

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 181

Chapter 181 Switch Them Back

Sean still held hope for Stella, until Calvin’s men brought him to the address that was supposed to deceive Stella.

Upon seeing a group of policemen concealed within the bushes, Sean, seated inside the black sedan, couldn’t believe his eyes.

“See? That woman never intended to save you. More than that, she has been using you all along.” the bodyguard assigned to guard Sean said.

Sean shook his head. “I don’t believe it. Her phone might have been tapped!”

The bodyguard didn’t expect Sean to be unwilling to accept the truth even now.

The task given by Calvin was to have Sean see Stella’s true colors. Since he hadn’t done so yet, they could take their time. They had plenty of it.

The bodyguard drove away from this place, leaving those who came to capture Sean empty-handed.

Stella had thought that Sean would get caught. Surprisingly, he managed to escape once again.

She couldn’t help but worry, unsure of what to do at that moment.

At Daltonia Villa, after being discharged from the hospital, Cecilia received a phone call from Vivian.

The first thing she heard was Jonathan’s concerned voice. “Mommy, have you been doing all right lately?”

Cecilia had explicitly advised Calvin against mentioning the car accident to Vivian and Jonathan.

Therefore, Jonathan was unaware that she had been involved in a car accident.

“Yeah,” Cecilia replied gently. “How are you at school? Did you behave yourself? Did you cause any trouble for Ms. Kennedy?”

“Mommy, I’m not a three-year-old kid anymore,” Jonathan said seriously.

He glanced around the disheveled room, his gaze lingering on Vivian, who remained engrossed in her legal documents. A quiet sigh escaped him.

Mommy doesn't know, but in reality, I'm the one taking care of Ms. Kennedy.

I have to say, Ms. Kennedy... is really kind of stupid.

As Jonathan was lost in thought, Vivian noticed his gaze. Clutching a beginner's law book, she gave him a playful grin..

Yeah, she's stupid.

After chaming with him for a while, Cecilia asked him to hand the phone everso Vivian.

Jonathan approached Vivian, reluctantly handing her the phone.

"Mommy wants to talk to you."

"Okay."

Vivian, with a book in one hand, took the call with the other.

"Ceci, don't worry about jon. He's doing well. You wouldn't believe it, but he's got the whole preschool listening to him... Vivian then recounts the recent happenings of Jonatham at school.

Cecilia listened quietly

She felt a little guilty than she couldn't always be there for her two children and see them grow up

As they engaged in deep conversation, time seemed to fly by. Vivian was making plans. Once the lawsuit was over, they would embark on an impromptu journey together.

Even though she knew it would be a long journey, Cecilia agreed.

Before they hung up the phone, Jonathan reminded her to drink milk and take vitamins, among other things.

Cecilia felt a warmth in her heart..

Nathaniel left the house in the afternoon. There was no telling when he would return.

Cecilia wanted to take a good rest, so she rolled around in the garden.

Cecilia had designed Daltonia Villa's gadiem, but Nathaniel's aversion to vibrant colors resulted in

a drastic overhaul. The once–blossoming paradise now harbored only flowerless plants, rendering it as cold and austere as Nathaniel himself.

While she was strolling, she suddenly spotted a bunch of wild daisies in a corner.

She stopped and quietly observe them.

When Nathaniel returned, he didn't find her in the living room or bedroom. Upon stepping outside, he discovered her, lost in thought, gazing at a wildflower in the corner of the yard.

He couldn't help but recall the year they first got married. She was covered in dirt, proudly showing off the various colorful flowers she had planned in the garden.

Back then, all he said in a cold tone was, "Switch them back."

That night, she silently shed tears as she pulled out the flowers she had painstakingly planted.

Nathaniel didn't disturb Cecilia; instead, he returned to the living room and called the butler at Painsworth Manor.

"Mr. Liam, invite some gardeners over tonight to plant some flowers."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 182

Chapter 182 I Am Ready To Get Pregnant

Nathaniel himself wasn't sure why he had suddenly issued such an order. Perhaps it was because of the car accident. He wanted her to cheer up a bit while recovering from her injuries.

Perhaps it was also to make up for past guilt, as well as the matter of asking her to drop the charges the day before yesterday.

Liam was puzzled. "Is it that urgent? What kind of flowers do we need to plant? Are we expecting any special guests?"

Nathaniel stood by the window, his gaze fixed on the petite figure outside. "Plant as you wish. The more, the better."

