so much to consider. "We'll ask your grandma tomorrow, okay? Then we'll decide," she said gently.

"Okay," Elliot agreed reluctantly.

"Now, go freshen up and get ready for bed," Cecilia said with a soft smile, trying to distract him.

Elliot, however, wasn't done. His voice was quieter now, more vulnerable. "Mommy, didn't you notice I already changed my clothes? I've already taken a bath. I've just been waiting for you to come back."

Cecilia's heart sank with guilt. She hadn't noticed, and now she felt even worse.

Elliot looked up at her, his voice soft but determined. “Mommy, can we sleep together tonight?”

He didn’t say it outright, but deep down, Elliot was scared—scared that something bad might happen to his mother, and he wanted to be there to protect her.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1148

Chapter 1148 Teach That Brat A Proper Lesson

“Eli you’re a big kid now. You should be sleeping on your own,” Cecilia said gently, but this time, she didn’t agree to Elliot’s request.

She was heavily pregnant and finding it more and more difficult to sleep, so sharing the bed with her energetic little boy was out of the question. For the first time, Cecilia rejected Elliot’s plea, and the young boy didn’t quite know how to react. “Mommy...” Elliot began, hoping to plead his case with a pout, but Cecilia cut him off before he could go any further. “That’s enough, Eli. No girl likes a boy who cries,” she said, trying to be firm but loving at the same time.

Left with no other choice, Elliot sighed in defeat. He clutched his small pillow tightly and retreated back to his own room, looking dejected.

However, his mind remained uneasy. He couldn’t shake the feeling that something might go wrong, so he picked up his wristwatch phone and called Jonathan. “Jon, you don’t think anything bad will happen to Mommy tonight, do you?” Elliot asked, his voice full of concern.

Jonathan’s response was calm and logical. “It’s too early for anything to happen. Mommy’s only just gone to the Rainsworth residence, and Grandma Elena is there too. They won’t make any moves this soon.”

Hearing this, Elliot breathed a sigh of relief. “That’s good”

With his worries eased, Elliot finally managed to get some sleep.

The next morning, Elliot woke up early, immediately thinking about his mother. He wanted to check on her to make sure everything was okay.

Cecilia, however, was already awake. She hadn’t slept much, likely because she wasn’t used to the unfamiliar bed. “Eli, you’re up. Go freshen up, and let’s head to Grandma’s for breakfast,” she said with a smile.

Elena, perhaps afraid they’d feel uncomfortable with the new environment, had sent someone to invite them over for breakfast. She was eager to fill her home with some liveliness, especially after all the tension surrounding the family.

“Okay,” Elliot agreed cheerfully.

By the time they arrived at Elena’s, Nicholas and Cassandra had already returned. Cassandra’s arm, still sore from the bite she received from Elliot, was wrapped up from her hospital visit.

Every time she saw the little boy, a dull pain reminded her of the incident. She couldn’t believe that someone had dared to hurt her like that..

Once I marry Nicholas, I swear I’ll teach that brat a proper lesson! Also, I need to settle the score for that beating Magnus had to take!

Nicholas, noticing Elliot standing by Cecilia, called out to him gently, “Eli, come sit with me.”

At the sight of Nicholas, Elliot froze. Fear surged through him. There was something about Nicholas that made Elliot uneasy. It was as if seeing him reminded her of some terrible ghost.

“No, thank you,” Elliot mumbled nervously. “I’ll sit with Mommy.”

Nicholas didn’t seem bothered by the rejection and simply responded with a calm, “All right.”

Elena, noticing the odd tension between them, couldn’t help but tease Elliot, “Elliot, don’t you think your Uncle Nicholas looks a lot like your dad? Why didn’t you mix them both up?”

Elliot wanted to believe he had mistaken Nicholas for someone else, but the dark aura surrounding him was undeniable. Even if Nicholas turned to ashes, Elliot was sure he’d still recognize him. There was no mistaking that presence.

“Well, Daddy is sick, but Uncle Nicholas isn’t,” Elliot explained simply.

Elena chuckled, patting Elliot on the back. “So smart,” she said, clearly amused.

