

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 251

Chapter 251 The Revelations

At ten o’clock, the film production booting ceremony officially commenced.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had already boarded the plane according to the arrangements of Calvin’s men, and thus, she missed the chance to witness the thrilling scene with her own eyes.

At the film set, the film production booting ceremony was originally supposed to be hosted by the director. However, due to Stella’s involvement, she became the center of attention.

The director, in truth, didn’t really favor actresses like her who lacked acting skills. Yet, he had no choice but to tolerate it for financial reasons.

Stella, dressed in a tailored suit, stepped onto the stage to deliver the opening remarks. Her gaze often fell on Nathaniel, who was nearby.

She didn’t even notice Sean, who was walking toward her with a large bouquet of flowers in his arms.

Sean, clad in a suit, looked at Stella. The adoration he once held in his eyes for her was no longer present.

Finally, when he was about ten meters away from Stella, she noticed him.

Stella quickly scanned her surroundings, searching for her bodyguard.

However, the bodyguard had already been subdued by Calvin’s men.

As the crowd looked on in confusion, Sean stepped onto the stage. “Hello everyone, I am Stella’s ex-boyfriend.”

All around, there was an immediate uproar!

Nathaniel took immediate action, intending to drag Sean down.

However, someone approached him at that moment.

“Mr. Rainsworth, what’s the rush? Don’t you find this person familiar?” It was none other than Calvin.

Upon hearing these words, Nathaniel shifted his gaze to Sean. Suddenly, he recalled the person who had run down Cecilia with his car. It looks like him!

He picked up his phone, instructing the bodyguard not to interfere!

Stella's face turned pale in an instant. "Where's the bodyguard? Quickly, escort this gentleman out, I don't know him at all!"

However, no one paid any attention to her.

Among the film crew, a young man wanted to step forward, but he were stopped.

"Don't you wonder why there isn't a bodyguard around? Are you an idiot?"

The young man realized that Stella must have offended someone.

Stella didn't see anyone approach to help her. She scanned her surroundings, her gaze eventu settling on the person beside Nathaniel.

Calvin!

She couldn't help but step back, intending to leave.

Sean blocked her path, "Stella, you drove away my fiancée back then and climbed the social ladder by using me, and now that you're successful, while I'm penniless, you're pretending not know me?"

Stella was totally at a loss. "What are you talking about? I don't know you at all. Sir, I know you'r a fan, so don't do anything reckless, alright?"

A cold smirk tugged at the corner of Sean's mouth.

"Reckless? Fine, I'll show everyone right now that we know each other."

Stella wasn't sure what he was up to, so she decided to provoke him. "Do you have some sort of mental issue? That's why..."

Before she could even deploy her tactic, she heard a peculiar sound coming from behind her.

She glanced back and her mind was hit with a sudden realization.

The entire scene was utterly silent.

Behind Stella, on the large silver screen, was a video of her being intimate with Sean.

In the video, she was sprawled over him, pleading, "Sean, I've given you my all. You mustn't let me down. Don't marry her. She's not worthy of you."

Stella had always prided herself on being a pure woman, but now, she was exposed to be the opposite.

The original live stream, which had hundreds of thousands of viewers, skyrocketed to tens of millions in that moment. The comments section was in a uproar.

Not long after, the live stream was shut down due to that video of Stella.

However, everyone could still watch other live broadcasts, ones that didn't show the video playing on the screen.

They naturally waited in anticipation for the impending drama.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel was visibly upset.

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has been saving herself for you. I wonder, Mr. Rainsworth, if that's true?"

Nathaniel did not respond. His gaze was simply fixed on Stella, his expression icy.

On stage, Sean continued his shocking revelations. "A few months ago, I finally managed to find you, but you dismissed me as just a fan. You even instigated me to run over your romantic rival Cecilia, with my car. When my attempt to kill her failed, you called the police on me. You're truthless!"

Sean's confession to having been ordered to kill Cecilia didn't escape Nathaniel's notice.

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Chapter 252 They Are Missing

If this matter were indeed true, then Stella would no longer have a future.

On stage, Stella was on the brink of collapse. Everything she had worked so hard to achieve had just been ruined by Sean.

She completely lost her mind. "You jerk, you deserved to be deceived. Why don't you just drop dead? A man as incapable and irresponsible as you could never be worthy of me! Do you even realize that this video could ruin me? Why do I have a ruthless ex like you? I really misjudged you."

Tears streamed down Stella's face uncontrollably, yet she could still lay all the blame on Sean.

She voiced her grievances, helplessly gazing in the direction of Nathaniel.

There were indeed fans online who bought into her act.

