

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 150

## Chapter 150 How Much Do You Need

Nathaniel gently pulled Stella away from him.

“Thank you, Nathaniel,” Stella said with gratitude before turning back and casting a triumphant glance at Cecelia.

She felt some regret about her decision to marry Nathaniel, realizing that perhaps not marrying him would have been a better choice.

Had she not married him, she could have proposed any terms, and he would likely have agreed.

At the same time, she felt relieved that she was the one who had impersonated the person who rescued Elena,

Cecelia watched her smug look with an indifferent expression.

Daltonia Villa was vast, with numerous rooms, yet Stella chose a room closest to the master bedroom. Her hidden agenda was so transparent that it hardly needed to be spelled out.

As she went to tidy up her room, Cecelia was also getting ready to retreat to her bedroom.

Nathaniel, still seated in the living room, called out. “Come here.”

Cecilia had no idea what he was up to. She approached and asked, “Yes?”

Nathaniel scrutinized her expression carefully.

He always remembered that after they got married, she had insisted their home was meant solely for the two of them. Aside from family and friends, no other women were allowed to stay.

“Aren’t you angry?” he asked, his voice steady. He had agreed to let Stella stay for the night for two reasons: first, his genuine fear that she might be in danger, and second, his desire to gauge Cecelia’s reaction.

He didn’t believe that she didn’t care.

Cecilia’s reaction, however, was beyond his expectations. “We had an agreement. We’ll get a divorce once I’m free of my debts. Why should I be angry?”

Nathaniel's throat grew tight. "I hope you meant what you said."

He rose to his feet and continued, "I have plans today. I won't be coming back tonight."

Stella played the sympathy card to persuade Nathaniel to let her stay, but she hadn't anticipated that he would choose not to spend the night there himself.

She arrived outside Cecelia's room and knocked on the door.

Unexpectedly, another interruption came her way. At that moment, she realized she wouldn't be able to finish the musical score that day.

She rose to her feet and opened the door.

Stella glanced at Cecelia, who was oddly dressed in long sleeves and pants, and noticed a rash on her neck.

In the past, having received financial support from the family, she had frequently dined with the Smiths.

She recalled that Cecelia had once suffered an allergic reaction after accidentally eating seafood.

"You know, you're the most fragile woman I've ever met," she mocked, her tone baffling. "Only someone of your stature could afford to be so delicate, even allergic to seafood. You're not trying to win Nathaniel over with that pitiful appearance, aren't you?"

Upon returning to her room, Cecelia found a chair and sat down, lifting her gaze with a scornful smirk. "Aren't you the one playing the sympathy card?"

As a woman, Cecelia could easily see through all her little tricks. She's already a renowned celebrity and has dealt with stalkers before. How could she possibly let a man enter her room a second time?

Upon hearing those words didn't get upset at all. Instead, a smirk appeared on her face.

"Indeed, I was playing the victim too, but..."

She leaned toward Cecelia as if worried she wouldn't hear clearly, and purposefully raised her voice. "Nathaniel felt sorry for me. But you? You've made yourself look like a hot mess. Has he ever shown concern for you?"

Cecelia kept mum.

Stella continued, "I don't understand why you insist on taking Nathaniel away from me. Even though you're married, have you two ever been intimate? Do you even know

which side of the bed he prefers? Do you know if he likes being on top or bottom? I know all his preferences.”

Cecelia never expected Stella to be so blunt.

She couldn't help but zone out for a moment.

She certainly didn't understand Nathaniel as well as Stella did, but at this point, she had no desire to learn more about him..

Nathaniel's preferences were none of her concern right now. All she wanted was to have a child quickly and then leave him.

Seeing Cecelia rendered speechless filled Stella with an unprecedented sense of satisfaction.

Cecelia, however, appeared unfazed. She began to speak slowly. “Given all these years, you must have accumulated quite a bit of maneu haven't uu?”

Cecelia continued, “I'll give you a few months to gather some money. Once you hand it over, I'll leave Nathaniel right away.”

As a successful celebrity, Stella's earnings from movies over the years must have been substantial. Coupled with various endorsement deals and other sources of income, she would have accumulated considerable wealth.

Cecelia believed Stella could easily come up with two to three billion.

“Are you sure?” It was the first time Stella had heard Cecelia talk about money.

In the past, no amount of money could persuade Cecelia to leave Nathaniel.

“I've endured hardship living abroad for a few years, and I've had enough, Cecelia explained. “I want a substantial sum to secure my future. I know Nathaniel doesn't love me, so staying with him won't bring me any gain.”

“How much do you need?” Stella asked.

“Ten billion.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 151**

Chapter 151 You Have Truly Changed

Stella couldn't believe it. “Ceci, you weren't like this before when we were younger.”

She used to be so noble back then. How could she measure Nathaniel's worth with money?

In response, Cecilia asked her, "Isn't the position of Nathaniel's wife worth a hundred billion?"

Stella laughed.

