

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1221

## Chapter 1221 Revenge Is A Dish Best Served Cold

Mason hadn’t always treated Cecilia well in the past, so in a way, she felt justified in giving this advice. As the old saying went, “revenge is a dish best served cold. Sometimes, waiting years to exact it was worth it.

“You’re absolutely right,” Lucille agreed, nodding enthusiastically. “I’ll make sure we have everything in order before we get married.”

Meanwhile, far away, Mason, blissfully unaware of the plotting going on in his absence, sneezed. Little did he know that thanks to Cecilia’s influence, he was destined to be wrapped around his wife’s finger.

Charlotte, listening to the conversation about prenuptial agreements, divorce, and marriage, couldn’t help but feel a pang of longing. Surrounded by friends who were either married, planning to get married, or navigating divorce, she realized she was still single. A part of her yearned for that kind of connection.

“Boss, I think I’m going to go for a walk,” she said, standing up.

“All right

As Charlotte stepped outside, she spotted Sven returning with Elliot. The tall, imposing figure of Sven was hard to miss. His entire demeanor seemed to scream, “stay away,” and yet Charlotte couldn’t help but sneak a few more glances in his direction.

Sven approached with Elliot in tow. “I’ll be heading back now,” he said, handing Elliot over to Charlotte.

Charlotte stood frozen for a moment, her mind going blank. “Huh?” was all she managed to say.

Elliot, ever observant, had already picked up on the fact that Charlotte seemed to have a soft spot for Sven. Sensing an opportunity, he decided to help her along.

spot for Sven

“Mr. Sven, didn’t you say you’d teach me how to work out? Why don’t we go to your place, and you can show both me and Charlotte?”

Charlotte blushed, flustered by the sudden suggestion. “Oh, um, Elliot, maybe I shouldn’t go?”

But Elliot wasn't having any of it. Come on, does she not know how to flirt? I'm already playing wingman for her.

"Come on, Charlotte. I want you to come too," he said, grabbing her hand and giving her an innocent, playful look.

Seeing the situation, Sven didn't object. He led the two of them to his place and started teaching Elliot some basic exercises.

Charlotte tried to follow along, but she found herself more focused on Sven than on the workout. Her movements were sloppy and far from standard.

Sven noticed and stepped behind her, gently correcting her posture. "You've done this before, right? How come you're struggling with the basics?" he asked, his voice low and close.

The unexpected touch and his proximity made Charlotte's face flush redder than ever.

Watching the exchange, Elliot thought to himself, Finally, things are moving along.

But Charlotte, being the dense woman she was, immediately corrected her posture and performed the Elliot sighed inwardly. No wonder Charlotte doesn't have a boyfriend yet. She's way too dense!

Realizing that his matchmaking efforts might be in vain, Elliot decided that instead of pushing Charlotte toward Sven, he'd first have to teach her how to be a meek or timid woman. After all, subtlety was key.

Sven, meanwhile, watched Charlotte with a mix of amusement and admiration.

"Good job," he said, his tone even. "That's enough for today. Eli, if you need more help, feel free to ask

Charlotte."

With a resigned nod, Elliot agreed. "All right."

As they left, Elliot couldn't help but let out another sigh. Charlotte, noticing his change in mood, looked at him with concern.

"Eli, did something happen at school today? Why do you seem so down?" she asked.

Elliot stopped in his tracks and looked up at her seriously. "Charlotte, do you have feelings for Mr. Sven?" he asked bluntly.

Charlotte, taken aback by the question, immediately turned her head, trying to hide her blush. “What are you talking about? I’m just admiring a handsome guy, that’s all.”

Elliot wasn’t convinced. “Uh–huh.”

You say you’re just admiring him, but you couldn’t even look away back then.

“Charlotte, if you really like him, maybe spend some time online looking at how playgirls flirt. It might help,” Elliot suggested, sounding far older than his years.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1222**

### Chapter 1222 Learn How Playgirls Flirt

After offering Charlotte his sage advice, Elliot hurried off to start his live stream.

He had been extremely busy lately, with countless ladies eagerly waiting for his broadcasts. Thankfully, he wasn’t as blunt as Charlotte—otherwise, how could he have charmed so many fans?

Charlotte, on the other hand, watched Elliot leave, his words still ringing in her ears.

What does he mean by learning from playgirls?

Still, she didn’t dwell on it for too long and decided to carry on as she usually did.

News about Vivian and Zachary’s upcoming wedding spread quickly, making headlines across various platforms. It seemed like everyone was talking about their impending nuptials.

As Cecilia sat down for breakfast, she came across one of the articles covering the event. With the wedding approaching, she began thinking about what kind of gift she should prepare for Vivian.

At Orion Corporation, the atmosphere was tense. An internal meeting had been called, centered around the fallout from the events at the wedding a few days ago.

