When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 200

Chapter 200 Do You Not Love Me Anymore

Nathaniel's eyes were bloodshot as he frantically searched the house, moving from room to room with growing desperation. He was so desperate that he even considered sending someone to check the airport, but just as he was about to make the call, he spotted her sitting in a chair in the backyard. The sight of her finally allowed his tense heart to relax, releasing the breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

Unable to sleep, Cecilia had stepped outside to catch a breeze. She noticed Nathaniel approaching, his face flustered and tense.

She had assumed he wouldn't return that day.

Their eyes met, and without a word, Nathaniel closed the distance between them, pulling her into his arms with a desperate urgency.

In the dim light, Cecilia's body stiffened slightly. She was oblivious to the redness in his eyes and the anxiety that had gripped him moments before.

"Why aren't you in the room at this hour?" Nathaniel's voice was deep and husky.

Cecilia blinked, genuinely puzzled by his question. "Why do I have to be in the room at this hour?"

Nathaniel was taken aback, momentarily lost for words. He didn't know what to say, nor could he understand why he had panicked when he thought she had disappeared.

Before he could gather his thoughts, Cecilia broke the silence. "Is Stella okay?"

"Her neck was slashed. She's still in the hospital undergoing treatment," Nathaniel replied honestly.

Her neck was slashed?

Cecilia couldn't help but marvel at Stella's determination. The woman was truly willing to go to any lengths, even harming herself, to achieve her goals.

"Did they catch the person who did it?" she asked.

Nathaniel's expression hardened at the mention of it. "No, they haven't. But the investigation showed that, aside from the obsessed fan, the others involved were Calvin's bodyguards."

Upon hearing his words, Cecilia slowly lifted her head to meet his gaze, still nestled in his arms. "What are you implying?"

Nathaniel noticed the shift in her mood, his Adam's apple bobbing slightly. "Did you tell Calvin anything?"

He didn't believe Cecilia would ever harm Stella. But that didn't mean Calvin wouldn't take matters into his own hands for Cecilia's sake.

A lump formed in Cecilia's throat, and her eyes welled with tears. "So, you think I asked Calvin to hurt her?"

After all these years, Cecilia had convinced herself that she'd let go of Nathaniel. But the sting of being wrongly accused cut deep, more painful than she could have anticipated.

Her sorrowful gaze was like a needle, piercing straight into Nathaniel's heart. He struggled to find. the right words, his voice barely audible. "Stella once saved my mother. I can't let her die here in Tudela. If you have a problem with her, tell me. But don't drag another men into it."

Cecilia pushed him away, her gaze hollow. "Why do you think I have a problem with her? Why do you think I would want to harm her and even get Calvin to do it? Where's your proof?"

Before Nathaniel could respond, she continued, "If there was ever any animosity between Stella and me, it was because of you. But now…"

She paused, a bitter smile tugging at her lips. "What makes you think that after five years, I'm still in love with you–enough to hurt another woman for your sake?"

In the pitch–dark night, the cold wind howled, cutting through the air like a blade. Nathaniel stood there, feeling the chill seep into his bones, as if the warmth had been drained from his soul. He took a step closer to Cecilia, his voice tight with disbelief. "What did you just say?"

Cecilia met his icy gaze head–on, enunciating each word with deliberate clarity, "I may be foolish, but I'm not foolish enough to harm someone over a man."

Nathaniel's breath hitched as if the air had been knocked out of him.

In a flash, he cornered Cecilia, his fist crashing into the wall beside her with a resounding thud.

The impact made Cecilia flinch, a tremor of fear running through her.

Nathaniel had no idea what had gotten into himself as he found himself leaning closer to her, their proximity so tight that their breaths mingled in the tense silence.

"Are you saying you don't love me anymore?" Nathaniel's voice was laced with disbelief.

Cecilia's heart pounded as she realized her earlier words might have gone too far. If she pushed him now and he uncovered her true intentions, everything she'd planned could unravel.