"You've truly changed. Back in our university days, you vowed never to compete with me over a man. Yet, not only have you done just that, but you're also demanding a hundred billion from me to win him back."

Stella was quite adept at making unfounded countercharges.

A mocking chill filled Cecilia's eyes. "Everyone knows it wasn't me who took Nathaniel away from you. It was Nathaniel who didn't want an orphan like you."

Stella's pretty face contorted completely.

"Enough! Are you sure money is all you want?"

Cecilia nodded, then continued, "I hope you won't tell Nathaniel about the money I asked you for. If you do, our agreement will be null and void. I will forever be entwined with Nathaniel, and you will never have the chance to become his wife."

Cecilia had said that on purpose.

She actually wanted Stella to relay the message to Nathaniel.

If Stella told him, Cecilia had her own plans for dealing with it.

If Stella truly intended to prepare ten billion, then Cecilia would be more than happy to accept it.

However, Cecilia was even more certain that Stella would tattle..

After all, this was her usual behavior. Stella would always blame Cecilia for anything that went wrong in the past, even if it wasn't her doing. This time, she was certain Stella wouldn't miss the perfect opportunity to tell on her.

"I'll give it some serious thought," Stella said, preparing to leave.

Before she left, the sheet music on Cecilia's table was rustled by the wind. Stella unintentionally caught a glimpse of it, and was somewhat taken aback.

However, she didn't pay it any mind. After all, in her perspective, people like Cecilia, with their hearing impairment, were naturally fated to have no connection with music.

She never could have imagined that the renowned foreign composer, Cecille, whom she admired, was none other than Cecilia herself.

After she left, Cecilia calmly tucked away the sheet music, then laid down.

On the other side, Stella was still contemplating how to tell Nathaniel about Cecilia asking her for money.

If I were to tell Nathaniel directly, he might not necessarily believe me. Moreover, I've complained to him far too many times now.

After a brief moment of thought, Stella made up her mind. She decided to first give Cecilia a portion of the money.

Then, when the time came to hand over the rest of it, she would make sure to have Nathaniel witness it.

Seemingly considering herself the lady of the house, Stella had breakfast delivered to her the following morning.

As Cecilia's spirits were low, she often woke up late each day.

Before she had even awakened, breakfast was already neatly arranged in the dining room.

Nathaniel had returned at some point and was sitting in the living room.

"Nathaniel, breakfast is ready," Stella announced.

Nathaniel gave her a glance. "I've already eaten. You can head back after finishing your breakfast. I can arrange a hotel for you if it's inconvenient for you to return to your original place."

Stella had been rejected several times by then. Fearing that Nathaniel would get angry, she didn't dare to persist any further.

"Please arrange a hotel for me, then."

After leaving Daltonia Villa, Stella sat in the minivan and immediately had someone prepare a check.

Afterwards, Stella sent a text message to Cecilia: I've prepared two hundred million. Meet me at the cafe on Cross Street at ten tonight. I'll hand it over to you first so you can be at ease.

Cecilia only woke up at eight in the morning.

As she glanced at her phone, she noticed the text message from Stella.

Has she agreed to give me money just like that?

Cecilia felt that something was amiss.

However, she was curious about Stella's real intentions, so she replied: Okay.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 152**

### **Chapter 152 Personal Business**

Upon receiving a text message from Cecilia, Stella's lips curled up in delight. Without delay, she texted Nathaniel: Nathaniel, I'm not sure what kind of relationship you're maintaining with Cecilia right now, but she's not as simple as she seems. If you don't believe me, meet me at the cafe on Cross Street at ten tonight.

She wanted to expose Cecilia's true colors right in front of Nathaniel.

At that time, Cecilia was unaware of all this. After she had woken up and freshened up, she saw Nathaniel sitting on the living room couch, engrossed in his phone.

Upon hearing footsteps, Nathaniel secretly deleted the message from Stella, then lifted his head to look at Cecilia.

“Let's go out for breakfast.”

Cecilia was somewhat puzzled. She was sure she had seen breakfast laid out in the dining room.

Without giving it much thought, she went out to eat with Nathaniel.

In the restaurant outside, a refined breakfast was laid out on the table.

Without any hesitation, Cecilia picked out her favorite dishes and began eating.

Nathaniel had been paying close attention to her. “Don't you have anything to tell me?”

“What?”

Cecilia looked puzzled, but deep down, she had thought of Stella.

“There’s nothing.”

Nathaniel didn’t ask any further.

Cecilia felt that he had really been idle lately. Is there no need for him to go to the office anymore?

The breakfast was finished rather quickly.

The driver then took the two of them to the office.

Sharing an office with Nathaniel, Cecilia found it utterly impossible to compose any music.

Before long, she grew restless and found herself standing before Nathaniel’s desk.

“I want to go out for a stroll.”

Nathaniel’s hand, which had been leafing through the documents, paused. “All right.

To her surprise, it was easier than Cecilia had anticipated. Before she left, she added, “I have something to do tonight, so I’ll be back a bit later.”