"Understood."

Liam was uncertain about the exact threshold for "the more, the better" as Nathaniel had put it.

Back then, he was in charge of the renovation of Daltonia Villa. He was aware of the garden's approximate size and promptly arranged for someone to purchase fresh flowers.

As night fell, every flower in Tudela had been gathered. Whether they bloomed in water or adorned the land in a colorful array, any available blossoms from this season had been acquired.

At night, a procession of trucks headed toward Daltonia Villa,

When they arrived, Cecilia had already retired to bed, completely oblivious to the activities happening outside.

The next morning, when Cecilia awoke and walked onto the balcony, she was completely taken aback.

She was greeted by a sea of flowers.

Had the room not remained the same, she would have thought that she had been transported to a different place during the night.

She hurried downstairs, only to find that Nathaniel was nowhere to be seen.

She left the living room and found herself in the garden, where a variety of vibrant flowers competed for attention. However, she was consumed by deep doubt.

What on earth happened last night?

Meanwhile, Nathaniel was seated in the car on his way to the office, sneezing uncontrollably along the journey

He had instructed for as many flowers as possible, but he hadn't anticipated so many.

After opening the window today, he had felt particularly uncomfortable.

He had a slight allergy to pollen. A few fresh flowers were bearable for him, but the overwhelming amount today had truly pushed him beyond his limits.

"Mr. Rainsworth, are you okay? Should we head to the hospital?" the driver asked with concern.

When the driver went to pick up Nathaniel today, he too was stunned by the breathtaking view of the villa.

That's no place for a man to live. It's for a fairy.

He decided to find the right moment to secretly bring his wife over for a visit.

“It’s fine.”

Nathaniel then picked up his phone and dialed Liam’s number.

“Mr. Liam, replace the flowers that were transplanted yesterday.”

“Should everything be removed?”

As a butler who had watched Nathaniel grow up since he was a child, Liam naturally knew that Nathaniel had some allergies to flowers.

He had assumed that he was only entertaining clients briefly today, so he had just transplanted the flowers temporarily.

Unexpectedly, Nathaniel said, “Replace those with too much pollen with ones that have less.”

Liam found himself in an uncomfortable predicament.

The garden was vast. He had painstakingly arranged so many flowers the day before, and it was not easy to find flowers with lesser pollen.

“Understood.”

Liam, fearing that his subordinates might not handle the task properly, decided to personally oversee the replacement of those flowers.

At Daltonia Villa, Cecilia couldn’t fathom what had gotten into Nathaniel, who had suddenly decided to plant so many flowers,

But as she took in the breathtaking view before her, she couldn’t contain herself and snapped a picture to send to Vivian.

Upon seeing the screen filled with photos of vibrant flowers during her work, Vivian was astounded.

“Ceci, did you travel alone?”

“No, this is from Daltonia Villa, I’m not sure what happened to Nathaniel last night, but he planted the flowers,” Cecilia replied.

Vivian thought of a possibility.

“Is it to impress Stella?”

Cecilia knew that Nathaniel disliked flowers.

Hearing Vivian's words, she also felt that Nathaniel was trying to cheer Stella up.

After all, a few days ago, she had sued Stella, causing her reputation to be damaged.

"I guess so. Nathaniel asked me to drop the charges yesterday, but I refused. He had no other choice, so he must be trying to make Stella happy." Cecilia said.

"That jerk!" Vivian cursed.

Cecilia comforted her, "Don't be upset. In a couple of days, it will be my ovulation period. I'm ready to get pregnant this time."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 183

Chapter 183 Did I Do Something Wrong

After chatting with Vivian, Cecilia put away her phone. She stopped looking at the flowers outside. but headed to the music room to play the piano.

Cecilia's mind remained unsettled after a while, prompting her to leave the music room and step outside.

Immediately, she spotted Liam, whom she hadn't seen in several years. Clad in a tailcoat, his once-dark hair now a striking shade of white, Liam radiated an unmistakable vitality

He was leading a group of workers, instructing them on their tasks, when he caught sight of Cecilia.

He indifferently withdrew his gaze, instructed the workers, and then walked toward Cecilia.

"Ms. Smith, are we disturbing you?"

He was polite on the surface, but the words he uttered next were more piercing to the heart than any vulgarity.

"You have a hearing problem. I thought you couldn't hear. However, I must remind you that it's now ten in the morning. Other ladies of high society wouldn't be idling at home at this hour. If you really have nothing better to do, I suggest you leave first. Don't disturb the workers. Am I right?"