When Cecilia arrived at the office, she immediately sensed something was off. Charlotte approached her with a concerned look.

“Boss, I saw a lot of shareholders around today, and Elena was there too. Word is, they’re planning to reconvene the board to discuss either appointing or dismissing the CEO, Charlotte explained.

Cecilia frowned. It seemed Nicholas’ position as CEO was on shaky ground. She barely had time to settle into her work before she received a call from Elena.

“Ceci, can you come up to the conference room?” Elena asked.

“Of course,” Cecilia agreed, setting her work aside and heading up.

The meeting hadn’t started yet, but the tension in the room was palpable. Niel, Nathaniel’s uncle Robert, and various shareholders were all present.

Nicholas and Cassandra had also arrived, and Cassandr looked visibly pale.

Elena approached Cecilia, her face etched with worry. “Ceci, could you try reaching out to Nathaniel and ask him to come over?” she pleaded..

“I can try, but I’m not sure if he’ll come,” Cecilia said as she pulled out her phone and dialed Nathaniel’s number.

Nathaniel, busy catching up on work at Imminence Corporation, saw Cecilia’s name pop up on his screen. Without hesitation, he answered. “Ceci-”

“It’s me,” Elena said. “Why aren’t you answering my calls? Your uncle is trying to oust Nicholas from his CEO position. Where are you?”

Only then did Nathaniel realize why Cecilia took the initiative to call him.

Elena was a little surprised. However, she still handed the phone over to Cecilia.

Bewildered, Cecilia accepted it, asking. “What’s up?”

But instead of responding, Nathaniel said only one thing. “Don’t play the messenger and contact me on behalf of someone else.” With that, he hung up.

Staring at the disconnected call, Cecilia felt a wave of confusion. What did he mean by ‘someone else’?

Elena was his mother, after all, and it seemed unreasonable for him to refuse her so outright. Cecilia stood there, momentarily at a loss for words.

“What did he say?” Elena asked anxiously.

Cecilia sighed, handing back her phone. “He hung up and told me not to call him again.”

Elena’s face tightened with exasperation. “This child,” she muttered under her breath. She had always struggled with her eldest son’s stubbornness, but now it seemed both Nathaniel and Nicholas were becoming increasingly difficult to handle.

“Go back to your work for now,” she instructed, trying to maintain her composure.

All right, Cecilia responded.

As she made her way out of the conference room, Cassandra followed.

“Cecilia, Cassandra called out, her tone sharp.

Cecilia stopped and faced her. “What is it?”

“All of this, it was Nathaniel’s doing, wasn’t it?” Cassandra’s voice trembled with anger. The memory of her ruined wedding still fresh, she was certain that Nathaniel had been behind the disaster.

“No idea, Cecilia responded.

“Keep pretending. But don’t think I’ll make things easy for you,” Cassandra spat before storming back into the conference room.

The meeting dragged on all day, and by the time Cecilia was wrapping up her work, she heard from a staff member that the senior management meeting had finally come to an end.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1223**

Chapter 1223 I Found Adrian

“What was the outcome?” Cecilia couldn’t help but ask, curiosity gnawing at her.

Charlotte, who had already heard the details, responded quickly. “Nicholas managed to keep his position, but the shareholders gave him an ultimatum. If the company faces another crisis like this within a year, he’ll be dismissed for good.”

Cecilia nodded thoughtfully.

After sitting down, Charlotte couldn’t help but comment, “But seriously, who on earth is behind Imminence Corporation? They’re incredibly powerful, constantly overshadowing and controlling Orion Corporation. It’s like they’re always one step ahead.”

Cecilia had wondered the same. “I’ve tried looking into it before, but there’s barely any information out there. She paused for a moment as a thought occurred to her. “But you know, Eric might know something. He’s a signed artist with them.”

Charlotte’s eyes lit up. “Really? As expected of Eric!”

Alas, they were unaware of just how much Eric, far away overseas, was suffering. The once carefree celebrity was now stuck filming advertisements in harsh conditions, miles away from the glamour he was used to.

Even Marcus frequently asked, “Did you offend someone at Imminence Corporation? I mean, why else would they send a superstar like you to such a miserable location?”

Eric, exasperated, would shake his head every time. “How would I know? You know I’ve always treated people well. Can you reach out to them and sort this out? Maybe you can ask them to let me out of my contract, I’ll handle the termination fee.

“All right,” Marcus agreed.

Over at Imminence Corporation, Mason reported the situation to Nathaniel. “Boss, it seems Eric wants to terminate his contract and return to Tudela. He’s fed up with the situation in Alendor.”

Nathaniel, who was already in a sour mood, scoffed. “Tell him to come back if he wants to discuss breaking the contract.

Mason, surprised by the sudden leniency, asked, “Are we really going to let him go?”

Nathaniel was only worried about Eric because of his blindness. Now that he was fully recovered, Eric was the least of his concerns.

