

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 307

## Chapter 307 The Wealthy Are Stingy

After sending Mason and his entourage of bodyguards and housekeepers away, Cecilia returned to the house, her mind racing with thoughts of how to handle the situation with Nathaniel. Elliot had already been admitted to the hospital, as per Cecilia’s arrangements, while Jonathan was still engrossed in his books in the children’s room.

Her most pressing concern was how to break the news to Jonathan that Nathaniel was coming to stay.

Cecilia decided to visit Martha’s room first, recounting the events that had just transpired. Martha listened attentively, her brow furrowing with concern.

“You already have so much on your plate, taking care of me and the children,” Martha said, gently holding Cecilia’s hand. “Now they want you to look after Nathaniel too? The Rainsworth family’s behavior is simply appalling.”

Martha had once believed that the wealthy were more generous than ordinary people, but now she understood the truth of the old saying, “The richer someone is, the more they fear losing anything, becoming stingier they become.”

“I won’t take care of Nathaniel,” Cecilia responded firmly. “When he arrives, he’ll have to manage everything on his own.”

After making her stance clear, Cecilia voiced her concerns about Jonathan and Elliot. “The boys still don’t know about their origins. If Nathaniel comes to live with us, I’m not sure how to explain it to them.”

“Eli has met Nathaniel before, but he managed to deceive him. Plus, Eli is often in the hospital. Jon, however, is more mature than most children his age, and I’m afraid he might start to piece things together.”

Martha was at a loss, deeply troubled by the situation. The Rainsworth family was ruthless, and if they discovered that Jonathan and Elliot were their descendants, they would undoubtedly try to take the boys away.

As they pondered the problem, the phone rang. It was Vivian calling, and Cecilia picked up.

“Ceci, can I borrow Jon for a while?” Vivian asked, her tone unusually light.

“Borrow him?” Cecilia found the request odd.

“You know, Ernest is back, and his fiancée has arrived as well. They’re planning to get married, and he even sent me a wedding invitation,” Vivian explained, her voice tinged with frustration. “I was thinking of bringing Jon to the wedding in a few days.”

Jonathan was a prodigy, and his presence would surely make an impression—perhaps even annoy some of Vivian’s rivals.

Given her current predicament, Cecilia agreed to Vivian’s suggestion, deciding to send Jonathan away before Nathaniel’s arrival. She informed Vivian that Nathaniel would be coming to stay, which only prompted further outrage.

“How could the Rainsworth family do this, forcing you to take care of a blind man?” Vivian fumed.

“Don’t worry,” Cecilia replied, making a note of the arrangement. “He won’t be staying long.”

“I’ll come pick up Jon right away. The timing is perfect,” Vivian said.

With time running out, Cecilia quickly agreed, “All right, I’ll drive him halfway, and you can pick him up from there.”

“Sure thing.”

After hanging up, she informed Martha of the arrangement and began packing up Jonathan’s things.

Jonathan, always perceptive, had already noticed the day’s events through the window. He remained quiet, not questioning why Cecilia was sending him to Vivian’s home.

“Mommy, you and Grandma Martha take good care of yourselves,” Jonathan said, his voice calm and mature beyond his years.

“I will.” Cecilia felt a pang of sympathy as she hugged him tightly.

As planned, Cecilia drove Jonathan halfway, where they met Vivian. Jonathan silently got into Vivian’s car, sensing the sadness in her eyes.

“Ms. Kennedy, did you go through a breakup?” Jonathan asked innocently.

Vivian was taken aback. “How could that be? I’ve never even been in a relationship,” she replied, trying to brush it off.

“If you’re unhappy, you should let it out. It’s okay to cry,” Jonathan said, his tone unwavering.

Something in Jonathan's words struck a chord within Vivian, and she found herself unable to hold back any longer.

"Jon, when you grow up, will you turn into a bad man?" Vivian asked, her voice trembling.