Nathaniel’s gaze deepened as he lifted his eyes to look at her tranquil face, his lips slightly parting

“What is it?”

“My personal business,” Cecilia said, pretending to have a secret.

Nathaniel was taken aback by her words, his expression solemn. A chill flickered in his sharp eyes as he warned. “Let me remind you. Don’t do anything that would upset me

Upon hearing his words, Cecilia was ninety percent sure that Stella had told him about her asking for money.

However, it was quite peculiar as Nathaniel was not the kind of person who could tolerate irritations

If he already knows, then why didn’t he confront me directly? Why is he beating around the back?

After leaving the company, Cecilia still didn’t understand.

She discreetly sent a text message to Sven.

Before long a taxi pulled up in front of her. The man behind the wheel was none other than

Sven

True to his reputation. Sven, the trusted right-hand man by Calvin's side, was always thorough and thoughtful in all matters.

After Cecilia got into the car. Sven informed her that a car was trailing them.

Without a doubt, they knew those people were Nathaniel's subordinates.

"Do you want to shake them off?" Sven asked.

"No need."

If we shake them off again. Nathania's suspicions would only deepen.

Sven glanced at Cecilia through the rear-view mirror and asked, "So, where are we heading now?"

"Could you do me a favor and show me around? I've been feeling rather cooped up lately."

"All right."

The inside of the car fell silent.

Cecilia rolled down the car window, gazing at the scenery outside that was both familiar and foreign to her. Gradually, her emotions settled into a calm serenity.

The individuals Nathaniel sent had also followed them all the way. Seeing that the taxi didn't seem to have a destination and was just aimlessly wandering around the city, the bodyguard

Nathaniel instructed them to continue observing Cecilia.

When the taxi wasn't far from the Smith residence, Cecilia couldn't help but say, "Sven, could you drive over there?"

The Smith residence was situated halfway up a hill.

Since Regas had a fondness for antiques, the entire mansion was made of wood.



Regas had planted a multitude of flowers outside his mansion, the most abundant of which were the begonias, Cecilia's favorite.

That was because this place had already been acquired by Stella.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 153**

Chapter 153 She Had Been Played

All Cecilia could do was gaze from a distance at the sea of pink begonias blooming outside the courtyard.

“I didn't expect them to still be here,” she murmured.

Sven followed her gaze, and what met his eyes were the beautiful begonia flowers, truly a delightful sight to behold.

The mansion appeared quaint, yet it was brimming with vitality. It was evident that the original owner had put a lot of thought and care into its construction.

“What is this?” Sven couldn't help but ask.

“The home I grew up in in Tudela,” Cecilia replied.

Regrettably, she no longer had the right enter the mansion.

“Let's go.” Cecilia shifted her gaze away.

The vehicle slowly pulled away.

Cecilia hadn't noticed a man hiding in the nearby shrubs. The man looked a bit disheveled, having been secretly lurking there for a while.

After taking a stroll around the city, Cecilia requested Sven to drive her back to Daltonia Villa.

Afterward, she was in the music room, playing the piano while simultaneously writing sheet music.

The bodyguard reported Cecilia's itinerary to Nathaniel

Later that night, Nathaniel deliberately spent extra time at the office.

Around nine, he instructed his driver to head toward the café on Cross Street.

At this moment, Cecilia too had boarded a car, coming over from Daltonia Villa.

Her phone vibrated. Upon checking, it was a message from Sven that read: Nathaniel's car has indeed headed toward Cross Street.

Upon returning to Daltonia Villa, Cecilia asked Sven to keep an eye on Rainsworth Group, to see where Nathaniel would go that evening.

It was just as she had anticipated..

Stella was still fond of tattling as always.

There were hardly any people in the café at night.

Stella had reserved a private room, which conveniently offered a view of the scenery outside.

Cecilia arrived here right on schedule.

She was clad in a long dress, with a light jacket draped over her to conceal the allergic red spots. on her body.

In truth, even if she wasn't allergic, she would always prepare a jacket when going out for too long, due to her fear of the cold, even in the summer.

The present Cecilia was completely different from when Stella first returned to the country a few years ago..

Her appearance and attire were striking, instantly capturing attention. She had regained her pre- marriage figure, and her face radiated an extraordinary elegance that left a profound impression on anyone who saw her.

Stella felt a tinge of jealousy toward her.

Although her mother, Paula, hadn't treated her well, she had undeniably inherited Paula's stunning looks. particularly her physique. It was evident she was the daughter of a renowned. dancer.

"Take a seat, Ceci. Let's talk, she said, suppressing the bitterness in her heart and quietly placing her mobile phone on the table.

The call had already been made to Nathaniel. Outside, he could hear the conversation between the two.

Cecilia settled herself into a chair.

Subsequently, Stella presented a check worth a hundred million. "Ceci, you asked me to prepare ten billion, and then leave Nathaniel. I really couldn't gather that much money,

and even if I could, I don't think it would be right to give it to you. After all, Nathaniel isn't a commodity. He isn't something you can just sell off. Take this one hundred million, and use it as you see fit. Consider it a personal sponsorship from me."