“I want him to understand that he’s not good enough for Cecilia, Nathaniel said.

“Understood.”

As Cecilia and Charlotte were discussing work, Cecilia’s phone rang. It was Eric, much to her surprise.

“Ms. Ceci, I’ll be back soon,” Eric’s voice came through, sounding lighter than it had in a long time. “This time, we can finally enjoy ourselves without any interruptions.

They had planned to go hiking, only for Aiden to be suddenly reassigned. “You said you’d treat me to a

“Sure, I’ll tr then.”

you to a meal when you’re back,” Cecilia responded. “Lottie’s in Tudela too. We can catch up

“Deal.” Eric said before ending the call.

Marcus, who had overheard part of the conversation, sighed deeply. “You should really stop involving yourself with married women, especially when they’re pregnant.”

“Can’t we just be friends?” Eric said.

Marcus shook his head, unable to say anything more.

Back at the office, Cecilia casually mentioned to Charlotte that Eric was returning, causing Charlotte's eyes to sparkle with excitement. T

The two women continued chatting and laughing, completely unaware of the cold eyes watching them from the hallway.

Miranda, who had overheard part of their conversation, stalked past with a scowl, making her way to Robert's office.

Robert was sipping coffee, clearly displeased with how the day's board meeting had unfolded. He had come so close to securing the CEO's position, but Nicholas still had too many supporters, especially his mother-in-law, Queenie, who had been fiercely protective.

"Dad," Miranda called softly.

"What is it?" Robert asked, looking up at her.

"I've found Adrian."

Robert immediately stood up. "Where is he?"

Miranda's expression was troubled. "He's in the hospital right now."

Without another word, Robert grabbed his coat. "Let's go."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1224**

### **Chapter 1224 An Accidental Kiss**

Inside the hospital, Adrian's cries of pain could be heard from the hallway.

Robert's face tightened with concern as he waited for the doctors and nurses to finish their examination. When they finally left, he and Miranda entered the room together. Adrian lay there, hooked up to various medical equipment, looking frail and broken.

"Adrian, it's me," Robert said, his voice softer than usual.

Adrian's eyes fluttered open, and with great effort, he raised his hand slightly. "Dad

Tears welled in his eyes, the pain and suffering of the past few weeks etched across his face.

"It's... Nathaniel... Adrian managed to croak.

Robert hadn't expected that Nathaniel would go so far as to harm Adrian. His heart filled with rage. Turning to Miranda, he demanded. "Where did you find him?"

"In an abandoned dump," Miranda said, wiping away her own tears. "If we had been any later, he might have died."

This is outrageous!" Robert growled, his fists clenching tightly. "Does Nathaniel still think he's the same man who once ruled Tudela? He'll pay for this."

"Dad, you have to get justice for Adrian," Miranda pleaded. "Felix and I can't go on like this. He's in this condition because of Nathaniel."

Despite her anger at Adrian for his past betrayals, Miranda still felt compelled to seek revenge for him. After all, he was Felix's father.

Adrian, barely able to speak, repeated, "Dad, it's all Nathaniel and Cecilia... You have to get back at them."

Robert's face darkened further, and he nodded. "Don't worry. I'll make sure justice is served."

"Okay." Relieved by his father's words, Adrian finally closed his eyes and drifted into a fitful sleep.

Standing up, Robert beckoned Miranda to follow him. He needed to understand exactly what had transpired between Nathaniel and Cecilia over the past few weeks.

Miranda didn't hold back, exaggerating her retelling of recent events, painting Nathaniel and Cecilia in the worst possible light.

"What a menace!" Robert spat after hearing her story.

Without wasting any more time, he pulled out his phone and made a call to his subordinates, ordering them to gather information on Nathaniel's current activities. He wanted to ensure Nathaniel learned a painful lesson.

Later that day, Cecilia, having finished work, was about to head home as usual. But as she stepped out of the building, she noticed a familiar car parked near the entrance.

The window rolled down, revealing Nathaniel's sharp profile. He turned to her and said, "Get in Nathaniel, with a serious expression, reminded her. "We agreed I would drive you to work, remember?"

Cecilia got into the car. "There's no need for all this fuss. I already have a driver picking me up and dropping me off."



Nathaniel's face clouded with a hint of sadness. "Are you planning to cut all ties with me?"

The question took Cecilia by surprise. She quickly composed herself. "Of course not. We have a child together. There's no way we can sever all ties."

Relief flickered across Nathaniel's face. He had feared she might want to completely distance herself from him.

As he raised his hand toward her, Cecilia instinctively flinched, causing Nathaniel to freeze mid-motion. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No," Cecilia replied quickly. "It was just a reflex. What are you trying to do?"

Nathaniel didn't answer immediately. Instead, he leaned closer and, with gentle precision, fastened her seatbelt.

