

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 240
Chapter 240 Are You That Petty

Vivian sensed something amiss and immediately phoned Jonathan’s teacher.

“Hello, could you please have Jon take the call, miss?”

“You’re Jon’s mother, yes? Jon’s father came a while ago and picked him up,” the homeroom teacher said.

Father... Nathaniel? Pah! He doesn’t know that Jon is his child! Could it have been....

Vivian was shaken up.

“Hello, are you still there, Ms. Vivian?”

“How could you let someone else pick my son up? What if he was a bad person? Who was it, and what did he look like?” Vivian roared into the phone.

How am I supposed to explain it to Ceci if Jon were to be missing? This teacher is just too irresponsible!

She knew that what mattered most to Cecilia was her two children, with her being terrified that anything might happen to them.

Right then, Jonathan had been taken away while she remained completely unaware.

Having no time to bother about her personal belongings that were tossed out onto the ground, Vivian quickly hailed a taxi, instructing the driver to head to the international preschool.

The homeroom teacher was bewildered. “Don’t you know what your child’s father looks like?”

Vivian’s face flushed bright red with frustration. “I had a one-night stand with the child’s father and had never seen his face. Is that a crime?”

As a teacher, it was utterly irresponsible of her to not notify the parent beforehand when someone came to pick Jon up!

Feeling somewhat aggrieved, the homeroom

cher quickly explained, "Please calm down, Ms. Vivian. I couldn't stop him from taking Jon away since it was the head of the kindergarten who brought him in."

With limited vocabulary, she proceeded to describe, "He was very tall, standing around one point nine meters. He was also strikingly handsome and had mesmerizing eyes. Oh yes, his family name was seemingly Sinclair."

A family name of Sinclair? Who else could it be, if not Zachary?

Vivian immediately hung up and called Zachary

"Sorry, but the number you have dialed is currently unavailable. Please try again later."

Vivian's hands shook.

"Don't tell me he blocked me? What should I do? Jon..."

At Seabay Villa, the artificial sea Zachary had constructed was nothing short of grand.

Jonathan's very first impression upon being brought there forcibly was that Zachary was a rich fool.

Had I known earlier. I wouldn't have stolen my biological father's money but that of this fake daddy who mistook me as his son!

In the luxury car, Zachary took in Jonathan's calm and composed figure with his tapered eyes.

"I bet you didn't expect me to take you away during school, huh, brat? If you're scared, just cry. I won't laugh at you."

After all, he's my son. If he's frightened to tears, I won't mind comforting him.

Jonathan fixed his unfathomable eyes that were as black as obsidian on him. With just that one. glance. Zachary couldn't help but shudder.

Why does his aura remind me so much of someone?

He disliked being stared at in such a manner, so he lifted his hand and pinched the boy's cheek.

“Didn't your mommy teach you how to ingratiate yourself to your daddy?”

Jonathan was somewhat speechless, but he didn't call the man out. Instead, he decided to play along.

“My mommy said I had no daddy.”

While Zachary was puzzled, he continued proudly. “She said he died when I was born, and I jinxed him.”

Words eluded Zachary,

Vivian actually said such nonsense to a child?

Jonathan knew that this man hadn't yet realized that he was cursing him.

Thoughtfully, he asked, “Are you really my biological father, mister? If that's the case, aren't you dead now?”

Zachary's entire face went as black as thunder.

“Do you believe I'll slap you?”

A hint of mockery flashed across Jonathan's eyes. “Are you that petty, mister? My teacher always tells us that only cowards choose to use force against those weaker than themselves. Besides, I'm just a child.”

boy onto his shoulder before stepping out of the car.

“I won't be your father if I don't discipline you properly today, you little sh*t.”

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Chapter 241 Kicked Out Of The House

Zachary carried Jonathan into the villa without showing the slightest hint of panic.

He scoffed, "Mister, if you really were my father, wouldn't you feel ashamed?"

Zachary halted in his tracks.

"What does that mean?"

"My mom raised me all on her own, and she never once laid a hand on me. But you, you just found me and already want to hit me. Aren't you ashamed?" Jonathan said, his eyes wide with seriousness.

Zachary was momentarily transfixed by the depth of his beautiful eyes, frozen in place.

Jonathan was carried uncomfortably, but he kept his composure. "I always thought my father was," he paused, recalling how Felix once described his dad, then continued, "a superhero who saves the world. He shows up whenever I'm mistreated, driving away anyone who bullies me. But I never expected that the one bullying me would be the superhero in my heart."

A superhero who saves the world?

The anger within Zachary instantly dissipated.

However, based on what Jonathan had said at the beginning, he still placed him inside the children's room.

"I didn't hit you, not because I was scared, but because today is the day we recognize each other as father and son. I didn't want to make a scene. Stay out of trouble, and nothing will go wrong."

A faint smile played at the corners of Jonathan's mouth, a fleeting glimmer of satisfaction flashing across his eyes.

"Don't worry, my mom has been teaching me manners since I was young."

Zachary was at a loss for words. Since when did this guy understand the concept of manners?

If he truly had manners, he wouldn't have dared to stir up trouble under his nose.

"Tell me, back at the hotel, was it your mother who put you up to splashing wine on me and secretly getting rid of my clothes and phone?"

