

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 220

Chapter 220 Keep Pressuring Him

When Liam arrived at the basement in a flustered state, Nathaniel was already gone.

He saw his daughter huddled in the corner, trembling uncontrollably and apologizing incessantly.

“Lynn, what’s wrong?”

The bodyguard standing nearby told him coldly, “Mr. Liam, Mr. Rainsworth has made it clear that she isn’t suitable for the Rainsworth family. As of today, Mr. Rainsworth doesn’t want to see her in Tudela anymore.”

With teary eyes, Liam nodded in response.

“Absolutely; I’ll send her abroad right away.”

At this point, Lily’s emotions had somewhat stabilized. She held onto Liam and said, “Dad, I don’t want to leave.”

She lowered her voice as she continued, “It’s all because of Cecilia.”

Liam gave her shoulder a pat, his gaze fierce as he said, “I know... I know everything.”

Outside the mansion, Nathaniel was seated in the car, lighting one cigarette after another.

Mason was giving a report on the recent work from the side. Apart from Calvin’s projects, everything was progressing as expected.

“Shareholders are already grumbling about the losses from the competition,” Mason delicately stated.

Recently, Nathaniel had been preoccupied with dating, and hadn’t made it to the office in person. As a result, the senior executives started to get restless, barking orders here and there.

“How much longer do you think Calvin can hold on?” Nathaniel asked solemnly.

Mason shook his head. “I used to have a grasp on it, but now I can’t estimate it anymore. The company behind Calvin is not to be underestimated.”

Had it been an ordinary international company that came here, they would have fled in less than six months once oppressed by Nathaniel.

However, Calvin had already been hanging in there for five years.

Nathaniel was well aware, but he wasn't afraid of this minor setback.

"Then keep pressuring him. I'm curious to see if he's truly invincible."

He was well aware of the countless instances of covert harm Calvin had endured while abroad..

If there was someone behind Calvin, then there was also a knife..

As such, Nathaniel had to put in more effort to hasten Calvin's demise.

"Understood."

After presenting his report, Mason showed no intention of leaving.

"Mr. Rainsworth, did Ms. Smith get angry again?"

If it wasn't for Cecilia's anger, he doubted that Nathaniel would even have time to see him, let alone continually keep him company while smoking in the car.

Nathaniel cast him a deep glance.

"If there's nothing else, then get lost."

Mason recalled when he had successfully managed to coax his girlfriend a few days ago. He couldn't help but share his successful experience.

"Mr. Rainsworth, women are actually quite simple. All you need to do is pamper her a bit, say some sweet things, buy her some gifts, and that should do the trick-

Mason's lesson wasn't fully imparted when he tumbled out of the car.

The bodyguards standing behind were all taken aback. It was their first time seeing Mason, who was always serious and wore gold-rimmed glasses, in such a state of disarray.

At night, under the thick blanket of darkness, the rain outside showed no signs of letting up.

Cecilia was lying in bed, barely managing to drift into a light sleep, when suddenly, a strong hand pulled her into an embrace.

The faint scent of tobacco and liquor clung to the man. She knew who it was without having to look.

He certainly picked up quite a few bad habits during the five years of her absence.

“You heartless creature... I can’t believe you’ve fallen asleep.”

Nathaniel thought she had fallen asleep, and with a sense of dissatisfaction, he pulled her closer to him with more force.

He couldn’t sleep at all while he was in the car.

He had planned to use this month to make her admit her mistakes willingly, to make her realize who truly cared for her the most.

However, it hadn’t even been half a month and she was upset again.

Cecilia had her eyes tightly closed, not yet ready to engage with him and a cripple.

She planned to carry out her plan the following day, once her emotions had stabilized. She feared that she might unintentionally offend him again if she acted while her emotions were still in turmoil.

At that moment, Nathaniel was not letting her sleep peacefully. While holding her, he was also caressing her.

“Would you dream of me if I were like this?”

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Chapter 221 It Seems I Misjudged Her

Cecilia had her eyes tightly shut, her body trembling slightly.

Nathaniel’s hand paused. Realizing she wasn’t asleep at all, he didn’t go any further.

Beads of sweat trickled down Cecilia’s forehead. Seeing him stop his caress, she let out a sigh of relief.

The night was deep.

Unable to sleep despite holding onto Cecilia, Nathaniel eventually decided to get up outside.

In the early morning, when Cecilia awoke, he was already long gone from her side.

Everything that happened last night felt as if it were just a dream.

Cecilia didn’t pay it any

mind and went to freshen up.

and go

Standing before the mirror, she strived to compose herself before stepping out of the bedroom.

The door to the study was ajar. As Cecilia passed by, she caught sight of Nathaniel, sitting upright on his office chair, a figure of poised elegance.

He had returned to his usual aloof demeanor, his sharp gaze swiftly scanning through file after file.

Reflecting on her plan, Cecilia had no choice but to swallow her pride, step forward, and knock on the door.

“What’s the matter?” Nathaniel asked without even lifting his head.

“I’m sorry about yesterday. I may have been too upset, which is why I said those things,” Cecilia explained reluctantly.

Nathaniel held the document in his hand, his gaze constantly fixed on the first line of text. He simply couldn’t concentrate.

