

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 204

## Chapter 204 His Curiosity

Meanwhile, at Daltonia Villa.

As the sunlight shone on her face, Cecilia opened her eyes to find that Nathaniel had already returned to bed.

She looked

up, her gaze meeting Nathaniel’s handsome face.

Just as she was starting to gather her thoughts, Nathaniel pulled her back into his embrace.

“Good morning.”

Nathaniel’s planted a kiss on her forehead.

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback..

It seemed like he didn’t remember what he said.

She immediately dodged..

Nathaniel’s deep phoenix eyes slightly opened, filled with confusion. He abruptly grasped Cecilia’s chin and kissed her.

This time, it was nothing like before. It was domineering and rough.

Cecilia held him back, wanting to escape. However, she could never quite get away.

Just as Nathaniel was about to make his next move, he was interrupted by the sharp ring of the telephone.

He furrowed his brows.

What is it this time?

He reached out to grab Cecilia’s phone and saw that it was a call from Vivian.

Handing the phone to Cecilia with a hint of annoyance, he said, “It’s your friend.”

Without uttering a word, Cecilia picked up the phone and got out of bed. She only answered the call once she was on the balcony.

“What is it. Vivian?”

Vivian was unaware that Cecilia and Nathaniel were in the same room as she immediately informed her about the day’s events.

“Don’t you think Zachary is out of his mind?”

After hearing her out, Cecilia also found it very strange.

After some thought, she asked, “Vivian, could the child he mentioned be Jon?”

There were no other children around Vivian except for Jonathan.

Finished

“That little one?” Vivian was taken aback. “That’s right. I forgot to tell you. The last time I went to pick up Jon from kindergarten, I happened to catch Zachary trying to take him. Good thing I got there in time...”

Vivian felt a wave of fear wash over her.

Cecilia was also in a state of disbelief.

Why was Zachary always picking on Jonathan? Could it really be because Jonathan accidentally bumped into him at Niel’s birthday banquet?

She knew Zachary held grudges, but she didn’t think he’d go so far as to target a child.

“Vivian, do you think Jon is hiding something from us?”

Cecilia had always placed her trust in Jonathan, for he was like an old soul.

Jonathan generally wouldn’t lie, unless he was afraid of her getting hurt.

“What could a four-year-old possibly hide?” At that moment, Vivian’s mind went blank. “Don’t overthink it,” she said. “I don’t want Zachary’s money, and as for the child, forget about it.”

“Right.” Cecilia paused for a moment, then asked her, “And what about your dad?”

“Drag it out, he surely can’t tie me up and take me to the Sinclairs, right?” Vivian was puzzled. “I wonder what caught Old Mr. Sinclair’s eye about me, I’ve never even met him.”

Roland was not like Paula. Cecilia knew that deep down, he still cared about Vivian and wouldn’t force her into anything.

She simply wondered how things would turn out for Zachary,

While chatting with Vivian, Cecilia kept her attention on Nathaniel's movements inside the room through the floor-to-ceiling window. The man was lazily staring at her, noticing that she had. been on the phone for a while, he was about to get up.

After instructing Vivian to keep a closer eye on Jonathan in the following days, Cecilia promptly ended the call.

Nathaniel, clad in a black robe, approached Cecilia.

"What were you two talking about? The conversation went on for quite a while, and it ended the moment I arrived?"

When he was speaking, he reached out to grab Cecilia's cell phone.

Cecilia hurriedly tucked her phone behind her.

"Everyone has secrets, don't they?"

Finished

It was this very action that made Nathaniel even more curious about what was in her phone that he wasn't allowed to see

Cecilia noticed his gaze, then added. "I told her that you left me yesterday to meet with Stella. Is that enough for you?"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 205**

### **Chapter 205 Feeling Suffocated**

Nathaniel's keen gaze caught the hint of unease in Cecilia, but he chose not to press further.

Cecilia took a step back, dodging his intense gaze.

"I'm going to freshen up."

She had barely taken two steps when Nathaniel immediately seized her hand. From behind, he embraced her, his breath heavy. "Let's continue," he said.

Cecilia stiffened.

Before she even had the chance to reject him, Nathaniel's passionate kisses had already found their way to her face and neck.

“I don’t want to...”

Cecilia quickly held him back.

Nathaniel paused, taking deep, heavy breaths.

For reasons unknown, ever since his encounter with Cecilia, he found it increasingly difficult to restrain himself, growing more and more covetous.

“Why?” The man’s voice was hoarse.