If he had answered yes, Zachary would have had a reason to fight for his custody rights.

Jonathan was no fool. "I have no idea what you're talking about. What about the spilled wine, the clothes, the phone? Do you have any proof?"

Zachary felt that one day, this son of his would be the death of him.

“If you don’t admit to your mistakes, you will go without dinner tonight!”

Zachary stepped out of the children’s room and made his way to the living room. He plopped down onto a seat and had an array of desserts placed in the most conspicuous spot.

Jonathan looked away and began to play with the toys that had been prepared in the room well in advance.

Meanwhile, Vivian was on the verge of tears.

After much difficulty, she managed to find the address Zachary had given her previously, Seabay Villa. Without delay, she instructed the driver to head over.

On the way, she didn’t dare to share this matter with Cecilia, fearing it would cause her undue worry.

“Jon, you must stay safe at all costs. If anything were to happen to you, I wouldn’t want to live. either.”

She finally arrived at the mansion district.

Vivian hurriedly got out of the car.

However, when she reached the main entrance, the security guard refused to let her in.

She tried calling Zachary, but couldn’t get through. Left with no other option, she resorted to shouting at his front door. “Zachary, you shameless scum, come out right now or I’m calling the police!”

She didn’t dare to call the police. If the situation escalated and Nathaniel discovered that something was off, it would spell trouble.

Zachary was still engaged in a battle of wits with Jonathan, lounging casually on the sofa while scrolling through his phone. He was then informed by his bodyguard that Vivian had arrived and was creating a scene.

“Send her away,” he commanded, “Tell her, if she wants money or goods, she should write it down on a piece of paper and come to me for an exchange within these few days. No extensions! As for our son, let her not even dare to dream!”

“Yes, Sir.”

The bodyguard left at that.

In less than ten minutes, Vivian was discarded in a desolate, uninhabited area.

The day gradually turned into evening.

After much difficulty, she finally made it home, only to find that her father had sealed off the mansion.

“Ms. Kennedy, Mr. Kennedy has stated, if you desire freedom, then you shouldn’t spend the Kennedy family’s money or live in their house,” the butler said with a polite smile.

In the biting cold, she wrapped herself tightly in her coat, her nose running and tears streaming down her face as she reached out to Cecilia.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 242

Chapter 242 The Child Is Not Yours

Meanwhile, at Daltonia Villa.

Due to yesterday’s incident, Nathaniel was still upset, deliberately giving the cold shoulder.

In the past, what Cecilia feared most was Nathaniel’s indifference toward her. Now, she wished nothing more than for him to ignore her.

Just today, she managed to wrap up some matters related to her new song and sent the details to the overseas company.

She had also received some fantastic news. An anonymous benefactor had poured billions into her company.

They claimed it was due to their admiration for Cecilia, and that they would continue to invest later on. All they needed was to use her song.

Such a high royalty fee was something that Cecilia never dared to dream of in the past.

Of course, she was unaware that over seven billion had vanished from Nathaniel’s personal account.

The phone rang and when Cecilia saw it was Vivian calling, she couldn’t help but look upstairs.

Nathaniel had been working in his study all day. Aside from meal times, he hadn’t stepped out even once, maintaining a frosty expression throughout.

And so, she stepped out and answered the phone.

“What’s wrong, wrong, Vivian?”

“I’m sorry, Ceci.” Vivian crouches down in the middle of the street, sobbing uncontrollably. “Z- Zachary thought Jon was his son and took him away. I wanted to get Jon back, but I couldn’t even get into his villa. They drove me away.”

Cecilia’s heart tightened.

“Don’t rush, don’t cry, take your time to explain.”

Vivian had relayed everything that had happened that day to her. “That jerk Zachary, he said he wants to personally take care of Jon. He even asked me to name my price, saying I could ask for any amount of money...”

Such a major mix-up was completely unexpected.

How could Zachary have thought that Jonathan was his son?

After calming herself down, Cecilia comforted Vivian, “Vivian, don’t cry. This isn’t your fault. Who knew he wasn’t thinking straight? Since he believes that Jon is his son, he would certainly never harm Jon. I believe that if I simply tell him that Jon isn’t his son, he will return him.”

Vivian actually thought the same way.

“Ceci, that guy has blocked me, I can’t reach him at all, and I don’t dare to contact anyone else.”

If this matter were to blow up, there was a real fear that Nathaniel would start to harbor doubts.

After all, Elliot was still with him. They had to prevent him from meeting Jonathan at all cost as the two kids look exactly alike.

Even though Nathaniel had seen Jonathan in the past, it was just a fleeting encounter, leaving no particular impression on him.

After a brief pause, Cecilia said. “I’ll get in touch with him.”

“Is that okay?” Vivian knew just how much Cecilia despised Zachary

“I’ll reach out to him on your behalf, letting him know you’re really worried about the child.”

“All right then.”

After hanging up the phone, Cecilia immediately transferred some money to Vivian to address her urgent need.

Afterwards, she dialed Zachary's number.

At Seabay Villa, it was already nine in the evening. Ever since Jonathan was brought back in bonds, he hadn't taken a single drop of water, nor did he beg for mercy.

He was daring Zachary to starve him to death.