Cassandra, on the other hand, didn’t seem impressed. She scoffed inwardly. Was this supposed to be clever? My future child would

During breakfast, Elliot kept his head down, sitting between Elena and Cecilia, silently eating his meal without daring to glance at Nicholas. Nicholas, however, occasionally cast his gaze toward the boy.

“Eli, Nicholas said suddenly, his voice calm but probing “Are you afraid of me?”

Elliot looked up quickly, his face breaking into a forced grin. "Of course not. You saved me once. Why would I be afraid of you?"

Elena laughed heartily, placing a hand on Nicholas' arm. "See, Nicholas? You and Nathaniel look so much alike. Eli adores Nathaniel, so how could he possibly be afraid of you?"

Nicholas chuckled softly at her words but didn't push the matter any further.

Cassandra, watching the lighthearted exchange, felt an overwhelming sense of bitterness rise within her. She felt like an outsider, disconnected from the warmth and joy shared by the family.

Once breakfast was over, Cassandra stood up, taking Nicholas by the hand. "Nicholas, don't go to the office today. Let's go pick out some wedding photos together."

Nicholas gave her a patient smile. "You can choose the photos, Cassandra."

Cassandra frowned. "No, I want you to come with me."

As Elena watched the scene unfold, she couldn't help but feel a pang of nostalgia. In the past, she hadn't been fond of Cecilia, but now, comparing her to Cassandra, she realized Cecilia was far more graceful. Back when she married Nathaniel, things hadn't been this complicated.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1149

Chapter 1149 Slowly But Surely

With no other choice, Nicholas reluctantly agreed to accompany Cassandra. As they prepared to leave, Cassandra cast a glance at Cecilia, her tone light but laced with smugness, "Cecilia, I assume you're not going to work today, right? You'll stay here and take care of Nathaniel, won't you?"

She flashed a satisfied smile and added, "Considering the state he's in, what would happen if you left him to work every day? Isn't that right, Eli?"

Without waiting for a response, Cassandra turned and left, looking quite pleased with herself

Elena watched Cassandra leave, her heart heavy with frustration. She turned to Cecilia, trying to offer some comfort. "Ceci, don't hold it against me for not stepping in Queenie, Cassandra's mother, is one of the company's biggest clients. We can't afford to lose her. Nicholas hasn't been in charge of the company for long, and there are plenty of people waiting for him to Gil."

Cecilia nodded, understanding the situation perfectly. "I know,"

She would deal with Cassandra in her own time, slowly and surely

After dropping Elliot off at school, Cecilia sat in the car, lost in thought. In this world, she realized, people without power or influence couldn't compete on an equal footing with those who were born into it.

If she truly wanted to surpass Cassandra and stand tall against the combined might of the Jamieson and Evans families, she would need much more time and experience.

Her fingers absently traced the scar on her right cheek. The scar served as a constant reminder of the day Jonathan had been kidnapped, and it fueled her resolve for revenge. She hadn't forgotten the pain or humiliation she had endured, and she never would.

At the company, the atmosphere was surprisingly upbeat. With Miranda gone, everyone seemed to be in high spirits. Adrian, too, felt a sense of freedom now that he was no longer under Miranda's watchful eye. He wandered around the office, confident as ever.

When he got a moment alone with Cecilia, he handed her a card with a smirk. "Here's the money you asked for. I'll send you an address later tonight—meet me there," he said casually, as if he expected her to jump at the opportunity.

Cecilia glanced at the card he tossed her way. After Adrian left, she called over Charlotte, who was equally surprised.

"He actually gave you that much money?" Charlotte asked, astonished, "How could he part with so much?"

Cecilia chuckled. "It's just one of the quirks of the rich."

Charlotte laughed too, but they both knew that Adrian's generosity wasn't just about money. He had been drawn to Cecilia not only for her beauty but because she was Nathaniel's former wife. Taking her away would feel like a victory over Nathaniel in his twisted mind.

"Are we really going to accept it?" Charlotte asked, curious.

"Of course," Cecilia said with a grin. "Consider it payment for his lesson." She handed the card to Charlotte. "Use it to fund our new company."

Charlotte hesitated for a moment. "But won't this provoke him to retaliate?"

Cecilia leaned in closer, her voice low as she whispered a plan in Charlotte's ear.