"I don't know," Jonathan admitted, "but even if I do, I'll still be good to you and Mommy."

Vivian's eyes overflowed with tears at his words. "Hmph, you're so smooth—talking for your age. You're sure to grow up and break hearts," she said, half-joking.

Jonathan gently took her hand in his, his touch comforting. "Ms. Kennedy, you'll find someone who cherishes you. And if not, Mommy and I will always be here for you."

He paused before adding, "Thank you for always helping us. If you ever need anything, I promise I'll be there for you."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 308**

### **Chapter 308 A Bitter Homecoming**

By the time Cecilia returned home, it was already past nine in the evening. She had cleared out the storage room to make space for Nathaniel to stay. The room was modest, but it had a separate bathroom, ensuring that Nathaniel wouldn't disturb her or Martha.

At exactly ten o'clock, a sleek Maybach pulled up in front of the house. Nathaniel sat in the back seat, his posture rigid, his eyes dark and unreadable.

The driver exited the car, walked around to the rear, and respectfully informed Nathaniel, "Mr. Rainsworth, we've arrived. I'll go fetch Mrs. Rainsworth to meet you."

Following Nathaniel's instructions, only the driver had accompanied him; no one else from the household staff had come along.

As Nathaniel stepped out of the car, he recalled the words he had spoken to Cecilia after leaving City Hall his promise never to disturb her again.

"Take me there," Nathaniel instructed, his voice low, looking just like a regular person.

"Understood."

The driver quickly moved to assist him, but Nathaniel refused the help. "Just tell me the way," he said, disliking the feeling of being dependent on others.

“Yes, sir.” The driver, recognizing Nathaniel’s pride, provided directions as Nathaniel made his way to the house.

The driver had expected Cecilia to be waiting at the door, but when he knocked, there was no immediate response. After a moment, Cecilia opened the door, a cold gust of wind sweeping in as she did.

Without looking directly at Nathaniel, she spoke curtly. “Come in.”

The driver, Marco, watched as Nathaniel entered the house. He felt it wasn’t his place to intrude, so he returned to the car. But just as he was about to leave, he heard a loud crash from inside.

Glancing back, Marco saw that Cecilia had ignored Nathaniel as he followed her inside, causing him to walk straight into the couch. Marco considered saying something to Cecilia, but ultimately decided it wasn’t his place to interfere in their marital issues.

As he settled back into the car, Marco sighed to himself, thinking, “No matter who you offend in the future, never let it be your wife.” He had seen how Nathaniel had treated Cecilia in the

past, and now it seemed the tables had turned.

Inside the house, Cecilia turned to look at Nathaniel, who had bumped into the couch. “Could you be a bit more careful when you walk?” she said, her tone cold. “This is the only large couch we have.”

Nathaniel listened to her voice, recognizing the familiar edge of irritation. Surprisingly, he wasn’t upset. “I’ve got it,” he responded calmly.

Cecilia was taken aback by his composed demeanor.

Nathaniel continued, “Don’t worry. I’ll have someone deliver a new couch tomorrow.”

He spoke as if trying to reassure her, but his humble tone only deepened Cecilia’s frustration. She had planned to provoke him, but now she felt a twinge of embarrassment.

“I don’t want your things. Don’t allow anyone to deliver them,” she said sharply. “Follow me; I’ll show you to your room.”

Nathaniel reached out, trying to grasp her arm for guidance, but Cecilia quickly pulled away.

“I’m not going to take care of you. If you choose to live here, you’ll have to fend for yourself,” she declared, her voice firm.

Nathaniel swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing slightly. "All right," he agreed quietly. He hadn't come expecting her care; he simply wanted to be near her.

He followed the sound of her footsteps as she led him to the cramped storage room. Cecilia had already arranged his toiletries and other essentials in the small space.

"My nanny, Martha, still lives here," she informed him. "Be mindful when you're at home and try not to leave your room unnecessarily."

In Cecilia's heart, Martha was more than just a nanny—she was family.