The nanny couldn't bear it anymore. "Mr. Zachary, the child is still young, you need to teach him slowly.

"He won't die of starvation if he skips meals for a day."

Zachary was curious to see just how long he could hold on.

The nanny had no choice but to leave.

The phone rang, and Zachary picked it up, answering, "Hello."

"It's me, Cecilia."

Zachary immediately rose from the sofa, his gaze subtly drifting toward Jonathan in the children's room.

"Vivian wants me to tell you that the child isn't yours. If you don't believe me, you can always take a paternity test."

Cecilia cut straight to the chase unexpected complications.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 243

Chapter 243 Are You Short On Money

Zachary fell silent.

Before Zachary could respond, Jonathan approached him, extending a piece of paper that read: If you intend to raise me, I'll need a daily allowance of one billion.

A cold smirk tugged at Zachary's mouth.

This child wasn't even his, yet he had the audacity to ask for money—and a billion, no less? The kid probably hadn't even seen a thousand before.

Zachary said to Cecilia on the other end of the phone. "I'll look into it. If the child isn't mine, I'll return him to Vivian and apologize."

After hanging up the phone, Zachary turned to Jonathan and said, "You certainly have quite an appetite. Can you really spend a billion a day?"

"Mister, you're not broke, are you?"

A slight twitch tugged at the corner of Zachary's mouth. Of course he had one billion.

"If I were to give it to you, what should you call me?"

Jonathan's eyes curved in amusement. "I don't deal with hypotheticals. Also, I'm hungry and need something to eat. If you don't feed me, I'll take this to court I'll tell the judge that my father refuses to feed me."

Zachary was at a loss for words.

He turned to the nanny standing by his side. "Take him to dinner."

This was a complete disaster.

Before, Jonathan didn't skip meals to spite him. Rather, he was engrossed in playing with his toys, intentionally leaving him hanging.

Zachary felt as if he had been dealt a blow of monumental proportions.

At Daltonia Villa.

Cecilia relayed Zachary's response to Vivian. "Don't worry, once the DNA results are out, he'll let Jon go."

Cecilia had no idea that Zachary was extraordinarily confident. The thought of taking Jonathan for a paternity test had never crossed his mind.

"Ceci, it should have been me comforting you, but now, you're the one comforting me."

"It's all right now," replied Cecilia gently, then asked, "By the way, are you staying at a hotel now?"

"Yeah, my dad is pretty harsh. He said if I don't agree to an engagement with Zachary, he'll leave me to fend for myself on the streets. I plan to start job hunting tomorrow."

Vivian refuse to believe that, with her skills, she wouldn't be able to find a job to support herself.

She was still serving as an external lawyer for Cecilia's company, earning a salary, albeit a modest one.

Having squandered away her resources from a young age, she found herself without a single penny in savings this time.

"Actually, I think it's a good thing that Zachary briefly took Jon away."

If it hadn't been for Zachary taking Jonathan away, both he and Vivian would have had to stay in a hotel now.

More importantly, Roland might find out that she had been hiding a child.

"True, it worked out in a roundabout way, didn't it?"

The two of them had a lengthy conversation before Cecilia finally ended the call.

By the time she returned to the room, Nathaniel had already emerged from his study.

"Who were you talking to for so long?"

Cecilia had thought that he wouldn't speak to her at all that day.

"Vivian, we were just talking about her child,"

Nathaniel stepped forward. "Does Vivian live in Hillscester?"

Puzzled, Cecilia asked, "Yes, what's up? Haven't you been there before?"

Nathaniel recalled the precise address that the tech department had painstakingly discovered over the course of a day and night. As it turned out, it was rather unfortunate that it was the exact location where Vivian resided.

He studied Cecilia with a curious gaze.

"Are you short on money?"

If she was, why did she reject the agreement he requested to be processed?

But if she wasn't, then how did the money get transferred from Vivian's address?

The Kennedy family probably didn't have the courage or capability to pull that off.

"What are you implying?" Cecilia felt there was more to his words than what met the eye.

“Nothing.”

This time, he was determined to find that person even if it meant turning Vivian’s place upside down.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 244

Chapter 244 Piled High With Gifts

It wasn’t just Vivian’s private residence under investigation, a large group of people were also scrutinizing Hillscester.

Fortunately, Jonathan was taken by Zachary, because back at Vivian’s villa, all the servants were secretly being taken away for questioning one by one.

Nathaniel’s profound gaze was fixed on Cecilia. “How many more days?”

Cecilia paused for a moment, then quickly understood what he meant.

“Ten days.”

To be precise, excluding today, she would be leaving in three days.

“I’ve arranged for tickets to Tidgate, we’re leaving tonight,” Nathaniel stated.

Surprise filled Cecilia’s eyes. “Now? Then when will we return?”

She had assumed that Nathaniel had already given up on the idea of being a real married couple.

“The day after tomorrow.”

Nathaniel had dug out the travel plans Cecilia made in the past. She had planned for them to take in the exotic night view in Tidgate, then the next day, visit the places that her favorite comic artist had depicted in his works.

“All right.”

Returning the day after tomorrow, just in time.

“I’ll go pack up.”

“No need, they have everything over there.”

“Okay.”