On the other end of the phone, Nathaniel was seated in his car. Listening to Stella's words, his brows furrowed deep in thought.

Did Cecilia really approach Stella and demand ten billion in exchange for me? She sure has quite the idea!

With that in mind, he quietly continued to listen.

As long as Cecilia accepted that hundred million, he would immediately head over and take her back to Daltonia Villa.

She could forget about ever having any freedom, then.

However, Cecilia pushed away that one billion and countered Stella's question by asking. "Didn't you ask me how much money it would take for me to leave Nathaniel? Why are you setting a Stella paused. When have I ever said that?"

"I've told you before, I have no need for your tainted money. Back when the Smith family went bankrupt, you, who owed them so much, didn't lift a finger to help. And now, all of a sudden you're acting all kind?" Cecilia continued.

Stella looked at Cecilia in shock. "But you were the one who said-

"I'll say it again. Nathaniel and I are still married. Even if he doesn't love me, I won't leave him!" Cecilia's gaze landed on Stella's upside-down phone.

She knew that Stella was probably on the phone with Nathaniel at that moment.

As for Stella, she realized that she had been played by Cecilia.

Livid, she then discreetly picked up her phone and ended the call.

Inside the black Cadillac, Nathaniel silently listened to the conversation between the two individuals. He then instructed the driver. "Head back home."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 154**

### **Chapter 154 What It Truly Means To Be Smart**

Inside the café. Cecilia stood up and walked over to Stella.

I've

Then, she lowered her voice and gently whispered into the latter's car, "Didn't you say changed? So, why do you still think I'd fall for your lies, just like before? I'll have you know, I was well aware of your underhanded tactics before. I simply chose to ignore them out of disdain! Do me a favor and be a bit smarter next time!"

After hearing what Cecilia had said, Stella's expression, which usually looked pitiable, turned terribly gloomy.

Cecilia then walked straight out of the cafe. Once outside, she looked toward the spot where Sven had parked his car. But now, the car that was once there was nowhere to be seen.

She couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief..

Suddenly, she realized that the current Nathaniel was truly different from the young man she used to adore.

That young man wasn't one to overthink things. He would treat her well without ever doubting her.

Cecilia sat in the car, lost in thought as she left.

Stella had just stepped out and hadn't gotten far when suddenly, a man seized her hand, leading her to a secluded area.

"I miss you so much, Stella."

The man standing before her was unshaven, with dark circles under his eyes, clearly indicating that he hadn't had a good night's sleep in quite some time.

Stella reached out, intending to push him away. "Sean, how did you manage to track me down here? How many times do I have to tell you that I'm not going back to Lushtopia with you? If you truly care about me, then go back alone. Don't stay in Tudela anymore."

Sean's heart was filled with pain. "Is it because of Nathaniel? He isn't truly sincere toward you. If he really loved you, why hasn't he married you yet?"

Upon hearing these words, Stella didn't care in the slightest.

"So what? At least he can provide what I desire."

Sean was taken aback.

Following that, Stella added, "What can you provide me?"

"L..."

“Right now, you can’t give me anything.”

Sean shook his head, his hands firmly gripping Stella’s arm, “Even though my company has gone under, I can still compose music. I can write songs just for you.”

Stella scoffed dismissively with a smirk.

“I don’t need your music, you’ve long since lost your talent. Just admit it, Sean.”

Sean’s eyes were brimming with tears as he exclaimed. “How could you be so heartless? Could you have gotten this far if it weren’t for me? I need you right now!”

Noticing his anger, Stella switched to a more persuasive tone.

“Sean, can you please be a bit more mature? We’re all looking for someone who can support and stand by us. Look at what you’ve become now. You weren’t as desolate as you are now when I left. Five years have passed, and while I’ve flourished, you haven’t grown at all. It’s only because of my patience that I still converse with you. Any other woman would have stopped acknowledging you a long time ago. And you think I’m heartless? How hurtful!”

Upon hearing her words, Sean became compliant once again.

“It was your absence that left me completely devastated.”

Stella let out a deep sigh. “But as a man, shouldn’t you be protecting me? Or am I expected to support you financially in the future? Sean, you’ve been here all along, haven’t you? If so, then you must have seen what just happened. I was bullied, but you couldn’t help me at all.”

After Sean silently listened to her, he let her go, his eyes filled with serious determination.

“I can protect you!”

He then took his leave after saying that.

Stella watched his retreating figure, her gaze fierce and icy as she patted the spot where he had grabbed her.

Cecilia, didn’t you think I wasn’t smart enough? Well, I’ll show you right now what it truly means to be smart!

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 155**

Chapter 155 Duties Of A Wife

Nathaniel was still awake when Cecilia returned to Daltonia Villa.

He was dressed in dark-colored pajamas, seated on the sofa, and had his gloomy gaze on Cecilia.

