

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 271

Chapter 271 A Prank

They were composite photos of Nathaniel with Stella, complete with insinuations that he had been cheated on.

By the time Nathaniel found out, the images had already spread and even made it to the trending news headlines. The IT department scrambled to delete the photos and launch an investigation. They discovered that the method used was similar to the one used previously to transfer funds from Nathaniel’s private account, and the timing was almost identical, usually around three or four in the morning.

After sobering up, Nathaniel stared at the photographs, a throbbing headache adding to his frustration. “Have they found out who did it?”

After a brief hesitation, Mason replied, “We traced the address to Zachary’s Seabay Villa, but he wouldn’t do something like this. The hacker who breached your private account before—his location was linked to where Vivian resides.”

“I have a hunch. Could it be that child?” Mason suggested.

At the mention of Jonathan, Nathaniel fell silent. “Suppress the news,” he ordered.

Once that was done, he asked, “Have they found the child?”

Mason shook his head.

Nathaniel picked up another glass of wine, taking a sip, the fiery liquid burning his throat. He tossed the empty glass aside. “Keep searching.”

“Understood,” Mason replied.

He then provided another update. “We’ve identified what happened last night. Mrs. Rainsworth offended a local bigwig, known as Mr. Reynolds. He’s a notorious figure, with multiple stints in jail. Unfortunately, he managed to slip away this time.”

Nathaniel’s brow furrowed slightly. “Understood.”

With nothing else to attend to, Mason left.

Nathaniel sat on the couch, lost in thought about the previous day’s events. Eventually, he opened his laptop and instructed customer service at one of his subsidiaries to provide him with an

account.

On Cecilia's end, her new song hadn't sold, so she was exploring other collaborations. But she got lucky that morning—a major website expressed interest in striking a deal.

Unbeknownst to Cecilia, the website was actually arranged by Nathaniel. She had no idea that he was well-acquainted with her line of work.

Online, Nathaniel personally communicated with her.

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Cecilia typed: Hello, shall we meet in person for a discussion?

Nathaniel: No need. Let's sign the contract online, and I'll transfer the money to you.

+5 Pearls

Cecilia hadn't expected the other party to be so prompt. After confirming they were using the company's account, she signed the contract. Sure enough, it didn't take long before fifty million was transferred into her company's account.

Cecilia: Thank you, it was a pleasure working with you.

Nathaniel, listening to the music she had composed, replied: How many pieces have you composed in total?

Cecilia responded: Adding this one, that makes thirty-two.

Nathaniel: I've listened to your new song; it's pretty good Cecilia: Thank you.

After a moment of contemplation, Nathaniel typed again: Could you possibly sign over the other songs to me as well? All I need are the rights to use them. Name your price.

Cecilia was taken aback by the offer. Since the rights to her other songs had already been licensed elsewhere and weren't exclusive, they couldn't fetch a high price. She quoted a base price of ten million in total.

Before long, the money was transferred into her account. All Cecilia could do was keep expressing her gratitude.

Nathaniel stared at the emoji she sent, feeling a mix of emotions. Then, as if driven by an unseen force, he asked: If I may be so bold, are you married?

Worried that Cecilia might misunderstand and refuse to chat further, he quickly added: It feels like there's a story within the melody you composed.

Cecilia replied: I was married once, but we're divorced.

Reading her response, Nathaniel felt a wave of frustration so intense that he could hardly resist the urge to rush next door and confront her.

When did we divorce? How could I not have known?

But Cecilia, interpreting his silence differently, assumed the company had strict requirements for songwriters to maintain a positive public image. She quickly reassured him: Rest assured, I have no bad habits, nor will I engage in any scandal.

Nathaniel read her message, his thoughts racing. He typed: If you hadn't divorced, wouldn't you be less stressed now, being alone?

With Calvin, she had two children, yet the other party didn't even ensure her basic living conditions. Reflecting on it, Nathaniel wished he could delve into Cecilia's mind, curious about

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Chapter 272 I Was Married Once

Cecilia wasn't sure why the person on the other end was asking such personal questions, but given how promptly they had transferred the money, she assumed it was out of sympathy, nothing more. So, she decided to continue the conversation.

She typed: Actually, I felt quite liberated and happy after the divorce. The pressure seemed to have lessened.

Nathaniel paused as he read the message from Cecilia on the screen, his fingers hovering over the keyboard. He couldn't accept it.

He typed back: Why? Is it because you didn't like him?

Cecilia hesitated before responding. Considering the person on the other end was a stranger, she saw no reason to hide anything. She texted: The decision to leave a marriage is typically made after careful consideration, not just for one reason.