He then closed the document and lifted his gaze to look at Cecilia.

She was clad in plain-colored attire, her complexion somewhat pale. Her long hair, slightly disheveled, cascaded over her shoulders, evoking a sense of pity in him at the sight of her.

This look was so reminiscent of the past, yet not quite.

As for what exactly was different, he couldn’t quite put his finger on it. It was just a feeling.

“Come here.”

Cecilia walked in and stood before him.

“Let’s head back to Rainsworth Manor. I need to apologize to Lily.”

Nathaniel’s inquiring gaze fell upon her, his thin lips slightly parting as he asked, “Why do I sense a hint of dissatisfaction in you?”

Cecilia’s hand tensed up slightly. “I’m not willing to, but for you, I’ll apologize.”

Nathaniel scrutinized her closely.

He used to be so familiar with her humble demeanor. But now, he didn't feel at all that she was. doing it all for him.

As if compelled by some unseen force, he asked, "Do you still love me?"

When he voiced it out, he surprised himself.

He had asked such a question before, but all Cecilia could say was she didn't know.

Cecilia was taken aback for a moment, then lied by saying, "Yes, I do."

Even though it was an answer he was familiar with, a sense of discomfort subtly settled in the depths of Nathaniel's heart.

He averted his gaze and said, "Pack your stuff. We'll be heading back to Rainsworth Manor shortly. And there's no need for you to apologize to Lily. It's unnecessary."

She was sent abroad last night and never allowed to return again.

Cecilia was unaware of Lily's situation and didn't probe further. She went on to pack up.

Back at yesterdsworth Manor, Elena had also gained some understanding after what happened

She sipped her warm milk, feeling particularly gloomy. "I used to think she was a woman without any ulterior motives, but it seems I misjudged her."

Unable to drink any more, Elena then set down her milk and asked her secretary, "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. Is Felix's preschool taking a break too?"

The secretary nodded. "Yes, they close for the holiday at noon today."

"I'll go pick him up today. Bring along all the toys I bought."

"All right."

Elena wanted to seize the opportunity while picking up Felix to meet with Jonathan.

She was truly fond of that child and wished she could claim him as her own grandson.

It was around this time that a housekeeper came over.

Elena sat on the sofa, a peculiar emotion flickering in her eyes..

“Got it.”

She had everyone else leave, then went up to the attic alone. Pushing open the long-undisturbed door, she found everything inside veiled by white sheets.

Gazing at everything around her. Elena pulled out her phone and sent a text message to Cecilia.

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Chapter 222 A Child For Two Billion.

Upon her arrival at Rainsworth Manor, Cecilia had breakfast with Nathaniel. Shortly after, she received a text message from Elena.

In the text, Elena said she wanted to see Cecilia as there were things she needed to discuss with her.

Cecilia then relayed the information to Nathaniel.

“Just say no if you don’t want to go,” Nathaniel stated firmly.

Cecilia couldn’t tell whether he was being sincere or just saying that out of courtesy.

“I can go.”

She then got up to meet Elena.

In the garden outside, Elena, dressed in a traditional gown, was personally watering the flowers. Upon noticing Cecilia’s arrival, she handed the watering can to her housekeeper.

“Replace all those that didn’t bloom.”

“Understood.”

She intentionally made the statement in front of Cecilia, using it as a metaphor to imply the latter’s decision of not having children.

Naturally, Cecilia understood the implications of her words. Her expression remained calm and composed as the two of them got into the car one after the other.

Throughout the journey, Elena was unusually calm.

“You know, I recently came across this adorable kid who remarkably resembles Nathaniel during his childhood days.”

Cecilia's gaze tensed up, thinking she had discovered something, only to hear her continue, "It's such a shame that he's not Nathaniel's child."

Cecilia's heart was still on edge. "You should know the reason we don't have children is not solely

my fault."

Of course, Elena knew that in the three years since they got married, the number of nights Nathaniel spent at home could be counted with one's fingers.

"I just wanted to ask you if there has been any improvement between you two now?"

Elena knew she could no longer rely on Stella.

The last time, she had witnessed Cecilia and Nathaniel passionately kissing in the room. As such, all she could do was pin her hopes on Cecilia.

Cecilia gave a slight nod.

A glimmer of joy flashed in Elena's eyes, but she forced herself to remain calm. "I admit, what I did back then was wrong. From now on, as long as you're carrying Nathaniel's child, I promise to treat both you and the child well."

The only thing that could make the once-proud heiress of the Griffiths family, known to the outside world as an iron lady, lower her head was probably having a grandson.

Compared to her initial aggressiveness, Elena was now exceptionally gentle. She held Cecilia's hand, her gaze sincere as she said, "I'll give you whatever you want."

Cecilia knew she had ulterior motives for her actions, which was why she promptly withdrew her hand.

"I can't make any promises regarding this matter," she said.

Elena's smile froze. "A child for two billion. What do you say?"

She paused, then added, "Of course, after you became pregnant, it is essential to have a comprehensive check-up. I don't want the child to be born with any health issues. Also, after the child is born, it's crucial that someone from the Rainsworth family takes responsibility."

