

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 261

## Chapter 261 Finally Reunited

Nathaniel didn't go to the airport. Instead, he returned to Spring Forest Manor and had someone retrieve the toothbrush Elliot had used to take it to the hospital for testing.

Meanwhile, Vivian and Jonathan had already boarded the plane, unaware that someone was following them. As she looked out at the vast white landscape, Vivian felt a sense of relief.

“Finally, we can live in peace,” she sighed.

Jonathan remained silent, seemingly lost in thought. Vivian, thinking he might be feeling reluctant to leave like a child leaving kindergarten, comforted him. “Don't worry, I'll bring Dante to visit you in the future.”

Jonathan snapped out of his thoughts and replied, “Okay.”

Vivian wanted to say more, but Jonathan had already picked up the newspaper lying on the plane. The headlines were still all about Stella. Given that the world now viewed Stella as Nathaniel's girlfriend, the buzz wasn't expected to die down anytime soon.

After glancing at the news a few times, Jonathan lost interest. He covered his small face with the newspaper and took a brief nap. Vivian looked at the little boy beside her, feeling that he was unusually mature, nothing like a child at all.

No wonder, during all those days in Tudela, he never once mentioned wanting to find his father or talked about going home. Even now, he's still calm and composed.

They had about seven or eight hours left before reaching Moontown, where Cecilia was currently staying. Vivian also decided to get some sleep.

Eight hours later, due to the time difference, it was already night when they arrived in Moontown.

Cecilia had been waiting there for some time. When she saw two figures, one big and one small, approaching, she quickly trotted over.

“Jonathan, Vivian!” She hugged her son tightly.

Jonathan's face turned rosy as he was embraced. “Mommy.”

“Let's go home first,” Cecilia said, leading them away.

Back at home, Martha and the nanny were busy preparing dinner, with Elliot helping on the side. "Grandma Martha, you forgot to add salt again," Elliot reminded her.

Martha smacked her forehead. "Oh dear, my memory is getting worse."

Elliot smiled. "When I grow up, I'll cook for you, Grandma Martha."

"My little Eli is such a good boy," Martha said, clearly touched,

The housekeeper approached Martha. "Mdm. Martha, your health isn'tu rest. If you don't, Ceci will scold me again when she comes back."

Martha sighed but eventually agreed and took Elliot to the living room to rest. While they waited she became engrossed in the local news.

The news anchor was fervently reporting, "After the scandal involving the famous singer Stella broke out, Rainsworth Group's stocks took a significant hit. So far, there's been no word from Nathaniel, the CEO of Rainsworth Group."

Martha clenched her hand tightly. "Serves you right!"

The sound of the door opening echoed through the room, and Martha quickly turned off the television. She got up to greet the three visitors.

Vivian hadn't seen Elliot much, as he had been hospitalized for a long time. Seeing the two children together, with their identical faces, the surprise was evident in her eyes.

"God truly is amazing—two little sweethearts! Come, let me hold you."

Even though Elliot enjoyed being pampered, he wasn't fond of being held by anyone other than his mother. He flashed a mischievous smile.

"Dear Ms. Kennedy, my brother and I are grown now. Boys and girls shouldn't be too close."

The term "Dear Ms. Kennedy" made Vivian's heart swell with joy. If it weren't for the fear of aggravating Elliot's condition, she would have rushed over and hugged him.

"You're such a good boy. Jon, you should learn from your little brother—he's so adorable," she said.

Jonathan, seeing Vivian lost in her daydreams, silently turned away and went to see Martha.

After dinner, they all went to rest. That night, Cecilia and Vivian shared a bed.

“Are you planning to stay here for long?” Vivian asked.

“For now, yes,” Cecilia replied after a pause. “Martha is getting older and has various health issues. I don’t want her moving around with me anymore.”

Besides, Martha didn’t understand foreign languages. When they were abroad, apart from the housekeeper, she had no one to talk to. Over the years, having her by her side, Cecilia felt she owed her too much.

“But what if Nathaniel comes looking for you?” Vivian asked.

“I don’t know,” Cecilia sighed.

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Chapter 262 Are You Really Pregnant

“Don’t worry,” Cecilia said, “he never loved me to begin with. He won’t keep looking for me. Give it some time, and he’ll eventually give up.”

She believed Nathaniel was only seeking her out because he didn’t like losing, not because of genuine feelings. Cecilia had left him a significant sum of money to settle everything between them.

won

Vivian stared at the ceiling, deep in thought, before asking, “So, are you planning on finding a father for Jon and Eli?”