Nathaniel felt a heaviness in his heart. He typed out a few sentences, only to erase them repeatedly, unsure of what to say.

Cecilia messaged: If there's nothing else, I'm going to log off now. Bye.

Nathaniel closed the chat box, pondering over Cecilia's words. He sat alone for quite some time, his thoughts a whirlwind. Needing some fresh air, he opened the door, only to see Cecilia walking toward him with a backpack on.

Their eyes met briefly before Cecilia quickly averted her gaze. Perhaps it was because she had been discussing him with someone online earlier, but she felt a strange sense of embarrassment. She hurriedly walked past Nathaniel, avoiding eye

contact.

Nathaniel watched her retreating figure, his gaze deep and unreadable. He couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions.

She's heartless!

With long strides, he quickly caught up to Cecilia. As he reached her side, he spoke nonchalantly, "Is this how you thank your ex-husband who saved you last night?"

He deliberately emphasized the words "ex-husband." It was the first time Cecilia had heard the term used in reference to Nathaniel. She stopped in her tracks, surprised, and looked at him.

Nathaniel's handsome profile was turned towards her, his deep gaze locked onto hers, unwavering.

Avoiding his gaze, Cecilia replied, "I've already thanked you for what happened last night. If you're unsatisfied, I don't have any other solutions. You said it yourself—you're my ex-husband. As your ex-wife, when I was in danger, you stepped in to help. That wasn't just about moral obligation, was it?"

She didn't want to give Nathaniel the wrong impression, leading him to believe she still had feelings for him or wanted to continue their relationship.

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going?" he asked.

Cecilia pursed her lips. "It's none of your business," she retorted, before briskly walking away.

Nathaniel's brows furrowed, a layer of bitterness in his eyes as he watched her leave. Frustrated, he punched the wall next to him. If this were the past, he would have let Cecilia be, but now, his boundaries had been crossed time and again. Without hesitation, Nathaniel quietly got into his car and followed her.

He watched as she hailed a taxi, went to the mall, and shopped for groceries alone, communicating with others in a foreign language. He remembered how she had struggled when she first sought him out in Daprein, her language skills poor, relying heavily on a translation app that led to many misunderstandings. But now, she was managing on her own, far from home.

Her words echoed in his mind, “Actually, I felt quite liberated and happy after the divorce. The pressure seemed to have lessened.”

A strange, indescribable feeling settled deep in Nathaniel’s heart.

At that moment, his phone rang. It was Elena.

“Nathaniel, when will you be coming back?” she asked.

“Is something wrong?”

“The shareholders at the company have been up to something behind the scenes. Your grandpa wanted me to tell you to get back here immediately!” Elena explained.

Nathaniel’s eyes narrowed slightly. “Understood,” he said, hanging up the phone. When he looked up again, Cecilia had already vanished from his sight.

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Chapter 273 Trouble At The Company

Nathaniel’s heart unexpectedly dropped into a state of panic. He pushed through the crowd, urgently searching for her. It wasn’t until he saw her at the checkout counter that the tension within him finally eased.

After settling her bill, Cecilia returned home to cook and rest. She was pregnant now and had to take good care of the baby.

After spending some time writing sheet music, Cecilia laid back in her recliner, listening to music and reading a book. She gently placed her hand on her stomach, murmuring softly, “Darling, grow up quickly.”

Suddenly, the ringtone of her phone echoed through the room. Cecilia picked it up, only to find an unfamiliar text message containing a disturbingly graphic image. Her hand trembled, nearly dropping the phone.

She assumed it was someone’s idea of a prank and tried not to let it bother her. She deleted the message, hoping it was an isolated incident.

Later that night, as dusk settled in, Cecilia was awakened by a soft rustling sound from outside. Being a light sleeper, she quickly got up and walked into the living room. “Who’s there?” she called out. “Nathaniel, is that you?”

She had changed the lock and assumed the noise was Nathaniel trying—and failing—to get in. But when she raised her voice, the sounds outside abruptly stopped. Peering through the peephole, she saw no one.

An inexplicable fear gripped her. Returning to her bedroom, she barricaded the door with some objects. Lying back in bed, she couldn't shake the image of the disturbing photograph from earlier.

With her hearing aid broken and her device for directly contacting Sven being repaired, she had no choice but to communicate with Sven via phone.

"Sven," she whispered into the phone.

"I'm here."

"Are you asleep? Can you come over to my place?"

"All right," Sven replied, immediately stepping out of his car.

As Sven made his way to her apartment, he failed to notice a man slipping away into the shadows.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel, who lived next door, also heard some commotion from Cecilia's side. He vaguely heard her calling his name.