“Did you have fun today?”

“Kind of,” Cecilia replied.

Nathaniel rose, his towering figure instantly blocking most of the light before her.

“I heard from Stella that you were planning to sell me for ten billion.”

Cecilia choked up. This guy clearly knew what I said, so why is he asking me about it?

“I didn’t.”

“Is that so?” Nathaniel leaned in toward her, his body lowered.

Cecilia instinctively stepped back as she replied, “First of all, you should know that Stella and I aren’t on good terms. How could I possibly ask her for ten billion to sell you out? Besides, when your mother offered me a check before, I didn’t even accept it. Why would I do such a thing now?”

After hearing her words, Nathaniel remained skeptical and unconvinced.

He knew that Stella would never have allowed him to witness today’s spectacle. The only possibility was that Cecilia had already found out about everything Stella did.

As such, he chose not to expose Cecilia either.

“Is there anything else?” Cecilia found herself backed against the wall.

As Nathaniel watched her, her cautious demeanor caused him to swallow hard.

The mere thought of the intoxicating and overwhelming sensation when being with a woman nearly drove him to the brink of losing control.

“How’s your money situation coming along?”

Cecilia hadn’t expected him to start asking for money so soon. “It’s not ready yet.”

“Then you might as well consider my suggestion.”

Nathaniel took a deep breath, his voice heavy as he continued, "After all, we are married. If you've fulfilled your duties as a wife, then naturally, there's no need to return the betrothal gift."

Duties of a wife?

Her face was as hot as a flame. Before she could speak, Nathaniel's searingly warm hand landed on her cheek, gently caressing it.

"How about one hundred million for each time?"

Cecilia's mind went blank.

One hundred million at a time? Who does he think I am?

She was reminded once again of the first time when he disregarded all her resistance.

Cecilia pushed him away lightly. "Not so great."

After speaking, she quickly ascended the stairs in a fit of anger and annoyance. Once she returned to her room, she locked the door behind her.

Just like that, the space in Nathaniel's embrace suddenly became empty. He didn't understand why she was angry again.

He discovered that among women, it was Cecilia who was most prone to anger. She would get upset at the drop of a hat, and even dared to show him her displeasure.

No other woman would have dared to give him attitude.

Feeling upset, Nathaniel promptly left his home and headed toward Elite Club.

The manager swiftly arranged for the most attractive and intellectual women here to come over so he could choose.

Nathaniel sat solemnly at the head of the room, his gaze sweeping over rows and rows of diverse women. Yet, he found himself devoid of interest.

"Mr. Rainsworth."

A seductive woman took the initiative to approach Nathaniel, attempting to get on his good side.

Nathaniel watched her actions with a cold gaze, yet his mind was filled with images of Cecilia's angry demeanor.

When the woman touched his hand, he felt an overwhelming sense of disgust

“Get lost!”

Before long, the women in the private room started to leave one by one, their spirits seemingly deflated.

Nathaniel was sitting here all by himself.

At that moment, a woman named Nancy took advantage of the wine-serving distraction to sneak into the private room. Upon seeing Nathaniel, she immediately fell to her knees.

Nathaniel didn't find it strange when he saw the woman's face filled with fear and hurt as she looked at him.

“Who are you?”

Nancy was taken aback.

“I—I'm Nancy. Have you forgotten me?”

Nancy?

Nathaniel's memory was exceptional, but he wouldn't bother to remember those who were irrelevant to his work or himself.

Upon seeing his expression, Nancy realized he had genuinely forgotten about her. She had no choice but to recount the events of that day to him.

“You asked me back then if I would be willing to serve you even if no money was involved. I said it was okay, and you stated that I would be working at Elite Club without receiving any salary from then on.”

Upon hearing her words, Nathaniel was reminded of what happened.

“Do you regret this now?”

Nancy shook her head anxiously. “No, I'm begging you to have mercy on me. Please let me go. really don't want to entertain customers.”

Nathaniel was puzzled. Who allowed her to entertain guests?

## **When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 156**

### **Chapter 156 Bury The Hatchet**



“I never issued such an order,” Nathaniel stated, his voice cool and detached.

Yet, Nancy refused to leave. When the bodyguard approached, she even clung tighter to the table and chair beside her.

“Mr. Rainsworth, the person who hit me said it was all because I didn’t know my place and offended you. Please, spare me. I don’t wish to meet my end here,” she pleaded.

At this moment, Nancy was crying profoundly, her face marred with wounds. Undoubtedly, even after they healed, scars would remain.

Originally, Nathaniel didn’t want to get involved in such matters, but from what he understood. from Nancy, it seemed that someone was using his name to teach her a lesson.

That was something he simply couldn’t ignore.

He then had the bodyguard let go of Nancy as he said, “Explain this matter to me in detail.”

As the bodyguard released his grip on Nancy, she was kneeling on the ground, trembling uncontrollably..