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback. Over the years, her focus had been solely on raising her two children. The thought of remarrying hadn’t crossed her mind.

She shook her head. “I’m financially stable now and can take good care of them. I don’t want to find a stepfather for them—it might not be good for them.”

“Be

“Besides...” Cecilia placed her hand on her lower abdomen.

Vivian’s eyes widened. “Really? Are you pregnant?”

Cecilia gave a slight nod. “Yes. I had just arrived here when I went to the hospital for a check-up. They told me I was already a month along.”

With a touch of curiosity, Vivian placed her hand on Cecilia’s abdomen. “That’s great. In nine more months, Eli will be able to undergo surgery.”

“Actually, it’s eight months,” Cecilia corrected her. She had once explained to Vivian that pregnancy typically lasts nine months, not ten as commonly believed.

“Oh, I see,” Vivian said, withdrawing her hand. She then filled Cecilia in on the happenings back home. “Did you catch the news? Stella’s reputation has taken a serious hit this time. And as for Nathaniel, a lot of people online are saying he’s being cheated on.”

Cecilia had anticipated this outcome but hadn’t expected Nathaniel to ignore public opinion entirely. “Didn’t the Rainsworth family always have a way of suppressing public opinion?” she asked.

Vivian shook her head. “I’m not sure. All I know is that my dad told me Rainsworth Group has now hired a CEO, with Nathaniel managing things from behind the scenes.”

“Enough about him. Let’s get some sleep,” Cecilia suggested.

“All right,” Vivian agreed.

After planning to rest here for a few days, Vivian intended to return to Vivian. She had initially come back to Tudela for two reasons—to help Cecilia and to resolve things with her first love, Ernest her father that she could live a good life without marrying into the Sinclair family.

Over at Daltonia Villa, upon learning of Cecilia’s whereabouts, Nathaniel immediately arranged a flight abroad without a word.

Mason knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Nathaniel called out, not bothering to change his clothes.

When Mason entered the room, he was greeted by a scene of disarray—empty liquor bottles scattered everywhere. It was far from what one would call a home.

He couldn’t help but express his concern. “Mr. Rainsworth, there have been some issues at the company recently. Maybe you should go check it out?”

Although Nathaniel had hired exceptional people, without him at the helm, many of the Rainsworth family’s elders were difficult to control, making the company hard to manage.

But Nathaniel wasn’t in the mood. “I’m busy.”

Mason was taken aback again. When had Mr. Rainsworth ever let work slide?

Considering how Nathaniel had previously chided him for meddling, Mason didn't feel it was his place to offer advice.

Just then, there was another knock at the door.

Mason went to check and found a somewhat familiar man standing outside. "You are?" he asked.

"I'm Norman Jenkins, the lawyer commissioned by Ms. Cecilia Smith. We met a few years ago."

The moment Mason heard the name, he immediately recalled the divorce settlement Cecilia had arranged for Nathaniel.

Before he could react, Norman had already walked in. Seeing Nathaniel's current state, he was initially taken aback, but then he pulled out the documents from his briefcase.

"Mr. Rainsworth, Cecilia has asked me to have you sign a document on her behalf."

Upon hearing that he had come on behalf of Cecilia, Nathaniel's gaze locked onto him. "What document?"

Norman stepped forward, handed him the papers, and succinctly explained. "My client entrusted me with a substantial sum of money, stating it was to repay the betrothal gift from before your marriage. She hopes that once you accept this money, all past matters will be considered settled."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 263**

### **Chapter 263 Tired Of Running**

All past matters will be considered settled?

Nathaniel picked up the document and carefully flipped through it. Each page was written in a way that suggested there was no longer any connection between them. When he reached the compensation amount, he saw it was a staggering eight billion!

How did she come up with that much money?

Nathaniel had already investigated Cecilia's company long ago. The most they had in liquid assets was a few hundred million. Even if the company was sold, it wouldn't raise that much.

With a cold chuckle, Nathaniel tossed the document into the trash bin. "Why are you so sure I'll sign this?"

“My client stated that if you’re unwilling to sign, it means you don’t care about the money, and all past matters will be considered resolved,” Norman replied in a low voice. “I hope you won’t use this as a way to manipulate Cecilia in the future. Remember, it’s you who didn’t want it, not her who didn’t return it.”

Norman, who had watched Cecilia grow up, had always wanted to stand up for her. He had expected to be thrown out, but surprisingly, Nathaniel didn’t say a word. He simply said, “Don’t worry, I won’t bring this up again.”

Norman was a bit bewildered..