He recalled telling her to call on him if she ever needed anything. Assuming that Cecilia had finally come to an understanding, Nathaniel quickly changed into something more presentable. Glancing at his reflection in the mirror, he headed out to find her.

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Chapter 273 Trouble At The Company

Sven arrived first at Cecilia's place. She told him about the terrifying text message she had received and the unsettling sound of someone trying to pick her lock.

"I'll check outside," Sven said, just as a knock echoed through the apartment.

Sven swiftly moved to the door, ready for anything. But when he opened it, he found Nathaniel standing there, clad in a dark bathrobe. Nathaniel's dark eyes narrowed when he saw a strange man in Cecilia's home.

Sven, recognizing Nathaniel, retracted his fist and suppressed his hostility. He turned to Cecilia. "Ms. Smith?"

Cecilia hadn't expected Nathaniel to be at the door. Assuming that the earlier prank had also been his doing, she said, "Sorry for the trouble, Sven. Everything's fine now. You should go and rest." "Sven bowed respectfully before glancing at Nathaniel and leaving.

Nathaniel abruptly shut the door behind him with a resounding slam. ““Who was he?”“” he demanded.”

“It has nothing to do with you.”

These four words, again.

Nathaniel’s patience was nearly at its limit. “Come back to Tudela with me tomorrow,” he ordered.

Cecilia’s eyes widened slightly. “I’m not going back.”

“You don’t have a choice!” Nathaniel said sternly as he strode toward her, casually undoing the belt around his waist and tossing his bathrobe aside.

Startled, Cecilia quickly turned away. “What are you doing?”

Nathaniel wrapped his arms around her from behind, pulling her close. “Weren’t you calling for me just now because you needed something?”

Every nerve in Cecilia’s body was on edge. Her face flushed red. “I never called for you!” she insisted, struggling to break free from his grasp.

But Nathaniel held her tighter, and with a swift motion, he scooped her up into his arms. He whispered in her ear, “Do you have any idea how long I’ve been holding back?”

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Chapter 274 Please Divorce Me

Cecilia trembled as Nathaniel held her tightly. “Nathaniel, it’s over between us. Please don’t do this!”

As Nathaniel tugged at her clothes, he responded, “Did you really think you could decide on a divorce all by yourself?”

At that moment, Cecilia realized there was no escape. No matter how much she resisted, it wouldn’t be enough. Desperation set in, and she did the only thing she could think of—she bit down hard on Nathaniel’s shoulder.

He grunted in pain, but he didn’t stop.

The taste of blood filled Cecilia’s mouth, and she stared at him blankly before cursing, “Nathaniel, you b*stard!”

“You’re despicable! You promised you’d never touch me when we got married, and now that I don’t love you anymore, what the hell are you doing?” Her voice was filled with venom and bitterness.

“I misspoke,” she admitted. “It’s not that I don’t love you now. The truth is, I never loved you from the start! You’re not even my type. You’re just a hot-headed maniac, a lunatic! If I’d know had a twin brother, I never would have married you!”

you

Nathaniel listened to her words, feeling as if even breathing had become painful. He tried to maintain his composure, but it was clear that her words had struck a nerve. His large hand cradled Cecilia’s face, his fingertips brushing her lips.

“Keep cursing,” he whispered.

Tears welled up in Cecilia’s eyes. “Nathaniel, if you have any shred of decency, then divorce me. I’ve returned all the money you asked for. What more do you want?”

Instead of responding, Nathaniel bit down on her lips.

Tears streamed down Cecilia’s face as she tried desperately to push him away, but he remained unyielding.

In a moment of sheer frustration, Cecilia fought back, both of them tasting the metallic tang of blood in their mouths. It was only then that Nathaniel gradually let go, a bitter smile playing at the corners of his lips. “So you do know what pain feels like? You had two sons with Calvin. You faked your death and disappeared for five years, while I only neglected you for three. Who really went too far?”

Cecilia was stunned.

Two sons? Did he find out about Jon?

Nathaniel noticed her confusion and gently cupped her face. Leaning in close, he whispered, “Are you afraid I’ll hurt them? How long do you think you can hide them? One year? Five years? Or maybe ten? Believe it or not, once I find them, they’re as good as dead.”

Smack!

A harsh slap from Cecilia landed squarely on Nathaniel’s cheek.

His gaze turned icy. “Is it too much to ask for a child of our own now?”

Choked with emotion, Cecilia retorted, “I don’t want to have a child with you.”

Her words cut Nathaniel deeply, like a dagger plunged into his heart.

He didn't hold back anymore. "You want to have a child with Nicholas, don't you? You want to marry him, right? I'm telling you, a sickly man like him is absolutely not worthy of you! There's no way you two could possibly have children!"

