

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 140

## Chapter 140 Severely Injured

In the evening, Nathaniel stepped out of the house.

Not long after he left, Cecille received a text message from Sven.

He informed her that Nathaniel had left and told her to find a way out as he had something to say to her.

Due to the stringent security around Daltonia Villa, Sven could only keep watch over Cecille from a considerable distance to ensure her safety. At times, he could see whether Nathaniel had left or not.

After flipping over the sheet music and putting it away, Cecille also left the house.

Once outside, she instructed the driver to turn around numerous places before successfully shaking off the bodyguards who were tailing her from behind.

Eventually, Sven’s car showed up before her.

After she got out of her car, she hopped into Sven’s vehicle.

“What’s the matter?”

Sven took out his phone, opened the navigation app, and set his course for the western part of Tudela. “This was the direction Nathaniel had headed off to in the morning. I followed him for a certain distance and noticed that the security was quite tight over there. I suspect that’s where Eli was taken.”

Cecille studied the expansive area intently. “At a glance, the location is just too vast.”

“That’s right.” At that moment, Sven took out a new phone and handed it to Cecille. “Use this phone from now on. Your current one might’ve been tapped. Mr. Reese mentioned that he would return in a few days.”

Cecille received the phone. “Thank you.”

“Mr. Reese would like you to let him know you’re safe once you receive the phone,” Sven added.

“All right.”

Sven drove the car to a secluded area that was devoid of surveillance cameras.

Cecille made a phone call.

The call was quickly answered. "Ceci, how are you doing now?"

"I'm fine. Don't worry. I'll also figure out where Eli has been taken to," Cecille quickly responded.

Her concern was that, given Nathaniel's methods, even if they managed to locate Eli in Tudela, 'they wouldn't be able to rescue him.

"Okay. I meant, did he harm you?" Calvin stood atop a tall building, braving the cold wind.

It was still the pitch-dark early morning where he was.

His towering figure stood tall, his robust upper body marked with fresh wounds. His handsome face, too, was covered in injuries.

Choking back emotions, Cecille replied, "No."

"Wait for me. I'll be back soon." Calvin knew that she was once again hiding the truth from him.

"All right. Don't rush. Vivian is here to help me, so I'll be fine." Even though Cecille didn't know exactly what kind of work Calvin was doing, she understood that he was caught up in a perilous position.

After ending the call, Calvin returned to his room.

The doctor immediately bandaged his still-bleeding arm.

"Your brother seems intent on killing you," the doctor said, looking at the wound on Calvin's arm. The injury was longer than the size of a palm and still bleeding profusely.

Calvin parted his pale lips calmly and replied, "He thought I was still that child he could manipulate at will."

"Sir, should we inform Mr. Bennett?" the doctor asked.

Calvin shook his head. "If he truly cared about my wellbeing, he wouldn't have left me to my own devices at Tudela for so many years. Remember, we can't rely on anyone."

The doctor nodded.

However, the more he tended to Calvin's wounds, the more shocking they appeared to him. "Sir, you shouldn't be appearing in public during this period. It's too risky."

Calvin declined the suggestion outright, saying, "That won't do, I need to make a trip back to Tudela."

The doctor knew that no one but Cecille could change Calvin's decision, so he didn't bother persuading him further. Instead, he focused on treating Calvin's wounds.

Recently, Calvin agreed to Bennett's request to complete a batch of overseas projects.

However, before Calvin could complete the task, he had already sustained severe injuries.

Calvin knew he had to wrap things up quickly now, then return to his homeland. He couldn't leave Cecille alone in Tudela any longer.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 141**

### **Chapter 141 A Deaf Girl**

Meanwhile, on the dimly lit top floor of Elite Club, people were dressed in their finest attire.

Quite a number of scions were present.

Nathaniel sat quietly in a corner, pulling out his phone. He saw a message from the bodyguard he had assigned to tail Cecille: We lost her.

No sooner had he left than Cecille went out. Now, she was even missing.

Furrowing his brows, Nathaniel replied: If you can't find her after an hour, all of you can leave Tudela.

The moment Nathaniel sent his message, the bodyguards immediately started reviewing all the surveillance footage along the streets of Tudela.

Nathaniel tried calling Cecille again.

However, what came through was the cold, impersonal voice of an automated customer service. "The number you have dialed is currently unavailable..."

At that moment, Cecille was still on the phone with Martha, reassuring her not to worry about Elliot and Jonathan. She promised that she would take good care of them.

In the video, Martha, her hair a full crown of white, had worry etched deep in her eyes. "Ceci, if anything happens, you must call and tell me or Calvin. Don't shoulder it all by yourself."

Her greatest concern was Cecille's depression, fearing she might do something foolish again.

"Okay. Don't worry." Originally, Cecille had more to say to Martha, but upon seeing Sven rushing over, she had to hang up the phone first. "What's the matter?"