His proximity made Cecilia's heart race as she caught sight of the faint stubble on his face. His skin was remarkably smooth, his scent reminding her of fresh earth and grass after rain.

Cecilia found herself staring for a moment, her breath quickening. She quickly turned her gaze towards the window, trying to shake off the strange feelings stirring within her.

Despite not looking at him, she was keenly aware of Nathaniel's presence. His closeness made her feel unnervingly warm.

Why is it taking so long to fasten a seatbelt?

Nathaniel had already finished securing the belt, but he remained still, his gaze locked on her. "You're running a fever?" he asked, concerned, noticing the redness of her face.

Without thinking, he reached out to feel her forehead. But at that moment, Cecilia turned toward him, and their lips accidentally brushed against each other.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1225**

### **Chapter 1225 Fallen For Him**

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback, and she quickly leaned back, trying to hide her embarrassment. "I don't think so," she muttered, her voice flustered. "It's probably just too hot inside the car."

Her mind was racing, and she wished she could vanish on the spot.

Despite knowing Nathaniel for so long, despite being around him countless times, why is it that recently, my heart pounded whenever I was near him? Why do I have this sudden urge to be closer to him, to touch him?

Nathaniel, not suspecting her discomfort, gestured to the driver to lower the temperature in the car.

“Better now” he asked, turning to Cecilia.

“Yeah.” She leaned back in her seat, but her gaze kept drifting toward Nathaniel.

I suppose I must have fallen for his face when we were kids.

To avoid being caught staring, she kept averting her gaze.

Noticing her fidgety behavior, Nathaniel raised his hand and gently took hers.

Cecilia felt the warmth of his hand, the solid, comforting grip. Before she could say anything, Nathaniel’s body suddenly shifted, positioning himself protectively in front of her.

Startled, Cecilia didn’t have time to react before the screech of tires and the sound of a sudden collision filled the car.

“What’s going on?” she asked, her heart pounding with unease.

Nathaniel glanced out the window, his voice low and calm. “It’s nothing. Just some people trying to cause trouble”

From where she sat, Cecilia couldn’t see what was happening outside, but she could hear the sounds of cars stopping and, occasionally, the thud of something hitting a vehicle. A commotion was brewing.

Within minutes, Nathaniel gave a short command to the driver. “Let’s go.”

“Yes, sir,” the driver responded, restarting the car and pulling away from the scene.

Once they were safely moving again, Cecilia wriggled out of Nathaniel’s protective embrace and peered out the window. Though the view was obstructed, she could make out a crowd in the distance and what appeared to be a scuffle.

Someone must have come looking for trouble. It’s not hard to imagine; Nathaniel has plenty of enemies from his past.

Seeing her curiosity, Nathaniel pulled her back into his arms. “Stop moving. It’s safer if you stay still.”

His tone left no room for argument. Having experienced a traumatic car accident before, he wasn't about to let anything similar happen again. He was prepared for all outcomes now.

Cecilia nodded. "Okay, but you need to be careful too. She nestled into him, finding a strange sense of security there, despite the chaotic events outside betraying his own emotions.

The car continued on, and under normal circumstances, they would have been home by now. But the long ride, combined with her pregnancy, was making Cecilia feel nauseous.

She closed her eyes for a moment before asking. "Why haven't we arrived yet? I'm feeling a little dizzy"

"We're almost there," Nathaniel responded, gently patting her shoulder. "Close your eyes and rest. It'll help."

"Okay" Cecilia had no choice but to close her eyes, hoping it would help the dizziness pass.

When the car finally stopped, she opened her eyes again, expecting to see the Smith residence. Instead, she found herself at Daltonia Villa, surrounded by vibrant blooms.

"Why did you bring me here?" she asked, irritation evident in her voice. She immediately unbuckled her seatbelt and stepped out of the car, her headache only worsening

Nathaniel followed her, speaking in a calm, steady voice. "You told me before that your place wasn't convenient with three women living there. So I brought you to our home—just the two of us."

Cecilia snapped, glaring at him. "You should have told me! I didn't agree to come here."

She couldn't understand why Nathaniel had made such a decision without consulting her.

"Would you have agreed if I told you beforehand?" Nathaniel asked.

"I need to go back," Cecilia stated firmly as she turned to walk away.

Nathaniel, surprised by her stubbornness, followed closely behind. "I'll take you back tomorrow," he coaxed, trying to defuse the situation.

"I need to go back now," she insisted. Staying here for the night seemed like a terrible idea.

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1226

### Chapter 1226 Am I So Shameful To You

Nathaniel watched her determined figure stride ahead, her resolve clear in her posture. After a long moment of silence, he made a quick decision. He closed the distance between them in a few quick strides, and before she could protest, he scooped her up into his arms.