Cecilia had no idea that Nicholas had returned to Tudela. For the first time, she heard about Nicholas' situation from Nathaniel's own lips.

"Where is Nicholas?"

She wanted to ask him—why had he initially told her his name was Nathaniel? Where had he been all these years?

Seeing the intense desire in her eyes, Nathaniel understood more clearly than ever that he had been the fool all along. "You're married, yet you're preoccupied with your brother-in-law. How could you even ask such a thing?" Nathaniel's eyes reddened at the corners.

"I've long stopped wanting to be with you," she stated.

Had it not been for the mandatory cool off period, the two would have divorced long ago.

Nathaniel immediately silenced her, refusing to hear any more of her words. Cecilia pounded on his back with all her might, but he refused to let go.

Outside, the cold wind howled relentlessly. Knowing she couldn't escape, Cecilia carefully shielded her stomach, fearful for her child's safety.

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Chapter 275 Sever Ties

At that moment, Cecilia made up her mind—she had to sever all ties with Nathaniel.

The night brought a fierce storm, blanketing everything in a sudden flurry of snow.

Cecilia found herself securely enveloped in Nathaniel's arms, her throat dry and parched. "I want some water," she murmured weakly, devoid of energy.

Nathaniel's narrow eyes widened slightly as he reached for a bottle of water on the bedside table. The bite marks on his hand were still clearly visible, along with the marks on his shoulders and his cracked lips.

He handed the bottle to Cecilia, who took a few sips, feeling slightly better. However, a wave of nausea rose in her stomach, making her feel particularly sick.

“Ugh!” She couldn’t bear it any longer. She pried away Nathaniel’s hand and bent over the edge of

the bed, dry heavin

Nathaniel rose up and reached out to pat her back. “What’s wrong?” he asked.

Cecilia abruptly pulled away from his grasp. “Don’t touch me!”

Nathaniel’s hand froze mid–air.

Cecilia turned around and looked at him coldly. “You can leave now, can’t you?”

Nathaniel’s face instantly grew serious. He reached out again, disregarding her resistance, and grasped her face firmly. “I’m giving you an hour to get ready. In an hour, we’re heading back to Tudela.”

He had spent enough time here already; he didn’t have the time or energy to keep indulging her antics. Releasing her, Nathaniel rose from the bed, donned his bathrobe, and stepped out of the

room.

This time, Cecilia didn’t contemplate running away. Last night, she had realized that Nathaniel’s relentless pursuit was because they were still legally married.

She picked up her phone and made a call to Vivian. “Vivian, are you familiar with divorce lawsuits?”

An hour later, Cecilia stood by the door her suitcase packed and ready. When Nathaniel emerged, his bodyguard followed closely behind.

Nathaniel was prepared to forcibly take Cecilia away, but to his surprise, she was patiently waiting at the door. Dressed in a suit and leather shoes, Nathaniel approached her. “Have you figured it out?”

“Yes,” Cecilia replied, her expression indifferent.

The bodyguard took her suitcase and followed the pair as they boarded the vehicle, heading toward the airport.

What they didn’t know was that someone had been covertly observing them the entire time.

By the time they arrived at Tudela, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. Cecilia, clad in a down jacket, stepped out of the airport. A flurry of white snow fell, blanketing everything in a pristine layer of white. She couldn't help but wrap her clothes tightly around herself.

Just as Nathaniel was about to pull her into his arms, a clear voice called out from the distance, "Ceci!"

Cecilia turned toward the sound and saw Vivian waving at her from afar.

It was the first time Vivian had seen Nathaniel in person. Until then, she had only seen him on television or in newspapers. The man stood tall, with strikingly handsome features. Surrounded by bodyguards, he exuded an air of aloof refinement.

No wonder Cecilia had been so fond of him during their childhood. Jon and Eli are so handsome—it had to be in their genes!

Cecilia glanced at Nathaniel's outstretched hand and blatantly ignored it. "A friend of mine has come to see me. I need to meet her," she said.

Nathaniel, deep in thought, considered that she was at least willing to come back with him. If he pushed too hard, it might cause a commotion. "All right, go ahead," he replied, withdrawing his hand.

As Cecilia walked toward Vivian, two of Nathaniel's personal bodyguards immediately followed her. Meanwhile, Nathaniel got into a business car and headed toward the company.

Vivian and Cecilia sat in the car together.

Vivian sincerely remarked, "Having just seen Nathaniel, I now understand why Jon is so smart and handsome."

After speaking, Vivian reached into her bag and pulled out a document, handing it over to Cecilia. "Are you sure you want to take Nathaniel to court? Here's the lawsuit I've prepared for you."