Back then, Cecilia had thought he was genuinely guiding her on how to be a good wife to Nathaniel.

She dutifully followed his every instruction.

One day, she overheard him discussing her with his daughter, Lily. He described her as a naive, country girl who believed everything she was told.

Only then did she recognize that he took pleasure in exerting control over her.

After all, she was legally married to Nathaniel and was the openly wedded daughter-in-law of the Rainsworth family.

How cool it was for a servant to be able to discipline their own boss.

“Mr. Liam, I believe you’re mistaken. I am not the lady of high society you speak of, nor can I meet the standards you hold in your heart.”

She had planned to go to the office a bit later.

But now, she didn’t want to anymore.

“I’m not going anywhere today. If you want me to leave, you should call Nathaniel.”

For the first time, Liam was taken aback by Cecilia’s retort..

Before he could react, Cecilia returned to the music room once again playing the piano.

Once the glass windows of the music room were shut, most of the outside noise could be blocked out

Liam cast a cool glance toward the direction of the music room, then continued to direct his subordinates to carry on with their work.

Due to Nathaniel’s instructions to replace the flowers with those that had less pollen, there weren’t enough available at once. It was difficult to complete the task in just one day,

Besides, most of the flowers that had just been transplanted wouldn’t survive for long. It was necessary to have someone come by regularly to replace them with fresh ones.

Liam decided that whenever he had free time, he would often visit to properly guide Gera on how to be a good young lady of the Rainsworth family.

That day, Cecilia didn’t go to the office.

Upon learning that she had spent the entire day without leaving the villa, Nathaniel couldn’t help flashing a smile.

Unexpectedly, a few flowers were all it took to prevent her from having thoughts of escaping

His sudden smile caused the senior executive who had come to report on work to shudder.

“Mr. Rainsworth, did I do something wrong?”

Regaining his composure, Nathaniel pulled back his smile, returning to his usual icy demeanor.

“You can leave now.”

The senior executive immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Nathaniel took a glance at the time before making a call to ask Liam about the progress with the flower replacement.

Liam informed him that they had already removed the flowers that produced excessive pollen. In due course, they would gradually replace them with varieties that produced less pollen.

After learning about it, Nathaniel packed his things and left

“Nathaniel, how’s Ceci—the deafie doing?” Zachary had come over that day to ask that

“She’s all right,” Nathaniel simply replied before walking past him.

Zachary felt somewhat helpless.

He wanted to know how Cecilia was doing, but he couldn’t investigate it himself. It would be difficult to explain if Nathaniel discovered it.

After leaving Rainsworth Group, Zachary had more matters to attend to that day. He had already found out that his illegitimate child was studying in an international preschool.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 184

Chapter 184 Little Rascal

Around this time, the students were about to be dismissed from school.

Zachary was off to confront Jonathan.

When his car arrived at the preschool, his gaze didn't waver from the main entrance for even a moment.

Finally, he caught sight of that little rascal.

Because there were still many parents at the preschool entrance, he couldn't send his bodyguard to apprehend him. He had no choice but to go there himself.

"Surround him. Don't let him escape," he said.

Zachary knew this little rascal was somewhat clever.

At that moment, Jonathan was still waiting for his ride home when he suddenly felt something was off. He glanced around, and in the reflection of his dark eyes, he saw Zachary's darkened face.

Jonathan found himself at a loss.

How on earth did he manage to find this place?

He didn't have time to think too much. Hurriedly, he took cover among a group of children and ran away.

Felix curiously asked, "Jon, what are you doing?"

Jonathan took notice and said to Felix, "It seems the person picking you up today has changed. You should hurry along now."

Felix was somewhat baffled.

Following the gaze of Jonathan, he quickly spotted Zachary.

"That's Mr. Zachary. He's Uncle Nathaniel's friend. I didn't expect him to be the one picking me up today. I have to go now. Goodbye."

Zachary saw Jonathan disappear into a crowd of children. Just as he was about to chase after the boy, he suddenly felt someone grab onto his thigh.

"Mr. Zachary."

Zachary looked down and saw Felix's bright, eager eyes.

He was, after all, the eldest grandson of the Rainsworth family, the apple of the family's eyes.

"Felix, what's the matter?"

Felix found it somewhat peculiar. “Aren’t you here to pick me up?”

Zachary was confused.