Her hands, clenched tightly at her sides, trembled slightly as she forced herself to say words that contradicted her deepest feelings. "I don't know how to keep loving someone who doesn't love me back."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 201

Chapter 201 I Saved Your Mother

With a heavy heart, Nathaniel suppressed the intense resentment bubbling in his heart, cupped Cecelia's face, and kissed her.

Only then did Cecelia notice that his hand had been injured earlier and was still bleeding.

Instead of expressing her concern, she forcefully avoided him.

Instead of expressing concern, she pulled away forcefully. "Have you forgotten what I said? I won't honor our agreement anymore."

Nathaniel's lips brushed her cheek as he listened to her words, his breath heavy.

"Does that mean you don't owe me anything?" Cecelia's voice trembled as if something were lodged in her throat, making it difficult to speak. Yes, Stella saved his mother's life, but didn't I? How can he be so unfair to me?

Nathaniel was unaware of her inner thoughts, assuming that when she spoke of feeling neglected, she was referring to the indifference she had endured throughout their three years of marriage.

"From now on, I promise we'll live a happy life together." It was the first time he had ever compromised with anyone.

Had she heard these words five years ago, Cecelia would have been overjoyed, but now, she no longer trusted Nathaniel. "I'm tired. Just give me some space."

Nathaniel gently scooped her up in his arms and headed toward the house.

Nathaniel had pulled Cecelia into a forceful embrace while they were in bed that night.

Nathaniel couldn't understand why he couldn't fall asleep. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw the emptiness of the house from when he had returned earlier that day.

The wound on his hand still throbbed faintly.

After what felt like an eternity, Cecelia suddenly broke the silence. "Can you tell me more about how Stella saved your mother?"

She couldn't help but wonder why she had never heard about the incident before.

Nathaniel recounted the incident from the past when Elena and Zachary were framed and had an accident while heading to the company. He explained that it was Stella who had come to their rescue.

Shock was evident in Cecelia's eyes as she listened to the story.

Only now did she understand why Zachary was so kind to Stella and why Nathaniel was so tolerant of her.

It was then that she realized Stella had taken credit for her act of saving them!

She clung tightly to Nathaniel's sleeve, her hands trembling. "I–If I told you that I was the one who saved your mother, would you believe me?"

Nathaniel's dark eyes momentarily wavered.

Before he could respond, Cecelia hastily added, "Don't overthink it. I was just joking earlier. I'm tired; I'm going to bed now."

As Cecelia closed her eyes, she felt a wave of fear she couldn't quite understand. After voicing her thoughts, she found herself too afraid to wait for Nathaniel's response.

The countless betrayals, the mockery, and the long periods of neglect had eroded her belief that he would ever trust her. She dreaded that his words, if he spoke, would only wound her further.

She feared that once he opened his mouth, the words that came out would wound her.

Moreover, with over a decade having passed and no evidence to back her claim, she felt that continuing this conversation would only deepen her humiliation.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel didn't take her words to heart. To him, it was clear that Stella had been the one to rush to the hospital and care for his mother during the accident years ago. He had witnessed it firsthand and had no reason to doubt it now.

He continued to embrace Cecelia, and it took a while before he finally drifted into a deep slumber.

In his dream, Cecelia had slipped away once more, and this time, he was unable to find her. When he jolted awake, the night was still dark. Instinctively, Nathaniel glanced beside him. Cecelia had already moved from his embrace and settled in the corner of the bed.

Nathaniel pulled her back into his arms, holding her a little tighter, fearing that she might slip away again.

Just as he was about to settle back into sleep, the vibration of his phone interrupted him. It was a call from Mason..

He got up and walked to the balcony, answering the phone in a hushed tone. "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Rainsworth, the finance manager just reported that your personal account has been hacked. Over seventy billion has disappeared all of a sudden!" Mason exclaimed.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 202

Chapter 202 Will You Marry Him

For the first time in history, Nathaniel's account had been hacked.