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Chapter 276 Cannot Keep Going Like This Forever

After discussing the divorce lawsuit with Vivian, Cecilia wasted no time. They immediately began drafting the complaint. "We can't keep going like this forever," Cecilia said as she reviewed the draft.

She glanced over the indictment, then looked at Vivian. “Just let me know what information you need from me,” Cecilia added. “I want to wrap up this lawsuit as soon as possible. Are you confident we can do that?”

Vivian hesitated briefly, then replied cautiously, “Back then, if you bring up your previous medical records, your chances of winning will be around eighty percent.”

After their marriage, Cecilia had struggled to conceive despite undergoing various treatments. Additionally, she had suffered from severe depression and had been living separately from Nathaniel for several years. The odds were in her favor to win the divorce case.

Cecilia nodded in agreement. “All right, I’ll gather everything and give it to you.”

“And if there’s any evidence of Nathaniel and Stella being together, or any proof of Nathaniel treating you badly, that would help too,” Vivian added.

Cecilia understood the implications.

“Should I submit the lawsuit today then?” Vivian asked.

“Yeah.”

Meanwhile, Nathaniel returned to deal with the shareholders who had been making moves behind the scenes. He remained unaware that Cecilia had already filed for divorce in court.

After finishing his work, Nathaniel headed straight back to Daltonia Villa. Cecilia had returned home as well, but despite the warmth of the house, she was still bundled up tightly, curled up on the couch.

Upon entering, Nathaniel set his overcoat aside and turned up the temperature a few degrees. “Have you eaten?” he asked.

Cecilia looked up from her spot on the couch, her voice detached. “Yes.”

Nathaniel walked closer, noticing how tightly she was wrapped up, almost like a dumpling. A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. “I haven’t eaten yet. Let’s go have a meal together.”

“I don’t want to,” Cecilia replied, still curled up on the couch.

After her health deteriorated, Cecilia became particularly sensitive to the cold. Previously, when she was abroad, the temperatures were never this low.

Nathaniel sat down beside her and pulled her into his arms. “Are you feeling warm now?” he asked gently.

Cecilia was taken aback by the sudden closeness.

“Shall we go to the hospital for a check-up?” Nathaniel asked again.

“No,” Cecilia immediately refused. She had been to the hospital for check-ups before, and the doctors had advised her that her sensitivity to cold required gradual nurturing. She pushed him away and leaned into the corner of the couch.

Nathaniel felt a void deep within him, as if his heart was hollow and empty. “I was too harsh with my words last night,” he began, pausing before adding, “If Calvin doesn’t want those two kids, I’ll bring them back.”

Ever since the DNA test confirmed that the child wasn’t his, Nathaniel had been lost in thought. As long as he could keep Cecilia by his side, he didn’t mind raising two more children.

Cecilia looked at him in surprise, hardly believing he would actually be willing to raise someone else’s child.

Nathaniel, sensing her doubt, spoke up again. “I will provide them with the best education and life, but you must promise me that from now on, you’ll have no involvement with Calvin.”

Cecilia still found it hard to believe him. She knew his unpredictable moods all too well and had experienced his indifference firsthand. She cast her gaze downward. “No need. I can take care of my own child.”

Nathaniel listened intently to her words, each one widening the distance between them. His voice was slightly hoarse as he responded, “It’s up to you.”

The assistant had brought dinner for Nathaniel, but he barely touched his food. That night, he held Cecilia tightly as they slept, refusing to let her go.

As Cecilia stared into the inky darkness outside, she whispered, “Nathaniel, I don’t love you.”

Nathaniel’s body stiffened slightly..

Cecilia continued, reminiscing about their childhood. “Honestly, even now, I can’t clearly distinguish between who was you and who was Nicholas back then. I was such a fool, wasn’t I? If we had known earlier, we wouldn’t have been entangled for so long.”

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Chapter 277 Who Is The Father

As Cecilia continued talking, she eventually fell asleep. This time, it was Nathaniel who couldn't find rest. His mind was filled with Nicholas' words. "The person she loves is me. The one she wants to marry, is also me."

After much difficulty, Nathaniel finally drifted off, only to dream of Cecilia leaving once again. When he awoke, Cecilia was still asleep beside him, the sky just beginning to lighten.

Unable to sleep any longer, Nathaniel got up and dialed Nicholas' number, but there was no answer. Frustrated, he called Elena. "Mom, where's Nicholas?" he asked.

"Nicholas' condition has been fluctuating. He was sent for treatment. What's going on?" Elena asked

sensing something was wrong.

Nathaniel's gaze turned cold as he responded, "Nothing important." He ended the call abruptly.