Nathaniel was painfully aware of just how determined Cecilia was. She was willing to pay such an exorbitant price just to avoid any further entanglement with him.

After Norman left, Nathaniel turned to Mason. “What would you do if someone who adored you changed their heart?”

Mason, thinking of his girlfriend, replied, “If she ever fell for another man, I’d make her regret it.”

Yes! Regret!

Nathaniel pinched the bridge of his nose. “Let’s go, to the airport.”

He was determined to find Cecilia.

Mason knew there was no point in trying to dissuade him, so he didn’t. He simply followed along.

At Moontown, after taking a day off, Vivian was ready to leave. During their goodbye, Cecilia alone escorted her to the airport, waving her off.

On her way back, Cecilia received a call from Calvin. “Ceci, you need to move. Nathaniel will be arriving soon.”

Cecilia froze. She had assumed it would take Nathaniel months, if not longer, to find her. Yet here he was closing in “Calvin, can you take Martha and the kids away first?”

Calvin was puzzled. “You’re not leaving?”

“I’m tired of running,” Cecilia said, her voice hoarse against the sea breeze. “The world is only so big. If Nathaniel never stops, he’ll find us sooner or later.”

For years, Nathaniel had never stopped searching for her. Every time he got close, they had to move again. It was exhausting.

“I want to make it clear to him—there’s no future for us,” Cecilia declared.

Calvin was silent for a moment. “I’ll be there right away. If he tries to force you, I’ll make him disappear!”

Before Cecilia could respond, Calvin had already hung up.

This wasn’t Tudela—Nathaniel couldn’t have his way here.

An hour later, Martha and the children were about to leave. Both Elliot and Jonathan were used to moving from one place to another, so they didn’t question it. But Martha’s health was deteriorating, and it was uncertain how much longer she could keep going.

Cecilia hugged Martha tightly. “You’ve been through so much.”

Martha chuckled. “Silly child, I’m getting older, but being with you all is never tiring.” She turned and got into the car.

Cecilia watched them leave, feeling a deep sense of desolation as she stood alone in the house she had just settled into.

Nightfall came. Cecilia wrapped herself in a blanket and sat on the couch. Suddenly, with a loud “bang,” the door was kicked open.

When she looked up, she saw Nathaniel standing outside, flanked by a line of bodyguards.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 264**

### **Chapter 264 He Found Her**

Nathaniel stood in the doorway, staring at the all-too-familiar figure inside. It had only been about two weeks since he last saw her, but it felt like an eternity.

The bodyguards left first, standing outside.

Nathaniel walked in, and the air in the room seemed to grow heavy.

“I thought I made myself clear,” Cecilia began.

Nathaniel, backlit by the light, made his expression hard to read. He didn’t say a word, just gazed at Cecilia, his eyes never leaving her.

Cecilia wasn’t used to his intense gaze and took a step back. “You’ve received the money from Mr. Jenkins, right? We’re done,” she said..

Nathaniel remained silent, his eyes locked on her. Slowly, he raised his hand, intending to place it on Cecilia's shoulder, but before he could, she stepped back, avoiding him.

Cecilia took a deep breath. "What do you want?"

Nathaniel's raised hand froze mid-air. His voice was calm but deliberate as he spoke, "I want you to come home with me."

"Go home?" Cecilia let out a bitter laugh. "What home? Daltonia Villa? That was never my home."

Those were the same words Nathaniel had once used against her, and now she was throwing them back at him. Nathaniel had never imagined Cecilia could hurt him like this. Just a few words, yet they pierced him deeply.

"We're not divorced yet!" he said.

"We're just a couple in name," Cecilia retorted.

Nathaniel felt a heavy weight pressing on his chest, a sensation he couldn't control. He grabbed Cecilia's shoulder, his gaze intense. "What do you mean by 'a couple in name'? Just last month, you were in my bed! Do you want me to remind you of the sounds you made?"

Smack!

In a flash of anger, Cecilia slapped him across the face. Her face flushed with indignation. "Mr. Rainsworth, you're the CEO of a corporation. Surely you understand the concept of putting on an act when circumstances demand it? And the idea of parting on good terms?"

Putting on an act... Was that all it was to Cecilia?

Nathaniel's check stung from the slap, but the pain deep inside was far worse. He had never felt like this before—betrayed, abandoned...

Nathaniel's voice dropped, his tone pleading. "Are you still upset about the past? I didn't love Stella. I only cared for her because she once saved my mother. I... I promise it won't happen again."

He had never felt so small.

But Cecilia's eyes were cold, completely unmoved.