"Nathaniel's men are looking for you," Sven responded.

Upon hearing that, Cecille immediately took out her phone and called her driver to pick her up at a specific intersection.

Afterward, she feigned going shopping for clothes, then got into the car.

Before long, Nathaniel's bodyguard spotted her and promptly snapped a photo to send to Nathaniel.

After seeing the photo, Nathaniel dialed Cecille's number.

When Cecilia heard the vibration, she saw the incoming call and answered, "Hello."

"Where are you now?" Nathaniel asked straightforwardly.

Glancing around, Cecille said, "I'm at the shopping plaza, about to head back. Is there something wrong?"

Shopping plaza? "Come to the top floor of Elite Club." Without giving her a chance to refuse, Nathaniel hung up the phone directly.

The shopping plaza was in close proximity to Elite Club, merely a few hundred meters away.

Subsequently, Cecilia instructed the driver to take a detour.

At the same time, inside Elite Club, Nathaniel's friends, each embracing a beautiful woman, were having the time of their lives.

"Nathaniel, I've got to tell you. There have been a few stunning women around here lately. Moreover, they're all honor students," one guy mentioned, trying to win Nathaniel's favor. He then gave a knowing glance to the manager.

The manager instantly understood the man's intention. In no time, a stunningly beautiful woman with an innocent look was sent into the room.

This beautiful woman had clearly just started working there, as there was still an air of demureness around her.

Someone whispered to Nathaniel, “She’s still a virgin.”

Under the dim light, the woman’s gaze fell upon Nathaniel. At first glance, his appearance. captivated her.

She walked up shyly and said, “Mr. Rainsworth, I’d like to propose a toast to you.”

Nathaniel simply gazed at her, not taking a sip.

Compared to the woman, he found Cecilia more attractive because Cecilia didn’t have that hint of pettiness.

His indifferent actions left the others baffled.

One of them joked, “Nathaniel, are you no longer interested in other women because the deaf girl is back?”

Zachary didn’t show up that day, but Nathaniel’s friends all accepted Zachary’s nickname for Cecille.

Upon hearing Nathaniel’s friend’s remark, the honor student became somewhat curious. “The deaf girl?”

Nathaniel grimaced, but his friend by his side didn’t notice. The friend explained, “She’s Mr. Rainsworth’s ex–wife.”

The honor student couldn’t help but be taken aback. How could a man as exceptional as Nathaniel have a deaf ex–wife?

She couldn’t help but feel sympathy for Nathaniel, and, at the same time, she found a newfound confidence in herself. Regardless, I should be way superior to a deaf girl, right?

“Mr. Rainsworth, my name is Nancy. If you’re unwilling to drink this glass of wine, I’ll do it ont your behalf.”

With that, Nancy picked up the wine glass and drained it in one gulp. I’ll make this man mine today.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 142**

### **Chapter 142 A Man Of His Word**

With these thoughts in her mind, Nancy, encouraged by the crowd, took a seat beside Nathaniel.

Under the dim light, she couldn't discern his expression. As the initial awkwardness and shyness faded, she prepared to peel some fruit for him to eat.

Nathaniel watched her actions intently, then bluntly asked, "If I don't give you money, would you still be sitting here?"

Nancy stilled momentarily before responding. "Getting to sit beside you is already an honor for me. I don't need money."

Upon hearing these words, the man naturally thought of Cecilia.

After so many years of marriage, it was only after their divorce that he realized Cecilia had never once used a single penny from the Rainsworth family.

"Alright. Starting from now, you'll be working here without any pay," Nathaniel declared at a measured pace.

Though Elite Club was not technically his property, all it took was a single word from him, and the boss would immediately put it into action.

Surprise filled Nancy's eyes. "You're not joking with me, are you, Mr. Rainsworth?"

If she didn't need money, why else would she want to work here?

Given her educational background, securing a job that paid ten thousand a month was no difficult task.

Still, why settle with ten grand a month when she could potentially make ten grand within a day?

Besides, she was young and beautiful, so she might just find herself a rich man.

"What do you think?" Nathaniel asked in return.

His friends were flabbergasted. "What's wrong with you, Nathaniel?"

The man did not respond; he merely looked at Nancy.

"Any objections?"

His aura was so intense that the woman didn't dare meet his eyes, and she shook her head. "No."

Thinking that Nathaniel was just testing her, she didn't pay his words any mind.

Yet, Nathaniel's friends knew him well enough to understand that he was a man of his word. Thus, they also knew Nancy's efforts would end in vain.

Even so, they kept silent.

Nancy was still unaware that she would receive no compensation working at Elite Club, nor would anyone dare to offer her any money.

At present, she continued to push her luck, bringing up the subject of the man's ex-wife. "Is your former wife very unpleasant, Mr. Rainsworth?"

Everyone else suddenly fell silent.

Nathaniel gazed at her, his expression unreadable. "How did you know?" he asked.