Cecilia had originally intended to give Calvin a heads-up, but it seemed like it would have to wait. until they were in Tidgate.

Half an hour later, they boarded a private jet.

Cecilia sat next to Nathaniel, gazing out the window at the flickering lights..

The flight lasted over three hours. Perhaps due to her pregnancy, she found herself drifting off to sleep, succumbing to her fatigue.

Nathaniel had consumed copious amounts of alcohol the previous night, resulting in a restless sleep. Consequently, he hadn't been able to rest at all that day.

He observed Cecilia in deep slumber, his gaze lingering on her serene face.

When Mason came over to deliver the blanket, he saw the scene unfolding.

Nathaniel quickly averted his gaze, picked up the blanket and draped it over Cecilia. Subsequently, he and Mason retired to another cabin to rest.

"Is everything ready at the hotel?" Nathaniel asked, his voice heavy.

"Everything is set."

Mason couldn't help but add, "Mr. Rainsworth, ten days from now, if Ms. Smith still wants to leave, will you really agree to it?"

Nathaniel arched his brows.

"Of course, it's not like I can't live without her."

"So, what's going on with you now..."

"Just like her, I'm not willing to accept it," Nathaniel paused, "And I want to see what she's really after, how long she can keep up the act."

Mason noted that even at this point, his boss still wouldn't admit to falling for Cecilia.

Anyone with discerning eyes could see it at a glance...

If he didn't have feelings for her, then why would he suggest they become a real married couple? Wasn't it just an excuse to win over Cecilia?

Mason didn't want to expose him, so he simply said, "Mr. Rainsworth, Ms. Smith herself isn't worthy of you. You really don't need to waste your energy on her."

“You talk too much,” Nathaniel said, his face turning cold.

“I’m sorry.” Mason quickly apologized.

Three hours later, the plane touched down.

When Cecilia awoke, she still felt somewhat dazed. Lately, it seemed like no matter how much she slept, she never felt fully rested.

She disembarked the plane with Nathaniel.

Nathaniel had asked everyone following them to leave, leaving just the two of them strolling through the streets of Tidgate.

Cecilia was somewhat nonchalant, she was no longer the young girl who had just married him, yearning for romantic adventures. Now, all she wanted was to live her days in peace and tranquility.

It was also a hotel she had once booked.

ther.

When Cecilia pushed open the door, the room was filled with fresh flowers and piled high with gift boxes.

Before arriving, Nathaniel had already taken an allergy prevention pill.

“What is this for?” Cecilia turned to look at Nathaniel, seeking an explanation.

“Gifts,” Nathaniel replied tersely.

Cecilia casually picked up a gift box and opened it. Inside was a custom necklace from a brand she used to adore.

She realized belatedly. “Did you sneak a peek at my old diary?”

“I thought it was just a note, so I took a glance.” Nathaniel evaded her

Cecilia was increasingly unable to understand him gaze.

She put the items back. “I don’t need these, you should return them all.”

If one were to claim that all the gifts in this room were the ones listed on her so-called sticky notes, their worth could probably rival that of several villas.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 245

Chapter 245 She Still Cared For Him

Nathaniel's expression slightly shifted. "No returns. Take it or leave it."

He kicked aside the gift that was lying nearby and headed straight for the bathroom.

Once he reached the bathroom, he felt an all-over itchiness. He took two more antihistamines before heading into the shower.

Cecilia took a careful look around. There must have been at least a hundred gifts here, right?

After marrying Nathaniel, she had used a large portion of her personal fortune to discreetly support his company. As a result, there were many things she was reluctant to purchase.

And so, she would strategize, jotting down the things she liked and noting their prices.

Looking back, she was truly naive, and also genuinely in love with Nathaniel.

Despite the fact that he could easily afford to buy anything she wanted with a mere flick of his fingers, she still chose to save money. All because she was worried about him encountering difficulties at work.

Nathaniel had taken an exceptionally long bath. When he finally emerged, shock was evident in Cecilia's eyes.

He was surprisingly covered in hives from head to toe!

"Nathaniel, what's wrong?"

Nathaniel's breathing was somewhat labored.

"It's nothing, I just felt the flowers here were too fragrant."

"I'm going to call Mason to take you to the hospital." Cecilia was about to pull out her phone.

Nathaniel stopped her. "No need, a night's rest will do the trick."

He had something to show Cecilia the next day.

Cecilia assumed it was merely a trivial matter and thus, she didn't call Mason.

After reaching the bedroom, Nathaniel lay down, his brows occasionally furrowing, his breathing becoming noticeably heavy.

“Nathaniel!”

“Yes.”

Half an hour later, the sound of an ambulance could be heard from the base of the building.

This was the first time Cecilia knew that Nathaniel was allergic to pollen.

She was seated in the hospital corridor, her hands tightly clenched, her expression a complex tapestry of emotions.

Because in her memory, Nathaniel was not at all allergic to pollen.

Mason walked over. “I didn’t expect the antihistamine to be ineffective. It’s a good thing you called me in time.”

Cecilia looked up at him. “Has Nathaniel always been allergic to pollen?”

Mason was taken aback. “You didn’t know?”

Everyone around Nathaniel knew just how much Cecilia loved him and how good she was to him. How could she possibly not know about his pollen allergy?