Why would I come here to pick you up?

The Rainsworth family already treated him like a treasure. Was it necessary for the Sinclair family to do the same?

Zachary, who had no fondness for children, gently pulled away from him.

“You’ve misunderstood. I’m here looking for someone.”

Felix couldn’t help but feel a sense of loss.

But Jon said... Wait a minute. How did Jon know Mr. Zachary’s here to pick me up? Does Jon also know Mr. Zachary?

Felix had many questions, but he quickly pushed them to the back of his mind.

He held the utmost admiration for his younger uncle, Nathaniel. He also had a fondness for the people who were close to Nathaniel..

“Mr. Zachary, who are you looking for?”

Felix knew that Zachary and Nathaniel were alike. Neither of them had children.

His mother had said that both of them couldn’t have children.

It was truly pitiful.

“I’m looking for a little rascal.” Zachary was looking around everywhere.

He was determined to find Jonathan, pull down his pants, and spank him.

Upon hearing the term “little rascal“, Felix immediately dismissed the idea of it being associated. with Jonathan. In his eyes, Jonathan was a diligent student, an eloquent speaker, and very attentive—nothing like a rascal at all.

“All right, you should go wait for your parents to pick you up. I’m going to look for the little rascal.”

Zachary didn’t want to waste any more time.

Quickly, he spotted his target, who was hiding in a corner.

Zachary quickly walked over and scooped up the child.

“Little rascal, I’ve finally found you!”

When Zachary lifted the child, turning the child’s face toward him, he found himself looking at a

The little one in front of him only resembled Jonathan in the style of their clothing. Their appearances were completely different..

The little one was clearly frightened by Zachary, his eyes welling up with tears in an instant.

“Boo–hoo... Bad guy...”

The crying of the child was akin to a loudspeaker, quickly drawing the curious glances of parents, teachers, and children around.

If it weren’t for the fact that Zachary was dressed decently and was quite handsome, one would certainly have mistaken him for a human trafficker.

Zachary awkwardly held the child, still unable to properly react when a parent swiftly took the child from his arms.

“Are you out of your mind? What are you doing holding my child? I’ll call the cops on you!”

Zachary’s face stiffened. “I’m sorry, I mistook him for someone else.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 185

Chapter 185 Grandma Elena

People around were pointing and gossiping about Zachary

His face was unusually distressed, leaving him with no choice but to get in the car first.

At that moment, Jonathan was hiding in a secluded spot in the classroom, from where he could observe what was happening with Zachary.

Seeing that the man had not left, he couldn’t help but worry.

Zachary is so meticulous that he even managed to find the preschool.

Jonathan was unaware that Zachary had considered him as his own son. Instead, he believed that Zachary was there for revenge.

For a moment, he didn't know what to do. After all, one could only avoid the inevitable for so long.

As he was deep in thought, his phone rang. It was a call from Vivian.

Immediately, Jonathan answered the call. "Ms. Kennedy."

"Hey, rascal, where are you? I'm at the school entrance, but I can't see you." Vivian was standing at the preschool gate, looking around.

Jonathan noticed her as soon as she arrived. The bodyguards who had been looking for him, all bearing unfriendly expressions, had already left.

He immediately dashed out.

"I'm here."

Vivian looked at him, somewhat puzzled. "Why weren't you waiting for me at the school gate?"

"Ms. Kennedy, that man from last time came again..." Jonathan looked at her pitifully, his gaze directed toward the luxury car not far away.

Inside the luxury car, a frown creased Zachary's brow. He immediately instructed the driver, "Drive."

This was a school zone, teeming with children, so the driver dared not press the gas pedal. Just as the car started, a woman with an innocent look and a bit of baby fat, strutting in her high heels, stormed over.

Vivian's hand landed firmly on the car window, anxiously awaiting Zachary inside the car.

"Mr. Zachary, what exactly are you trying to do?"

Zachary was momentarily at a loss for words as he observed her visibly upset demeanor.

"Can you, as an adult, really feel good about yourself for picking on a child?" Vivian warned him, "If I catch you bothering my son again, you'll find yourself behind bars."

As soon as she finished speaking, without waiting for Zachary's reply, she turned around and led Jonathan away.

Jonathan glanced back at Zachary's car, a smirk playing on his lips. It seemed as if he had discovered Zachary's Achilles' heel.

Inside the luxury car, it felt as though the temperature had dropped a few degrees.

Harassment? Jail?