"I can sense it. I can tell you were really unhappy," Nancy answered, a playful smile dancing in her beautiful eyes.

Leaning back in his chair, Nathaniel slightly lifted his brows. "You're right," he said. "She's terrible."

Cecilia had already reached the doorstep when she overheard the conversation between him and the woman.

The door was left ajar, and she just stood there, watching him.

Nathaniel was still unaware that she had come.

Cecilia's gaze lowered. Whether it was now or before, she was somehow always the topic of conversation for Nathaniel and his friends after their meals.

"Ms. Smith! Since you're here, why don't you go on in?" A faintly magnetic voice sounded next to her.

Darren, at some unknown point, had positioned himself beside her, his well-defined hand holding a glass of red wine.

His thin lips were of the same color as the wine in his hand, exuding a bewitching crimson hue.

As he spoke up, everyone inside the room who was previously engrossed in their conversations. and drinks turned his way, instantly falling silent.

Nathaniel's deep, dark eyes gleamed slightly. He picked up his wine glass from the table and took a sip, using the action to mask the unusual look in his eyes.

Cecilia merely glanced at him indifferently before turning to Darren. "I'll pass. I don't want to intrude and spoil everyone's fun."

The affluent young men present rubbed their own noses in awkwardness, unable to comprehend why she had shown up.

Still, upon seeing the woman wisely taking her leave, they immediately relaxed.

"Nathaniel, she disappeared for five years, and you guys are already divorced. How could she dare check on you now?" one of them asked standing at the door, seemingly indifferent to everything, was actually Nathaniel's ex-wife.

She hadn't paid much attention earlier, but now that she thought about it, the woman had such exquisite facial features and a perfect figure. However, what stood out the most were her eyes; they were like a tranquil spring, simply unforgettable.

Such a pretty girl like her is actually deaf?

That's honestly such a shame.

Nathaniel stood up, not responding to his friend's comment. "I've got something to take care of. I need to head back."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 143**

### **Chapter 143 Used To It**

Amidst the surprised gazes of the crowd, Nathaniel walked toward the door and halted in his tracks as he passed Darren.

"What did she say to you earlier?"

Darren relayed to him exactly what Cecilia had said.

Without asking any further, Nathaniel quickly departed.

Not long after he left, one of his friends shared the news about Nancy with Stella.

The latter woman was engrossed in managing online public opinion and suppressing the

trending topic when she learned that a woman was trying to associate herself with Nathaniel. Her eyes instantly turned chilly.

"Thank you for letting me know."



Then, she immediately made a phone call. “There’s this woman called Nancy at Elite Club. Teach her a lesson.”

Who did that girl think she was, trying to compete with her for Nathaniel? To think a nobody like her could be so brazen!

The Stella of today was no longer the impoverished girl who would let others walk all over her. Having become a big star, she naturally had some tricks up her sleeve now.

Nathaniel returned to Daltonia Villa to find all the lights in the living room off.

He turned on the lights, and had he not seen the things she had bought on the table, he wouldn’t have been able to confirm that she had come back.

Stepping forward, he glanced at the three bags on the coffee table, each filled with various clothing.

Nathaniel couldn’t help but take another look. Then, he realized the clothes belonged to a man.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

He ascended the stairs and noticed the door to Cecilia’s bedroom left ajar. There was a faint light seeping through.

He gently pushed open the door, only to find Cecilia, dressed in a long, pale-colored dress, sitting on the plush couch on the balcony. She watched the moon outside the window, her gaze vacant.

At that moment, her eyes held an expression that Nathaniel could not comprehend.

The way she merged with the dark night made her look like a painting.

Nathaniel stared at her in a daze, and it took him a long while to snap back to reality.

When Cecilia turned to him, there was a hint of redness in the corners of her eyes.

Just as Nathaniel was certain that she would question him in distress as she used to, he instead found her remarkably calm.

“I went to Elite Club earlier and saw that neither you nor your friend wanted me to join you guys, so I just came home on my own.

Cecilia stood up, barefoot, and approached him.

“I’m feeling a bit tired and would like to rest. If you don’t have anything else to talk about, could you please leave?”

Nathaniel didn’t budge, only staring at her peaceful face. “Did you really just go shopping today?”

If they had only gone to the commercial street, there was no way the bodyguards could have lost track of them.

Cecilia knew he would not believe her.

“Thanks for agreeing to the terms of the agreement today. I also took the liberty of buying you some clothes.”

Nathaniel had not expected her to buy clothes for him.

His mind kept telling him that she was lying.

Yet, upon meeting her gaze, he forcefully suppressed his doubts.

After a brief silence within the room, the man spoke again. “Don’t take what you heard back there seriously,

This was the first time he had uttered words of comfort.

However, Cecilia didn’t feel much better. She balled her hands into slight fists before forcing a smile.

“I know, I’m used to it all.”

Used to it?