Cecilia let out a small gasp, suddenly suspended in mid-air. Instinctively, one hand grabbed onto Nathaniel's arm, while the other protectively covered her stomach. “What are you doing? Put me down!”

Nathaniel looked at her calmly, undeterred by her protests. “You wanted to go back, right? I’ll carry you back.”

Cecilia blinked, bewildered. Walking back would take hours!

“You’ve got to be joking!” she protested.

“I’m not joking. Since you get carsick, this is the best way.” Nathaniel said matter-of-factly, his long strides carrying them both swiftly away from Daltonia Villa.

At first, Cecilia thought he was only teasing. But as he continued walking into another district, people began to stare. She could feel the curious eyes of passersby on them and wanted nothing more than to sink into the ground.

“Let’s just call a taxi. I can deal with the carsickness,” she pleaded, embarrassed by the attention they were drawing.

“No can do,” Nathaniel responded. “You might be able to bear it, but our child shouldn’t have to. We’ll keep walking. By the time we get home, it’ll be perfect for a nap.”

Cecilia groaned, burying her face in her hands. “If you don’t put me down, I’m going to get really angry.”

Nathaniel paused, considering her words. After a moment, he spoke, his tone gentle. “Let’s head back to the villa, okay? I’ll take you home tomorrow.”

It was clear he had no intention of taking her home.

Reluctantly, Cecilia agreed. “Fine. But just this once!”

Nathaniel smiled slightly, satisfied. He carried her back, his pace quickening. Cecilia kept her face pressed against his chest, hiding from the lingering stares of those they passed.

When they finally reached Daltonia Villa, she wriggled out of his arms. "When were these planted?" she asked, noticing the beautiful array of flowers surrounding the villa.

"Just in the past few days."

Cecilia raised an eyebrow. A mischievous thought crossed her mind, and she couldn't resist teasing him.. "Didn't you give me Daltonia Villa? Do you really have permission to use it now?"

Nathaniel blinked, momentarily forgetting that he had, indeed, gifted her the property during their separation.

But in his mind, the two of them had never truly parted. He repeated something Mason had once advised him. "Could you find it in your heart to let your homeless ex-husband stay here?"

Cecilia stared at him in disbelief, finding it hard to believe he had just said that. "Fine," she sighed. "You can stay for a while, but get your own place soon."

"Understood, Nathaniel replied, his tone obedient.

Back inside the villa, they were greeted by a meticulously prepared dinner.

Cecilia, already feeling the hunger pangs, washed her hands and eagerly sat down to eat. Nathaniel, watching her enjoy the meal, couldn't help but feel content.

Once dinner was finished, Cecilia made sure to call and check on her two kids. Talking to Jonathan was easy, as he was used to he can stay for a while, but get your own place soon."

"Understood, Nathaniel replied, his tone obedient.

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Once dinner was finished, Cecilia made sure to call and check on her two kids. Talking to Jonathan was easy, as he was used to her being away. But Elliot wasn't as understanding.

"Mommy, why aren't you home? Did you find a new son or something?" Elliot pouted, his big eyes filled with suspicion.

Cecilia chuckled awkwardly. "No, I just have something planned tonight."

“Are you sure there’s nothing you’re hiding from me?” Elliot pressed, his gaze sharp.

Cecilia, struggling to keep up her smile, hesitated. Before she could answer, Nathaniel appeared on the video call, leaning into view. “Ceci’s spending the evening with me. Be a good boy and stay home,” he said smoothly.

Elliot’s eyes widened in shock, and the other three women in the room, who had been watching the call. were equally stunned.

As soon as the call ended, Cecilia turned to glare at Nathaniel. “What are you doing? I told you to stay quiet!”

Nathaniel’s expression turned slightly hurt.

Why are you so upset? I’m not some secret you need to hide. I’m your ex–husband, after all. Am I so shameful to you?

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1227**

Chapter 1227 Do Not Give In

Before Nathaniel could say anything, Cecilia snatched up her phone and retreated to the bedroom, shutting the door behind her with a firm click.

She was about to return a call to Elliot when her group chat with her best friends exploded with messages.

Lucille: Cock, are you with Nathaniel? Have you he made up?

Charlotte: Boss, you’re pregnant! Be careful. Remember, there are certain things you shouldn’t do when you’re expecting, if you know what I mean.

Madeline: Ceci, don’t let his looks or sweet words fool you. Remember why you divorced him in the first place. You just escaped the trap of marriage, are you really thinking of jumping back into that fire pit?

Lucille: Madeline is right. If you’re thinking of giving Nathaniel another chance, make sure he works for it.

Charlotte Eractly! Don’t give in too easily!

Cecilia couldn’t help but smile at their protective concern. Though their words were stern, she knew they only wanted the best for her. She quickly typed out a response to reassure them.

Cecilia: Don’t worry. I’m not going to let myself be fooled or wronged. I’m being careful.

Still, her friends seemed hesitant.