One by one, they commented: If I were Stella, I wouldn't acknowledge this ex either. He's just too awful.

Right, seeking revenge after breaking up is just too extreme.

Although a portion of people had their attention diverted, the majority were still able to distinguish between good and evil.

If what Sean claimed was indeed the truth, then Stella was guilty of a crime, and not just one, but three.

It was truly unexpected. She, who appeared so innocent and had made her debut under the pitiful guise of an orphan, was in fact a cunning woman.

Ultimately, the police who arrived subsequently put an end to the chaos. However, it was already too late.

Stella and Sean were taken away together.

When she got in the car, she sent a text message to Nathaniel.

At this moment, Nathaniel had already returned to his car. He opened his phone, only to see her message: Nathaniel, you owe me again.

Owe her?

Nathaniel wore a somber expression, calling the company's public relations department. Regardless of the circumstances, he was determined not to let anything tarnish the reputation of Rainsworth Group.

The incident didn't just impact the corporation; it had a personal effect on him as well.

Stella had always publicized her relationship with him, and now, someone had publicly played a sleazy video of her.

They Are Missing Baxmed to be her partner, Nathaniel was none shown to be made a fool of.

Back in the office, Mason also saw the live broadcast and promptly dealt with the public relation crisis.

However, his time things didn't go as smoothly as before. He had threatened a number of medi ourlers, but despite his efforts, the livestream still went viral

Someone had xretty spent quite a bit of money!

Meanwhile, Calvin and his friend Yannick were enjoying some drinks.

"It's been a while since I've last seen Nathaniel suffer a setback. The last she was during his wedding, amik sard with a laugh.

A considerable amount of money was spent by Calvin, primarily on various independent media accounts and establuiting relationships with media companies in advance. All of this was orchestrated for de sole purpose of seeking revenge on Nathaniel.

Calvin took a sip of its wine. Let's not bring up his wedding in the future."

Yannick knew be bad once again hit a nerve, so he stopped talking and focused on dining his wine..

After a few drinks. be glanced out the window. "It's snowing heavily."

The morning was marked by a mix of rain and snow, but now, it was heavily snowing.

Before long, the sides of the storen were already blanketed with white snow.

Even though Nathaniel was in a lousy mood, the sight of the snow couldn't help but remind him of the morning when Cecilia, her eyes sparkling gleefully, told him it was snowing.

He checked his phone, but there were no messages from her. He figured she must be busy with her son.

He typed out a message: The snowfilli has gotten heavier. How about we build a snowman together later

Who would have thought that Nathaniel, who originally despised such meaningless activities, would consider building a snowman?

As time ticked away, he still hadn't received arenge from her.

Nathaniel felt an inexplicable sense of unease, a feeling that had grown particularly strong in recent days.

He was just about to call Cecilia when a call came in the butler at Spring Forest Manor.

"Mr. Rainsworth, I have bad news. Ms. Smith and dhe dihilid are missing."

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Chapter 253 The Blood Test Results

A loud boom echoed in Nathaniel’s mind.

“Did you send someone to look for them?”

“I’ve searched everywhere, but I didn’t see her.”

Nathaniel clutched his mobile phone tightly. In that instant, all his hopes and dreams seemed to have vanished.

After hanging up the call, he appeared calm as he told the driver.. “Drive faster!”

“Understood.”

The driver hadn’t even realized something was amiss when, in less than a minute, he was ushered out of the car by Nathaniel.

Nathaniel personally drove the car, his foot flooring the accelerator with no regard for his safety. as he sped toward Spring Forest Manor.

On the road, he didn’t forget to call his bodyguard. “Find Cecilia immediately.

If you can’t find her, you might as well kill yourselves!”

Even though it was only a twenty–minute drive, he felt the journey was exceptionally long.

He repeatedly dialed Cecilia’s number, but each time, there was no answer.

Nathaniel’s eyes had turned red.

Finally arriving at Spring Forest Manor, he burst into the mansion.

The housekeeper, frightened, handed him a letter along with two blood test results.

The letter was inscribed with elegant handwriting: Nathaniel, by the time you read this letter, I should have already left Tudela. Please, don’t come looking for me, I beg you! We both know there’s no love between us, so why should we despise each other? You never loved me back then, but I don’t hate you, nor resent you for it because I know I have gotten the wrong person all along.

What does she mean by that?

Nathaniel's hand, holding the letter, trembled slightly.

The letter read: Before leaving, I didn't want someone else to continue taking credit my credit. Whether you believe it or not, I still need to tell you the truth. Back then, it was me who saved Zachary and your mother. If you don't believe me, you can check the blood test results. One sample belongs to me, and the other to Stella. If my memory serves me right, your mother and I share the same O-type blood, while Stella has A-type blood. It would have been impossible for her to donate blood to your mother.