A lump formed in Nathaniel’s throat. He wanted to explain, but when the words reached his lips, he found himself unable to say anything.

Cecilia seemed nonchalant about it. “Don’t worry, I’ll pay you back as soon as possible. Once your concerns are settled, everything will be fine.”

Nathaniel didn’t know how he had managed to walk away.

Upon returning to his own room, he felt particularly uneasy.

She was so indifferent, a stark contrast to how she used to be, If you were in love with someone, it would show. Likewise, if you weren’t in love with someone, would be just as obvious.

Nathaniel found himself unable to sleep again. He sat on the balcony, his gaze drifting unconsciously towards Cecilia's room.

He had never imagined that their relationship would evolve into what it was now.

On the other side of the wall, Cecilia was just as sleepless,

Despite it being summer, she still insisted on sleeping wrapped in a blanket.

Every time she closed her eyes, echoes of mockery would resonate in her mind and ears.

Deaf.

She brushed her fingers against her car, feeling a somewhat warm liquid trickling down.

After wiping away the fresh blood with a tissue she had grabbed from the bedside, the woman took some medicine. Then, clutching the stuffed toys that Elliot and Jonathan had left for her, she drifted into a light sleep.

As promised, Nathaniel did not come.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 144**

### **Chapter 144 Scrambled Eggs**

The next morning, as soon as Cecilia woke up, she saw a bustling figure in the open-concept kitchen.

The sight of the man cooking scrambled eggs took her by surprise. He was dressed in a light-colored shirt and grey trousers, with an apron tied around his waist.

She had never seen Nathaniel cook before.

From what Stella had said, he knew how to cook and had even personally prepared meals for her before.

Upon hearing footsteps from the floor above, Nathaniel looked up.

“You’re up. Come have some scrambled eggs,” he said, placing two plates on the dining table.

Unbeknownst to Cecilia, there was an entire panful of burned eggs in the sink.

Nathaniel’s slender fingers were still tinged with a burnished red hue.

Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he was so pampered that he couldn't even wash dishes, let alone cook. The man had practically zero living skills, and the scrambled eggs were something he learned on the fly from the internet.

He looked at his own hand, reddened from the heat. Cooking isn't that hard, after all

He wasn't sure why he had suddenly felt the urge to cook scrambled eggs early in the morning. Perhaps it was due to the regret he felt from speaking out of turn the previous night.

As Cecilia arrived at the dining room, she froze at the sight of the scrambled eggs with salmon, not picking up her spoon.

Thinking he must have done something wrong, Nathaniel pulled out a chair and sat down to take a bite of the food. It was average but edible.

"If you don't want to eat it, feel free to toss it," he remarked as he continued eating, but his gaze remained fixed on her throughout.

Cecilia picked up the cutlery, scooped a spoonful of eggs, and murmured, "This is the first time someone's made scrambled eggs with salmon for me."

Nathaniel failed to grasp the underlying significance in her words.

"Eat as much as you want."

After taking a bite, the woman then asked him, "We've known each other for about seventeen years now, haven't we?"

Nathaniel wouldn't bother remembering such things.

"Yeah. Over a decade."

As Cecilia spooned mouthful after mouthful of eggs, she muttered, "I'm such an idiot."

Nathaniel couldn't hear her. "What was that?"

"I said it's delicious."

"You used to always cook fish. This is my first attempt," the man stated solemnly.

Cecilia consumed the entire plate of scrambled eggs.

"Are you full? If not, I can get you some more." Nathaniel was about to get up and refill her plate, but he didn't receive a response.

He looked at her again, only to realize that her neck and hands were flushed red.

“What’s wrong?” His gaze sharpened.

“I’m allergic to seafood.”

Cecilia stared at him as she spoke softly.

They had known each other for seventeen years and been married for over three, and yet he had no clue.

Alarm bells went off in Nathaniel’s head. In a flurry, he scooped her up and rushed her into the car, making haste for the hospital.

“Have you lost your mind? Why didn’t you tell me about your allergy?” he asked, exasperated while on the road.

“I’ve told you before. I guess you forgot.”

Indeed, she had brought it up to him before.

Back then, she was still in high school when she spent the holidays at the Rainsworth residence.

Nathaniel had noticed that she hadn’t eaten enough at the banquet, so he secretly took her out to enjoy some delicious food.

Back then, she had already told him that she couldn’t eat seafood due to her allergy.

Cecilia clearly remembered what he told her then: “I’ve taken note of this. I’ll never forget.”

Now, despite his best efforts, Nathaniel simply couldn’t recall her ever mentioning that she couldn’t eat seafood.

He only remembered that every time he returned home, the woman would always prepare dishes related to seafood for him.

It seemed as if Cecilia knew what was on his mind. “I used to cook fish for you often, not because I liked it, but because you did.”

The heaviness in Nathaniel’s heart only intensified.

The journey to the hospital seemed to stretch on endlessly.