He looked at his son, baffled. How had he ended up accused of harassment? And even facing jail time?

Zachary's handsome face alternated between shades of pale and flush.

"Why aren't you driving!" he snapped.

The driver promptly started the car.

When Vivian was leading Jonathan toward her car, two figures stood not far from them—one was Elena, and the other was her secretary.

Ever since she had laid eyes on Jonathan, whenever she had free time, Elena would use Felix as an excuse to come see Jonathan.

Surprisingly, Elena saw Jonathan's mother that day and couldn't help but approach her to strike up a conversation.

"Are you Jon's mother?" Elena asked, striding forward in her high heels.

She was already over fifty years old, but she had taken such good care of herself that she appeared to be in her thirties.

Vivian hadn't expected that as soon as she sent Zachary away, another troublemaker would show up.

In the past, Elena hadn't exactly been kind to Cecilia.

Hence, Vivian didn't show Elena a friendly face. "And what if I am?"

Elena's face stiffened.

Her secretary was about to step forward to berate Vivian, but she stopped her.

Elena flashed a gentle smile.

This smile left Vivian somewhat baffled sight of Elena a few times. However, she had never seen her smile. Could it be that today, she was actually smiling at her?

"Jon is just too adorable. I wanted to ask if it's possible for him to accompany Felix on a visit to the Rainsworth residence for a few days?"

Elena was truly smitten with Jonathan, so much so that she lowered her pride for him.

She had assumed Vivian would readily agree, but to her surprise, Vivian scoffed. “No way. I won’t let my son go to an unfamiliar place. What if he encounters someone with ill intentions?”

After she finished speaking, she turned her gaze toward Jonathan, giving him a meaningful glance.

Jonathan was the epitome of grace. “Goodbye, Grandma Elena.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 186

Chapter 186 I Will Not Forgive Him

Gazing at the retreating figures, one big and one small, Elena’s face was etched with a sense of loss.

At that time, the secretary on one side received a message. It was the information that Elena had previously asked to be investigated—what Nathaniel had been up to recently.

She immediately informed Elena, “Someone close to Mason mentioned that Mr. Rainsworth has been in Tudela with a child for over half a month now.”

After returning home, Jonathan found himself mulling over the idea that no matter where he was in the future, he needed to be cautious and attentive.

Elliot had already been discovered by Nathaniel. Jonathan couldn’t afford to be found by Nathaniel too.

He was swiftly operating his computer in his room. Before long, he had managed to connect to Elliot’s communication line.

Just yesterday, he had secretly breached the firewall of Spring Forest Manor, establishing contact with Elliot.

Initially, Nathaniel had only taken away Elliot’s digital watch, oblivious to the fact that he was secretly clutching a miniature communication device.

At night, Elliot was lying on the hospital bed, his gaze falling on a device no bigger than a button that emitted a faint glow. He quickly placed it by his ear. “Jon.”

“Are you doing okay?” Jonathan asked.

“I’m all right. Nathaniel arranged for many people to take care of me. Anything I wanted each day, they would provide.”

Elliot gazed out into the pitch-black night.

If it hadn't been for his illness, Cecilia wouldn't have had to return here, and they could have continued living their peaceful family life together.

"That's good then." Jonathan felt relieved.

If Elliot was not living well, he would undoubtedly bring him back, regardless of the cost.

Then again, he was too young, and his abilities were limited. He couldn't protect his mother, nor could he guarantee the safety of his younger brother.

"Jon, there's something I want to ask you."

"What's the matter?"

"Is Nathaniel really that bad?"

The first time Elliot had such a thought was when he was messing with Nathaniel. Despite his antics, Nathaniel never retaliated or even got angry.

"Why would you ask such a question? Isn't a man who abandons his wife and child bad enough?" Jonathan felt that his younger brother was overly sentimental and far too kind-hearted.

Elliot, however, didn't see it that way. "Jon," he said, "I think he's into Mommy."

Upon hearing these words, Jonathan was taken aback.

Following that, Elliot said, "Do you know I've met Mommy? It was on her birthday when Nathaniel personally brought her over. I felt that the way he looked at Mom wasn't with dislike. On the contrary, it seemed like he was holding something back..."

Due to his illness, Elliot had been more sensitive and thoughtful than other children since his early years.

He would discern others based on their subtle actions.

"Is that so?" Jonathan couldn't believe it.