Before she could even respond, he asked again, “If you didn’t want it, why did you come back to provoke me? What on earth do you want? Tell me! Anything I can offer, I’ll give it to you!”

Nathaniel had never felt as bewildered as he did now. He had people look into Cecilia’s past, learning about her work abroad, as well as her four to five years of cohabitation with Calvin.

Yet he didn’t know why she suddenly returned, or why she had come to his side.

His hold on her tightened, causing a raw pain on Cecilia’s shoulders.

“Let me go Nathaniel, however, refused to let go. He always had this lingering feeling that if he were to release his grip, she would vanish once again.

During their standoff, the doorbell from downstairs rang, interrupting everything.

Nathaniel changed his clothes and descended the stairs.

Elena was already waiting downstairs. Seeing him descend, she quickly approached him.

“Nathaniel, no matter what today, I need you to bring that child to meet me.”

A few days ago, upon learning that Nathaniel had brought a child home, she had sent people to investigate. However, Nathaniel’s confidentiality measures were so excellent that up to now, she had still not been able to find out about that child.

Upon learning her intentions, Nathaniel sternly stated, “The child is not mine.”

Elena was confused.

“What did you say?”

She had been longing for a grandson for such a long time, only to find out it wasn't to be.

"Whose child is he then?"

She didn't believe that Nathaniel would take care of someone else's child for no reason.

Nathaniel pulled out a chair and sat down.

"That is none of your concern."

Tears welled up in Elena's eyes instantly. "What do you mean, none of my concern? I want a grandchild, be it a grandson or granddaughter! If you truly have the same issues as your younger brother, I'm willing to adopt."

At the mention of his younger brother, Nathaniel's expression instantly turned cold.

Upstairs, as Cecilia stepped out, she too overheard Elena's words and couldn't help but be taken aback.

Nathaniel has a brother? Why wasn't I aware?

Noticing that Nathaniel was upset, Elena dared not say more. Rising to her feet, she said, "I'm leaving now, please don't disappoint me."

Not long after she left, Nathaniel looked up to see Cecilia emerging.

Involuntarily, thoughts of the unborn child came to mind.

"Come here."

Cecilia simply stood rooted to the spot.

Nathaniel watched her cold demeanor, feeling suffocated.

In the end, he rose and approached her. "Get changed, let's go out."

"Where are we going?"

"Haven't you mentioned wanting to see the ocean?" Nathaniel asked, his voice heavy.

Cecilia didn't expect that he would still remember.

While abroad, she resided in a place that was situated by the sea.

At that, Nathaniel pondered for a moment before suggesting, "Let's go see the cherry blossoms then."

He remembered how she would always chatter about wanting to visit Tidgate during the summer. However, after she married him, in the span of three years, except for coming to find him abroad, she never traveled anywhere else.

Cecilia looked out the window. "It's autumn now, there are no cherry blossoms."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 206**

### **Chapter 206 Fallen For Her**

There was pin drop silence in the room..

Suddenly, Nathaniel realized that besides knowing that Cecilia loved flowers, wanted to visit her hometown, and desired to go to Tidgate, he couldn't think of anything else she might want...

Cecilia also noticed his discomfort and casually remarked, "Hadn't we agreed not to continue playing the role of husband and wife?"

Nathaniel's voice was laced with a hint of bitterness. "What do you mean 'we agreed'? That was clearly your decision alone."

Her decision...

If everything required the consent of both parties, then what did his solitary meeting with Stella amount to?

Cecilia's lips tightened, losing all color. "All right then, there are nineteen days left. I hope you'll keep your promise in the end. I'm going to cook."

She turned around and headed to the kitchen.

The heaviness in Nathaniel's heart grew increasingly suffocating.

He quickly stepped forward. "I'll do it."

Taken aback, Cecilia momentarily froze. By the time she regained her composure, Nathaniel had already made his way into the kitchen.

She watched the man, dressed in custom-made attire, standing in the kitchen. It was strikingly out of place,

Since he wanted to do it, Cecilia couldn't be bothered to stop him..

She believed that Nathaniel wouldn't be able to withstand for long. He would eventually revert to his old self, and when that happened, she could rightfully leave.

Nathaniel was highly skilled and efficient at his job, yet his cooking skills were rather average.

It took over an hour to prepare breakfast.

"If it doesn't taste good, just order something to be delivered," Nathaniel suggested as he sat down. at the table.

Cecilia stared at the bland oatmeal and slightly burnt eggs in front of her, and was reminded of the barely edible seafood oatmeal she had last time. It was a stark contrast to the pictures Stella had posted on her social media as she boasted about Nathaniel's ability to whip up a feast.