Madeline: Make sure you sleep alone tonight. Don't let your guard down.

Cecilia: I know, I know.

Downstairs, Nathaniel had been waiting patiently for Cecilia.

After reassuring her friends, Cecilia turned to comforting her son before exiting the room.

When she emerged, Nathaniel was also engrossed in texting someone—Mason.

Mason: That's the way, Mr. Rainsworth. Keep pushing forward and toughen up!

Nathaniel: Okay.

Mason: Oh, by the way, I talked to Lucy earlier. When pursuing a woman, don't forget about her friends. If her best friends talk badly about you, it won't end well.

Nathaniel thought for a moment and then typed: Prepare a gift for them. Don't worry about the cost.

Mason, realizing he had just given himself extra work, sighed. If he had known it would result in more tasks for him, he might have kept his mouth shut.

But then, just as he was feeling down, Nathaniel sent another message: Your salary will be doubled this month.

Mason's face broke into a wide grin: Thanks, Mr. Rainsworth!

Just as Nathaniel put away his phone, Cecilia descended the stairs, looking a bit tired. He smiled at her. "Finished chatting? How did it go?"

Cecilia sank onto the couch with a sigh. "It was all right. But I'm exhausted. You should take a bath and get some sleep."

"All right." Nathaniel stretched and stood up, making his way toward the bathroom. "Want to join me?"

Cecilia shot him a look that said she was seconds away from hitting him. "No, thank you. Go by yourself."

Nathaniel paused for a moment, then said, "I consulted the doctor. At this stage of your pregnancy, it's risky for you to bathe alone. You should have the baby's father nearby, just in case."

Cecilia's eyes narrowed. He wasn't wrong—she remembered fainting during her first pregnancy after staying in the bath too long. But she wasn't about to let him use that as an excuse.

"I'll manage," she said, waving him off. "I'll be careful."

With that, she turned away, clearly ending the conversation.

Nathaniel had no choice but to head to the bathroom alone. However, as he began his shower, he made sure the water was on full blast—and the bathroom door was left slightly ajar.

From her seat on the couch, Cecilia could faintly make out his silhouette through the haze of steam.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1228**

Chapter 1228 How Do You Like The View

Nathaniel's impressive physique was hard to ignore, and despite herself, she found her gaze drifting in his direction. She stole a glance, then another, feeling her cheeks heat up.

As if sensing her eyes on him, Nathaniel wrapped a towel around his waist and stepped out of the bathroom. Startled, Cecilia quickly averted her eyes, pretending to focus on her phone.

Nathaniel, noticing her flustered reaction, walked over with a teasing grin. "How do you like the view?"

Cecilia's face flushed with embarrassment. "What are you talking about? I wasn't looking at you!"

"Oh?" Nathaniel raised an eyebrow. "I was talking about your phone. Were you looking at me earlier? Hm?"

Realizing she had just exposed herself, Cecilia stammered, "I noticed the door wasn't closed all the way, that's all"

She stood up quickly, trying to cover her nerves. "It's not like I haven't seen it before. There's nothing new. to look at."

Nathaniel smirked, clearly amused. "Is that so? Then why can't you look me in the eye?"



Determined not to back down. Cecilia lifted her gaze to meet his, though her heart was racing. Nathaniel's hair was still damp, and the droplets clung to his skin, making him even more irresistible.

His intense gaze held hers for a moment before she quickly looked down again.

After emerging from the bathroom, Nathaniel was wrapped only in a bath towel, his well-built upper body on full display.

"What's there to be afraid of seeing? I've seen it before. Cecilia muttered, trying to sound nonchalant.

As she spoke, she impulsively lifted her hand and ran her fingers over his abs, feeling the solid muscles beneath her touch. "Feels pretty good, hasn't changed much," she commented, her voice slightly shaky.

After her bold move, her heart raced. Trying to escape the awkwardness she'd created, Cecilia quickly headed toward the bathroom. "I'm going to take a shower. Don't disturb me."

Nathaniel watched her retreat, a faint smile tugging at the corner of his lips. The spot where she'd touched him still tingled.

Once alone, he settled back onto the couch and absentmindedly picked up Cecilia's phone. A new text message caught his attention.

The sender was Eric, and the message read: Ms. Ceci, be arriving in Tudela tomorrow afternoon. Do you have time to pick me up from the airport?

Nathaniel's face darkened instantly. Without saying a word, he switched off the phone and placed it back where it had been.

Meanwhile, Cecilia stayed in the bathroom far longer than usual, too hesitant to come out. She was hoping that by the time she finished, Nathaniel would have left

But despite everything, he remained seated on the couch, occasionally calling out, "Ceci, do you need any

"No, you -No.

should leave now," she called back, her voice shaky. From behind the glass door, she could see his tall figure still there, which made her even more nervous.