Stella's blood test report was something Cecilia had managed to obtain only after going through considerable trouble.

The letter read: If you don't trust the report I've given you, then you're welcome to verify it yourself. This is everything I had wanted to say. Take care, and goodbye..

The last sentence felt particularly jarring to him.

Nathaniel didn't bother to check the blood test results. All he wanted at that moment was to find Cecilia. He needed to confront her, to understand why she had slipped away secretly once again.

Clearly, this time, he didn't behave as he had in the past.

Holding the letter, Nathaniel mobilized everyone for the search, himself included.

For the entire day and night, he didn't sleep at all.

In the wee hours of the morning, a heavy snowfall had blanketed Tudela.

Nathaniel sat quietly in the car, listening to the report from his subordinate over the phone.

"Martha vanished from Erihal half a month ago, and Cecilia has not gone back there."

Half a month ago. She has been contemplating leaving since then, while I was contemplating on how to make her not leave me..

The secretary handling the property transfer happened to call, informing him that all the procedures for transferring the Smith residence had been successfully completed.

Without uttering a word, Nathaniel drove off to the Smith residence.

Back then, he had picked her up from there when he brought her back to Daltonia Villa.

When he stepped out of the car, Mason held an umbrella for him. "Mr. Rainsworth, don't worry. We'll definitely find them."

“Go get some rest.”

“And what about you?” Mason asked, puzzled.

“I have something else to attend to.”

At that moment, Nathaniel was extraordinarily calm, but this calmness was somehow intimidating.

After Mason left, Nathaniel stood alone in the snow.

In the morning, when Mason came over again, he saw a large snowman built outside the Smith residence.

Nathaniel was surprisingly still around. He stepped forward and asked Mason, good?”

Does it look

“She used to always enjoy building snowmen, isn’t it quite childish?”

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Chapter 254 Torment My Prey

Mason looked at his boss with a mix of concern and fear.

He couldn’t help but console, “Mr. Rainsworth, don’t worry. Ms. Smith and Eli might have snuck off to have some fun. It won’t be long before we find them.”

Such a lie would only fool a child.

Nathaniel, however, chose to believe it.

“I know. She definitely can’t bear to part with me.”

However, his reddened eyes and the dark circles beneath them, a result of a sleepless night, said otherwise.

All Mason could do was nod in agreement.

Nathaniel trudged forward through the snow, his towering silhouette appearing especially forlorn at that moment.

After taking a few steps, he looked back at Mason. “She said she had gotten the wrong person.”

Mason didn't understand.

"What does that mean?"

Nathaniel didn't respond, he simply opened the car door and got in.

While seated in the car alone, he once again unfolded the letter, his eyes scanning the first few sentences: We both know there's no love between us, so why should we despise each other? You never loved me back then, but I don't hate you, nor resent you for it because I know I have gotten the wrong person all along.

Gotten the wrong person...

Nathaniel felt his throat tighten, a face identical to his own surfacing in his mind.

The man's eyes were filled with tenderness.

"How can this be?" Nathaniel muttered to himself.

Meanwhile, due to insufficient evidence, Stella was released on bail.

She asked her assistant, "Where's Mr. Rainsworth?"

The assistant shook her head.

"Didn't Mr. Rainsworth send you to bail me out?"

The assistant pointed into the distance, and when Stella looked over, she saw a silver-gray Maserati parked in the snow.

The car window slowly rolled down, revealing Zachary's handsome face.

A glimmer of surprise flashed through Stella's eyes as she ran toward him, exclaiming, "Zach, I knew you would come for me!"

She was about to open the car door, but no matter what she did, it just wouldn't budge..

"Don't get me wrong," Zachary said, his expression cold and distant. "I bailed you out, but it wasn't to save you."

Stella was taken aback.

He continued, "I've known for a long time that it wasn't you who saved me back then. Do you know why I haven't exposed you?"

Stella's face was deathly pale.

“Because Nathaniel likes you. I didn’t want to put him in a difficult position.”

“So, what about now...”

“Now, it’s time to settle scores, but you don’t need to be afraid.” He paused again. “I won’t give someone a quick death; I enjoy the thrill of slowly tormenting my prey.”

Stella knew Zachary’s methods better than anyone else. After Cecilia married Nathaniel, he had the audacity to torment her without any restraint, let alone in her current predicament.

Zachary gave her a glimmer of hope once more. “Besides, I don’t yet know if Nathaniel will continue to accept you. But from what I know of him, if he truly loves you, you’ll end up in misery!”