The meaning behind Elena's words was crystal clear. She didn't want the child to suffer from Cecilia's hearing impairment.

Two billion to bear a child, and the responsibility is to be handed over to the members of the Rainsworth family and after the child is born... How is this any different from selling one's child?

Cecilia couldn't help but break into a wry smile. The people of the Rainsworth family were indeed all the same, always so generous when they made their offers.

"Mdm. Elena, you might have misunderstood something. I have enough money to sustain my own lifestyle, and even if I had a child, I can take good care of my child."

Elena wanted to continue persuading Cecilia, but the car had already arrived at the preschool gate.

Upon seeing the familiar preschool, shock filled Cecilia's eyes.

How did Elena end up here?

The children were let out of school early today. Not long after, they all emerged from the school building.

As Cecilia stepped out of the car, her eyes immediately landed on a familiar figure in the crowd. It had been a while since she had seen Jonathan, and she felt an overwhelming urge to rush over and scoop him up in her arms.

But now, she couldn't let Jonathan see her. Elena would definitely hear it if he called out to her.

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Chapter 223 Children Are Fond Of Kind People

Elena presented each of the valuable toys she had brought before Jonathan, hoping to lift his spirits.

Little did anyone know, Jonathan had no interest in those toys at all. "Thank you, Grandma. Elena, but my mommy told me not to accept things from strangers," he said.

Cecilia had to restrain herself from rushing over.

She was still uncertain whether Elena had recognized Jonathan or not, so she couldn't let her emotions get the best of her.

Elena crouched in front of Jonathan. Upon hearing him say that she was still a stranger to him, a wave of discomfort washed over her from the depths of her heart.

“Jon, how could I possibly be a stranger to you? We’ve known each other for at least a few months now, haven’t we? I truly adore you.”

Thinking that he was referring to Vivian when he mentioned his mommy, Elena asked, “Is your mommy worried about me? I will invite her over for a chat after Thanksgiving tomorrow. That way, we won’t be strangers anymore, right?”

Jonathan hadn’t expected that Elena, who bullied his mother, would persistently pursue her. Over the past month, for twenty days, she had been using the excuse of picking up Felix to seek him out every day.

It was always either giving him gifts or offering him food.

He rejected everything she offered, yet she never gave up.

past,

Jonathan thought back to what he had found out about how Elena had treated Cecilia in the and his expression turned gloomy. “Grandma Elena, even though I’m just a child, I understand that if someone doesn’t like you, no amount of attempts to please them will make a difference.”

Those words left Elena completely stunned.

It wasn’t just because he had broken her heart, but also because his behavior was strikingly reminiscent of Nathaniel’s during his childhood.

Nathaniel had been the same when he was younger and had spoken similar words.

“Do you not like me?” Elena didn’t know what was wrong with herself and felt particularly upset.

Jonathan flashed her a gentlemanly smile. “I’m sorry, Grandma Elena, but I have my own grandma.”

Only Cecilia understood, this could potentially be the influence of lineage.

Only Elena’s own grandson could have the power to hurt her heart.

She had offered him no less than a hundred gifts, all of which were rejected.

Standing to the side, Felix, whose hand was held by the secretary, was filled with jealousy. “Why is Grandma Elena so fond of Jonathan? He isn’t even her real grandson!” he questioned.

The secretary was also in the dark, but one thing was certain. Ever since Elena laid eyes on this child, she had taken him to her heart as if he were her own grandson.

All the while, Cecilia had been observing from a distance. Despite paying attention for so long, she still couldn't figure out why Elena was meeting Jonathan, let alone why she was giving him gifts.

What she didn't realize was that a mother's intuition was powerful, and Jonathan had already noticed her.

He knew Cecilia didn't want to be recognized by him, so he pretended not to see her.

The chauffeur from the Kennedy family came to pick him up. As he was leaving, he told Elena, "Children are fond of kind-hearted people."

Elena never expected that the child she adored would think she wasn't kind enough.

I am indeed no saint, but how could a child...

When they got back in the car, Elena reverted to her usual aloofness. She turned to Cecilia and asked, "Did you see? Doesn't that child look a lot like Nathaniel?"

The tension that had been gripping Cecilia's mind finally eased.

"Yeah, there's a bit of a resemblance."

Elena gave a bitter smile. "It wasn't just a bit. When I first met him, I thought he was my grandson. If he were my grandson, I would give him the best things the world has to offer."

Upon hearing her words, Cecilia was suddenly at a loss for what to say.

Perhaps she wasn't the best mother-in-law, but she was definitely a grandmother who deeply loved her grandson.

It was unfortunate that the Rainsworth family wouldn't allow her to bring up her own child. If they had, she wouldn't have chosen deception.

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Chapter 224 Can I Really Trust Family Like Thist

Upon returning to Rainsworth Manor, Elena advised Cecilia to think things through carefully, urging her not to rush into rejection.

“After all, we both know this all too well. With the decline of the Smith family, where would a divorced woman like you get a stable income?”

Cecilia stood on the balcony outside Nathaniel’s room, gazing at the scenery beyond. Her mind was filled with Elena’s words.

Can’t a woman support herself after a divorce? One day, I’ll show Elena that I don’t need to rely on anyone else!