Elena had intended to ask about Cecilia, but seeing the call cut off, she sighed and turned to her secretary. "Has Jon returned to preschool yet?"

"The director mentioned that after his father picked him up a few days ago, he hasn't returned to attend classes," the secretary replied.

Elena furrowed her brows, deep in thought. "Have we managed to arrange a meeting with Vivian?"

The secretary shook his head. "Vivian said she didn't want to meet."

Elena sighed, feeling increasingly frustrated. "When will I finally have a grandchild?"

With Nicholas' health in poor condition and Nathaniel showing no desire for children, the thought of all Nathaniel's future efforts benefiting someone else filled her with dread. "Go ask the director who Jonathan's father is. I'd like to meet him," Elena instructed.

"All right," the secretary replied, hurrying off to handle the task.

It didn't take long to discover that Zachary was listed as the father of the child. Elena was taken aback and immediately requested for Zachary to be brought over.

At the hospital, Zachary had just finished surgery when he received a call from Elena's secretary, asking him to come over. Given the close relationship between the Sinclair

and Rainsworth families, Zachary regarded Elena as family and immediately headed to the Rainsworth Manor after changing out of his surgical attire.

Before he left, he sent Nathaniel a voice message, "Nathaniel, Mdm. Elena mentioned that you and Cecilia have returned? She asked me to come over, but I'm not sure what it's about."

After sending a voice message, Zachary shut off his phone.

At the Rainsworth Manor, Elena had prepared a large meal, hoping Zachary would bring Jonathan over. But as Zachary and Elena talked, it became clear that there had been a

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Chapter 277 Who Is The Father

misunderstanding—Jonathan wasn't his son..

+5 Pearls

"If it's not your child, then whose is it?" Elena asked, losing her composure for the first time.

Because Jonathan bore such a striking resemblance to Nathaniel, Elena wondered if he might be a secret child of Nathaniel and Vivian, kept hidden for some reason. Recalling her previous encounter with Vivian at the preschool, where she had seemed unwelcoming, Elena's suspicions deepened.

Zachary shook his head. "I have no idea. But my grandfather still wanted me to marry her."

"She already has a child. It's not appropriate for you to marry her," Elena comforted him.

Afterward, feeling unwell, Elena went to rest. Once alone in her room, she instructed her secretary to delve into Vivian's past, specifically to uncover the identity of Jonathan's father.

Zachary, now alone in the Rainsworth Manor, felt somewhat bored. Just as he was about to leave, he received a call from Nathaniel.

"What did she want from you?" Nathaniel asked.

Zachary briefly explained their conversation. Nathaniel didn't pry further, assuming his mother was just eager for a grandchild. He hadn't expected that Elena would take matters into her own hands and investigate further.

By the time Cecilia woke up, the breakfast Nathaniel had ordered for her had already grown cold. He made a call to delay the meal's delivery, then headed to his study.

Upon opening his computer, Nathaniel noticed a message from Cecilia on his customer service

account.

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Chapter 278 She Used To Love Me Deeply

The message on Nathaniel's screen read: Thank you for your assistance. To be honest, I've been in dire need of collaboration lately. Also, I'm not sure why you inquired about my divorce earlier, but I want to tell you that even though my marriage was less than perfect, it doesn't mean all marriages are doomed. If you're experiencing any issues in your own marriage, I hope you find a resolution. I wish for you and your wife to find happiness.

As Nathaniel read,

lengthy message, a complex mix of emotions surged through him. He couldn't help but type out a response: But it seems like she doesn't love me anymore, what should I do?

Cecilia was in a daze when she heard her phone ring. She picked it up and saw it was a message from the person in charge with whom she had signed a contract earlier. She hadn't anticipated that the other party would actually be going through marital issues, nor did she expect them to respond so candidly.

Cecilia typed back: Is there some kind of misunderstanding between you two?

Nathaniel paused, considering his reply carefully: I wasn't good to her in the past...

He quickly typed: She used to love me deeply.

But just as he was about to send it, he deleted the message instead. After all, the person Cecilia had ever loved was never him.

After a lengthy silence, Nathaniel finally sent: I treated her poorly in the past. Now, she's with someone else, and they even have a child.

Cecilia couldn't have imagined that the person she was speaking to was actually Nathaniel. Even from a literal standpoint, she didn't connect the situation to herself. She replied: I'm sorry, I don't know how to help you.

Quickly, a response came from the other side: It's all right, I won't let her go, even if the one she loves

isn't me!

Cecilia was about to respond, but the other party had already logged off. She considered leaving a comforting message for this kind-hearted individual who had assisted her when there was a knock on her bedroom door.

Nathaniel was standing there. "Awake yet?" he asked. "Get up and have breakfast."