Some wounds heal with time, but others never do. She remembered the countless times Nathaniel had been cold and cruel, the times she loved but was never loved in



return. It weighed so heavily on her that she dared not trust any man again, nor believe in love.

“I don’t need it. All I want now is for you to leave,” Cecilia said.

Nathaniel’s grip tightened on her shoulder, his eyes burning with anger. “You want me to leave? That’s not going to happen!”

He moved closer, wanting to comfort her, to apologize, but he didn’t know how to begin. Even saying, “I think I’m falling for you,” was something he didn’t dare.

Nathaniel lowered his head, intending to kiss her.

“Let go of me!” Cecilia struggled to pull away.

Outside, the noise was chaotic. Suddenly, someone burst in and threw a punch at Nathaniel. Caught off guard, Nathaniel’s lip split, blood trickling down.

He looked up—it was Calvin. The dignified gentleman was gone. Now, he was throwing punches. at Nathaniel.

Before long, the two were locked in a fierce confrontation.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 265**

### **Chapter 265 A Fierce Confrontation**

Both Nathaniel and Calvin were battered and bruised, neither faring better than the other. However, Calvin, having been injured before, was no match for Nathaniel. Just as Nathaniel was about to throw another punch, Cecilia stepped in front of Calvin..

“Have you had enough?” she asked Nathaniel, her gaze icy and detached.

Nathaniel froze, the pain at the corner of his mouth lingering. He wiped away the fresh blood. seeping from his lip, staring deeply at Cecilia, but said nothing.

“Leave now, or I’ll call the police!” Cecilia warned.

Nathaniel couldn’t quite articulate the feeling settling in his heart. In the past, Cecilia had always stood by his side, no matter who was involved. Now, she had chosen someone else.

Nathaniel finally averted his gaze, turning to walk out. After he left, Cecilia immediately turned to Calvin. “Are you okay?”

The moment her hand brushed against his arm, Calvin winced and drew in a sharp breath. "I'm fine," he replied.

But Cecilia noticed his sleeve was stained with blood, tinting her fingertips red. "You're bleeding from your arm."

Calvin removed his coat, revealing a muscular arm with a ghastly knife wound that had reopened during the fight, fresh blood streaming down. He quickly covered it with his shirt. "It's an old wound. Did it scare you?"

Calvin hadn't expected Nathaniel to still have such strength.

At that moment, the men Calvin had brought with him entered, each one battered and bruised. Seeing Calvin injured, one of them rushed over to dress his wound.

"Sir, should we go to the hospital?"

"No need. You all go ahead," Calvin replied.

After everyone left, Calvin turned to Cecilia. "Did Nathaniel harm you

Cecilia shook her head. "No, your timing was perfect. Thank you."

Calvin frowned slightly. "I knew he wouldn't let it go."

in any way?"

Worry was etched in Cecilia's eyes. "I didn't expect him to follow me this far."

"Shall I take you away tomorrow?" Calvin asked tentatively.

Cecilia declined. "No need. Just take good care of Martha and the kids for me. I can handle this myself."

Calvin had expected her to refuse, but he couldn't help the wistful smile that crossed his face. "Can you tell me why you keep rejecting my help? Aren't we friends?"

After a brief silence, Cecilia finally answered, "I'm afraid I won't be able to repay you."

That single sentence said it all. Deep down, Calvin knew she could never be with him.

"I understand now," he said. "But if you ever need me, just call."

With a sense of defeat, Calvin left.

Back in the car, Calvin took the diamond ring from his pocket and tossed it out the window. On the way to the airport, he received a call from his friend, Yannick.

“Calvin, how did it go? Did she accept your proposal?”

Calvin had come not just to confront Nathaniel but also to express his feelings to Cecilia.

He gave a bitter smile. “No.”

She rejected you? How could she? You’re a good man, and she’s already married with kids. Where is she going to find someone better than you?” Yannick was incredulous.

Calvin’s throat ached. “Because she doesn’t love me.”

Love—or the lack of it—was plain to see. Calvin knew Cecilia had never had feelings for him. It had always been a one-sided love..

Yannick was at a loss for words. He was about to say something when suddenly, a loud bang echoed through the phone.

“Calvin, what’s going on over there?”

On the streets of Moontown, a luxury car had been hit. Shards of glass flew toward Calvin, and the trailing security vehicle was engulfed in thick, billowing smoke.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 266**

### **Chapter 266 I Do Not Want Anything**

That evening, Cecilia returned to her room to rest. Lying in bed, she closed her eyes, but the image of Nathaniel’s expression as he left kept surfacing in her mind. She had only seen that look on his face once before—during their wedding, after he had been deceived.