Having thought everything through, Cecilia set down her glass and made a video call to Vivian.

“What’s wrong, Ceci?” Vivian asked while munching on a fruit.

“Vivian, I’d like to have a chat with Jonathan.”

“All right; wait a moment.”

Vivian aimed the camera at Jonathan. Under the lens, Jonathan was seen neatly dressed and sitting upright at his desk.

“Mommy.”

“Jon,” Cecilia responded with a knowing smile.

She was pondering over how to approach Jonathan about his acquaintance with Elena, when unexpectedly, Jonathan initiated the conversation himself.

“I saw you today, Mommy.”

Cecilia was taken aback. “Then why didn’t you call out to me?”

Jonathan’s young face bore an exceptionally mature expression as he replied, “Since you didn’t come looking for me, I figured you must’ve been busy with something, so I didn’t want to disturb you.”

After expressing his thoughts considerately, Jonathan then deliberately informed her about Elena’s affairs.

“Mommy, did you see an elderly lady today? Ever since she saw me at the preschool, she’s been visiting me very often.”

An elderly lady?

The image of Elena surfaced in Cecilia’s mind. Unintentionally amused by her own son, her doubts were completely dispelled..

“That’s because you’re so adorabie, jon. IIRLS WHY

IL TINE you,

Jonathan’s eyes curved in a smile. “Mommy, tomorrow is Thanksgiving. I’ve already wished Grandma Martha a happy Thanksgiving on your behalf.”

“Awesome! Thanks, Sweetie!”

At this moment, Cecilia longed to embrace Jonathan.

Because she was at Rainsworth Manor, Cecilia couldn’t chat with Jonathan and the others for too long, yet she was reluctant to hang up the phone.

Nathaniel had disappeared, no one knew where to. Left alone in the room, Cecilia found herself somewhat bored.

What puzzled her was that she hadn’t seen Lily after returning home today.

Didn’t Lily go tattling to Old Mr. Rainsworth?

In the eastern part of Rainsworth Manor, there was an antiquated house.

Niel was seated at the head of the table, sipping his coffee. Liam stood by his side, and to his right sat Nathaniel.

Across from them were Felix and his parents, who were also Nathaniel’s cousin, Adrian. Rainsworth, and his cousin-in-law, Miranda Leighton.

Adrian got straight to the point by saying, “Grandpa, I immediately rushed back from abroad. after discussing business with Miranda. I heard that Nathaniel hired a stranger as the general manager. I believe it’s better for family businesses to be managed by our own kin. If Nathaniel ist too busy, Miranda and I can lend a hand.”

This statement was truly shameless.

Rainsworth Group could be said to be the result of Nathaniel’s hard work. Previously, the two individuals, motivated by personal gain, had Niel arrange for them to manage another company that was free from losses.

Nathaniel listened in silence, a cold smirk playing on his lips. Curious to see just how far the two would push their luck, he didn’t say a word in response.

Niel was savvy and aware, quite the cunning fox. “It is as you’ve said. Since you want to help Nathaniel, you should be asking Nathaniel instead.”

Adrian choked up, feeling somewhat embarrassed and at a loss for what to do.

Miranda had long known that Niel wouldn't help them out so easily. She quickly shot a glance at her son, Felix, signaling him for help.

Felix instantly understood, his large eyes pleadingly gazed at Niel as he said, "Grandpa, please help Mom and Dad. Uncle Nathaniel always listens to you the most."

The fate of Niel was now in the hands of this little one. The moment the child pleaded, his heart instantly softened, and he got ready to speak to Nathaniel.

Unexpectedly, Nathaniel's expression grew cold immediately.

"The general manager I hired was once a high-ranking executive in a multinational corporation, so his competency goes without saying. If my memory serves me righter the years, my cousin and his wife's company has been teetering on the brink of bankruptcy. Can I really trust family. like this?"

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Chapter 225 Seeds Of Resentment

Had it not been for Felix being present, Nathaniel's words might have been laced with event sharper venom, spilling forth sentiments even more caustic and cutting.

When Adrian and Miranda finally emerged from Niel's room, their faces were visibly flushed with the heat of their embarrassment.

Adrian, utterly shameless as always, couldn't help but mutter under his breath, "Who does Nathaniel think he is, daring to lecture me like that? I'm his elder, after all." His voice dripped with a mixture of indignation and disbelief, clearly unaccustomed to being reprimanded by someone younger.

Standing to the side, Miranda, who was holding onto Felix with a tense grip, was also at her wit's end. Her frustration was palpable as she turned to Adrian and said, "Your cousin didn't spare you any dignity whatsoever. He belittled us right there in front of Felix and the old man."

As she spoke, Miranda's gaze shifted toward Nathaniel, who stood composed and unyielding at short distance away. A sudden, cold smirk tugged at the corners of her lips as a thought crossed her mind. "He probably doesn't even realize who the real joke is here," she added, her tone laced with icy disdain.

Adrian, not fully grasping her meaning, asked with a touch of confusion, "What do you mean by that?"

Miranda let out a derisive snort. "Haven't you heard? He's brought that deaf girl back home, hasn't he?"

