When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 119

Chapter 119 The Words Once Said

Nathaniel was taken aback.

Didn't she say she has a thing for gold, silver, and jewelry?

"Are you sure?" Nathaniel's expression gradually turned cold.

Looking at his current state, Cecilia was certain that he had forgotten the words he once said in the past. "I would accept gifts from anyone, but yours is the only one I refuse!" After saying that, she pushed past Nathaniel and headed upstairs.

Watching Cecilia's cold figure, Nathaniel directly tossed the gift box into the trash bin. Having skipped meals for the entire night and dealing with a cold, he was now experiencing a subtle stomachache.

He didn't know what was going on with him that day. When he saw the luxurious bracelet sent by a client, he was reminded of the words spoken during the time when Cecilia lost her memory, "I told you, I don't remember. However, I can tell you that I love makeup, and I adore vibrant, beautiful clothes. I also have a thing for gold, silver, and jewelry."

Nathaniel's face darkened as he sat back on the couch in anger.

The present–day Cecilia wasn't indulging him anymore. She retreated to her room alone to freshen up and rest. The doctor had advised her to maintain a calm demeanor and refrain from staying up late. Otherwise, her condition would fluctuate.

Just the day before, she had problems with her ears again.

Nathaniel had been slumped on the couch for approximately half an hour, listening as the stirrings from Cecilia's room upstairs gradually ceased. Only then did he confirm that this woman truly had no concern for him

anymore.

Inside the room, Cecilia took her medicine and lay in bed, gradually drifting into a dreamland. However, it wasn't long before the already locked room door was opened with a key, and a tall figure stepped in.

The man pulled back the covers, drawing Cecilia into his embrace with a firm grip. He held her close. Feeling the familiar and pleasant scent of Cecilia, the discomfort in Nathaniel's body seemed to alleviate a bit.

When Cecilia came to, she opened her eyes. In the pitch–black room, she couldn't make out the man. She reached out, intending to push him away, but Nathaniel held her even tighter.

"Don't move, let me hold you for a bit." His voice was deep and raspy; evidently, his cold had worsened.

"Let go of me," Cecilia demanded, noticing that his entire body was burning hot.

Balance

705+117

1 Coins

1 Pearls

Chapter 119 The Words Once Said:

Finished

"I've told you, don't move around recklessly." His Adam's apple bobbed slightly. Cecilia listened to the sound of his strong heartbeat, instinctively shrinking back a bit. But the man's long arm swiftly reached out, pulling her back into his embrace once more.

Nathaniel leaned against her, but unlike the previous time, he found himself even more unable to fall asleep. He was never a gentleman, and his wandering hands began to roam everywhere.

Cecilia instinctively moved away. "What are you doing?"

"Don't you want it?" Nathaniel asked seriously. "Weren't you unwilling to give up? Now, you have the opportunity." It seemed as though his body temperature had risen even higher.

"I don't need this kind of opportunity." Cecilia retreated further, finding herself with nowhere else to go.

"Too late."

At some point, unbeknownst to anyone, Nathaniel had stripped off all his clothes. When he embraced her once again, she could feel every part of him. Nathaniel didn't give her any chance to resist; he kissed her dominantly and passionately,

Shivering under the weight of it all, Cecilia yearned to bear Nathaniel's child as soon as possible. She saw it as the only way to save Elliot.

Watching Cecilia's somewhat reluctant movements, Nathaniel couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy well up within him. "What, so it's unacceptable if it's me, but it's okay if it's Calvin?"

Smack!

No sooner had Nathaniel finished speaking than he was met with a sharp slap from Cecilia. The slap that Cecilia dealt was far from light. After she struck him, she herself was stunned.

Nathaniel's face was burning hot as he tilted his head to the side, his brows slightly furrowed. He. didn't say a word, continuing to do as he pleased.

Involuntarily, Cecilia tightened her grip on his shoulders. Nathaniel was no greenhorn; he clearly sensed her discomfort, his Adam's apple subtly shifting.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 120

Chapter 120 Not My First Time Seeing It

Finished

Nathaniel didn't pause; he scoffed coldly, "It seems like Calvin doesn't love you as much as you think. How long has he been neglecting you?"

This time, Cecilia was truly infuriated. When she came to her senses and raised her hand to strike him again, Nathaniel decisively grabbed her wrist. "Did I hit a nerve?"

Cecilia didn't feel like explaining at all. Over the years, her relationship with Calvin was just like that of ordinary friends. "It seems like your desperation now is because Stella doesn't love you, isn't it?"

Two can play this game.

Nathaniel sneered coldly, "I'm not like you." He had never laid a finger on Stella.

Cecilia laughed, "What's so different? We're two of a kind. You think you're any better than me? I used to think you were deeply affectionate, but now it seems that was all there was to it. Does. Stella know what you've done?"

Nathaniel was not at all angry. He didn't respond but firmly held Cecilia in his embrace. Cecilia bit down hard on his shoulder. Nathaniel sharply inhaled in pain, yet he didn't let her go. Instead, he lowered his head and kissed her.

Over the years, he had dreamt of this scenario countless times. Cecilia was taken aback, realizing that now wasn't the time to be angry–rather, it was an opportunity to seize. She ceased to resist.

Under the veil of darkness, Nathaniel could not discern Cecilia's expression. However, noticing her change, he was evidently puzzled. His voice was hoarse as he asked, "It seems like you're cooperating with me?"

Cecilia's pupils constricted. The next moment, Nathaniel paused and promptly turned off the bedside lamp. Instinctively, Cecilia shielded her own body. Nathaniel's voice caught in his throat. "It's not like it's my first time seeing it," he paused, before changing the subject, "Does Calvin know how honest your body is? Hmm?"

Cecilia was caught between anger and embarrassment, looking at him in disbelief.

Is he taking me for a fool?

When Nathaniel regained his composure, he glanced at Cecilia without uttering another word. He then got up and headed to the bathroom, where he showered under cold water for quite a

while.

Afterward, he returned and once again embraced Cecilia, drifting off into a deep slumber. Cecilia, however, found sleep elusive.

Her mind was not only occupied by the events of the evening but also by the words spoken by Nathaniel. She clenched her palm tightly, unsure of how much time had passed. Only when

She wasn't sure where to go, so she ended up on the balcony. There, she braced against the cold wind and listened to the sound of rain outside. After an indeterminable length of time had passed, the occasional murmur from Nathaniel's sleep talk could be heard within the room.

"Cecilia. I'm not feeling well… You heartless creature, you shouldn't have come back…

When Cecilia returned to the room, she could hear herself being cursed. Suddenly, she felt as if the years of affection she felt for him were particularly unworthy.

Standing at the edge of the bed, she peered at the face she had adored for almost half her life under the dim light. A sudden urge to slap it hard washed over her, but in the end, she held herself back.

Indeed, I'm heartless. I should have let you keep mistreating me after you started, shouldn't I? I should have always been at your service, never leaving your side, right?"

Nathaniel fell into a high fever once again. In his delirious state, he listened to Cecilia's complaints. Annoyed, he closed his eyes and reached out for her.

Cecilia took a step back, avoiding him, before she opened the bedroom door and left. Not long after she left, she heard the heavy thud of a man falling onto the floor in the bedroom.

This time. Cecilia didn't show any mercy. She spent the night on the living room couch downstairs.

When Nathaniel woke up, he was plagued by a throbbing headache, accompanied by a slight fever. He realized he was once again lying on the ground.

Looking up toward the bed, he noted the absence of Cecilia, and his brows furrowed in confusion. Stepping out of the bedroom and standing on the second floor, he spotted a small figure curled up on the couch.