“It was that day after I saw you, when I got off work and went home. Around two or three in the early morning. I was suddenly yanked out of bed. They berated and struck me, saying how dare someone like me even think of bothering you. Ever since that early morning, the people at the company started arranging for me to entertain clients...”

Tears streamed down Nancy’s face as she continued, “If I didn’t agree, they would hit me...”

Nathaniel was certain that, his subordinates would never dare to make decisions by themselves without his explicit orders.

He then had his bodyguard escort Nancy away from Elite Club. Afterwards, he ordered someone. to investigate who exactly was responsible for this.

Since this incident occurred at Elite Club, it was easy to investigate.

Over an hour later, the bodyguard reported back.

“Mr. Rainsworth, we’ve found out that it was Ms. Ross who orchestrated the attack on Nancy.”

Stella again...

In the past, Nathaniel didn't pay much attention to what she did. But now, this matter was just too blatant.

"Go tell Stella that I will not forgive her if something like this happens again."

The bodyguard paused for a moment, then nodded and said, "Yes."

It was his first time seeing Nathaniel this angry because of Stella.

What bothered him wasn't that Stella was making moves on other women, but rather she was doing so under his own name.

The next morning, Stella was taken aback when she heard that Nathaniel had found out about her involvement in arranging for Nancy to be taught a lesson.

She initially thought it wasn't a big deal.

However, upon receiving the message from the bodyguard, it became clear that she had crossed the line with Nathaniel this time.

She was in the midst of figuring out how to explain things to Nathaniel when, to make matters worse, she received a lawyer's letter from Cecille at her company. The court had already accepted the plagiarism case against her.

At that moment, she no longer knew how to plead her case with Nathaniel.

"If only Zachary would be willing to help me right now..." she muttered.

Stella couldn't help but sigh.

Compared to Nathaniel, Zachary was much easier to handle. He would always give her whatever she wanted.

It was a shame that Zachary seemed like a different person now. No matter what it was, he was unwilling to lend a hand anymore.

"Stella," her manager couldn't help but advise her, "This can't go on like this. Isn't Vivian Ms. Cecille's lawyer? You should swallow your pride and apologize to her. That way, you could potentially bury the hatchet."

After all, the news about Stella being involved in plagiarism had already spread widely online. Everyone knew about it at that point.

Fighting the case in court would bring her no benefits whatsoever.

"That's all I can do, I guess."

The thought of having to apologize to Cecilia's friend filled Stella with reluctance, yet she found herself without any alternatives.

"Help me arrange a meeting with her."

Cecilia was awakened by a call from Vivian.

Last night, she had a restless sleep. The thought of Nathaniel's words, casually offering her a hundred million for each session, made her extremely upset.

"What's up?"

"Guess what? Stella wants to meet me! She said she wants to personally apologize for the plagiarism incident. She even expects me to go see her, which is quite wishful thinking on her part. I told her to come to my place if she wants to apologize," Vivian said, a smirk playing on her lips.

Why should the one who receives the apology have to make the trip?

"You did the right thing. She had you held up in the police station for an entire day. You absolutely cannot let her off the hook easily."

"Yeah. You should come over too, Ceci."

Vivian also wanted Cecilia to witness the sight of Stella apologizing submissively.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 157**

### **Chapter 157 Love Or Compatibility**

Cecilia stepped out of her bedroom in her slippers and realized that Nathaniel had not yet returned.

"When will she come over?"

"We agreed on ten in the morning," Vivian replied.

"All right; I'm on my way now."

After hanging up the phone, Cecilia pondered for a moment. She decided to send a text message to Nathaniel, letting him know that she was heading to Vivian's house.

After visiting Vivian's house today, there was a chance to see Jonathan in the evening.

Though it had only been a few days since they'd last seen each other, to Cecilia, it felt as if it had been an eternity. She found herself wondering how he had been faring recently.

Meanwhile, it was incredibly quiet inside Elite Club.

Zachary hadn't slept well that morning and was summoned here for a drink.

"Nathaniel, why are you drinking alcohol so early in the morning? You have no idea how busy I've been lately."

Zachary hadn't even had the chance to take off his white lab coat.

Nathaniel watched him, observing his carefree demeanor.

"Why are you so busy? You're not married like Darren, after all."

"You've got a wife, so what are you doing here?" Zachary retorted.

Nathaniel choked up when he heard that.

Seeing that his expression wasn't quite right, Zachary quickly changed the subject.

"I've been gearing up to study medicine in depth lately. You wouldn't believe the number of surgeries I've performed these past few days."

Of course, during this period, he was also secretly investigating Vivian.

He was curious to know when exactly his life had intertwined with this woman's, and when they had even had a child together.

He didn't have any memory of such a thing at all.

Nathaniel had not anticipated that his transformation would occur so swiftly.

"Why?"

"What do you mean, 'why?'"

"Hadn't you once declared you would rather die than become a doctor?"

Upon hearing these words, Zachary lifted his wine glass and hid his expression. "I was just young and naive back then. Studying medicine is a decent choice. It allows me to heal and save people."