Only after Nathaniel had finally left did her heart begin to calm down. Yet, as she sat in the quiet, she wondered when this strange feeling toward him had crept in

She thought back to their early days of marriage—she had never felt this anxious around him. Back then, she had been filled with excitement and joy at marrying the man she loved.

But now, everything was different. She felt fearful, unsure of herself, and avoiding Nathaniel's gaze had become second nature..

“Could it be that I’ve fallen for him again?” she asked herself, almost in disbelief.-

Quickly, she shook her head in denial. “No, that’s impossible. I was in love with Nicholas, not Nathaniel. And after all the pain he caused me... my feelings for him disappeared a long time ago.”

Lost in her thoughts. Cecilia didn't even realize how much time had passed. By the time she looked up, half an hour had already slipped by.

A wave of dizziness hit her, and she hurriedly turned off the water, searching for a place to sit down.

As she leaned against the wall, her elbow accidentally knocked over a bottle of bath supplies. The sound echoed with a soft “pop!” through the bathroom.

Even though the noise was faint, Nathaniel, sharp as ever, heard it immediately. He jumped up from the couch and rushed toward the bathroom without hesitation.

Because Cecilia was about to exit the bathroom, the door had been left unlocked. Nathaniel pushed it open with ease and stepped inside, his face filled with concern. “What’s wrong?” he asked urgently.

Startled by his sudden entrance, Cecilia felt a surge of embarrassment. Without thinking, she raised her hand and slapped him across the

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1229**

### **Chapter 1229 Slapped In The Face**

Once Cecilia regained her senses, she quickly grabbed a towel to cover herself, her voice apologetic, “I’m sorry...”

She couldn't quite understand what had come over her, but she had acted on instinct, unable to restrain herself from hitting Nathaniel.

The side of Nathaniel's face that she slapped remained stiff, though he didn't seem to react much beyond that.

“Are you okay? Nothing happened to you earlier, right? Nathaniel asked, his voice calm despite the sting on his cheek.

Cecilia, now feeling a wave of guilt wash over her, replied softly, “No, it’s nothing... I just accidentally knocked over the bottle of shower gel.”

Upon hearing her explanation, Nathaniel visibly relaxed, relief evident on his face. With a more serious tone, he said, “From now on, let me accompany you when you take a bath.”

“No need, really, no need,” Cecilia stammered, her face flushing as she wrapped the towel more securely around herself.

Nathaniel observed her closely, noticing the way she acted as though she needed to defend herself from him, almost as if she was warding off a thief.

It was almost laughable, considering they were already expecting their second child together. The irony wasn’t lost on him.

The initial seduction had been for the sake of the child, but things had certainly shifted since then.

Cecilia quickly adjusted her towel and slipped into her nightgown. “All right, let’s go to sleep,” she said. eager to change the subject.

“Sure,” Nathaniel agreed, following her out of the bathroom.

Cecilia grabbed her phone and headed upstairs, with Nathaniel close behind. They both ended up in the same bedroom, much to her dismay.

“Sleep in another room,” Cecilia suggested firmly.

Nathaniel, however, wasn’t about to leave. There’s no housekeeper here at night, so I’ll sleep with you. If you get hungry or need something, I can make it for you.”

At the mention of his cooking skills, Cecilia couldn’t help but cringe. She vividly remembered his previous attempts at making food. “Forget it, I’d rather starve.”

Her pregnancy had made her sensitive to hunger, and whenever she craved something, it had to be satisfied immediately.

When she stayed at the Smith residence, the housekeepers were always ready to prepare whatever she needed, even in the middle of the night. But here, it was just the two of them.

I’ll just bear with it for tonight.

"Is it so unbearable to be with me? Nathaniel asked, his voice tightening as his intense gaze locked to hers.

Feeling flustered under the weight of his stare, Cecilia tried to compose herself. "I've told you already,

we're divorced. We can still be friends, even family for the sake of the child, but-

Nathaniel cut her off, his voice suddenly cold. "What friend? Who said I wanted to be your friend?"

His eyes darkened as he continued, "I'm only interested in being your man."

Nathaniel had been patient all day, but his emotions boiled over in that moment. His hand shot up, gripping her shoulder with a fierce intensity, and a hint of desperation flickered in his eyes.

"Why won't you remarry me? What did I do wrong? Nathaniel's voice cracked slightly as he spoke, his regret evident. "I realize now that I was wrong in the past. Can't we try again?"

Cecilia, startled by his intensity, found herself at a loss for words. Nathaniel's grip on her shoulder tightened, his red-rimmed eyes searching hers for an answer.

"Calm down," Cecilia urged, her voice steady. "We both made mistakes in the past. I misunderstood your feelings. You were in love with Stella, not me. I don't blame you for that."

She continued, "I've come to realize now that I can't keep clinging to the past. The reason I haven't wanted to remarry is that I'm content with how things are now. I don't want to rush into anything."