-Do you not know how to cook?" She asked, as if compelled by some unseen force.

Nathaniel's expression stiffened. "Of course I do."

He quirked an eyebrow, discarded the portion of the egg that was burnt in his bowl, and then passed it to Cecilia.

"Have this," he said..

Cecilia watched as he once again swapped the egg in his bowl with hers, meticulously removing the undesirable parts with unhurried precision.

Nathaniel noticed her gaze and explained, "I'm just not familiar with it."

How could he possibly know how to cook? Since young, he had barely set foot in the kitchen.

Cecilia didn't ask any more questions as she ate her oatmeal. However, before she could even taste it, Nathaniel's hand reached out.

"Don't, it's gotten cold. I'll have breakfast delivered."

He had taken a bite earlier, only to realize that he had mistakenly used salt instead of sugar.

Before Cecilia could even react, Nathaniel had already tossed the oatmeal along with the bowl into the trash bin.

He then rose from his seat and stepped outside, making a call to have breakfast delivered.

Nathaniel felt a twinge of regret. Why hadn't he asked for it to be delivered from the start? He had unnecessarily busied himself all morning.

Cecilia walked into the living room, gazing through the floor-to-ceiling windows at Nathaniel outside. She felt that his behavior was particularly abnormal at that moment.

Outside, leaves were falling in a flurry.

When Nathaniel turned around, he met Cecilia's clear gaze.

His Adam's apple bobbed slightly, a thought struck him, and he turned to Mason, saying, "The matter we discussed last time, it can be arranged now."

Mason couldn't believe it. "Mr. Rainsworth, are you really planning to return the Smith's fortune. to Cecilia?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Rainsworth," Mason began, clear-headed as ever. "When you first took over the Smith family's assets, they were on the brink of bankruptcy. Now, all of the Smith family's industries. and the original company have been merged with ours, and they're thriving. It's not the same value as before."

Nathaniel, however, didn't seem to mind. "Just do as you're told."

Nathaniel interrupted Mason before he could finish speaking.

"Who said I've fallen for her? I just want to see what she wants."

Mason was no fool. It was clear that Nathaniel was just being stubborn. Who would test someone like that?

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 207**

### **Chapter 207 Lousy Father**

Nathaniel was known for his unwavering decisions, leaving Mason with no choice but to follow suit. He instructed the legal department to prepare the contract agreement.

"By the way, Mr. Rainsworth. About the incident of your personal account being hacked early this morning, it might take a while to investigate. The culprit used a fake address..."

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel furrowed his brows. "Send me all the data we've gathered from the current investigation."



“Yes, Sir.”

Upon receiving the data, Nathaniel retreated to his study.

He swiftly typed away at his computer, and in no time, he found a vulnerability on the other end, revealing the other party’s actual address.

“Hillscester...”

Meanwhile, Jonathan was rapidly typing away in the kindergarten restroom, a thin sheen of sweat glistening on his forehead.

He immediately gave up on transferring the money and changed his address instead.

Jonathan wiped the sweat off his forehead. “I didn’t expect my lousy father to have some capable people under him. This money wasn’t easy to get, I almost got caught.”

Luckily, he felt uneasy that day and decided to bring his laptop with him.

Nathaniel had only managed to pinpoint the approximate location as Hillscester.

“He gave up so quickly.”

He was somewhat perplexed. If it were a rival company, they wouldn’t likely resort to such peculiar tactics.

Nathaniel sent the approximate address to Mason. “Do thorough research, we must find this

person.”

Nathaniel wouldn’t allow any threat to persist.

After clear instructions had been given, breakfast was delivered. Nathaniel descended the stairs to join Cecilia for breakfast.

Unaware that Jonathan was nearly discovered by Nathaniel, Cecilia was anxiously waiting to see if she would get pregnant this month, and figuring out how to safely take Elliot away.

“Can I go see Eli?” Cecilia tentatively asked, then explained, “After all, he’s still relatives around, I’m worried.”

young

and has no

Ever since she last saw Elliot on her birthday, she hadn't seen him again.

Nathaniel's grip on his spoon tightened, as his mind was flooded with his mother's words, as well as his unborn child, and Calvin.

He reverted to his usual indifference. "Don't worry, he's doing well."

Spring Forest Manor would keep Nathaniel updated about Elliot's situation every day. If anything happened, he would know about it immediately.

Cecilia's heart instantly turned cold at his rejection, and the food she was eating lost all its flavor.