Cecilia nodded.

“Mr. Rainsworth is allergic to pollen,” replied Mason.

This essentially meant it was innate.

It was now clear to Cecilia, the man currently known as Nathaniel was indeed her husband, but he was not the one she had adored since her childhood.

She remembered vividly that when her mother had hit her, Nathaniel had brought her flowers.

He also said to her, “I really love flowers, but it’s a shame my family doesn’t share the same sentiment. So I can only give them to you. Can you help me take care of them?”

It was from that time on, she took a liking to cultivating various plants and flowers at home.

“So it wasn’t him after all...” Cecilia silently murmured.

Mason found her rather peculiar, her appearance struck him as deeply sorrowful.

He thought it was because of Nathaniel's condition, so he comforted, "Don't worry, the doctor said he's all right. Do you want to go in and check on him?"

As soon as Nathaniel woke up just now, the first person he asked about was Cecilia.

Cecilia shook her head. "I don't want to see him."

She wanted some time alone to clear her head.

Mason could only return to the sickroom alone. "Mr. Rainsworth, Ms. Smith doesn't want to come over. She seems to be feeling quite guilty."

Upon hearing his words, Nathaniel's eyebrows lifted involuntarily.

He knew that Cecilia still cared about him, yet she stubbornly refused to admit it.

Cecilia had spent the entire night at the hospital corridor, and by the break of dawn the next day, a towering figure stood before her.

She slowly lifted her head, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

Nathaniel looked at her tear-filled eyes, leaned in, gently held her face, and kissed her tenderly.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 246

Chapter 246 Lost Her Forever

Cecilia actively avoided him. Momentarily taken aback, Nathaniel reassured her in a gentle voice, "I'm okay now. Have you been sitting here all night?"

Yesterday, he had asked Mason to bring in Cecilia, but Cecilia was unwilling.

Such a gentle voice stirred doubt in Cecilia once more, making her question if she had misunderstood something.

If it was because they were twins, then their names couldn't possibly be identical, could they?

Furthermore, from what she knew about Nathaniel at the time, he would absolutely not tolerate being replaced by someone else, let alone accepting being someone else's substitute.

"We've known each other since we were kids, right, Nathaniel?" Cecilia asked.

Nathaniel felt that she must have been terrified by his actions the previous night. He crouched down and embraced her. "Of course, we've known each other for over a decade."

Tears welled up involuntarily in Cecilia's eyes. "Yes, it's been over a decade..."

How could she mistake him after all this time?

From a distance, Mason was witnessing his boss being tender to a woman for the first time. Even Elena had never been treated with such gentleness.

Nathaniel was puzzled as to why she had suddenly burst into tears, reaching out to wipe them away for her.

"I'm really fine, what's a little allergy? It's not like it's going to kill anyone!"

His demeanor had softened, yet the way he spoke was different from when he was a child.

Over a decade ago, when he was hurt, he would say, "I've caused my Ceci unnecessary worry, it's all my fault. I'm not in pain, I'll recover soon."

Cecilia felt that she was merely deceiving herself at that moment.

The two individuals had completely different personalities, how could they possibly be the same person?

Yet, she didn't notice this fact. She assumed that after he started dating Stella, he no longer had feelings for her, which was why he seemed so indifferent toward her.

Whenever Cecilia thought about these things, her throat would ache terribly.

Nathaniel gently patted her back, unsure of how to comfort her.

He didn't even know why, but now, whenever she cried, he would inexplicably feel sad too.

After a considerable amount of time had passed, it was only then that Cecilia gradually found tranquility.

She knew that regardless of whether she had mistaken his identity or not, she had to leave. From then on, she would have nothing to do with him.

"You're hungry, right? Let's grab something to eat first. After breakfast, I'll take you somewhere." Nathaniel gently took her hand.

After breakfast. Cecilia realize that Nathaniel was taking her to the real-life location depicted in the comics by her favorite comic book artist.

More importantly, this place was filled with blooming cherry blossoms, exactly like the ones in the comic books.

Cecilia found it somewhat hard to believe that it was already nearing late autumn.

“All I can do is wait for you outside,” Nathaniel said solemnly Cecilia nodded.

She stepped inside, every corner of the place was an exact replica of what she had seen in the comic book.

Nathaniel stood at a distance, watching her retreating figure. He couldn't help but discreetly take out his phone and snap a picture of her, saving it for later.

It was in this moment that he suddenly found the figure before him strikingly familiar.

He had thought that after pleasing Cecilia today, the two of them could engage in something different that night.

However, when evening came, Cecilia declined.

“I'm too tired today. I want to rest early.”

Reflecting on how she had spent the entire time berating herself the previous night, Nathaniel decided not to give her a hard time.

Suppressing his desires, he held her close and asked, “Where do you want to go after we get back tomorrow?”

Upon hearing his words, Cecilia feigned sleep and did not respond.

She planned to surprise Stella the day after she got back and leave forever.

The night was deep.

Nathaniel held Cecilia as they drifted off to sleep, but he was plagued by a nightmare.

When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 247

Chapter 247 That Was Not You

After Stella was discharged from the hospital in Tudela, she had to start preparing for the filming commencement ceremony the next day.