He didn't tell the truth.

Ever since Cecilia's return, he had been investigating her hearing impairment and the instances of her cars bleeding.

He yearned to quickly advance his skills as a doctor, aiming to find a way to enable Cecilia to live like a normal person.

This was all he could do for her now.

Nathaniel could tell that he was hiding something from him. Seeing his reluctance to speak, he didn't press further.

He picked up his phone and upon unlocking it, he saw a text message from Cecilia.

He initially thought it was going to be an apology, but unexpectedly, he found her heading to Vivian's house again.

Zachary leaned in. "Is Cecilia checking in on you?"

Nathaniel's thin lips parted slightly. "She said she was going to her best friend's place to hang out."

"Oh. You mean Vivian: Zachary asked after pondering for a while.

"Right."

"Well, let me tell you, these past few days, my old man has been constantly pushing me to go see her."

Nathaniel raised his eyebrows slightly. "What you don't like her?"

"Not my cup of tea, replied Zachary,

After hearing him out, Nathaniel advised. "When it comes to seeking a wife, it's not always necessary to find someone you're in love with. Compatibility is what matters most."

"Nathaniel, do you think Cecilia is the right person for you?" Zachary couldn't help but ask.

After a long silence, Nathaniel finally replied. "She used to be."

"What about now? Is she not suitable anymore?"

Nathaniel didn't respond and simply finished the last of his wine from the glass.

Zachary was somewhat displeased. As Nathaniel was about to leave, he asked, "Nathaniel, do you think it's possible to find happiness with someone you don't love?"

Nathaniel looked at him with a puzzled expression.

He added, "If you're unhappy, then I think it would be better for you to end things with that person sooner rather than later. This way, it's better for both you and her."

He was different from Nathaniel.

He believed that when it came to finding a wife, it had to be someone he truly loved.

If he had to settle for a suitable woman for the sake of his career, he would never be happy in life.

After getting into the car, Nathaniel deeply contemplated the words Zachary had spoken. He then glanced at the text message that Cecilia had sent him.

After a long hesitation, he replied: Okay.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 158**

### **Chapter 158 Reclaiming The Lost Respect.**

Cecilia had arrived at Vivian's house rather early.

The two of them had breakfast together while waiting for Stella to come and apologize.

"Why did Stella suddenly decide to apologize?" Vivian was somewhat puzzled.

A few days ago, Stella was still splurging to suppress the trending topics, but now, she said she wanted to apologize all of a sudden. It was truly puzzling.

Cecilia didn't know either.

Usually, Nathaniel and Zachary would definitely do something whenever Stella got into trouble.

If they wanted to suppress such trending topics, they could do so easily.

The only plausible explanation at that time could be, for some reason, neither of them wanted to help her.

"Don't overthink things. Just focus on reclaiming the respect you once lost. That's all that matters," Cecilia advised her.

“Right.”

“Anyway, I’ll hide away for a bit. Take your time to shine.”

“Okay.”

When Stella arrived at ten.. Cecilia had already retreated to the bedroom.

Accompanying Stella was also a lawyer.

Stella, donning a mask and sunglasses, stepped into the mansion. Upon entering, she turned her gaze toward Vivian, who was seated on the sofa.

Vivian had a bit of baby fat, making her appear exceptionally youthful.

“Hello, Ms. Kennedy,” Stella greeted, without removing her sunglasses.

Upon hearing this, Vivian didn’t even offer her a seat. Instead, she cut straight to the chase and said, “Let’s skip the formalities, Ms. Ross. Just go ahead and apologize.”

Stella choked up.

Thinking about the news she had seen online, she felt compelled to apologize. “I’m sorry.”

“I don’t think you’re sincere at all. Let’s just drop this conversation,” Vivian said, deliberately making things difficult for her.

Stella was growing somewhat impatient, but the lawyer by her side held her back.

She could only remove her sunglasses and mask, bowing once more as she apologized again, “I’m sorry. I hope your esteemed company won’t hold it against me. I am willing to accept all the compensations you’ve proposed.”

Seeing the usually arrogant Stella apologize, Vivian experienced an unprecedented sense of satisfaction.

“I recall my client stating that you should apologize to me first, then publicly admit to the media. and the masses that you’ve plagiarized. Would you agree to this?” Vivian had already heard about these demands from Cecilia.

There was no way they would let a copycat like Stella off the hook so easily.

Stella didn’t respond. Instead, she turned her gaze toward the lawyer standing off to the side.

The lawyer then stepped forward and said, “Ms. Kennedy, I wonder if you could do Stella a favor? Perhaps you could have a thorough discussion with your client, persuading them not to admit to plagiarism? If you agree, I have connections in the capital’s office that can help you gain the status and reputation you desire at the fastest speed.”

Vivian was not surprised.

The sentiment sure is favorable. This guy is here to win me over! I was wondering how Stella would willingly apologize to me!