A sense of unease gnawed at her, making it difficult for Cecilia to sleep.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel was staying at a top-tier hotel nearby, overlooking the streets below, his expression icy cold.

Calvin had always thought Tudela was Nathaniel’s territory, but what he didn’t realize was that even in Tudela, Nathaniel exercised restraint.

Here, abroad, he didn’t care at all.

After Calvin's accident, the Reese family had taken him away overnight and suppressed the news.

Unaware of the car accident, Cecilia woke up the next day and arranged to have the door repaired. She planned to stay temporarily, continuing to compose music. Once Nathaniel had given up his pursuit, she would go find Martha and the others.

In the morning, Cecilia was getting ready to go out and buy groceries. She opened the door and stepped out, only to see Nathaniel standing next to a Maybach, smoking a cigarette. Upon seeing her, he immediately extinguished it and tossed the butt into a nearby trash bin.

Pretending not to see him, Cecilia walked in the opposite direction. After the scent of smoke on Nathaniel had somewhat dissipated, he quickly followed her.

"Cecilia!" he called out.

Cecilia paused, turning back to face him. "If I wasn't clear enough yesterday, let me repeat myself today. I don't want to be with you anymore. Please, let me go. Let's part on good terms."

A flicker of sadness passed through Nathaniel's eyes. "Do you know how sleepless my nights have been since you left?"

Cecilia couldn't help but chuckle coldly. "Can't sleep? Maybe you should see a doctor."

In their three years of marriage, she had spent more time unable to sleep than she could count.

Nathaniel's throat tightened, and he pulled Cecilia into his arms, ignoring her resistance. "What do I have to do for you to come back?" he asked, his voice pleading.

The lingering scent of smoke on him made Cecilia nauseous. She fought the urge to retch and asked, "Did you read the letter I wrote to you?"

Nathaniel's body stiffened.

Not Want Anyt

It felt like all the blood in Nathaniel's body had turned to ice.

She continued, "I'm sorry. For all these years. I've held you back. But now, it's over. I've set you free. Isn't it only fair that you do the same for me?"

The person she fell for wasn't him. She had set him free.

Nathaniel's eyes reddened, and his throat tightened with pain. "No, it's impossible!" he said, his voice cracking.

Cecilia couldn't understand. He had been the one who didn't care for her from the beginning, the one who always wanted to leave. So why was he now unwilling to let go?

Nathaniel tried to keep his composure, to avoid causing her pain. He lowered his voice. "I'll return the Smith family's assets to you, untouched and unchanged. Is that enough?"

Cecilia didn't respond.

He continued, "I've also bought the Smith residence. If you come back, we can move in together. If you don't want to stay there, we could go back to Sparaville, where you grew up. Would that be okay? Whatever you want to do or desire in the future. I'll support you."

Cecilia had never seen Nathaniel like this before. She pried his hand off, took a step back, and looked him square in the eye.

"I don't want anything."

All she wanted now was to live a peaceful, quiet life with her two children and Martha, without any disturbances. As for love and marriage, she had long since given up hope.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 267**

### **Chapter 267 My First Time**

Cecilia had initially thought Nathaniel wouldn't stay for long and would eventually leave on his own. To her surprise, in the following days, he established a branch company in Moontown- right near where she lived.

One had to admit, Nathaniel was a business prodigy. He thrived wherever he went, quickly acquainting himself with the city's affluent individuals one by one.

Every morning, Cecilia received a bouquet of flowers along with an expensive gift. But each time, she tossed them into the trash.

Then, Nathaniel shocked everyone by purchasing the entire area where Cecilia lived and moving into the house next door. Now, whenever they stood on their balconies, they could see each other.

One day, as Cecilia was composing music on her open-air balcony, she noticed Nathaniel standing on his.

“If you enjoy living here, we can make this our permanent home,” Nathaniel stated solemnly.

Cecilia didn't respond. She picked up her sheet music and went straight back to her room.

Meanwhile, Mason had just arrived with a crew to renovate the house. Seeing Nathaniel standing alone on the balcony, constantly gazing at Cecilia's house, he knew his boss was longing to see her.

“Mr. Rainsworth, the house next door is yours now. If you want to see Mrs. Rainsworth, you can. go over anytime,” Mason suggested.

After confirming Nathaniel's intentions, Mason had already begun referring to Cecilia differently.

Cecilia had been renting the house she was living in. Mason had just received the keys to it today, which he handed over to Nathaniel.

Nathaniel took the keys, glanced at them for a moment, and then asked, “How are things back home?”