Her eyes darkened. "Don't you think you're being too much?"

"You were with another man during our marriage, carrying his child. You don't think that's crossing the line?"

He wouldn't even have let the child live if it were in the past.

Cecilia had nothing to say on this matter.

After all, she had to keep Elliot's identity a secret.

She had no choice but to swallow her pride. "I beg you, please let me see him, I truly miss him. Didn't you say we should act like any other married couple?"

Nathaniel didn't know why he had agreed to her request.

That afternoon, they arrived at Spring Forest Manor.

Elliot was idly basking in the sun, watching as the withered leaves fell one by one. Suddenly, he felt a wave of fear, a fear of death.

If he were to die, his mom would surely be devastated. He didn't want to witness his mother in tears.

The nanny was taking care of Elliot and noticed that whenever he was quiet, he seemed like an old soul, his eyes filled with deep melancholy.

"Eli, are you missing your mommy?" the nanny asked.

Immediately, Elliot smoothed out the worried look on his face. "Madam, why hasn't Mr. Rainsworth come to see me? Does he not like me? Will he never come to see me again?"

The nanny's heart ached for him.

Despite Nathaniel's stern demeanor, Elliot still found himself thinking about him.

"How could that be? I just overheard the butler saying that Mr. Rainsworth and your mom are about to arrive alone here. I'll show him today!"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 208**

### **Chapter 208 My Eli Is The Smartest**

Cecilia came this time with the intention to thoroughly explore the manor's surroundings. In case Nathaniel was unwilling to let Elliot go, she was prepared to find a way to take Elliot away herself.

Upon learning that the two were coming, Elliot had been waiting at the door from early on.

"Mommy."

Cecilia immediately rushed forward and embraced Elliot as the strong wind blew.

"Why are you standing here?" Cecilia took his hand. "Aren't you cold?"

"No, I'm not."

At that, Elliot turned his gaze toward Nathaniel, who was walking behind Cecilia. "Mr. Rainsworth," he said, "my legs have gone numb from waiting for you. Could you carry me. inside?"

Upon hearing this, Cecilia immediately said, "Mommy will carry you inside."

Elliot, however, shook his head, continuing to gaze at Nathaniel.

"Mr. Rainsworth, my mom's not that strong, could me, please?"

you carr

Cecilia was feeling a bit awkward, and just as she was about to persuade Elliot, Nathaniel took a few

steps forward and hoisted up Elliot's overalls from behind.

"Let's go."

Elliot was suspended in mid-air.

Drawing from past lessons, when Nathaniel carried him, he deliberately kept a distance.

A mischievous grin spread across Elliot's face. Then, with a vigorous push of his feet, a few small shoe prints appeared instantaneously on Nathaniel's dark suit.

His expression darkened in an instant.

As Elliot was apologizing, he was simultaneously stretching his leg. "I'm sorry, Mr. Rainsworth. I've got a cramp in my leg. I didn't mean to kick you." Boohoo.

His leg was cramping, yet he could still kick with such accuracy?

Nathaniel was certain that this little rascal was deliberately picking on him. "No worries," he assured, "I will check on your leg later."

After placing Elliot on the couch, Nathaniel's hand moved to grasp his leg.

Startled, Elliot quickly moved aside. "Mr. Rainsworth, my leg is fine now."

Nathaniel simply watched him.

Cecilia noticed the tension between the two and quickly stepped in. "I'm sorry, Eli didn't mean it. Would you like to change your clothes first?"

Nathaniel was really not in the mood to argue with a bratty kid.

"Yes."

As soon as he left, Cecilia immediately asked, "Are your bones aching again?"

One of the symptoms of leukemia was bone pain.

Elliot shook his head. "No, I just had a muscle cramp."

After he finished speaking, he reached out and embraced Cecilia.

"Mommy, it's been so long since I last saw you, I've missed you so much."

"Mommy misses you too, I'm sorry it took me this long to see you." Cecilia's heart ached for him.

Finding themselves alone, Elliot pulled out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket "Mommy," he said, "I drew this when I was missing you."

Cecilia opened it to find a cartoon version of Spring Forest Manor, along with a depiction of herself...

She was somewhat incredulous. Although the drawing was rather rudimentary, it had depicted every corner of the manor.

Leaning against her, Elliot said, “Mommy, whenever I felt bored and alone, the nanny would take me for walks. I’ve sketched all the places I like, I want you to see them too.”

“Sweetheart, you’ve truly done me a huge favor.”

With this drawing, or more accurately, this map, she felt ten percent more confident about sneaking Elliot out.