Adrian's thoughts briefly drifted to Cecilia, and a fleeting sense of regret flickered through his mind. She was undeniably beautiful, but her hearing impairment had always been a hindrance, requiring her to rely on a hearing aid whenever she ventured out. "So what?" Adrian muttered, still not seeing the point.

"Honey, don't worry," Miranda said, biting her lip with a determined expression. "I'll make sure he regrets today's insult. Everyone is mistaken. The person that deaf girl truly cares for isn't Nathaniel at all!"

Only Miranda knew the full extent of this matter, a secret she had uncovered purely by chance. She had kept it to herself until now, eager to see the hilarity of Cecilia's situation unfold.

But after that day, her resolve had solidified. She was determined to make Nathaniel understand the true meaning of uselessness, to show him who the real joke was.

When Nathaniel returned to the room, he found Cecilia already in bed, her attention deeply engrossed in the book she was reading. The soft glow of the lamp cast a warm light over her, making her profile appear exceptionally gentle and serene.

Nathaniel casually discarded his outerwear to one side, not bothering to place it neatly. As he pulled off his tie, he began to unbutton his shirt with methodical precision. "What did my mother want with you?" he asked, his tone casual, but his eyes sharp as they focused on her.

Cecilia looked up from her book, only to find that Nathaniel had already stripped down to just his trousers. His well-built upper body was on full display, causing her to quickly avert her gaze.

"She asked me to have a child with you," Cecilia said, her voice steady despite the awkwardness of the situation. "She even promised me two billion for just one child."

"And did you agree?" Nathaniel moved closer to her, his voice dropping to a mere whisper as he leaned in near her ear.

"No, I didn't want to sell my own child," Cecilia replied, lifting her head slightly. In doing so, her lips inadvertently brushed against his cheek.

Nathaniel's heart sank at the accidental touch. A frown formed on his face for reasons he couldn't quite identify, a vague sense of disappointment settling in his chest. Without another word, he swept Cecilia into his arms.

But Cecilia stopped him, placing a gentle hand on his chest. “Could you promise me one thing?” she asked, her voice soft yet firm.

Nathaniel, breathing heavily, responded, “We’ll talk later.”

“No, I need to say it now,” Cecilia insisted.

Nathaniel, now in a tricky situation, sighed and said, “Go on then.”

“Tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and I want to see Eli.”

“No way,” Nathaniel flatly refused, his tone unyielding. “You just met the day before yesterday.”

“No mother would ever complain about seeing her child too often,” Cecilia countered, her voice tinged with sadness. “I miss him dearly. If tomorrow isn’t possible, could you perhaps schedule another time for me? I just want to spend some quality time with him.”

Over the years, Cecilia had learned how to navigate Nathaniel’s moods, and she knew exactly how to persuade him. She deliberately avoided his touch, stepping back with a determined air that suggested she wouldn’t continue unless he agreed to her terms.

Indeed, a man’s thinking tended to falter in situations like these, and Nathaniel was no exception.

“The day after tomorrow,” he finally conceded.

“Okay.” Cecilia nodded in agreement, satisfied with his answer.

Nathaniel’s Adam’s apple bobbed subtly as he asked, “And how do you plan to thank me?”

Cecilia, momentarily confused, asked, “How?”

“Tonight, you need to make sure I have a good time,” Nathaniel replied, a hint of playfulness in his tone. He had clearly mastered the technique he had learned from Elliot, wielding it to perfection face flushed red as she admitted, “But I don’t know how to.”

Nathaniel looked at her with an adoring gaze, his tone softening. “Don’t worry,” he said with a reassuring smile, “I’ll teach you.”

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Chapter 226 As You Wish

Cecilia had never imagined that Nathaniel, who was known to the outside world as the stoic and composed CEO, could harbor such a shameless side. She had always assumed that his cold, demeanor meant he simply didn't care about such things.

As Nathaniel gazed at the woman beside him, his thoughts wandered. The idea of spending the rest of his life with her was starting to seem more and more appealing, as though the sacrifices would be worthwhile.

When the first light of dawn began to filter through the curtains, Cecilia finally succumbed to sleep, utterly exhausted.

During Thanksgiving, the Rainsworth family's celebration was just as lively as it had been in previous years. The large estate bustled with activity as numerous relatives gathered to celebrate together. However, unlike previous years, this time Cecilia was found by Nathaniel before she could join the festivities.

Those who had learned of her early arrival whispered amongst themselves, gossiping and speculating about how Cecilia's presence might bring about yet another round of embarrassment for the family.

"I really don't know what was going through Nathaniel's mind. That kind of woman, if she left, she should have just stayed gone," one relative muttered, shaking their head.

"Who could argue with that? It's likely we'll find ourselves wrapped up in some mess again," another added with a sigh.

Outside, the atmosphere was incredibly lively, with laughter and conversation filling the air. But inside the room, it was a different story entirely.

When Cecilia finally awoke, the sun was already high in the sky, its rays streaming through the windows. She quickly got out of bed and noticed a gown that had been meticulously laid out for her, complete with luxurious jewelry placed nearby.

However, instead of donning the prepared outfit, she quickly averted her gaze, opting to change into her own clothes before heading downstairs.