Mason was stunned, having never expected to receive such a call in the early hours of the morning.

"Have you identified the hacker?" Nathaniel asked. He was momentarily taken aback but quickly regained his composure.

"Not yet." Mason paused before saying, "The incident came out of nowhere, and we didn't have any precautions in place. By the time we realized the account was hacked, the money was already gone."

Oddly enough, the hacker took just over seven billion from Nathaniel's account.

Moreover, given their audacity and skill, they could have easily targeted a bank directly. Instead, they chose to focus solely on Nathaniel's personal account. It was clear that the hacker had a specific interest in him.

"I'm giving you a day to look into this." Nathaniel abruptly ended the call.

Hacking into someone's account wasn't the hard part; the real challenge was transferring the money out.

Though the funds in Nathaniel's account had disappeared into a string of numbers, it didn't necessarily mean the money had been successfully transferred.

Even if it was truly gone, for Nathaniel, it was merely a drop in the bucket.

Meanwhile, Vivian had woken up early, ready to take Jonathan to kindergarten. But when she opened his door, she found him still asleep. "What's wrong with this boy?"

Usually, Jonathan didn't need anyone to wake him for school; he always got up on time.

Vivian took a few steps forward, observing that he was sound asleep. Unable to bear waking him, she gently pinched his rosy little cheeks. "Oh, well. I guess I can let you be late for school just this once."

Jonathan had spent considerable effort the previous night–trying to infiltrate Nathaniel's bank account. It wasn't until around four or five in the morning that he finally managed to get some sleep.

By the time he woke up, it was already half past nine.

He furrowed his brows, looking strikingly like a miniature version of Nathaniel. "I overslept."

Just like Nathaniel, Jonathan was always punctual. It was the first time he had ever overslept. He quickly freshened up and headed out.

To his surprise, Vivian was still there, deliberately sitting on the sofa and waiting for him. "Hey, sly kid. You're late today, aren't you?"

Jonathan hadn't expected to be caught out like this. Normally, Vivian would be at work, and it was usually the driver who took him to school.

"Vivian, aren't you supposed to be at work today?" He quickly shifted the topic.

Vivian's face grew gloomy at his question. "Yeah, I have a meeting with someone later."

"Mr. Zachary?" Jonathan wondered aloud as he packed his bag.

Vivian's eyes widened in shock. She realized that the nickname she had given him was spot on- he truly was a sly kid! "How did you know?"

Jonathan feigned innocence. "I just made a wild

"Oh." Vivian clearly didn't believe it guess."

Seeing that Jonathan had finished packing, she said, "Let's go. The place where I'm meeting him is near your preschool, so I'll drop you off there."

"Okay."

Vivian had no interest in Zachary whatsoever; in fact, she found him particularly detestable. However, she had no choice but to meet him because her father, Roland, had threatened her with dire consequences if she refused.

It was unclear what the prestigious Sinclair family saw in her, yet they had gone out of their way to approach Roland with a proposal for her hand in marriage.

The very thought of becoming entangled with someone like Zachary gave Vivian a headache.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was troubled by his concerns.

The last time he was at the preschool entrance, Zachary had tried to grab him but had been unsuccessful. Since then, Jonathan had frequently noticed suspicious people lurking around the entrance.

He had never expected that Zachary would hold such a deep grudge. I need to figure out a way to deal with him. Otherwise, I might end up falling into his clutches.

"Vivian, will you marry Mr. Zachary?" Jonathan asked suddenly as they were about to reach the entrance of his preschool.

Vivian, who was taking a sip of water, nearly spat it out. "Of course not. He's nothing but a troublemaker. There's no way I could ever marry him."

Jonathan was relieved to hear that. "Good. I've arrived. Bye."

Vivian watched as Jonathan got out of the car and sprinted away, sinking into deep thought. What

Before she co

make sense of Jonathan's question, her phone rang. It was a call from Zachary,