Vivian laughed. “You’ve miscalculated. Unlike the famous Ms. Ross, I don’t care about status or reputation.”

After she finished speaking, she approached Stella, looking at her with a mocking expression.

“Ms. Ross, the so-called superstar, a woman addicted to plagiarism, who lived a reckless life abroad and even stole someone’s husband upon returning home. You should abandon any hope for reputation. Just brace yourself for the impending lawsuit and the inevitable fall from grace! I’m telling you, I had no intention of accepting your apology today.”

Upon hearing her words, Stella looked at her in disbelief. “What did you say?”

What shocked her even more was when the bedroom door was pushed open, and Cecilia actually walked out.

So, she had seen the way I had humbled myself earlier?

She was instantly filled with anger.

“Ceci, are you deliberately letting your friend take revenge on me because you couldn’t win Nathaniel’s heart over?”

Cecilia was utterly bewildered.

Every word this woman spoke was truly irritating.

When Stella was confronted like this by Cecilia, there was no way she could keep her composure and apologize.

She looked at Cecilia, her eyes filled with resentment. “I gave you a way out, but if you refuse to take it, then don’t blame me for what I’m about to do!”

Having said that, she stormed off, heedless of the lawyer beside her.



Stella returned to the minivan and, once she was alone, she picked up her phone and dialed Sean's number. "Didn't you promise to protect me? I want Cecilia dead! As long as she's dead, I'll return with you immediately," she demanded.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 159**

Chapter 159 I Will Spend This Night With You

Once Stella finished speaking, she picked up her phone again and sent Sean the address of their location.

Inside the mansion, Vivian retrieved a hidden camera from a nearby location.

"Ceci, you always have a solution. You knew she wouldn't apologize publicly, so you record her apology on video."

had me

After she finished speaking, she then played the video she had just recorded on her phone.

The video was clear and complete, detailing how Stella had apologized and admitted to plagiarism, and how she had attempted to bribe her.

"I know her all too well. On the surface, she appears flexible and adaptable, but it was all for her own benefit. Unless absolutely necessary, she wouldn't publicly apologize. I'll post the video. online right now."

Vivian was brimming with excitement.

Cecilia halted her, "Don't rush to upload it. I don't think it's the right time yet."

At the time, Stella was at the height of her popularity. Even if this video were to be released, at most, her reputation would be the only thing at stake.

If things didn't go well, there was a chance that Vivian could face retaliation.

"I'll listen to you." Vivian understood her concerns.

Just as Cecilia was about to discuss with her what they should do next, the phone rang.

She pulled out her phone and saw that it was Calvin who had called.

His magnetic voice echoed through the phone, "Ceci, I'm about to board the plane, I'll arrive in Tudela at eleven tonight."

“All right.”

Eleven, huh?

Cecilia wasn't sure if she could go to pick him up.

Meanwhile, Calvin was tightly gripping his phone while gazing at the deep blue sky.

“Your birthday is tomorrow, isn't it?”

Cecilia was momentarily stunned.

She had almost forgotten her own birthday.

Cecilia's birthday was a calamity for Paula. After returning to Tudela to live with her parents, she never celebrated her birthday again.

After she married Nathaniel, she spent every birthday alone.

As time went on, she eventually stopped celebrating her birthday.

“Yeah.”

“I'll spend this night with you,” Calvin said.

After some thought, Cecilia said, “Okay. I'll come pick you up later tonight. I'm staying at a friend's house today.”

Upon hearing this, Calvin couldn't help but ask, “Won't this disturb your friend?”

Cecilia glanced at Vivian, who was eavesdropping nearby, only to see her shaking her head repeatedly. “Not at all. Let him come over.”

In these past four years, Vivian had only seen Calvin from a distance a few times.

She found this man exceptionally handsome. If she were to describe him, he probably resembled a charming satyr.

“She said in wouldn't and asked you to come over.”

“All right, then. I hang up now. See you tonight.”

After ending the call, a subtle smile unconsciously crept onto Calvin's lips.

As he settled into the private jet, the doctor continued to examine his wounds. “You must be very careful not to engage in vigorous activities. Tread lightly after you return to

Tudel. Otherwise, the wound could easily reopen and become infected.” the doctor warned.

“Got it

Calvin gazed at the white clouds outside the window, clutching a beautifully crafted small box in his hand. He had never looked forward to meeting someone as much as he did today

After hanging up the phone. Cecilia began to ponder how to settle matters with Nathaniel

Vivian was unconcerned. “st send him a text. You’re not his slave.”

“You’re right.”

In th

past, whenever Nathaniel went somewhere, he would simply send a text to Cecilia without ever asking for her opinion.

Cecilia then composed a text message and sent it over.

It was d

my best friend. I won’t be coming home tonight.

A cold look momentarily blanketed Nathaniel’s face.

The chilling aura he exuded had all the top executives present trembling in fear. One by one, they began to wonder if they had made any mistakes at work.

“Carry on!” Nathaniel said as he stood up and promptly exited the conference room.