Zachary remembered how Nathaniel once desired to own a company. However, the company’s boss had transferred the ownership to someone else.

Ultimately, after Nathaniel took over the company, he ended up ruining it completely.

Suddenly, the car jolted forward, barreling toward Stella. Startled, Stella plopped down onto the ground in fright.

However, the car came to a stop just a centimeter away from her.

“If you don’t want to die prematurely, then get out of my sight!”

Stella hastily scrambled up from the snowy ground, fleeing toward the direction of her assistant.

After watching her vanish from his sight, Zachary then drove away.

He would gradually trip away everything from the one who deceived and used him, making her live in fear every single day.

When he was heading back, he picked up his phone and dialed Darren’s number.

“Darren, invite Nathaniel over to my house today to see my son.”

He had seen Stella’s live broadcast the day before and knew Nathaniel would be undoubtedly upset. Thus, it was better to have Darren call him at this time.

Zachary also wanted to find out from the horse’s mouth whether Nathaniel still cared about Stella.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 255

Chapter 255 Mental Disorder

When someone has made up their mind to leave you, no matter how hard you search, they will never appear.

Nathaniel reflected deeply on his experiences.

This time, however, was different from the last. He was so calm that it was actually terrifying.

Mason followed him back to Daltonia Villa, watching as he entered Cecilia's room.

Inside the room, everything remained as it was, with the pile of gifts untouched.

Nathaniel didn't say a word. He walked over and began to unwrap the gifts one by one. No one knew the amount of effort he had put in to buy the classic outfits that Cecilia had wanted in the past, as well as the branded luxury items from yesteryears.

"Mason, get someone to organize these items neatly. When she returns, she should be able to spot them instantly."

"Understood."

Mason hurriedly got a part-timer to come.

Nathaniel was carefully unwrapping the gifts when he asked, "How's the construction of the Smith Corporation building going?"

"We have two months until completion," Mason replied.

"Will it be completed by the time she returns?" Nathaniel asked solemnly.

Mason was genuinely startled by the current state of Nathaniel, quickly nodding in response.

At that moment, the jeweler happened to come over.

The manager went upstairs and upon seeing Nathaniel engrossed in his work, he promptly asked, "Mr. Rainsworth, as per your request, we've custom-made a hundred wedding rings. Would you like Mrs. Rainsworth to come over and make a selection?"

Mrs. Rainsworth....

This unfamiliar form of address left Nathaniel momentarily stunned. Then he responded, "Keep them. Cecilia will choose once she returns."

“Alright then.” The manager hurriedly instructed someone to secure the rings before leaving.

It was at this time that Mason found out that Nathaniel had actually proposed to Cecilia with an engagement ring.

He remembered back when they got married, the wedding ring was bought by him without much thought.

At that moment, Mason couldn't bear to see Nathaniel sink into his current state.

“Mr. Rainsworth, Ms. Smith simply doesn't deserve such treatment from you. She already has a child with Calvin!”

Nathaniel's icy gaze fell upon him. “Haven't I taught you not to meddle in other people's affairs?”

Mason lowered his head when Nathaniel approached him.

“If you find yourself with nothing better to do, unwrap these gifts and put them away.”

“Understood.”

Nathaniel walked outside when his phone rang. Subconsciously, he thought it was Cecilia calling, but upon answering, he saw it was instead.

“Nathaniel, Zach is inviting us over today to see his son.”

“I'm busy.”

Nathaniel hung up the phone without hesitation.

Until he knew where Cecilia was, he didn't want to see anyone.

Ironically, Stell was to be on the receiving end of someone's wrath.

She was afraid that Nathaniel would learn about what happened with Zachary. Thus, she rushed over and forced her way in. Only then did she notice that something was off about the atmosphere inside the mansion.

“Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel almost forgot that she even existed.

She pretended to have rescued my mother and Zachary, and now, she has the audacity to come looking for me?

Nathaniel was sitting on the couch, looking up at her. “What do you need my help with this time?” he asked.

Stella thought he was still in the dark. Tears began to roll down her cheeks as she said, “I’m sorry. Sean is nothing but a scoundrel. When we were abroad, he forced me into it. Because of him, I once had a mental breakdown, nearly ending up in a psychiatric hospital. The doctor said I had selective amnesia when it came to him...”

Nathaniel had his bodyguard toss the two blood test reports in Stella’s face.

Of course, his information wasn’t solely based on them. When he was searching for Cecilia, he also had people look into the events back then.

No one would have thought that Stella would actually take credit for Cecilia’s life-saving exploits.

“Even when you’re back here, you also have a mental illness. Your schizophrenia has caused to become an impostor, hasn’t it?” Nathaniel’s thin lips barely parted as he spoke.