Throughout his upbringing, although his mother never spoke ill of Nathaniel, he often found her unable to sleep at night. She would be alone, shedding tears. On a few occasions, she even called out Nathaniel's name.

He had also looked into the history between Cecilia and Nathaniel.

Without exception, there wasn't a single incident that could prove Nathaniel's affection for Mommy.

Elliot had even shared with Jonathan about his pranks on Nathaniel.

After hearing everything, Jonathan fell into deep thought.

In truth, if Nathaniel truly loved Cecilia, then he was willing to let her be with him.

However, he feared that wasn't the case.

"It's getting late, you should get some rest. This call is really risky. If this goes on any longer, I would be caught."

"Okay, then."

Elliot felt somewhat reluctant as he watched the light from the communication device in his hand fade away.

He spent most of his day resting, so he had no desire to sleep now. Gazing at the starlight outside, he murmured to himself.

Should we forgive Nathaniel if he isn't a bad person? Should we forgive him if he truly loves Mommy?

No sooner had Elliot finished speaking than he felt a deep ache in his bones. A fine sheen of sweat, unbeknownst to him when it had started, now densely coated his forehead and face..

The pain made him grit his teeth, responding coldly, "No, I will never forgive him."

The more pain he felt at that moment, the deeper his resentment grew toward Nathaniel.

He resented Nathaniel for once leaving her mother for another woman.

She resented him for not knowing about her and her brother's existence all this time...

He and his brother had endured countless cold stares and mocking sympathies.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 187

Chapter 187 Her Plan

At Daltonia Villa, after Nathaniel returned, all the flowers with excessive pollen in the garden had been removed.

Cecilia had assumed that Stella would return with him today, to see the masterpiece he had prepared.

Unexpectedly, he was the only one who returned.

“Have you eaten?” Nathaniel asked, noticing her sitting alone in the living room, engrossed in her writing.

Cecilia nodded. “Yes, I’ve eaten.”

Nathaniel looked toward the direction of the dining room. It was very clean.

“I thought you weren’t coming home today, so I didn’t prepare your meal,” replied Cecilia.

In the past, regardless of whether Nathaniel returned home or not, she would always prepare his favorite meals.

Most of the time, Nathaniel would not eat it.

After moving abroad during the summer, Cecilia became pregnant with Elliot and Jonathan. She often worked, planning for their future.

The task of cooking was entrusted to Martha.

Now, she had no desire to return to the days when she was essentially confined to the kitchen.

Nathaniel didn’t show any visible reaction.

“I’ve already eaten too,” he lied.

He had returned home early today, initially assuming that Cecilia would have dinner ready. Hence, he hadn’t eaten anything.

“Good.” Cecilia then said, “Vivian has caught a cold. I’ll have to accompany her to the hospital later.”

In reality, she was planning to investigate, under the guise of Vivian’s identity, whether it was the right time for her to get pregnant.

Nathaniel did not doubt anything.

Cecilia went to the hospital in a car, and Vivian was already waiting.

“The appointment’s already been set. You can go for the check-up now,” Vivian said.

“Okay.”

Cecilia held the registration form, heading off to get examined.

An hour later, the results were in—these upcoming days were ideal for conception.

On their way to the hospital. Vivian pulled out a box of medicine from her pocket and handed it to Cecilia. “Here. take this.”

Cecilia found it a bit odd. picked it up, and took a closer look.

It was viagra.

Her complexion changed rapidly.

“No need.”

“Why not? What if he can’t perform?” Vivian lowered her voice. “Some men, after having too much to drink, can’t... well, actually, it’s more like most men...”

Even though it was quite embarrassing for Cecilia, in the end, she secretly accepted it.

She didn’t want to give up halfway either.

“Would giving him this to eat have any effect on the child he’s expecting?”

“No, I’ve already consulted the doctor. Vivian said seriously. “For some men, this is the only way for their wives to conceive.”

Cecilia felt that Vivian truly didn’t seem like a woman who had only been in love once.

“Vivian, you’re truly impressive.”

“Of course,” Vivian said with a face full of pride. “Give it your all tonight.”

“Sure.”

After she returned home that day, she knew she needed to devise a plan to win over Nathaniel. She’d get

him to have a few drinks, then make her move.

If this attempt was successful, it was crucial not to let Nathaniel retreat back into his room and hide away.

At that moment, inside the mansion, Nathaniel looked at the pendulum clock in the living room. It was already past nine in the evening. How come Cecilia hadn't returned yet?