“You didn’t have to do all that,” the man finally said after a long moment of silence.

It was only now that Cecilia realized that all her past efforts had but culminated in these few words: "You didn't have to."

How stupid could I have been?

"I know now. It won't happen again."

She would never again be kind to those who didn't love her.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 145**

### **Chapter 145 Rotten To The Core**

In the afternoon, Vivian rushed over upon learning that Cecilia was hospitalized.

Nathaniel was not here.

Vivian's heart ached with sympathy as she saw Cecilia covered in red spots.

"How stupid can you be? Why would you eat something you obviously can't?"

"Don't worry. I've checked on this before. The allergy isn't too severe. It's not life-threatening," the latter assured.

"That's bullsh\*t! It's not like I don't know how fatal seafood allergies can be! If you ever do this again, I'll..." Vivian paused, unsure of how to threaten Cecilia. "I'll give myself an allergic reaction too."

The woman in bed laughed.

"I'm not lying to you. My symptoms are just especially obvious, but they're really not life-threatening. Besides, how could I possibly be so flippant about my own life now that I have Eli and Jon?"

Vivian was bewildered. "Then why would you put yourself through that?"

"Nathaniel's always been wary of me. He also hates me. I don't know what I need to do for him to let his guard down."

Every time she arrived at the final step, he would stop her.

"So, the only solution I could think of was to make him feel guilty."

Cecilia continued, "I was so stupid back then, keeping everything to myself. I made him think that I was living a good life by his side and that I was the one reaching for

someone out of my league. Now, I want him to know how much I've suffered because of him."

This was also why she held back her anger after overhearing Nathaniel saying those things to another woman yesterday.

"That's also why I have to give him back the money that I tricked out of Mdm. Paula and Magnus."

Cecilia knew that her little schemes were never a match for what Nathaniel was capable of.

With that in mind, she decided to maintain the facade of her former self. The only difference now was that she intended to make it abundantly clear to Nathaniel how well she used to treat him, and how poorly he treated her in return.

Vivian understood her intentions.

"You're pushing yourself too much, Ceci."

"Don't let Jon find out about what happened. He'll worry," Cecilia cautioned.

"Okay, I won't. Seeing that it was getting late, the woman in bed suggested that Vivian should head home first.

On her way out, the latter unexpectedly ran into Nathaniel, who was walking in her direction.

The man carried himself with an upright posture. His features were deep-set and sharp, exuding an air of nobility. His entire presence was filled with an undeniable aura of refinement.

Vivian had seen him before on the news, However, it was only when she met him in person that she understood why Jonathan was so extraordinary.

The apple really doesn't fall far from the tree.

He looks so good, but it's a shame his heart's rotten to the core.

"Mr. Rainsworth, you probably don't know me, but I'm Ceci's friend," Vivian began. her gaze steady on him. "I have a favor to ask. Please, be kind to Ceci. She doesn't owe you anything!"

Originally, Nathaniel did not know her.

However, after previously ordering an investigation on Cecilia, he had also incidentally looked into this woman and thus remembered her appearance.

“Instead of meddling in our affairs, you’d be better off focusing on your studies, so you won’t get caught again.” His lips barely moved as he spoke.

Vivian was taken aback.

Is he talking about the time I got locked up?

Ugh! He’s so annoying!

She was absolutely infuriated.

With that, Nathaniel entered the ward, leaving her unable to reach him again.

Vivian was now certain that Jonathan was truly his son. At times, their ability to tick others off with their words was strikingly similar.

Now, her only hope was for Jonathan not to turn into an evil, cunning man like Nathaniel.

When Vivian got into the car, she didn’t expect a little head to pop out.

“Ms. Kennedy! How is my mommy?” Jonathan asked anxiously.

Vivian jumped in astonishment. “Aren’t you supposed to be in kindergarten?”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 146**

Chapter 146 Is It About Money

Jonathan felt a bit helpless. He had been hiding in the car for a long time, yet she hadn’t even noticed.

“In the morning, I overheard your phone call to Mommy. You sounded anxious, so I decided to follow you into the car.”

“You little brat, don’t ever do this again. It’s very dangerous.”

Vivian helped him into the child seat, then drove him to the kindergarten.

“Don’t worry, your mommy is fine now. She just had an allergic reaction.”

“How did Mommy get that?”



Jonathan recalled that his mother couldn't eat seafood. Other than seafood, she didn't have any allergies. Could it be that someone had fed her something containing seafood?

Vivian had initially promised Cecilia that she wouldn't reveal the truth to her son. However, at this point, Jonathan had already noticed something.

So, she had no choice but to confess everything.

After hearing this, Jonathan had nothing but worry in his eyes.

"Ms. Kennedy, when can I go see Mommy?"

He yearned to embrace his mother, to assure her that he was there for her.

"You can't go now. Wait for a few days."

"Fine."

Jonathan felt somewhat disheartened.