Nathaniel had been waiting for quite some time, his patience wearing thin. When he saw her emerge not in a gown but in her own casual clothes, a hint of surprise flashed across his dark eyes.

"I don't want to attend the festive banquet," Cecilia said, getting straight to the point as soon as she opened the door.

"Give me a reason," Nathaniel demanded, his gaze fixed intently on her, searching for answers.

“Do I still need a reason?” Cecilia retorted, her voice edged with frustration.

Nathaniel rose from his seat and walked over to her, closing the distance between them. “This will be different from the others.”

But Cecilia took a step back, her stance firm. “I don’t want to go,” she said plainly.

And what could be so different? Will there be a new, unique way of bullying me?

After not seeing these people for five years, she knew they would have more than enough ammunition to use against her.

Nathaniel had originally planned to personally accompany Cecilia to the banquet today. He remembered how, after their marriage, she had once tearfully complained to him, “Everyone else is always escorted by their husbands to various gatherings, while I am always left alone. Everyone else has someone to protect them, but not me. I’m all alone.”

But now, standing before her, he realized with a heavy heart that his wife no longer needed him to accompany her to these social events. It seemed she no longer needed his protection at all.

Nathaniel’s hand froze mid-air, his fingers trembling slightly. “As you wish.”

With a cold expression, he quickly walked out of the room, leaving Cecilia behind. He realized that without her by his side, he wouldn’t have to deal with those hypocritical, mocking gazes that always seemed to follow him at such events.

At the banquet, Miranda was busy chatting with a group of her girlfriends, but her eyes were constantly scanning the crowd. She noticed that Nathaniel had arrived, but there was no sign of Cecilia.

Curiosity piqued, one of the women asked, “Miranda, didn’t you say that the deaf girl had returned? Why hasn’t she come over?”

Miranda shook her head, feigning ignorance. “I’m not sure either. Perhaps Nathaniel was afraid of losing face.”

Tightening her grip on the wine glass in her hand, Miranda excused herself, “I have something to attend to, please excuse me.”

It wasn’t easy for Cecilia to have come this far, and Miranda wasn’t about to let this golden opportunity slip through her fingers. After inquiring with the housekeepers and confirming that Cecilia was indeed staying alone in Nathaniel’s private quarters, Miranda felt confident enough to make her move..

Inside the house, Cecilia was deeply engrossed in studying a map that Elliot had given her. Her concentration was abruptly interrupted by the sound of the doorbell. Startled, she quickly shut off her phone and got up to answer the door.

When she opened it, she found herself face-to-face with a woman sporting chestnut curls. Despite the five years that had passed, they recognized each other immediately.

Miranda hadn't changed much, still exuding the same air of confidence and cunning. But from Miranda's perspective, Cecilia was always the same—simple, pure, and not particularly fond of dressing up, almost bordering on plainness.

Yet the Cecilia who stood before her now was a completely different person. Adorned with delicate light makeup and dressed in haute couture, she was a stark contrast

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Chapter 227 Have A Look Yourself

“It’s been quite some time; you’ve changed so much,” Miranda said with a smile, extending her hand toward Cecilia.

Cecilia, however, didn't reciprocate the gesture. Instead, she offered a polite smile and replied, “You haven't really changed much.”

Miranda's expression momentarily stiffened, her hand lingering in the air before she pulled it back with a slight awkwardness. “Do you mind stepping out for a chat?” she suggested, regaining her composure quickly.

Miranda had married into the Rainsworth family before Cecilia. Back when Cecilia had just gotten engaged to Nathaniel, Miranda would often visit, engaging her in seemingly caring conversations, playing the role of an affectionate older sister.

It wasn't until after Cecilia married Nathaniel that Miranda's true nature began to reveal itself, especially after Cecilia's father passed away and her family's influence began to wane.

It had to be admitted—some people were naturally gifted when it came to acting.

As they walked along the winding path, Miranda's voice was soft, almost as if she was sharing a secret. “Did you know? Five years ago, when I heard of your supposed death, I couldn't sleep a wink that night. I had just become pregnant with Felix, and the stress almost caused a miscarriage.”

In the world of adults, there were things understood but left unsaid.

Cecilia's lips curled into a faint, amused smile as she responded, "Is that because you were scared? Afraid that I might come looking for you in the night?"

Miranda had never missed an opportunity to cause trouble for Cecilia after marrying into the family as her sister-in-law.

Cecilia vividly remembered the time when Nathaniel had disappeared while handling a project overseas. The Rainsworth family had been on edge, and Cecilia, determined not to let any harm befall the family, had painstakingly visited every relative and senior executive within the Rainsworth circle, trying to keep things together.

While everyone believed Nathaniel had drowned, Cecilia had gone to Daprein alone, searching for him. In that unfamiliar place, she had been fortunate enough to meet one of Nathaniel's business partners. Not only did she help Nathaniel secure a critical deal, but her actions also caught the attention of Neil, leading to her eventual entry into the Rainsworth family.

Yet, in the end, it was Miranda who ruined everything. She spread vicious rumors, claiming Cecilia had gone to Daprein to seduce a wealthy tycoon and other slanderous accusations.