Just then, a phone call came in. Instinctively, he thought it was from Cecilia, so he quickly picked

up the phone. To his surprise, it was his mother, Elena.

Nathaniel took the phone, and heard Elena say, "Nathaniel, I heard you brought a child home, and it's been almost half a month already?"

Nathaniel's brows knitted together in deep thought. "Who told you that?"

Upon witnessing Nathaniel's reaction, Elena knew the information was true.

The reason she knew was because she had learned it from Nathaniel's assistant, Mason.

As Nathaniel's special assistant, Mason naturally wouldn't reveal this matter to her. However, she had her ways and managed to bribe someone close to Mason.

Through her subordinates, she learned that Mason had recently been frequently absent from Nathaniel's side, seemingly due to a child.

"You shouldn't concern yourself with who said it. If it's really true, you should have told me. No matter who gave birth to this child, I would accept them."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 188

Chapter 188 Do You Hate Me Too

Elena assumed that Nathaniel had brought the child home and never disclosed it to anyone else due to the fact that the mother might be someone unpresentable to the public.

Nathaniel felt somewhat helpless.

Is she still willing to acknowledge the child if it isn't mine?

"Don't concern yourself with this matter."

Once he finished speaking, he promptly hung up the phone.

Ill at ease still, Nathaniel couldn't help but flip through his phone's photo gallery.

Inside his hidden album, there were three photos.

One was Cecilia's medical report after she got pregnant. Another was a picture of Elliot. The last one was a photo capturing the silhouette of a young, innocent girl.

His attention lingered on the photo of Elliot as he studied it intently.

Is he really Calvin's son?

He was somewhat skeptical, yet he didn't dare to get someone to verify it.

Once it was confirmed that he had no relation to the child, all his hopes would be extinguished.

Thus, it was better not to verify it at all.

Nathaniel hung up the phone, unaware that Elena had already been overwhelmed with joy on the other end.

"No matter what, I must find out where that child is!"

After ending the call, Elena instructed her personal secretary to investigate.

No matter how many people in her network she needed, she was determined to find that child.

The reason she yearned for a grandson was not solely to ensure there was someone to carry on Nathaniel's legacy.

She did it primarily to reassure the elders of the Rainsworth family that there was nothing wrong with her genes.

Decades ago, she gave birth to a set of twins. However, her younger son was diagnosed with a genetic disorder right after his birth. Upon learning about the situation, her mother-in-law gave her a hard time.

Later on, after Nathaniel took over the Rainsworth family, the elders of the Rainsworth family started treating her a bit better.

However, everyone kept talking about Nathaniel not having a child. They speculated that there might be some health issues preventing him from having one.

Proud as Elena was, there was no way she could admit to having a genetic issue, let alone share her

agony with Nathaniel.

After returning from the hospital, Cecilia noticed the living room light was still on. As she pushed open the door and stepped in, she saw Nathaniel, dressed in casual clothes, sitting on the couch under the soft lighting, engrossed in a book.

Seeing her return, he didn't even lift his head, continuing to flip through his book. However, his thoughts had long since wandered off elsewhere.

Cecilia gradually made her way to him.

"I'm back. I saw the flowers outside. They're really beautiful."

She had seen the flowers in the morning, but she only mentioned it now, simply to flatter him.

Nathaniel gently closed the book in his hands, slightly lifting his head. He faced Cecilia as he acknowledged her words with a hum.

His voice was magnetic, yet his eyes were filled with complex emotions.

Cecilia noticed something was off with him, yet she couldn't pinpoint what was wrong.

"On my way back, I came across a pretty decent Japriumian restaurant and got you something." She placed the bag containing the Japriumian food on the coffee table.

Nathaniel typically wouldn't indulge in supper, but she was willing to give it a try, not letting any opportunity pass her by.

Just as expected, he pushed the food away. "I don't want to eat."

Nathaniel's voice was deep and indifferent, as if something was bothering him.

Only he himself knew why he was behaving that way.

It was due to the phone call from his mother, informing him that Cecilia had a child with someone else.

"Alright then, I'll go freshen up and rest first." As Cecilia turned to head upstairs, she felt her wrist being gripped.-

She halted in her tracks, turning to look at Nathaniel with a perplexed expression. She listened as he posed his question, each word articulated clearly.

"Did my child really die the moment it was born?"

For the first time, Cecilia saw pain etched on Nathaniel's face.

“Do you hate me too?”