Nathaniel's grip remained firm. His voice was rough when he responded, "I've never had any feelings for Stella."

Cecilia sighed, unable to understand his frustration. "All right, all right, I get it. You didn't like her."

She patted his shoulder gently, hoping to ease the tension, but Nathaniel wasn't done. He pulled her closer, his voice low and possessive. "Nicholas is already married. There's no chance for you two. As for Eric, he's just a C-list celebrity, and actors are known to be heartless. Then there's Calvin, his family situation is far too complicated."

Initially, Cecilia felt a little guilty for slapping him, but at his words, she felt her blood boil.

What is it with Nathaniel constantly assuming I have feelings for other men? Can't he accept that I might just want to be single?

"And what about you?" Cecilia shot back, her voice sharp. "Is there a possibility for us?"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1230**

### Chapter 1230 You Can Only Be With Me

Nathaniel's grip on Cecilia tightened as he looked into her eyes, his expression unreadable. "Of course, you can only be with me, unless I die," he declared, each word dripping with finality.

When Nathaniel had first divorced Cecilia, it had been out of a misguided belief that his presence would become a burden.

In his mind, being a fool was as good as being dead.

Cecilia's fists clenched in frustration at his words, and she landed a firm punch on his shoulder.

"I'm free to be with whoever I want now. You're not my husband anymore—you have no say in this."

Her intention wasn't to hurt Nathaniel deeply, but rather to vent her frustration. After all, she already had two children with him and another growing inside her

The idea of seeking someone else to play stepfather to her children seemed absurd. She wasn't the type to rely on anyone else, especially not a man, to support her or her children. She had built a life of independence.

But Nathaniel didn't respond right away. Instead, he stayed silent for a long moment, his gaze unreadable. Without warning, he scooped Cecilia up into his arms and carried her toward the bedroom.

Even as Cecilia lashed out, angry words spilling from her lips, it was all in vain. Nathaniel wasn't listening-

The following day, when Cecilia finally woke up, it was well past ten o'clock. The exhaustion from the previous night lingered heavily in her bones.

Nathaniel had acted like a man possessed, as if nothing—not even her pregnancy—could temper his relentless desire. It left her drained and overwhelmed.

She sat up slowly, clutching the blanket tightly around herself, feeling the lingering ache in her body. Nathaniel, who had been up for a while, had mentioned earlier that he was preparing breakfast for her.

Over half an hour later, he returned, carrying a large bowl of oatmeal. “Here, have some oatmeal first to fill your stomach.”

He had called the chef to prepare it in the wee hours of the morning. Now was just the right time to eat it.

Cecilia barely looked at him. She turned her head toward the window.

Nathaniel, noticing her distant demeanor, felt an unsettling unease in his chest. “Eat your oatmeal. It’s good for you.” His voice was gentle, almost pleading.

But Cecilia didn’t respond. Instead, she picked up her phone, scrolling through her messages. That was when she noticed the one from Eric.

Her fingers moved quickly as she typed out her reply: When will you arrive this afternoon? If it’s before five, I’ll be at work.

Nathaniel’s eyes darkened as he set the oatmeal aside. He couldn’t believe she was messaging Eric in front of him, as if he wasn’t even there.

Cecilia’s irritation was clear. “Are you out of your mind?

Nathaniel let out a self-deprecating laugh. “Yes, I must be.”

He reached out and gently grasped Cecilia’s hand, moving her phone aside. “Ceci, can’t we just live a good life together? I’ll do anything you want from now on. I even have a gift for you,” he said, his voice sincere.

Just as Nathaniel was about to mention Imminence Corporation, Cecilia’s phone began ringing again. Nathaniel glanced at the screen and saw Eric’s name flashing. His jaw tightened.

Without hesitation, he took the phone and stood up, pressing the answer button.

Cecilia’s eyes widened in disbelief. “What are you doing?” she demanded, but Nathaniel ignored her.

“Ms. Ceci, I’ll be at the airport by six tonight. Looking forward to seeing you,” Eric’s smooth voice came through the line, unaware of the situation on the other end.

Nathaniel’s anger boiled over. “You don’t need to wait any longer. She’s not coming. Didn’t you know she’s married with kids? Or are celebrities like you always fixated on

women who belong to someone else?” His words were sharp, each one landing like a dagger.

With that, Nathaniel hung up the phone and tossed it back onto the bed.

Cecilia glared at him, her eyes filled with disbelief. “Nathaniel, have you lost your mind? He and I are just friends! He’s a huge celebrity—why would he be interested in me? A pregnant woman, already a mother to two boys.

Nathaniel’s face remained hard. “Friends? Do you really think that’s all he sees you as? Maybe he’s just toying with you. He doesn’t have to take any responsibility.”

As a man, Nathaniel could easily sense when another man had feelings for a woman.