“The elders at the company have been suppressed, but Adrian and his wife, Miranda, are still making moves behind the scenes,” Mason reported.

Nathaniel dismissed the concern with disdain. “Don't bother about them.”

To him, Adrian and Miranda were hardly a challenge.

Mason nodded.

“And Nicholas?”

After a brief hesitation, Mason replied, “I'm not sure. Since you left Tudela, Nicholas also left the Rainsworth Manor. No one knows where he is now.”

A glint of concern flashed across Nathaniel's eyes. He wasn't worried about Adrian and Miranda, but his own younger brother was a different matter.

“Find out where he is.”

“Understood.”

Nathaniel initially wanted to light a cigarette, but he restrained himself when he remembered how Cecilia had reacted to the smell a few days ago. She had seemed nauseated, almost on the verge of vomiting.

“She shouldn’t still be mad, right?” Nathaniel asked Mason, his tone serious.

Mason was taken aback, unsure of how to respond.

How would I know if Cecilia was still angry? Given how Mr. Rainsworth had treated her in the past, it isn’t something that could be mended in just a few days of gift-giving.

Mason didn’t respond, and Nathaniel took his silence as confirmation.

After what felt like an eternity, night finally fell. Seeing that the lights were off at Cecilia’s place, Nathaniel decided not to use the keys. Instead, he simply climbed over the balcony to get in.

Cecilia had trouble sleeping soundly. Being pregnant, coupled with the stress of being away from home and missing Elliot and Jonathan, often led to nightmares.

Suddenly, she felt a large hand pulling her into an embrace, holding her tightly.

Cecilia, a light sleeper, was startled awake. “Who’s there!”

She opened her eyes, but in the pitch-dark room, she couldn’t see who it was. Without hesitation, she bit down on the man’s hand.

Nathaniel’s brow furrowed slightly, but he didn’t release his grip. In a hushed tone, he said, “It’s me.”

Upon hearing his familiar voice, the tension in Cecilia’s mind eased slightly, “Nathaniel, how did you get in here? Get out!”

Nathaniel, having finally reached her, had no intention of leaving. “Can you please stop being upset?” he asked.

“I’ve told you many times, I’m not throwing a tantrum,” Cecilia replied coldly, glaring at him.

Nathaniel’s hand, still holding her tightly despite the bite, ached, but the pain in his chest was far worse. “This is my first time being someone’s husband.”

It’s also the first time I truly liked someone.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 268**

### **Chapter 268 Escaping Together**

Cecilia's heart clenched at his words. It was his first time being someone's husband, but it was also her first time being his wife. Her eyes were filled with indifference. "Nathaniel, go back to Tudela. Don't make me despise you."

Nathaniel held her stiffly, his voice hoarse. "I'm not going back. I have all the time and patience in the world."

As she looked at him, confusion filled Cecilia's mind. "You've never liked me. Why are you so insistent on clinging to me now?"

A lump formed in Nathaniel's throat. "I never even considered divorce!" he declared, rising from under the covers. "Whenever you need something, come to me. From now on, I'm your landlord."

Nathaniel left without Cecilia realizing it. It was only after she reached out to her previous landlord in the middle of the night that she discovered the house had already been sold. She had no choice but to change the electronic lock.

Recently, Cecilia had composed a new piece of music, and a business owner was interested in discussing a potential partnership for copyright royalties. Coincidentally, this person was in the area and had arranged to meet with Cecilia that day.

She prepared early in the morning, ready to seal the deal. Because she had given Nathaniel a significant amount of money, her funds were somewhat tight. Securing this collaboration would substantially boost her annual income.

They agreed to meet at the nearest five-star hotel. The person in charge from the other company was a man from Lushtopia, known to have some wealth. He preferred to be addressed by his Clusian name, Simon Reynolds. Dressed in a suit, with blond hair and blue eyes, he was a towering figure.

"Ms. Cecille?" The man was surprised and delighted to find that the renowned composer was a young woman.

Cecilia hadn't expected the other party to speak Clusian. "Yes, that's me. Mr. Reynolds, nice to meet you."

She reached out to shake his hand.

The man reciprocated, but there was something unsettling in his gaze.

Just as Cecilia was about to pull her hand back, he tightened his grip, staring straight at her. "I have a soft spot for Aplothian girls, and you're incredibly beautiful."

Having lived abroad for many years, Cecilia was no stranger to verbal harassment. With a composed demeanor, she forcefully withdrew her hand. "Let's focus on business."



Simon chuckled, settling down as he licked his lips. “You Aplothian women are so... reserved, aren’t you?”