At this, Charlotte's eyes lit up. "That's a brilliant idea. Adrian won't be able to work comfortably here anymore. I'll take care of

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1150

Chapter 1150 Caught In The Act

Adrian: Sweetie, I'm all cleaned up and smelling good. Where are you now? Why haven't you responded to my messages?

Upon seeing this line of chat on Cecilia's phone, Nathaniel's expression darkened considerably. Without hesitation, he unlocked Cecilia's phone easily. Her password was simple, something Nathaniel had committed to memory with a casual glance.

As soon as the phone was unlocked, a flood of messages from Adrian appeared, each one more forward and sentimental than the last.

However, it didn't escape Nathaniel's notice that Cecilia hadn't replied to any of them. His face remained grim, his hand hovering over the keyboard, ready to type a response, when Cecilia emerged from the changing room.

"How does this outfit look?" she asked, stepping out in an elegant ivory dress, exuding a refined grace.

At that moment, she caught Nathaniel holding her phone, looking as if he was about to send a message. "You're holding my phone..." Cecilia said, her tone slightly curious.

For a moment, Nathaniel wasn't sure if he felt guilty for looking at her phone or anxious because he had been caught. He quickly switched off the screen, his movements a bit too hurried.

Cecilia found his reaction odd and walked toward him, extending her hand for the phone, Nathaniel couldn't help but look at her seriously. "Why didn't you tell me that Adrian was bothering you?"

Now understanding what had happened, Cecilia sighed. "I didn't want to add more to your plate. You're already busy with so many things I can handle this myself."

"How exactly are you going to handle it?" Nathaniel asked, his frustration clear. At that moment, he had half a mind to order. Mason to toss Adrian into the sea

"You'll find out tomorrow," Cecilia said confidently, taking the phone from his hand. She glanced at the message from Adrian but didn't reply, instead dismissing it entirely.

Seeing her calm demeanor but still withholding the details, Nathaniel wasn't satisfied. He immediately called Mason and instructed him to have someone follow Adrian discreetly.

If Adrian dared to cross any lines with Cecilia, Nathaniel wouldn't hesitate to take drastic action. But for now, he respected Cecilia's approach and chose to wait

Meanwhile, at the hotel, Adrian sat waiting eagerly. He had sent several messages to Cecilia, but with no response, he was growing anxious. Just as he was about to call her, there was a knock at the door.

"Sir, a lady has ordered this drink for you, the waiter said. "She suggests you start without her, and she'll join you shortly."

Adrian, believing the drink to be a playful gesture from Cecilia, accepted it eagerly. A wide grin spread across his face. "Who knew she was the type to play these games?" he muttered to himself, pouring a glass and taking a sip.

The alcohol warmed him, and not long after finishing the glass, he found himself drifting off into a deep, comfortable sleep.

The following morning, as the first light of dawn began to filter into the room, Adrian woke up groggily. To his shock, he found himself surrounded by several attractive women. They were busy dressing and gathering their belongings.

"Who are you?" Adrian asked, his voice thick with confusion.

One of the women, who was nearly finished getting dressed, laughed lightly. "Mr. Rainsworth, have you already forgotten? You called us here last night"

Adrian stared at her, bewildered. What? No, I didn't. I was waiting for Cecilia all along.

Before he could fully process what was happening, the women left and Adrian glanced toward the door, only to see a swarm of reporters rushing toward him, cameras flashing in his face.

"What the-? No! Don't take pictures! Stop!" Adrian shouted, frantically trying to cover himself.

illegally, at a hotel spread like wildfire.

Do all the men from the Rainsworth family have this insatiable need for women? Is it in their blood?

Looks like we caught him red-handed this time.

The scandal not only tainted Adrian's reputation but also caused a temporary drop in the stock prices of Rainsworth Group. Neil was furious, summoning Adrian to his office immediately.

On his way to face his grandfather, Adrian realized that he had been set up. The realization hit him hard, but he didn't know how to prove it.

When Neil questioned him, Adrian was much more clear-headed than before. "Grandpa, I swear I was framed. I didn't call for those women. You can check the footage from the hotel—I even had a camera set up in the room."