She sent a few text messages to Nathaniel, but he didn't reply to any of them.

Her best friend, Yvette, walked over and said, "Stella, arrangements have been made with members of the media for tomorrow. We guarantee that your new drama will be a hit even before it airs."

"Yvie, thank you," Stella said with a sweet smile.

"There's no need for thanks among friends."

Yvette had an idea. "For the event, you can invite a few more people, right? I took the liberty to invite Cecilia on your behalf. I want her to see you now and realize she's not in the same league as you are."

Instead of responding to the matter directly, Stella commented, "There's no need for that. She's already pitiful enough with her family going bankrupt and her divorce."

"You're just too kind-hearted. Don't worry, I've already figured out how to deal with her. I'll definitely make sure she pays for what she's done to you."

Yvette never imagined that Cecilia would accept her invitation..

Stella stopped discussing the matter too.

"I'm going to the restroom. When my boyfriend arrives, could you let him know for me?"

"Okay."

Stella watched as Yvette walked away.

After she left, the third son of the Murdock family arrived promptly, engaging in a light-hearted conversation with Stella.

After Yvette emerged, the two departed. Stella also received two messages from Nathaniel:

I'll send someone over to extend my congratulations.

Name your price for the Smith residence.

The Smith residence?

Stella immediately dialed Nathaniel's number. "Nathaniel, why do you want the Smith residence?"

"Just sell it to me. There's no need for further questions," Nathaniel coldly responded.

Stella knew that whatever Nathaniel desired, he would inevitably obtain it.

Though reluctant, she still agreed to his request.

When Cecilia returned to Daltonia Villa, she inadvertently saw numerous messages from Stella popping up on Nathaniel's phone.

As soon as he got home, he couldn't wait to respond to Stella's message.

I wonder if he would still be as attentive as he is now once he discovers the truth about Stella tomorrow.

Cecilia had quietly informed Elliot to be ready for the next day.

After that, she checked with Norman, who informed her that the matter of creating an identity had also been taken care of.

After Nathaniel ended his phone call, she approached the study room door and knocked. "I have something to discuss with you."

"What is it?"

"Tomorrow is Elliot's birthday. I'm thinking of visiting him, is that alright?" There was a pause before Cecilia continued, "If you're worried, you could come with me, or have someone keep an eye on me?"

Originally, Nathaniel had other plans. However, hearing her say this, he agreed.

"I'll go with you tomorrow," he said.

"Okay."

Cecilia nodded.

Now, there was just one last matter to resolve—Jonathan was still with Zachary.

She returned to her room and called Vivian, "How's it going?"

"That dimwit told me that Jon is his son!"

Cecilia was bewildered. After all, she knew better than anyone whose son it was.

Vivian was stomping her foot in frustration at Seabay Villa. "What do we do now?"

As for Zachary, Cecilia was unsure of what approach to take.

I don't think I can take Elliot with me and leave Jon behind, can I?

Cecilia knew that this opportunity was a rare one. If she delayed any further, she might not be able to take Elliot away anymore.

"It seems I'll have to take Elliot away first. Zachary has made a mistake. Once he realizes the child

"Alright, I'll try harder to make him realize it," Vivian said,

At Seabay Villa, Vivian had grown tired of repeatedly stating to Zachary that Jonathan wasn't his son.

She could only change her approach. "Zachary, I've only been with one man my entire life, and that man was not you.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 248

Chapter 248 Everything In Place

Jonathan hadn't attended kindergarten for two days, and Zachary was also at home, juggling work while keeping him company.

Outside, Vivian was making a scene, and Zachary initially didn't want to pay her any attention.

It was not until he heard from others that she planned to see Wren that he let her in, agreeing to a paternity test.

Vivian enveloped Jonathan in her arms, sobbing uncontrollably. "My sweet boy, you must have been frightened, right?"

Jonathan had to admit, despite Vivian's shortcomings, her acting skills were commendable.

He patted Vivian's shoulder. "Mommy, don't cry. Be good now."

Zachary looked at the pair, and no matter what, he simply couldn't believe that the child before him wasn't his son.

The paternity test would require at least four to five days. During these few days, Jonathan had to stay here with him.

"Zachary, you better keep your word, or else I'll get your father to stand up for me," Vivian warned. She now knew that even Zachary had someone he feared—George.

Fortunately, George was quite fond of her.

Meanwhile, Zachary was growing impatient. "I get it. You can leave now."

After a final embrace with Jonathan, Vivian made sure he hadn't been mistreated by Zachary before she took her leave.

After she left, she immediately informed Cecilia.

Upon receiving the news, Cecilia felt relieved.

Now, all that was left was to leave the next day.

What she didn't realize was that Nathaniel was currently arranging for the purchase of the Smith residence from Stella. He also had people reconstructing the headquarters of Smith Corporation.

Once everything was finished, he planned to surprise her.

Nathaniel had even contemplated starting a family again with Cecilia, yearning for a peaceful life.

One was simply planning for the future, while the other was planning to leave.

Inside the bedroom, Cecilia had packed a simple bag that contained the dolls that Elliot and Jonathan adored.

The gift that Nathaniel had bought for her was left untouched. She hadn't unwrapped it and had no intention to take it with her.