Stella felt her body go limp, almost collapsing onto the ground. “Nathaniel,” she implored, “let me explain. I really did save Mdm. Elena. It was just that Cecilia was the one who donated the blood. At that time, both of us-”

Before she could finish her sentence, Nathaniel had already lost his patience.

“It seems you really do have a mental disorder.” He looked toward the bodyguard. “Take Ms. Ross. to the psychiatric hospital for treatment.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 256

Chapter 256 The Naughty Child

Had it not been for Cecilia, Nathaniel never would have imagined that the person who claimed to have saved his mother’s life would turn out to be an imposter.

Naturally, he didn’t bother to check.

As for Stella’s personal life, he never cared about it, so it was never an issue.

When Stella was taken away, he felt a gut-wrenching pain in his heart, as if he had lost his mind.

From his vantage point on the second floor, Mason found himself witnessing a side of Stella, who was usually gentle, he had never seen before.

At Seabay Villa, Jonathan was idly lounging in his room.

He knew that his mother and younger brother had left Tudela; it was just a shame that Zachary was still unwilling to let him go.

Since he is so fond of treating others as his son, it is only fair to let him experience what it feels like to be a father for a few days.

Bang! A loud noise echoed from the second floor.

Downstairs in the living room, Zachary was still chatting with Darren. Both of them seemed somewhat surprised..

Before he could even react, another series of noises echoed continuously. Bang! Bang! Bang!

Darren's eyes narrowed slightly, a faint smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "Having a child. does make one's life different."

Zachary set down the wine glass he was holding.

"Since Nathaniel isn't coming, you're on your own."

He was now determined to teach the little rascal a lesson.

Once he made his way upstairs, Jonathan somehow managed to find a volleyball to play with. He was having a great time, although it resulted in all the windows in his room being broken.

Not a single piece of porcelain decor in the house had escaped devastation.

"What are you doing?"

The next moment, the ball smacked right at his face.

Jonathan feigned surprise, as if he had only just noticed Zachary, "I'm sorry."

Before Zachary could get angry, he calmly said, "You might not be aware, but children at this stage are usually very active."

Zachary picked up the volleyball and promptly tossed it out of the window.

"I really wasn't aware, but if you do it again, I'll give you a good beating."

He rubbed his aching face, reflecting on how fortunate he was to be only four or five years old. If he were any older, he feared he might have been disfigured at that moment.

Zachary initially thought that was the extent of how naughty a little boy could be.

It wasn't until mealtime that Jonathan was stirring his tomato spaghetti and got the sauce splashed all over Zachary

"Do you want me to

Before Zachary could finish his sentence, Jonathan looked at him calmly. "I know you want to hit me. Go ahead and hit me if you want even though you said you're my father and we've only recently been reunited with each other."

The housekeeper standing by, upon hearing these words, had nothing but sympathy in her eyes.

Zachary could only go upstairs to change his clothes.

Upon reaching the cloakroom, he was shocked to find that his clothes were all filled with snow, which had now mostly melted into water.

Jonathan stood at the door. "I put the snowman in there, did you see it? I wanted to give you a surprise."

Before Zachary could rush over, Jonathan immediately retreated to his own room, closing the door behind him.

Sitting on the bed, he casually picked up a book and began to read calmly.

An hour later.

"Mr. Zachary?"

"What's the matter?"

"I can't sleep."

"Then don't sleep."

An hour had passed once again.

"Mr. Zachary!"

"What is it again?"

“Are you asleep?”

match in this child.

Another fulfilling day. Jonathan thought to himself with a smile gracing his lips as he listened to the activity next door.

He knew what he had done was wrong, but he also knew that when dealing with someone like Zachary, there was absolutely no need for guilt.

Meanwhile, Stella’s scandal had become the talk of the town, and even Nathaniel was implicated. However, he simply had no time to deal with it.

“Keep a close eye on Vivian,” he ordered.

“Understood.”

The only person who had any connection with Cecilia at that time was her.

If Nathaniel had questioned her, she surely wouldn’t have revealed anything.

In the evening, alone at home, Nathaniel gazed at the house that had once again fallen into a chilling silence. He couldn’t quite articulate the feeling that weighed heavy in his heart.

Just then, a call came in, and he hurriedly picked up his phone.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 257

Chapter 257 Bring Her Over For Dinner

It was Elena on the phone, her voice seething with anger. “I really didn’t expect Stella to behave so disgracefully. She’s even worse than Cecilia. At least Cecilia was with our family for three years without any incidents.”

For three years, Cecilia, apart from looking after members of the Rainsworth family, she spent most of her time alone at home, hardly knowing any men.