When these rumors reached the ears of Niel, he was thunderstruck. Cecilia was punished harshly

-forced to kneel in the ancestral hall for an entire day and night. This was just one of many incidents; the events that followed were too numerous to count.

Miranda's smile didn't reach her eyes as she sang sense of humor."

The two of them continued walking, eventually arriving outside a secluded courtyard. The location wasn't far from where Nathaniel resided, and Cecilia found the place oddly familiar.

She had been here before, back when she was a child, but since marrying into the Rainsworth family, she had never set foot in this area again. She had once inquired with a housekeeper about the purpose of this place, but the housekeeper hadn't known much either.

Standing outside the courtyard, Miranda's tone grew more cryptic. "Ceci, didn't you once tell me that Nathaniel sought you out in the middle of a rainy night?"

This was something Cecilia had confided in Miranda back when she was newly engaged to Nathaniel, before she truly understood the dynamics of the Rainsworth family.

Cecilia didn't understand the relevance of this now. "Yes, what about it?" she asked, her brow furrowing slightly.

Miranda's eyebrows lifted ever so slightly as she continued, "I've always had a question that's been bothering me," she said, her voice carrying an air of mystery. "Back in the day, you described Nathaniel as a gentleman—kind and gentle, didn't you?"

A hint of unease stirred within Cecilia. There was something in Miranda's tone that made her heart race.

With a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes, Miranda said, "I believe there's something your should see." She cast her gaze toward the quiet courtyard just ahead. "Why don't you go in and have a look?"

Cecilia hesitated, uncertain of what Miranda was planning. "Why should I listen to you?" she asked, suspicion lacing her words. After being deceived by Miranda numerous times over the years, Cecilia had learned not to trust her.

"Believe it or not, that's up to you," Miranda replied, her voice cool and indifferent. "But let me warn you, if you don't check it out, you'll definitely regret it."

As Miranda turned to leave, she paused as if struck by an afterthought. "This is just a hunch of mine, regardless of what you see. I hope you won't tell anyone that it came from me. It's merely a speculation." With that, she walked away, leaving Cecilia standing alone in front of the courtyard.

Miranda, despite her bravado, was still afraid of Nathaniel. She knew that Nathaniel was far from the gentlemanly figure he often presented to the world.

It was worth noting that Adrian's father, who was also Nathaniel's uncle, had been brought down by Nathaniel himself. To this day, the man was still confined to a hospital bed, relying on medical equipment to prolong his life.

As Miranda left, Cecilia remained in the same spot, the emptiness of the surroundings stark against the distant sounds of the banquet.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 228

Chapter 228 The Twin

Cecilia stood at the entrance of the courtyard, her mind swirling with thoughts. Miranda's words had planted a seed of doubt within her, and despite her better judgment, she found herself drawn toward the courtyard, compelled to uncover whatever secret lay hidden within.

The courtyard was immaculate, with the sweet scent of an osmanthus tree permeating the air. This scent stirred something deep within Cecilia, a sense of familiarity she couldn't quite place.. She knew she had been here before, but the memories were buried deep, lost to the passage of time.

As she walked further into the courtyard, her gaze fell upon a vermilion wooden house tucked away amidst the greenery. Step by step, she approached the house, her heart pounding in her chest. She reached out and pushed open the wooden door.

Squeak!

The door creaked as it slowly swung open, revealing the room inside. All the furniture was draped in cloths, as if hiding something from view, concealing secrets that time had forgotten.

Cecilia's heart raced with a mix of curiosity and trepidation. What exactly did Miranda want me to see?

She lifted one of the cloth, revealing the furniture beneath. As she did, a small object fell to the ground with a clatter.

Startled, Cecilia bent down to pick up the object—a picture frame. When she saw the image. within it, she froze in shock..

The picture was a group photo of two identical children standing side by side. One of the boys. had a cold, aloof expression, while the other's eyes were curved in a warm, friendly smile. I

In the bottom corner of the photograph, there was a line of small text that read: Older brother, Nathaniel; younger brother, Nicholas.

Nathaniel... and Nicholas.

Cecilia's breath caught in her throat. A sudden sense of unease washed over her, an inexplicable feeling of dread.

She quickly began pulling back the remaining cloths, uncovering more photographs hidden beneath. Each one was a variation of the same theme—group photos of the two brothers, but not just from their childhood. Some photos were from their youth as well.

In one photograph, the man on the right, dressed in a formal suit, had a stern, indifferent expression. The man on the left, clad in casual attire, bore a gentle, kind look. Though the two- men bore striking resemblances to each other, it was clear to anyone looking that they were not the same person.

The small caption at the bottom of this photo read: Elder brother, Nathaniel; younger brother, Nicholas.

Cecilia felt a sudden boom in her head, as if her world had been turned upside down.

How could I have been mistaken all these years? But from the very beginning, it was Nathaniel whom I had always loved. How could I have possibly been so wrong?

Her hands trembled as she tightly clutched the photo, desperate to find more clues, more answers. Suddenly, she heard voices approaching the door. Panicking, she knew she had to leave before she was discovered.

She quickly exited through the back door, clutching the photograph to her chest, her face pale and her mind reeling. She needed to find Nathaniel, to demand answers.

Why have I never known he had a twin brother?