Cecilia quickly put her phone away. Nathaniel noticed her subtle actions, aware that she had been conversing with him just moments ago, and purposefully asked, "Who were you texting?"

Cecilia rose from the bed, her expression unchanged as she lied, "Vivian."

Nathaniel didn't press further.

After freshening up, Cecilia sat down in the dining room for a steaming hot breakfast. Her appetite had increased lately, but she found it difficult to stomach meat, the smell alone making her nauseous. However, she couldn't reveal her discomfort in front of Nathaniel. She excused herself to the restroom, turned the faucet on full blast, and threw up quietly.

After breakfast, Nathaniel helped her into multiple layers of clothing. As they prepared to head out, he even draped his own overcoat over her. "Where are we going?" Cecilia asked, not feeling up to going out..

"The car's warm. Get in first, and you won't feel cold," Nathaniel replied gently.

Cecilia reluctantly got into the car. As they drove, she recognized the familiar route and realized where Nathaniel was taking her. Half an hour later, they arrived at the Smith residence.

Cecilia hadn't expected Nathaniel to actually buy this place. When she stepped inside, she found it immaculately tidied up, virtually unchanged from how it used to be. Nathaniel had instructed the heating to be turned on in advance, and the house was comfortably warm.

"How did Stella agree to sell it to you?" Cecilia asked.

When she had first returned to Tudela, she had wanted to buy back the Smith residence as well, but Stella had refused to sell it, even boasting, "Did you know? The first time I visited your house as a child, I swore to myself that this place would be mine one day."

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 279

Chapter 279 Lawsuit Approved

Nathaniel didn’t respond. For him, anything he wanted was always within reach. Cecilia didn’t press further and settled down on the couch, taking in the familiar surroundings with a distant gaze.

“If you like it here, we can make this our home,” Nathaniel suggested seriously.

Cecilia felt he had misunderstood her. For someone who had been unloved by her mother since childhood, she actually didn’t have any fondness for this place. Even though her father had been kind to her, he spent most of his time working, and when he was away, she had felt like an outsider in her own home.

“I don’t want to live here,” Cecilia stated firmly.

Nathaniel fell silent. Cecilia continued, “You should give the house back to Stella. It’s better for us to keep things clear between us.

Just a few days ago, Vivian had submitted the divorce papers to the court. It wouldn’t be long before Nathaniel found out. Cecilia got up. “If there’s nothing else, I need to go to Vivian’s place today.”

Before Nathaniel could respond, she had already slipped on her coat and stepped out the door into the cold. Nathaniel didn’t stop her but had someone follow her, instructing them not to let her run away.

Cecilia had no intentions of running. She was simply waiting for the court date to finalize the divorce. She took a taxi to Vivian’s rented apartment, where Vivian was busy preparing legal documents. Cecilia had arranged for her medical records from her overseas hospital stay to be sent as well.

“Did the court approve the filing?” Cecilia asked.

“Yes, it just passed the review. Nathaniel should receive it by tonight,” Vivian replied.

“Then I won’t be going back tonight,” Cecilia said, bringing over a blanket and draping it over Vivian’s legs.

Vivian looked concerned. “If you don’t go home tonight, will Nathaniel lose his temper?”

“It would be perfect if he does. You have some sort of recording device here, don’t you?” Cecilia asked.

Vivian immediately understood. "Of course, how could a lawyer not have a recording device?" She pinned a small brooch onto Cecilia's outfit. "If he dares to do anything inappropriate, just press here and it'll start recording."

Cecilia nodded. "Okay."

Meanwhile, after Cecilia left for Vivian's place, Nathaniel found himself in a foul mood. For reasons he couldn't understand, he noticed a change in Cecilia—once so easy to please, now she

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seemed indifferent, no matter what he did.

A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts.

"Come in."

Mason entered with a distressed look, holding a copy of the lawsuit. He handed it to Nathaniel. "Mr. Rainsworth, please don't be angry."

Nathaniel took the papers with a puzzled expression, only to see the prominent words at the top

-summons for divorce.

His eyes narrowed as he flipped through the document, realizing Cecilia had filed for divorce.. His throat tightened, and his deep-set eyes grew colder by the second.

"When did this happen?" he demanded.

"The notice came from the courthouse this afternoon," Mason replied.

Nathaniel casually tossed the lawsuit papers into the shredder, a cold laugh escaping his lips. "I knew there was a reason she agreed to come back with me. Summons for divorce? I can't believe she actually thought of that!"

He picked up his phone to call Cecilia, his hand trembling slightly as he dialed her number. Cecilia answered quickly. "You're filing for divorce?" Nathaniel asked, getting straight to the point.