Nathaniel listened to his mother’s complaints from the other end of the line. After a long pause, he finally said, “Mom. I just found out that the person who saved you back then wasn’t Stella.”

Elena was taken aback.

“Who was it then?”

“Cecilia.”

Nathaniel shared with her all the information he had uncovered from his investigation.

At Rainsworth Manor, Elena wore a complex expression.

“Why didn’t Cecilia mention something so significant?”

“Perhaps she didn’t think much of it, not realizing from the start that Stella had taken credit for her actions.”

Elena fell silent.

She glanced at the photo of the socialite couple on the table, and thoughts of her past actions toward Cecilia filled her with a sense of guilt..

“Bring her home for dinner tomorrow,” she suggested.

“She’s gone.”

Despite the curt answer, it took all his strength to utter them.

“Gone? Where to?” Elena questioned, puzzled.

“I don’t know. If there’s nothing else, I’m hanging up.” Nathaniel didn’t want to discuss the matter of Cecilia’s departure any further.

After ending the call, he massaged his throbbing temples. His gaze fell upon the window where the snow was ceaselessly falling.

Initially, Elena intended to tell him about his younger brother, Nicholas. However, she felt that the discussion would have to be put on hold for the time being.

After not sleeping a wink the entire night, Nathaniel didn’t go to the office the following morning. Instead, he spent his time searching for Cecilia. Unfortunately, his efforts yielded no results.

The person who was tracking Calvin reported that he had returned to Erihal.

Nathaniel listened attentively to the report, feeling increasingly agitated.

Over the past few days, he seemed calm on the surface, but only he knew the extent of his turmoil.

Cecilia has run off once again. This time, it happened right under my nose!

Nathaniel was continuously pondering over the meaning of the letter she had written to him, but there was no one who could provide him with an answer.

A week later, at Seabay Villa, Zachary received the results of the paternity test, and when he saw that they were not related by blood, a profound sense of disappointment welled up within him.

Once again, he looked at Jonathan, who was sitting by the side, engrossed in his computer. Even though he wasn't his own son, there was an uncanny familiarity about him, as if they had met before.

Jonathan was also aware that the results would be announced that very day.

"Mr. Zachary, I'm really sorry for disturbing you these past few days."

After he finished speaking, he took a sip of the milk that Zachary had just poured for him.

Zachary gazed at him leisurely. "Why do I feel like you're increasingly resembling someone?"

Jonathan's eyes narrowed as he turned away to face his computer.

"Resemblances are common."

Zachary withdrew his gaze, refraining from further speculation.

"Now, can you tell me why you were messing with me from the start?"

Jonathan was tapping on the keyboard. "I don't know what you're talking about."

This obstinate denial reminded him of Nathaniel's silence.

Back then, when Nathaniel schemed against other companies, he was just as shameless.

Zachary was suddenly taken aback. Earlier, he had thought Jonathan resembled someone, but now it hit him—that person was none other than Nathaniel's younger self.

The two of them had grown up together. Even now, Zachary could vaguely recall the insufferably arrogant air that Nathaniel exuded during their childhood.

Despite his thoughts, Zachary didn't tell Nathaniel, fearing it might lead to another misunderstanding.

Instead, he called Vivian, asking her to come pick Jonathan up.

Vivian had thought that after a week, Nathaniel would have given up on tracking her. However, to her surprise, as soon as she arrived at the Seabay Villa, the person tailing her had informed Nathaniel.

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Chapter 258 That Is Eli

At Seabay Villa, Vivian breathed a sigh of relief upon picking Jonathan up. Then, without any hesitation, she turned to Zachary and stated, “You need to compensate me.”

A check was handed over.

“I’m not an unreasonable person,” Zachary said, looking at the mother and child. For some reason, he felt a sudden sense of loss.

In truth, when he first found out he had a son, he wasn’t upset. In fact, he was filled with anticipation.

Even though Jonathan was somewhat of a rascal, he loved the latter for it. The boy was smart enough, after all.

Vivian accepted the cheque. The money truly alleviated her financial pressures.

“Anyway, it’s goodbye then, and may we never meet again.”

After Vivian finished speaking, she pulled Jonathan into the car.

The figures settled into a taxi. Unbeknownst to them, an intense gaze remained fixated on Jonathan from a black sedan.

Inside the vehicle, shock was evident in Nathaniel’s eyes.

Mason came over and noticed it too. “Isn’t that Eli?”

Nathaniel’s lips pursed into a tight line as he slowly spoke. “Follow them. I’m going to see Zachary,”

“Understood.”

Zachary hadn’t expected Nathaniel to show up, assuming the latter was still preoccupied with the scandal.