Inside the hospital, Nathaniel looked at Cecilia, whose body was covered in red spots, and frowned. "Why haven't they disappeared yet?"

"It would take at least half a day." Cecilia replied.

Just moments ago, the doctor had informed Nathaniel that to onlookers, an allergic reaction might only appear as red spots. However, only the person experiencing it could truly understand the unbearable, heart-wrenching itchiness it brought, which was even worse than pain.

Nathaniel never imagined that his first attempt at cooking would land Cecilia in the hospital.

"Is there anything else you can't eat?" he asked.

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback, but then shook her head.

Nathaniel wanted to ask something else, but his phone started to ring.

Upon glancing at his phone, Cecilia saw the name "Stella" displayed on the screen.

Nathaniel picked up his phone and walked out to the balcony before it.

+5 Pearls

It was unclear what Stella had discussed with him, but when he returned, he said, "I have some business to attend to today. Mason will help you with your discharge procedures and take you back to Daltonia Villa."

"There's no need to trouble—"

Before Cecilia could finish her sentence, Nathaniel sternly interrupted her. "I've had your driver replaced. Mason will arrange for a new one."

Her chauffeur was one of Calvin's men.

Upon learning of her disappearance yesterday, Nathaniel had this thought in mind.

Cecilia choked momentarily, but she held back her words, offering no rebuttal.

He had always been autocratic, never taking into account the desires of others.

Not long after Nathaniel left, Mason came over to handle Cecilia's hospital discharge and arranged a new driver for her.

"Ms. Smith, if there's anything else you need, feel free to let me know," Mason said.

After responding with a simple "okay". Cecilia exited the car and returned to the mansion.

That day, the mansion was unusually quiet.

She couldn't sleep, so she turned to composing music again.

She hadn't been doing so for long when she heard the sound of the front door opening downstairs.

She assumed that Nathaniel had returned, so she didn't bother.

It wasn't until the sound of knocking echoed from outside the room that Cecilia looked over, only to find it was Elena, exquisitely dressed in a gown.

This was the first time Elena had come face to face with her since she left a few years ago.

Elena hadn't expected that Cecilia was still alive, and just as Stella had said, returned to live in Daltonia Villa.

"Let's talk."

Upon entering the room, Elena found a chair and sat down.

11:13 AM

Chapter 146 Is It About Money

“What would you like to talk about?”

“What’s your reason for returning?” Elena got straight to the point.

Upon hearing this, Cecilia laughed and said, “Do I really need a reason to return to my home?”

Elena was taken aback, clearly not expecting a retort from the once docile daughter-in-law.

No matter how much a person changes, their inherent cowardice will still be there.

She arched her eyebrows slightly. “You faked your death and left, and now you’re back. If you claim you have no agenda, how can I possibly believe you. Is it for the money?”

Elena pulled out a check and handed it to Cecilia. “Fill in whatever amount you want.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 147**

Chapter 147 Accidental Encounter

Cecilia looked at the check in front of her, feeling an overwhelming sense of mockery.

“Your son insisted that I repay the money before I could leave. And now, you’re offering me money to leave. I really don’t know what to do.”

“What do you mean?”

“You should probably ask Nathaniel.”

After some thought, Elena decided not to press further, opting to play the emotional card instead.

“You’ve been married to Nathaniel for over three years, and you haven’t even given him a child. Do you have any idea how people perceive him? I hope you’ll consider others and not be so selfish.”

Selfish...

In the depths of her heart, Cecilia scorned herself.

Who's the one who's being selfish here? When I didn't have a child, why didn't she think of asking her own son?

"I've told you before, you should be discussing these matters with Nathaniel, not me. It's not I who doesn't want to leave."

Elena hadn't anticipated Cecilia's current stance. She walked up to Cecilia and challenged, "Is this how you speak to your elders?"

After she finished speaking, she raised her hand, ready to strike Cecilia.

Just as her hand was about to fall, her wrist was abruptly seized by Cecilia.

"Mdm. Elena, please have some self-respect," Cecilia said, throwing her hand aside.

Elena couldn't help but stagger back. Even after she left, she struggled to believe what had just happened. This couldn't possibly be the same docile daughter-in-law from the past.

Once she stepped outside, she picked up her phone and called her personal secretary.

"Can you find out what Nathaniel has been up to lately?"

Even though Elena was Nathaniel's mother, she had no idea what was going on in his mind.

He claims to not love Cecilia, yet he allows her to stay in Daltonia Villa. What on earth is wrong with him?

Moreover, she had noticed that Nathaniel had been frequently distracted lately.

At this rate, their relatives would certainly seize the opportunity to take advantage.

After hanging up the phone, Elena still felt uneasy. She went on to call Mason and Nathaniel's secretary at the office, hoping to extract some information about Nathaniel from them. Unfortunately, she couldn't glean anything useful.

Inside the villa, Cecilia listened to the sound of the car leaving outside, her heart filled with unease.