She called her assistant overseas. "How much money is there in the company account now?"

"Eight billion."

That's a lot...

Cecilia was somewhat taken aback.

"Transfer all the money into this account."

She planned to return all the money to Nathaniel. Her first intention was to leave him speechless, and secondly, she wanted to repay him for the favor he had done her this time.

Consider it as payment for his sperm.

Cecilia once again entrusted all her money to Norman.

Norman was utterly shocked. "Ceci, where did you get so much money?"

"I ran a business and require your assistance for the transfer now." Cecilia paused before continuing, "This time, however, I'd like you to draft an agreement. The general idea is to return the betrothal gift Nathaniel once gave to the Smith family. From then on, we owe each other nothing."

"Would Nathaniel agree to sign it?"

"Whether he signs or not, that's his business. In any case, I don't owe him anything anymore."

Norman noticed that the way Cecilia spoke about Nathaniel now was completely different from before, devoid of any emotions.

"Alright. I'll get it done. When should I hand it over to him?"

After giving it some thought, Cecilia said, "Let's say in about two weeks."

She was determined to take Jonathan with her as well.

"Alright."

Meanwhile, at Elite Club, Nathaniel was seated at the head of the table with Darren by his side.

Darren handed him the property sale contract. "If I'm not mistaken, this is the Smith residence, isn't it?"

It was a contract for the Smith residence. Mason had brought it over in advance, and Darren happened to see it.

"Is there a problem?" Nathaniel retorted with a question.

"Have you been too busy to hang out with us lately because of Cecilia?" Darren asked, looking at him with a probing gaze.

It was the first time he had noticed that Nathaniel was so invested in someone.

Nathaniel couldn't help but chuckle. "What kind of joke is this?"

"Here's something amusing, Zachary has a son now," Darren said, a peculiar smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Nathaniel couldn't help but express his surprise. "A son?"

"Yeah, I heard he's already four and attending kindergarten. You might have even seen him at the party your family hosted last time." Darren said.

Nathaniel didn't show much curiosity. It was well-known that Zachary was a playboy. philandering wherever he went. It wouldn't be surprising if he had a child out there.

He glanced at the time, realizing it was almost time. Consequently, he stood up.

"I have some matters to attend to, so I'll be leaving first."

Darren casually crossed his left leg over his right, suggesting, "How about we go visit his son in a couple of days?"

Nathaniel didn't respond to the question.

He hadn't gone far when his cell phone rang.

Upon checking it, a text message from an unknown number popped up.

"I'll be back soon," he said. "There are certain matters we really need to discuss."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 249

Chapter 249 Will Not Wait Anymore.

Nathaniel stared at the message, immediately dialing the number to call back, but there was not answer on the other end.

He grew impatient and immediately deleted the message.

When he returned to Daltonia Villa, Cecilia had gone to bed quite early.

After taking a bath, Nathaniel naturally pulled her into his embrace.

Thinking about Zachary already having a child, his kisses fell upon her, one after another.

Cecilia had no chance to resist.

The following morning, Cecilia woke up to the sound of running water from the bathroom..

She wore her usual outfit, and after freshening up, she shouldered her small bag and waited for Nathaniel to come down.

Before long, Nathaniel emerged, dressed in casual attire, which made him appear significantly more mellow.

When the two of them stepped out of the mansion together, it was quite chilly outside, and there was a slight drizzle.

When he was about to leave for Spring Forest Manor, Nathaniel's phone rang. He picked it up to see a call from Stella..

Cecilia also noticed it and saw that he hung up..

up to

But not long after, a text message came through. It read: Nathaniel, can you please answer? I've run into some trouble here.

The plan devised by Cecilia was to reveal Stella's true face during the opening ceremony, but not at that moment.

She hadn't expected Stella to be so eager to see Nathaniel.

"Answer it. She must have something urgent," Cecilia considerately suggested.

When the phone rang again, Nathaniel took the call.

It was unclear what the two had discussed, but after he ended the call, he turned to Cecilia and said, "There's been a slight hiccup at the launch. I need to head over there, but I'll join you at Spring Forest Manor soon."

What situation could possibly warrant his attention, the CEO of a conglomerate?

A sense of mockery chilled Cecilia's heart simply because the other party was Stella.

She was remarkably composed. "Alright, Elliot and I will be waiting for you there."

This time, I won't wait for you anymore.

Cecilia's eyes crinkled in a smile, her gaze exceptionally captivating.

Suddenly, Nathaniel embraced her.

She leaned on his shoulder, contemplating that once she left, it would be a farewell forever. Suddenly, she didn't resent him as much for the things he did to her in the past.

"Cecilia..." Nathaniel had something on his mind to say, but when the words reached the tip of his tongue, he swallowed them back down.

Cecilia didn't seem to care. She tipped her head back to gaze at the sky. It appeared as though a few snowflakes were falling down, intermixed with the rain.

"Nathaniel," she said, "it's snowing."

A few snowflakes fell onto Nathaniel's shoulders, quickly melting into droplets.

Nathaniel let her go, removing his overcoat and draping it over her shoulders. "See you in a bit," he said.

"Mmm-hmm."

Subsequently, he got into another car and headed off to the launch ceremony first.