The chill in the air did little to calm her racing thoughts as she hurried toward the venue of the banquet, her mind a whirlwind of confusion and doubt.

Not far off, on the second floor of the house, Miranda stood on the balcony, a glass of red wine in her hand, a faint, satisfied smile playing on her lips. "It seems my guess was correct," she murmured to herself, setting down the glass before heading off to join the party.

At the banquet, the atmosphere was one of harmony and celebration, the clinking of glasses and the hum of conversation filling the air.

But all of that changed the moment Cecilia appeared. Her disheveled hair, the rain-soaked clothes, and the look of despair on her face drew all eyes to her.

In the midst of the bustling crowd, Nathaniel noticed her immediately. His dark eyes narrowed as he set down his wine glass and swiftly made his way toward her. Irritation was clear in his voice as he asked, "What are you doing here?"

Cecilia looked up at him, her eyes searching his face for any hint of the truth. But the man standing before her did not resemble the Nathaniel she had known in her childhood. A veil of tears blurred her vision as she choked out, "I have something I need to ask you."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 229

Chapter 229 I Need To Ask You Something

The sight of Cecilia in a state of utter disarray caught Nathaniel off guard, sparking an inexplicable panic within him. Without wasting a second, he gently took her by the arm and led her back home, his mind racing with concern.

Once they had returned to the residence, Nathaniel swiftly picked up a piece of clothing and draped it over her shoulders. "What do you want to ask?" he inquired, his voice a mix of worry and irritation.

Cecilia, holding onto the photograph tightly, hesitated for a moment before asking, "Do you have a twin brother?" Her voice was calm, but there was an undercurrent of tension, as if she feared the answer.

The instant Nathaniel heard the word "brother," his expression turned icy. He let go of Cecilia's arm, stepping back slightly. "Yes," he answered curtly.

"Why have I never heard of him before? Where is he now?" Cecilia pressed, her eyes searching his face for any sign of emotion.

Nathaniel's lips thinned into a tight line, and his eyes blazed with barely concealed anger. "You sought me out at the party just to ask about this?" he retorted, his voice cold and cutting.

Cecilia held his gaze, unwavering, even as his words pierced through her like a knife.

"This is a family matter," Nathaniel snapped, his tone final. "You don't need to know."

Family matter....

Family matters, secrets buried deep within the Rainsworth family—Cecilia understood now that she would learn nothing more from him. She subtly slipped the photo into her pocket, relieved that she hadn't revealed it to him. "I understand," she said quietly, "I won't ask again."

Nathaniel's eyes narrowed as he scrutinized her. "Why did you suddenly bring him up?" he asked, his voice laced with suspicion.

In the Rainsworth family, Nicholas Rainsworth's name was taboo, never to be spoken aloud. The housekeepers who knew of Nicholas's existence were well aware that Nathaniel didn't tolerate gossip about his younger brother.

"Did someone say something to you?" Nathaniel persisted, his gaze boring into her.

Cecilia decided to lie, knowing that the truth would only raise more questions. "The last time I overheard your conversation with Elena, I learned about your younger brother. Just now, when I came back from a walk, I happened to hear someone mention it, so I wanted to ask you about it," she explained, hoping her words would satisfy him.

im out

But the clumsiness of her lie was apparent, and Nathaniel's expression remained hard, unconvinced. He had seen how frantic and distressed Cecilia had been when she sought him at the party, as if something far more significant had occurred.

"I'm sorry," Cecilia said, her voice softening as she tried to calm herself down. "I was too hasty earlier, and it must have made you uncomfortable."

Nathaniel seemed to relent slightly, though his demeanor was still guarded. "Don't talk to me about him in the future," he warned.

The banquet was still in full swing, but Nathaniel had no desire to return. Instead, he left the house, his mood darkened by the encounter.

Once the house was empty, Cecilia finally dared to retrieve the crumpled photo from her pocket. As she looked at the image of the gentle, warm-hearted young man, a sharp pain gripped her throat, and her eyes began to burn with unshed tears. Her fingertips gently traced the smiling face in the photograph, over and over again.

"I couldn't have mistaken it, could I... Nathaniel?" she whispered to herself, but the only response was the sound of the wind rustling the leaves outside.

With the photograph in hand, memories of her childhood began to surface, clear and vivid. Cecilia sat on the couch, her mind flooded with thoughts of that gentle young man who had been such a pivotal figure in her life.

He had taught her with a smile, showing her how to solve problems, how to play the piano. He had chased away those who bullied her and had even sought her out in the dead of night to bring her back home.

Cecilia remembered it all, especially how, during a particularly difficult time in her life, he had told her, "Ceci, we each face the greatest trials of our lives. Overcoming them is akin to being reborn." Those words had given her the strength to face the challenges that followed.

How could I possibly have mistaken such a good person for someone else?

Cecilia carefully tucked the photo into her clothing, clutching a pillow as she leaned against the sofa, lost in thought.

When Nathaniel returned home, he found her asleep on the couch, still fully dressed. He moved quietly toward her, intending to wake her so she could change into something more comfortable. But as he reached out, she suddenly grabbed his hand in her sleep.

“Nathaniel, I miss you so much...