Cecilia’s gaze cooled. “Is it common for Adrunean men to lack manners?”

Simon burst into hearty laughter, towering over Cecilia. “How about this? If you spend the night with me, we’ll sign the contract. What do you say?”

Cecilia’s face flushed with anger. She grabbed her bag, ready to leave. But the man wasn’t willing to let things go and reached out to stop her.

Cecilia pulled out her pepper spray from her bag and sprayed it directly at him. The man cursed in pain as she made a hasty escape.

Being a woman, Cecilia had grown accustomed to these situations. Thus, she had learned to defend herself.

As she walked away, she noticed the man’s bodyguard following her. Just as she was about to contact Sven, she realized she had lost one of her hearing aids—likely during her earlier struggle. Unable to reach Sven, Cecilia soon found herself cornered. Before she could pull out her phone, it was slapped out of her hand.

A heavy blow landed on her face, leaving her dizzy and disoriented, with a ringing in her ears. As she saw several towering foreign men approaching, she didn’t have time to think. She scrambled to her feet and continued running!

Her vision blurred, her hearing impaired, she suddenly stumbled forward. But instead of hitting the ground, she collided with a strong chest.

“Help me, please...” Cecilia looked up, her voice trailing off in surprise.

Despite her blurred vision and dizziness, she recognized Nathaniel at first glance.

“Run quickly!” Summoning all her strength, she grabbed Nathaniel’s hand and they ran out together.

For reasons she couldn’t explain, it was instinct. There were so many of them after her, and their identities were unknown. They were bold enough to chase her in a public place, and her instinct told her to take Nathaniel with her as she fled.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 269**

Chapter 269 The Results Are Out

Surprisingly, the foreigners trailing them didn't catch up. Once outside, Cecilia took deep breaths, trying to calm herself. Nathaniel, noticing the injury on her face, asked, "What happened?"

Cecilia, though struggling with her hearing, could roughly make out his words by reading his lips. "I'm fine," she replied, letting go of his hand. She didn't want to continue the conversation and headed toward a more populated area.

But Nathaniel wasn't ready to let her go. He caught up and grabbed her hand. "Did someone hit you?" he asked, concern evident in his eyes.

During those days, Nathaniel had kept a close watch on Cecilia. He had seen her heading to the hotel that day and had decided to follow, never expecting the incident in the corridor.

"Let me go," Cecilia demanded, not wanting him to see her in such a vulnerable state.

Nathaniel, however, was unwilling to release her. He gently but firmly held her chin, noticing the clear imprint of fingers on her face. Glancing back at the hotel entrance, he saw two foreign men still watching them.

Realizing what had happened, Nathaniel scooped Cecilia up in his arms, ignoring her protests, and swiftly placed her into his car. He noticed her hearing aid had fallen out, but didn't mention it. With one hand, he held onto Cecilia, and with the other, he quickly sent an address to someone before making a phone call.

"Surround the area and find out who dared to lay a hand on Cecilia. No one is allowed to leave!" he ordered, his tone icy.

After hanging up, he instructed the driver to head to the nearest hospital.

When Cecilia noticed their destination, panic flashed in her eyes. "I'm not going to the hospital. Let me out of the car," she demanded, her voice firm.

If she went to the hospital, they'd find out she was pregnant.

However, Nathaniel gripped her wrist tightly. "Listen to me, and go get yourself checked out at the hospital," he said, trying to keep his voice calm.

"I said, I'm not going to the hospital! Let me out!" Cecilia shouted, struggling against his hold.

Nathaniel was taken aback by her outburst. Even the driver glanced back in surprise—no one had ever dared to yell at Nathaniel like that.

Cecilia expected Nathaniel to be angry, but instead, he remained silent, his lips pressed tightly together as he stared straight ahead. His silence only fueled her frustration, and she struggled harder, prying at his hand until his fingers began to bleed. But he didn't loosen his grip in the slightest.

Desperate, she bit down hard on the back of his hand.

Nathaniel winced but didn't pull away. "Are you an animal?" he asked, his voice strangled

Cecilia slightly loosened her bite glaring at him, signaling for him to let go..

Nathaniel raised an eyebrow. "If you enjoy biting, go ahead," he challenged, refusing to release her.

Realizing he wouldn't relent, Cecilia slowly let go, leaving clear teeth marks on the back of his hand. She turned her head toward the window, choosing to remain silent.

Nathaniel would have preferred her biting him over seeing her like this.

They arrived at the hospital, where Nathaniel handed Cecilia over to the doctor. She insisted she had only been slapped, that her hearing had fallen out, and she was experiencing a ringing in her ears. She refused any further examination.