Nathaniel no longer cared about children, yet the Rainsworth family placed great importance on their descendants.

Because of that Elena and Paula had forced her to take countless medicines.

She knew very well how much Elena yearned to have a grandson. All she hoped for was that Nathaniel would not mention anything about Elliot to her.

Outside Daltonia Villa, a petite figure, donned in a mask and hat, was gazing at the building from a distance.

Jonathan informed the driver that he was spending the day with a friend. He assured him that his friend's chauffeur would be responsible for sending him home in the evening.

And so, he arrived alone at Daltonia Villa, having taken a taxi there.

He wanted to see his mommy, to check on her allergic reaction, and also to find out if se\*mbag daddy was around.

As the sky gradually darkened, he couldn't see Cecilia and could only walk back.

There were no taxis around, so he had to walk a kilometer or two.

At that moment, Elena's car slowly drove past him. She was gazing out of the window, lost in thought when her gaze inevitably fell on the small figure of Jonathan.

What is a child doing here?

She wore a puzzled expression and instructed the driver to stop the car.

Elena stepped out of the car, and the moment she saw it was Jonathan, her icy expression instantly softened.

"Jon, what are you doing here?"

There were no other residences near Daltonia Villa.

Jonathan hadn't anticipated running into Elena. He wanted to avoid the latter, but it was clearly too late.

"Hello, Grandma Elena," greeted Jonathan. "I came here to hang out with a friend but unfortunately, we got separated."

His beautiful, deep-set eyes held an inexplicable familiarity that completely dissolved Elena's

"I see."

The glimmer of hope in Elena's heart faded away.

Just a moment ago, before she had a clear look at Jonathan, she thought her son had secretly blessed her with a grandchild.

What a pity...

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 148**

### **Chapter 148 Your Mother Came Today**

Elena didn’t harbor any suspicions toward Jonathan. She approached the boy, squatting down to his level. “Do you remember where your home is? I’ll take you home, okay?”

Elena’s unexpectedly amiable demeanor left Jonathan somewhat taken aback.

Although Cecelia had never told him about Elena, he had already done his research.

Elena, originally the heiress of the Griffiths family, was an iron lady.

After marrying Wren, she found herself raising their son alone, as her husband never showed concern for family matters. In public, she never wore a smile in front of anyone.

While Jonathan was still in a daze, Elena spoke again. “If you remember your daddy’s or mommy’s phone number, I can call them.”

Snapping back to reality, Jonathan bowed toward her. “Thank you, Madam. Could you drop me off at the main road’s bus stop? I know how to take the bus back home.”

His politeness and intelligence made Elena like him even more.

She sighed. If Nathaniel had listened to me, my grandson would be this old by now.

“All right, hop in. I’ll drive you to the bus station.”

Knowing that Elena was his grandmother, Jonathan wasn’t worried that she might be a bad person. He got into the car, eager to find out what kind of person she really was.

Once he got in the car, Elena couldn’t resist chatting with the little boy.

Jonathan began with a question. “This mansion is huge. Do you live here?”

Elena grinned in response. “This is my son’s home. I don’t live here.”

Jonathan continued asking, “So, you must have come to see your grandson, right?”

There was a noticeable change in Elena’s expression when she heard the word “grandson.”

“I don’t have a grandson yet. If I did, I’d let him live in a mansion larger than the palace.” Elena wasn’t joking. If only she had known that the child standing before her was her grandson.

She would certainly provide her grandson with the best and most luxurious life.

When Cecelia first married into the Rainsworth family, Elena immediately arranged for the construction of various children’s facilities. These included a playground, a racetrack, a ski resort, and other places specifically designed for children to learn and play.

As Nathaniel grew older and built his career while Wren spent most of his years abroad with his mistress, Elena began to suffer from empty nest syndrome.

She yearned for a grandchild to keep her company and also hoped that her grandson could one day take over the family business,

There was also another reason: it was related to her mother-in-law.

Jonathan hadn’t expected Elena to share all this with him. He had assumed that everyone in the Rainsworth family, like Nathaniel, disapproved of him and his younger brother.

As he neared the main road, he turned to Elena and said. “You can drop me here now, Madam. Thank you.”

Jonathan stepped out of the car.

Elena watched him until he reached the bus station, then instructed the driver to head home.

Throughout the journey, the driver had also observed Jonathan closely. On the way back, he couldn’t help but express his astonishment. “Kids these days are getting smarter and smarter. The eyes of that child remind me of Mr. Rainsworth.”

Elena, too, felt the same way.

She wouldn’t have been this nice if the child she encountered today had been someone else. Jonathan had won her heart, though she couldn’t quite understand why.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel returned not long after he had left.

Today, Stella called him over because she encountered an obsessive fan.

Not only did the obsessive fan claim to be her boyfriend, but he had also intruded into her home, attempting to forcibly take her away and do the unthinkable.