After he left, Cecilia too got into the car, heading toward Spring Forest Manor.

With Nathaniel's permission, there was no one at the door to stop them.

The launch ceremony took place at the studio.

On the way there, Nathaniel gazed at Cecilia's profile picture, typing out: When I return, let's have our wedding ceremony again.

After typing it out, he was about to send it but then felt it wasn't quite right.

After numerous revisions and repeated edits, he finally condensed into one phrase: Wait for me to return.

For reasons unknown, he felt somewhat uneasy that day.

Just a moment ago, Stella mentioned that the obsessed fan from the launch ceremony had shown up again. This time, he had even secretly sent her a threatening message, claiming he was going to kill her.

Stella merely wanted an excuse to get Nathaniel over. She didn't really expect Sean to be at the venue, holding an invitation meant for Cecilia.

Sean clenched his fists tightly, watching Stella being interviewed by the media. It was her moment in the spotlight, and his eyes were burning red.

"She's really living the good life now, with both wealth and fame! And she left me with nothing, not even a home," he lamented.

The bodyguard standing nearby said, "That's why our boss is giving you this opportunity. How you use it is up to you. I believe you should know better than anyone how to embarrass Stella and Nathaniel!"

Calvin's goal wasn't just to ruin Stella's reputation. He was also determined to turn Nathaniel into a laughingstock for the entire world.

When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 250

Chapter 250 The Impending Drama

At that moment, Calvin and Yannick were sipping drinks in a high-rise building not too far away. All set to enjoy the unfolding drama.

Yannick felt that Calvin must have truly lost his mind, to offend Nathaniel for the sake of a woman.

“Calvin, if you keep this up, we're going to have a tough time in the country.”

Calvin looked at him. “Is it really easy now?”

Yannick couldn't help but laugh.

Indeed, Nathaniel had nearly had Calvin cornered.

Luckily, Nathaniel didn't realize that he and Calvin were in cahoots. Otherwise, he too would have been blacklisted.

“I'm somewhat eager to see Nathaniel fall from grace, but this Stella is really irritating.”

Yannick was unlike other men. He owned an entertainment conglomerate and had a particular distaste for female celebrities who tried to sleep their way up the social ladder.

At ten o'clock, the launch ceremony finally began.

The ceremony drew a large crowd, with media outlets extensively covering the event, even providing live broadcasts on site.

A considerable number of fans and spectators flooded in.

When Nathaniel arrived, it caused quite a stir in the media.

The moment Stella saw him, she excused herself from the director and immediately made her way to him.

The media was quick to jump to conclusions, hastily aiming their cameras at him.

“Nathaniel, he might be hiding nearby right now. I'm really scared.”

Stella's body trembled slightly as she spoke again. "I remember seeing in the news before, at celebrity got hurt during a launch event It's fine if he's alone. But today, while I was in the dressing room, I saw that he wasn't. Behind him was someone who seemed to be Calvin's bodyguard from last time..."

Stella would have never imagined that his misguided actions would have surprisingly hit the

mark.

"On my way here, I had already instructed someone to investigate everyone present," replied. Nathaniel.

After he finished speaking, he looked displeased at the journalists who were focusing on him.

"If you don't want to lose your job, then get out of my sight!"

The reporters busily shifted their cameras away.

However, this small didn't prevent some people from discreetly live-streaming the place.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had already led Elliot out of Spring Forest Manor covertly.

Before she left, she left a letter for Nathaniel. Next to the letter were two blood test reports.

She feigned continuing to rest with Elliot, shut the door, and then departed through the back

door.

On the road, she carried Elliot on her back.

"Sweetheart, if there's anything bothering you, you must tell me. Don't ever hold it im understand?"

"Okay." Elliot laid on Celia's back feeling particularly heartbroken.

If he had been a healthy child, he would have been able to run on his own.

"If we keep going on, we'll be able to see Sven soon."

Cecilia quickened her pace.

Luckily, her health had improved significantly. Otherwise, it would have been truly difficult to leave.

Finally, she saw Sven. The latter quickly stepped forward, picking up Elliot.

Cecilia followed behind him, skillfully avoiding the cameras, and got into the car.

“Thank you,” Cecilia expressed her gratitude as she settled into the car, fastening the seatbelt for

Elliot.

“Let’s head to the airport now.”

Time was short, and they had to evade the attention of Nathaniel’s men.

On the drive to the airport, Elliot quickly succumbed to fatigue and fell asleep.

Upon checking her phone, Cecilia saw a message from Nathaniel that read: Wait for me to return.

She deleted the text message, then tossed her phone out the car window.

Pulling out the spare phone Sven had given her, Cecilia opened the short video app. The first thing she saw was the livestream of Stella’s launch ceremony cheering:

Stella is so beautiful!

Isn’t that Nathaniel, the leading man in Stella’s song?

Before long, someone sarcastically remarked: What do you mean the male lead in Stella’s song? He should be called the male lead in the song Stella plagiarized. Disgusting.

I can’t imagine why Nathaniel would fall for such a copycat.

Before long, this person was kicked out of the live stream.

Cecilia couldn’t help but find the situation amusing. She wondered if the fans watching the live broadcast would still be able to keep their composure once they saw Sean appear.