After the doctor administered basic treatment and helped her put her hearing aid back on, Cecilia could finally hear again.

At that moment, Nathaniel was standing in the hospital corridor, on the phone with one of his subordinates, discussing something. The moment Cecilia stepped out, he immediately hung up

"Thank you," Cecilia said, her voice distant.

Nathaniel noticed that the swelling on her face had intensified after the treatment. He extended his hand. "Let's go. I'll take you home."

But Cecilia avoided him. "No need. I can go back by myself.

Nathaniel's hand froze in mid-air as he watched her walk away from the hospital alone, hailing a taxi to return to her place.

His car trailed behind her, his mind replaying the scene at the hotel. Despite being pursued, she had abandoned him when they crossed paths. Instead, she had instinctively taken him with her in her escape.

He recalled a time in Daprein when he had been framed and found himself in a precarious situation. Cecilia had managed to find him after much difficulty and landing onto her back then being as if he had the whole world in his arms.

Just then. Mason called.

Nathan answered, and Mason's voice came through the line. "Mr Rainworth, the results of t

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### **Chapter 270 No Blood Relation**

Nathaniel's heart lifted with anticipation as he awaited Mason's report. But Mason's words sent a chill down his spine. "The result is, there's no blood relation."

No blood relation... So, Cecilia hadn't lied to me after all. Our child had died before it was born. Elliot and the other kid aren't mine—they are hers and Calvin's!

Nathaniel's hand clenched tightly, his knuckles turning white from the pressure. His throat felt

like it was on fire.

"Got it," he said, ending the call abruptly.

The atmosphere in the car grew icy as Nathaniel stared at the bite mark on the back of his hand, his expression hardening. He had been so convinced that Cecilia had deceived him, but now he realized just how foolish he had been.

Instead of directing the driver back to the residence, he ordered him to head to a nearby bar.

Cecilia returned home, still shaken from the day's events. As she tried to compose herself, a phone call came in from Martha.

"Mommy!" came the cheerful voices of her children.

Jonathan and Elliot's faces appeared on the screen, their smiles bringing Cecilia a much-needed sense of comfort.

Relieved that Nathaniel hadn't followed her back, she answered them warmly, "Jon, Eli, kisses!" She did her best to act naturally, hiding any hint of distress.

"Mommy, when are you coming back?" Elliot asked, his big eyes twinkling with hope.

Cecilia smiled gently. “Just wait a little longer; I will be back soon.”

“Mommy, Jon and I miss you so much,” Elliot added,

“I miss you both too,” Cecilia replied, her heart aching with longing.

Jonathan then appeared on the screen, his tone mature. “Mommy, don’t forget to drink your milk tonight and take your vitamins.”

“Got it,” Cecilia assured him.

Her children’s concern and love made her feel incredibly fortunate. Because of them, she felt stronger, more determined to face whatever challenges lay ahead. She knew she had to be strong. Since she had chosen to raise her children on her own, she needed to be prepared to face any danger.

After their chat, Cecilia prepared for bed. On the other side, Martha was also urging the children to sleep, as Elliot had a hospital check-up the next day.

g to be asleep, quietly began to talk.

your tracks when you left Spring Forest Manor?” Jonathan asked

grinned smugly. “Of course. I replaced all my belongings.”

Including the toothbrush!

After discarding his own toothbrush, Elliot had cleverly tricked the housekeeper into using his child-sized toothbrush for him. That was why, when Nathaniel had the DNA test done, it showed no blood relation.

Elliot had prepared for every eventuality, though he hadn’t expected to actually need to use it.

“Good,” Jonathan said with satisfaction.

“But Jon, you need to reflect on your actions. You were almost caught by Nathaniel,” Elliot chided, recalling the incident where Jonathan had stolen from Nathaniel.

Jonathan sighed, rolling over. “I didn’t expect him to be so skilled.”

“If we hadn’t returned with Mommy this time, he might have traced everything back to her,” Elliot added with a sigh.

Jonathan felt a bit shaken by that thought. “All right, let’s go to sleep.”

Elliot, however, couldn't sleep. Sometimes, his bones ached terribly at night. He murmured, "Jon, do

you think we let him off too easily?"

Jonathan smirked. "When I left, I left a small virus in their company

"Nice," Elliot replied, pleased.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel was oblivious to the children's scheming, sipping his drink in the bar, lost in thought.

The next morning, chaos erupted at Rainsworth Group's headquarters. Employees found their computers displaying humorous, photoshopped images of Nathaniel.