“Nathaniel, don’t worry about it. It’s just a woman, okay? There are plenty like Stella out there!”

Zachary placed a bottle of wine in front of him.

Nathaniel didn't mention Stella to him. Instead, he asked, "The child that Vivian took away, has he been with you these past few days?"

Zachary felt a bit awkward, touching his nose.

"It was all a misunderstanding."

He sat down and recounted to Nathaniel how he had met Jonathan and mistakenly identified him as someone else.

Nathaniel had deduced from the timeline and other pieces of evidence that the child they had just seen was not Elliot, who had always lived in Spring Forest Manor.

At that moment, the mystery in his mind deepened further.

"You're saying his name is Jonathan, and he's Vivian's son?"

"Mmm—hmm."

Nathaniel stood up, preparing to leave.

Zachary hadn't expected him to leave in such a hurry, finding it somewhat peculiar. "What's going on?" he asked.

Before Nathaniel departed, he said, "Don't be fooled by Stella. She never saved you."

After he finished speaking, he quickly walked away.

Zachary was left frozen on the spot.

He had known about Stella for a while now but could never bring himself to mention it to Nathaniel.

Judging from Nathaniel's demeanor just now, does he no longer care about Stella?

Zachary made a phone call. "Where is Stella right now?"

The person over the line responded, "It appears that she was taken to a psychiatric hospital by Nathaniel."

A psychiatric hospital?

A smirk tugged at the corner of Zachary's mouth.

“That place is indeed suitable for her. Let her stay there for a while.”

Upon returning to the apartment Vivian had rented, Jonathan took in the cramped living space, then turned to Vivian. “Ms. Kennedy, if you’re ever in need of money, don’t hesitate to tell me.”

It was the first time that Vivian had ever heard a boy speak to her in such a manner.

“Jon, do you know that the last man who spoke to me like this had ulterior motives?”

She paused for a moment, reaching out to pinch Jonathan’s cheek, but he dodged her.

“But I know you’re not like those worthless men. Once you’ve grown up, you can buy me a big house, alright?”

Jonathan knew she didn’t believe him, for he was just a child after all.

“Alright.”

After agreeing, he decided to give Vivian some money that night. After all, he would be staying at her place for the next few days.

Following that, Vivian was contemplating how to send Jonathan to Cecilia’s side.

She was unaware that she was being watched from outside her house.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 259

Chapter 259 The Twins

Nathaniel was certain now—Jonathan and Elliot were twins, not the same child. But one was with Vivian, while the other was with Martha.

What does this mean?

That night, Nathaniel stood under a large tree, unfazed by the cold wind carrying the snow. The bodyguard handed him an investigation report, delivered overnight.

Opening it, Nathaniel found every detail of Vivian’s life since she moved abroad. She had always lived a virtuous life, never even having a boyfriend, let alone a child.

So, both children were indeed Cecilia’s.

If that’s the case, why did she lie to me?

Nathaniel lit a cigarette, but after just a few puffs, a heavy cough seized him. The driver hurried over. "Mr. Rainsworth, do you want to get in the car?"

"No need."

Perhaps the chill was the only thing keeping him clear-headed.

Nathaniel remembered Elliot mentioning that his last name was Reese, yet this child's surname was Smith. He didn't believe Calvin and Cecilia would have given both children different surnames.

Nathaniel hadn't closed his eyes for two or three days straight. His thoughts were becoming unclear, and he couldn't figure out why.

The overwhelming desire to see Cecilia gripped him. This time, he was determined to keep her by his side, never letting her go again. His eyes reddened at the corners, and his handsome face looked haggard.

The day after was the family gathering at the Rainsworth Manor. Nathaniel had already declined, but Elena insisted he return, saying it was important. He had no choice but to entrust the task of watching over Vivian and Jonathan to his subordinates before heading back.

Over at the Rainsworth Manor, almost everyone noticed something was off with Nathaniel. Once meticulous, he now appeared disheveled, even sporting a bit of stubble.

A housekeeper emerged from his room, holding a ring with quiet cation in her eyes. Suddenly, Nathaniel appeared before her. "What are you holding?"

The housekeeper, realizing he had noticed, quickly knelt down in fear. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to steal anything. I found this ring under the pillow while tidying up the bedding."

Nathaniel looked at the unremarkable diamond ring in her hand, and for a moment, he couldn't recall to whom it belonged..

"This ring..."

"It must have been Ms. Smith who dropped it," the housekeeper suggested.

Nathaniel's heart sank slightly as he took the ring, noticing the scratches on its surface.