"Yes," Cecilia didn't hide anything. "The reason I came back this time was to prepare for our divorce."

“Don’t worry, we can divorce, and I won’t ask for anything. The court has accepted the case. I won’t be returning to Daltonia Villa today,” Cecilia replied calmly, ending the call before Nathaniel could respond.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 280

Chapter 280 I Must Be Mad

After finishing her sentence, Cecilia hung up the phone. On the other side, Nathaniel was so furious that he nearly shattered his phone in his hand. Mason stood cautiously to the side, not daring to make a sound.

Nathaniel felt as if a massive boulder was pressing down on his chest, leaving him breathless and unable to speak. “How much time do we have?” he finally managed to ask.

“Half a month,” Mason replied.

After accepting the divorce case, about half a month was given to prepare the necessary documents. Mason hadn’t expected Cecilia to be so resolute. He had thought that she would eventually forgive Nathaniel and happily become Mrs. Rainsworth.

After all, the Rainsworth family was immensely wealthy and influential. For a woman like Cecilia, marrying into the Rainsworth family—specifically to Nathaniel—was truly a case of marrying. above her station.

“Who is Cecilia’s lawyer?” Nathaniel asked coldly.

“Vivian, her friend,” Mason responded.

Nathaniel’s eyes narrowed. “I recall you investigated Vivian before. Her ex-boyfriend was a lawyer too, wasn’t he?”

Mason immediately caught on and couldn’t help but chuckle. “Yes, a top-tier lawyer named Ernest. I’ll arrange it right away.”

Mason swiftly exited the office. If there was one thing Rainsworth Group excelled at, it was legal. battles. Over the years, Rainsworth Group had been involved in numerous disputes, and Nathaniel had always been quick to identify his opponent’s vulnerabilities. But now, facing Cecilia, the situation was far more personal and delicate.

Nathaniel drove to the condominium where Vivian resided. The limited-edition luxury car parked outside quickly drew the attention of onlookers, but Nathaniel no longer cared about the

curious stares.

He picked up his phone and called Cecilia. "Come out, let's have a chat."

Ten minutes later, Cecilia emerged, bundled in a heavy jacket. She immediately spotted Nathaniel, standing tall beside the car, his deep gaze fixed on her.

As she trudged through the snow, Cecilia discreetly activated the recorder pinned to her jacket. "What do you want to talk about?" she asked.

"Get in the car," Nathaniel ordered, opening the door for her.

Cecilia refused, taking a step back instead. "Let's talk here."

"Get in the car!" Nathaniel's voice rose involuntarily. Realizing his tone was too harsh, he softened it. "Aren't you cold?"

Reluctantly, Cecilia got into the car. Nathaniel joined her in the driver's seat and started the engine. The car moved at a leisurely pace through the snow-covered streets, but Nathaniel remained silent.

Cecilia felt uneasy, the silence amplifying her anxiety. "Can we stop the car and talk?" she suggested.

Nathaniel didn't respond. Instead, he pressed down on the accelerator, speeding up. The snow still piled on the roads made this a reckless move, and Cecilia's grip on the door tightened.

"Nathaniel, stop the car!" she pleaded, her voice edged with fear.

But Nathaniel ignored her, driving even faster. The scenery outside blurred as they sped by, and Cecilia's heart pounded in her chest. "Are you trying to get us killed? Stop the car!" she shouted, her voice shaking.

Still, Nathaniel remained relentless, pushing on without a word. Tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes, her fear turning to anger. "Nathaniel! Stop the car! I'm scared!" she cried out, her voice breaking.

Finally, with a sudden slam on the brakes, the car screeched to a halt. Cecilia was violently thrown forward but was saved from injury by her seatbelt. Nathaniel quickly moved to her side, pulling her tightly into his arms.

"You know fear too?" he murmured harshly. "Did I or did I not tell you that once you've had your fun, it's time to come home?"

Cecilia looked up at him, her eyes filled with tears. She raised her hand to hit him, but Nathaniel anticipated her move and swiftly grabbed her wrist. "You're insane!" she spat out, her voice trembling with anger.

Nathaniel's grip tightened on her wrist, his expression hard. "Drop the lawsuit," he demanded, his voice low and dangerous.

Cecilia winced in pain but refused to back down. "I won't drop the lawsuit. Your reckless driving just proves you're nothing but a madman," she retorted, deliberately pushing his buttons, hoping to capture more evidence on her recorder.

To her surprise, Nathaniel suddenly leaned in and crushed his lips against hers, kissing her deeply. His voice was rough as he spoke between the kisses. "Yes, I must be mad. Why else would I want someone like you, who had a child out of wedlock while married?"