Elliot was still pointing at the map as he said to Cecilia, “Mommy, look, this is a cat, and there’s one here too...”

The term “cat” actually referred to cat-eye surveillance cameras.

Cecilia looked at Elliot in surprise. “Eli, how did you know to draw these?”

Elliot batted his large, innocent eyes, speaking with an air of naivety. “This is something the teacher had taught before, and I’ve already mastered it. I’m smart, aren’t I?”

Cecilia dismissed her underlying doubts. After all, Elliot was just a four-year-old child. How could he possibly know how to draw a map?

like her. It was probably just a fluke.

“Indeed, my Eli is the smartest.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 209**

### **Chapter 209 Apologize To Mom**

Cecilia secretly stashed away Elliot’s sketches.

Spring Forest Manor was so big that it would take at least two days to explore it fully. That was without accounting for the surveillance cameras hidden in every corner.

Nathaniel had changed into a set of casual clothes. His tall and upright figure was quite striking. His dark eyes reflected the scene of a mother and child playing on the carpet.

Time passed peacefully, yet it inexplicably left a bitter taste.

Noticing Nathaniel, Elliot quickly greeted him, “Uncle Nathaniel, would you like to join us?”

Just a moment ago, he gave Nathaniel a few kicks, but it didn’t feel satisfying enough.

Cecilia wanted to stop Elliot badly. She was worried that if he and Nathaniel spent too much time together, they might discover each other's identities.

After all, the ties of blood were undeniable.

However, Nathaniel had already walked toward them. "What are you guys up to?"

A thought flashed through Elliot's mind.

"Let's play house! You can be Dad, and Mommy can be Mom. I will be your child, okay?"

The color instantly drained from Cecilia's face.

Nathaniel also froze.

Why is this brat acting like a girl? He enjoys playing house?

"Uncle Nathaniel, you don't think I'm taking advantage of you, do you? My Daddy is a tycoon. You're taking an advantage of him by pretending to be him." Elliot pouted slightly he was doing Nathaniel a favor.

"Eli, don't put Uncle Nathaniel in a difficult position..."

appearing as if

Before Cecilia could finish speaking, Nathaniel interrupted him and said, "Fine, I'll pretend to be your Dad."

Upon seeing him agree, Elliot instantly clung onto his thigh and wiped his tears and snot on his freshly changed trousers. "Dad, I missed you so much. I thought I was going to die from missing you.

Nathaniel instinctively wanted to push him away, but for some reason, all his anger seemed to dissipate the moment he called him "Dad".

On the side, Cecilia gulped as she watched Elliot clinging to Nathaniel and calling him "Dad".

She knew that although the two children had never openly expressed a desire for a father, deep down, they had always yearned for one.

If only Elliot knew, he would be overjoyed to realize that the person he was holding was his very own father.

Yet she didn't dare to tell Nathaniel the truth...

Cecilia surreptitiously clenched her hand, her fingertips digging deep into her flesh.

After shedding tears for a while, Elliot blinked his large eyes and looked at Nathaniel. “Dad, why did you drive Mom and me away? Do you have any idea how hard these years have been for us?”

Before Nathaniel could respond, he asked again with a pitiful tone. “Was that vixen really worth it for you to abandon your wife and child?”

Had it not been them just playing house, Cecilia would have thought that Elliot had already discovered the truth.

Nathaniel really didn’t know where Elliot picked up such things. Could he have seen it from the television dramas?

He could only respond in a placating manner, saying. “Silly, how will I possibly abandon you and your mother? It’s all a misunderstanding.

Nathaniel was especially gentle and patient with Elliot. He really began to play house with him.

Elliot’s mood instantly brightened. “That’s wonderful. I knew you wouldn’t abandon your obedient son and wife. Dad

With that, he clung to Nathaniel’s thigh again.

“Dad, since Mom and I are both home now, shouldn’t you show some kind of response?”

Nathaniel was somewhat bewildered.

Frowning, Cecilia asked. “Eli what do you want Uncle Nathaniel to express?”

“Other kids have both their Mom and Dad to raise them, but I only have Mom. Mom has to do everything from changing my diapers to feeding me.” Elliot said, his eyes brimming with tears as he looked at Nathaniel. “Dad, you need to apologize to Mom first. Tell her you’re sorry.”

Apologize...

Nathaniel looked toward Cecilia, but for some reason, he couldn’t say the words out loud.

Elliot lowered his voice and whispered. “Uncle Nathaniel, you’re not backing out, are you? If you back out, no one will want to play with you in the future.”