Suddenly, he remembered. Seven years ago, when they got married, Cecilia had been left alone. in the kitchen, crying and contemplating destroying her wedding ring because of his indifference. Her sobbing pleas still echoed in his mind.

“Nathaniel, do you realize that here, anyone can bully me? No one even regards me as Mrs. Rainsworth. What did I do wrong?”

Bitterness welled up in his throat as he tightly clutched the ring.

“What did you call her just now?”

“Ms. Smith,” the housekeeper stammered, afraid of upsetting him. “Everyone has always called her that.”

Everyone had always called her that.

What Cecilia said was indeed true. Here, no one truly regarded her as Mrs. Rainsworth.

Nathaniel stood frozen in place, and the housekeeper, frightened, cautiously made her exit.

After she left, Nathaniel clenched the ring tightly in his hand, blood slowly dripping down. He knew Cecilia hadn’t just misplaced the ring; she had intentionally left it here, knowing they were never to meet again.

He returned to his room. Carefully stowing away the blood–stained ring, Nathaniel turned his attention to his next task.

As soon as he stepped in, the strong smell of disinfectant hit him. Glancing past several familiar faces, Nathaniel immediately spotted his identical twin brother, Nicholas, lying on the hospital bed, still hooked up to medical equipment.

Nathaniel had thought he would never return here in this lifetime.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 260

Chapter 260 One Brother For The Other

Seeing Nathaniel approach, Elena stepped forward. “Nicholas wants to have a private chat with you.”

After speaking, Elena and the others left.

Nathaniel moved closer to Nicholas. “Did you send that last text message?”

Nicholas’ eyes softened, signaling him to come closer. Nathaniel leaned in, straining to hear as Nicholas began to speak with some effort.

“The person she loves is me. The one she wants to marry, is also me.”

Nathaniel's hand tightened, his knuckles turning pale, and his eyes filled with icy coldness. It was now clear—Cecilia had mistaken one brother for the other.

What a joke. I've always believed that Cecilia loved me so, so deeply.

Nicholas noticed the change in Nathaniel's mood but didn't let it go. Instead, he added a hint of provocation. "Her husband was supposed to be me."

Nathaniel's throat tightened. If the person in front of him wasn't his own brother, he might have killed him..

"Whatever happened between you two, I'm her husband now." He stood up. "You've just woken up after a long time; you should rest properly."

"Or maybe never wake up again!" Nathaniel spat before swiftly leaving.

Outside Nicholas' room, Elena hurried to him. "The doctor said it's a miracle Nicholas woke up. He believes it won't be long before he can stand on his own again."

Nathaniel was not in the mood for well-wishes. His whole demeanor was icy. "I actually wish he would never stand up again!"

Without caring about Elena's shocked expression, Nathaniel left the place,

Driving back to Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel's mind was flooded with voices—Cecilia's, Nicholas's.

"I got the wrong person."

"The person she loves is me. The one she wants to marry, is also me."

Nathaniel's head throbbed painfully, the result of relentless exertion without rest. He was on the verge of collapse, but sleep was the last thing on his mind.

Finally, he arrived at Daltonia Villa.

Nathaniel grabbed a bottle of wine and sat alone on the couch, listening to the wind and snow outside while reflecting on the events since his engagement to Cecilia. He had ignored her, treated her coldly. She had once said, "I feel like you've changed."

But it turns out, it wasn't me who changed.

Nathaniel poured himself a glass of wine and drained it in one gulp. He downed one glass after another until the bottle was empty, his headache worsening.

Leaning back against the couch, Nathaniel muttered, "You lied to me."

Perhaps due to the alcohol, he struggled to fall asleep.

On the other side, Vivian had long known where Cecilia was headed. She bought two plane tickets, ready to leave the next day.

Jonathan voiced his concerns. "Aunt Vivian, are we really leaving now? Won't others find it suspicious?" He was trying to warn Vivian, afraid their departure might draw Nathaniel's attention.

"Your mom is still waiting for us. As long as we don't leave, she won't be at ease."

Hearing that, Jonathan said nothing more. He understood his mother's worries, but being so young, he couldn't help her. But he wouldn't let it rest. Once he was older, he would return and make sure those who wronged her paid for it.

The next day, before dawn, Vivian and Jonathan set off for the airport. The bodyguard following them immediately called Nathaniel.

Enduring a wave of dizziness, Nathaniel answered the phone. "What's up?"

"Vivian took the child to the airport."

Nathaniel rose from the couch. "Follow them. Find out where they're headed."

"Understood."

Ending the call, Nathaniel grabbed his coat, quickly put it on, and rushed out the door. After a brief nap, his mind was a bit clearer.

He had a hunch—those two kids weren't Calvin's after all.