

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 117

## Chapter 117 She Has Been Sued

Before Stella could explain, the call was abruptly ended. Stella clenched her fists in frustration.

That rascal Felix actually tattled to his family.

After some careful thought, Stella concluded that her fall was undoubtedly connected to those children.

How could the hallway be so slippery? And why, of all times, did it have to be right after I fell that Felix and another kid came over carrying a bucket of mop water? He had somehow managed to spill all the water on me by sheer coincidence!

Stella really didn’t expect to be bested by a mere kid. The next time she saw him, she was determined to give him a hard time.

Just when she was in a fit of anger, her manager inconveniently decided to call. “Stella, there’s trouble. Your song, Ray of Light in the Dark, has been sued. The internet is in an uproar.”

“Hasn’t everything been resolved?” Stella asked, puzzled.

“What do you mean it’s resolved? Go see for yourself. The song belongs to Ms. Cecille, and it was released four years ago. The song you released is ninety–nine percent similar to hers.” The manager was now as frantic as ants on a hot pan. “Now, they’re not just accusing you of plagiarism, but also claiming you abused your power and had Ms. Cecille’s lawyer detained for a day. Previously, the chat logs between our assistant and Ms. Cecille’s studio were also exposed. Everyone’s saying that we couldn’t afford to buy others’ compositions and that we relied on stealing them.”

After hearing that, Stella felt her head throbbing. “Let me take a look first.” She forced herself to stay calm. Upon unlocking her phone, she was greeted with news of her plagiarism scandal topping the trending list.

Before Stella could gather her thoughts, she saw that the latest post on her Twitter account: a clear conscience fears no accusation was nearly overwhelmed with comments from fans and passersby.

Oh, so the tables have turned? Those fans who initially claimed there was no plagiarism, do you see it now?

Really, a clear conscience fears no accusation? Stella, won't you explain why a song, remarkably similar to yours, was released four years prior to your own? Why is it that your song, which is now released, bears a ninety-nine percent similarity to that one?

Wouldn't you call this plagiarism? You can't even be bothered to edit a thing; you're just copy-pasting!

I agree. Her only difference was that she wrote the lyrics. I was wondering why the words felt odd; they didn't quite match the melody. Even her lyric writing wasn't up to par

Stella meticulously read through each message, genuinely hesitant to casually post on Twitter respond randomly. She called her manager, "Get in touch with the PR team, quickly."

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had sought out Ms. Cecille's studio for negotiation when we were first accused, we could have resolved this. But now... You were so adamant about not plagiarizing in the beginning, even declaring your innocence so boldly. Even if we spent money to suppress all the trending topics, it would be of no use."

"Right now, there are only two options. Either we ask for Mr. Rainsworth's assistance again, or we find Ms. Cecille personally to apologize," the manager proposed.

Stella furrowed her brow.

I've just offended that little tyrant, Felix. How can I possibly seek out Nathaniel for help?

She feared that the more she sought his help, the last shred of affection Nathaniel had for her would be completely extinguished.

The only person I can turn to now is... Ms. Cecille.

Stella couldn't help but recall Cecilia.

Vivian was Ms. Cecille's lawyer back then. Could it be that Ms. Cecille is actually Cecilia? It can't be!

Stella dismissed the thought, acknowledging that Cecille was quite famous abroad and had a substantial number of fans.

How could Cecilia have become a renowned composer after only a few years abroad? Wasn't she busy

running the company with Calvin's support?

Stella convinced herself it must be a coincidence. She told her assistant, "Get me Ms. Cecille's contact information. I need to find her myself."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 118**

### Chapter 118 His Gifts

Cecilia had a meal at Vivian's house, and we spent a long time chatting. As the hour grew late, she decided to take a ride back to Daltonia Villa.

She was worried that Jonathan might overthink things, so she asked Vivian not to mention anything about Elliot or the fact that she was currently living at Daltonia Villa.

In truth, Jonathan had noticed early on that something was off with his mother today. However, being considerate, he chose not to pry. Instead, he planned to subtly coax information out of Vivian in private.

At Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel returned from the company at five in the afternoon. He was seated on the living room couch, an exquisite gift box placed on the coffee table in front of him.

Ding!

The Epean-style wall clock showed the hour hand resting on the 10.

It's already ten o'clock, yet Cecilia hasn't returned?

Nathaniel had never waited this long for anyone before. He tugged at his tie in irritation, a slight frown creasing his handsome brows. He took the gift box in his slender hand, repeatedly examining it to ensure that the contents would please her, before finally closing it again.

Another half hour passed, and Nathaniel's irritation only intensified. He rose, reaching for the items on the table, prepared to personally bring Cecilia back.

At that moment, the sound of the door opening echoed from the entrance. Nathaniel looked over, his gaze meeting Cecilia, who was walking in, clad in a long dress the color of begonia. flowers and wearing high heels. As their eyes locked, for a moment, neither of them spoke.

Coming back to her senses, Cecilia asked, "You're still awake?"

Not only was he awake, but he also hadn't eaten. At this moment, Nathaniel's mind was in a complete mess. "Where have you been? Why are you just getting back now?" he asked.

"Oh, I went to my best friend's place for dinner." Cecilia, having swapped her shoes for a pair of slippers, walked in. She then moved past Nathaniel, heading upstairs to her room. She found it odd.

Hasn't he always had someone tailing me? Why is he asking now?

Nathaniel couldn't hold back any longer. His towering figure blocked her path. "Aren't you going to ask me where I went today? What I did?"

"What else could you be doing? Weren't you at work?" In the past, Nathaniel spent all his weekends working; she didn't even need to ask. Cecilia was somewhat puzzled, wondering what had gotten into him.

Facing her clear gaze, Nathaniel found himself unable to muster any anger, no matter how hard

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he tried. He approached Cecilia, extending the gift box toward her. "It's a gift from a client at the company.

past, whenever Cecilia stared at the gift in his hand for quite some time but didn't take it. In the Nathaniel made a mistake, he would casually give her gifts that were originally presented to his company by clients.

On one occasion, she was pushed into the pool by some of Zachary's people. She nearly drowned, her eardrums painfully swollen, almost causing her to go deaf. In the end, he casually gifted her a necklace and said, "Avoid those places in the future, and you'll stay out of trouble."

Back then, it was the first time Cecilia had received a gift from Nathaniel. She had been overjoyed for a long, long time.

In the past, whenever she was hurt, regardless of the circumstances, he would always try to appease her with gifts. And right in front of him, his friend had remarked, "A woman like her, at few lavish gifts would keep her happy for quite some time. She's no different from her mother, both greedy for wealth."

Upon hearing this, she had wept as

he returned all the gifts Nathaniel had given her in the past, right in front of him. That day, Nathaniel was extremely upset as he gripped her hand tightly. "What on earth are you playing at! If you don't want it, there won't be any in the future!"

After that, Nathaniel truly stopped even pretending to keep up appearances. Regardless of whether she was hurt or insulted, he never offered a word of comfort, nor did he give any more gifts.

Recently, her interactions with Nathaniel had caused a rush of past memories to flood back,

attempts, she found it impossible to forget.

overwhelming her. Despite her

Cecilia snapped back to reality. "I don't want it."