By the time Nathaniel hurried over, the man had already been escorted away by security.

He had assigned a bodyguard to Stella, instructing her to either call the police or the bodyguard directly should any trouble arise.

After resolving Stella's case, Nathaniel turned his attention to Cecelia. Considering that Cecilia might not have eaten anything due to her allergy, he ordered some food for her.

The door to Cecelia's room upstairs was left open.

The white curtains fluttered gently in the breeze. Seated at the table, she was absorbed in writing music.

The scene was a serene and tranquil moment.

Nathaniel walked in, immediately noticing the rash on her skin. "Have you eaten?"

It was only when the man's reflection fell across the paper that Cecilia became aware of his presence. "You're back."

"I'm not hungry." Cecelia continued to be engrossed in her work.

"You should eat something, even if you're not hungry." With that, Nathaniel headed straight downstairs.

Reluctantly, Cecelia followed him to the dining area. Inside, a spread of exquisite dishes was laid out, delivered by the restaurant at Nathaniel's request.

She glanced at the dining table; not a single dish contained seafood.

Nathaniel, unconcerned, continued eating his meal without explaining.

After they had finished their meal, Cecelia began to speak. "Your mother came looking for me today."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 149**

Chapter 149 He Gave In

Nathaniel looked up and asked, "Why did she come by?"

Cecelia handed Nathaniel the blank check that Elena had given her. "She gave me this and wanted me to leave you."

Nathaniel stared at the check. "You agreed?"



All Cecelia needed to do was fill in an amount on the check, and she could instantly repay her debts.

“No, I won’t take the money. We had an agreement,” Cecelia replied, shaking her head. If I leave now, how could I possibly give birth to the triplets? I won’t be able to save Eli if I do.

Cecelia handed him the check. “Here. Take it back.”

Nathaniel took the check, briefly glanced at it, and tossed it into the trash bin. He then looked back at Cecelia, whose face was showing signs of an allergic reaction. His gaze was deep and thoughtful. “You made the right choice. Even if you had filled in an amount on this check, I wouldn’t have cashed it for you.”

He was determined not to give her any impression that she could leave him.

Upon hearing these words, Cecelia clenched her fists.

After using a warm handkerchief to wipe his hands, Nathaniel stood in front of her.

Before she could react, he reached out and pointed to the red spots on her neck.

The red spots were still there.

“Have you applied the medicine?” His unpredictable nature, shifting between indifferent and caring, made Cecelia feel quite uneasy.

She stepped away from him and replied, “Yes.”

The man noticed her subtle movements. Just as Nathaniel was about to insist on moving closer to her, the doorbell rang at the entrance. Who could possibly be visiting at this hour?

The unusual atmosphere in the living room prompted Cecelia to immediately stand. up the door.”

Dodging past Nathaniel, she quickly made her way to the door and swung it open.

“I’ll get

In the gentle breeze of a midsummer’s night, Stella stood at the doorway, clad in a light-colored slip dress. Her eyes, brimming with unshed tears, could easily evoke a sense of pity in anyone who witnessed them.

The moment she realized it was Cecelia who had opened the door, her gaze shifted slightly. Then, in a gentle voice, she said, “I’m looking for Nathaniel.”

It was easy to see how both Nathaniel and Zachary could be captivated by the charm of a beauty with such a wistful allure.

When Cecelia shifted her gaze away and looked back, Nathaniel had already walked over.

The moment Stella saw him, a wave of emotion washed over her, causing tears to fall uncontrollably. "Nathaniel."

Nathaniel knitted his brows, puzzled as to why she would come here at this hour.

Unmindful of her surroundings, Stella walked straight up to Nathaniel, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Nathaniel, that guy came back shortly after you left..."

She spoke, lifting her arm to reveal a canvas of bruises. "He wanted to take me away, refused. So, he tried to drag me to jump off the building. I was so scared..."

but 1

"Where's the bodyguard: Nathaniel said, pulling out his phone, ready to call him and demand an explanation.

Stella quickly clarified. "I was about to go to bed and had no idea he would sne window. The bodyguards at the door didn't even notice him."

in through the

Nathaniel looked at the bruises on her arm and felt somewhat frustrated. "I'll get someone to you to the hospital."

take

Stella hastily shook her head. "Nathaniel. I don't want to go to the hospital. I can't go anywhere. Please let me stay here, just for tonight. I don't want him to come after me again."

Listening from the sidelines. Cecelia quickly grasped the situation—it seemed a stalker was targeting Stella.

"I'll arrange a hotel for you." Nathaniel suggested.

When he was about to make a call, Stella suddenly grabbed his hand. "Nathaniel, you promised me you'd give me anything I ask for. We're not married yet, and I want to stay here, just for one day. Please, I'm scared..."

Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Nathaniel had always refused to cross his boundaries for the sake of others.

Yet, that day, he gave in. "All right."