"All right," Nathaniel replied, his tone respectful.

Despite the tension between them, the blind Nathaniel seemed like a different person—more subdued, more willing to follow her lead.

Seeing that everything was in order and noticing the late hour, Cecilia turned to leave. But as she was heading to Martha's room to update her on Nathaniel's arrival, a sudden loud bang echoed from downstairs.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 309**

Chapter 309 Help Me Pick Out The Carrots

"I'll go take a look," Cecilia said, descending the stairs quickly after hearing the loud noise from below. When she reached Nathaniel's room, she found the door tightly shut.

Nothing seemed amiss, so she decided not to investigate further. She figured that once Nathaniel could no longer bear staying here, he would leave on his own.

The following day, Cecilia woke up early to start preparing breakfast. She deliberately cooked carrots and scrambled eggs, knowing that Nathaniel had always been a picky eater who disliked carrots.

It was a trait that their son, Jonathan, had inherited—if there was even a hint of carrot in his food, he wouldn't touch it.

Martha was still asleep, so Cecilia set aside a portion for her and served out the rest.

After freshening up, Nathaniel emerged from his room, dressed in casual home clothes. As Cecilia glanced over at him, she noticed a large wound on his forehead, instantly understanding that the noise from the previous night was likely due to him bumping his head.

Pretending not to notice, she said, "Breakfast is ready."

“Okay,” Nathaniel replied, carefully making his way over to the dining table. The house wasn’t large, but it was filled with furniture that could easily become obstacles. He was wary of bumping into anything again, knowing it would only add to Cecilia’s annoyance.

As much as Cecilia wanted him to leave quickly, she couldn’t bear to watch him walk into walls. “Move a bit to the left,” she instructed, “you’re about to hit the wall.”

Nathaniel paused, his ears turning red with embarrassment. He took a few steps to the left and quickly found his way to the dining table. He pulled out a chair and sat down with surprising grace.

“Thank you, I’ve remembered it,” he said, his voice calm.

He was being so agreeable that Cecilia found herself wishing he hadn’t lost his memory. It felt wrong to take advantage of his condition, even though she knew it was the same man who had once treated her so coldly.

She scooped up some scrambled eggs and placed them before him. “Here.”

“Thank you. I’ll make a point to rise earlier in the mornings to lend you a hand,” Nathaniel offered, his tone sincere.

He hadn’t had a peaceful sleep due to the unfamiliar environment.

Cecilia was taken aback. “No need. You can’t see anyway; how could you help me?”

Nathaniel’s throat tightened, but he softened his voice. “You don’t have to work. You can move back to Daltonia Villa with Martha. I’ll take care of you both.”

Take care of us both...

Cecilia was so engrossed in eating her scrambled eggs that she nearly choked. “I don’t need your help. I can support myself.”

At that moment, Nathaniel presented a gold card to Cecilia. She looked at it, confused. “What are you doing?”

“It’s my payroll card,” Nathaniel replied, barely parting his thin lips. He had asked Mason to prepare it before he came here, understanding that he was once the CEO of a multinational corporation with substantial wealth.

“I don’t want it,” Cecilia said firmly, pushing the card away.

Nathaniel set the card down on the table. “You may not want it, but I can’t not give it to you.”

Cecilia didn't bother arguing further. "Hurry up and eat. I need to compose a song later," she said, dismissing the subject.

The golden card lay there, untouched, as Nathaniel picked up his spoon and took a bite of the scrambled eggs. As soon as the taste hit his tongue, his brows furrowed.

"Ceci..."

"What now?" Cecilia asked, irritated, as she looked up from her meal.

"Could you do me a favor? I'm not really fond of carrots. Could you help me pick them out?" Nathaniel asked, his tone as gentle as his demeanor. Even though he had lost his memory, his tastes remained unchanged, as did his habit of directing others.

Cecilia casually took his plate, picked out the carrots, and handed it back to him. "All right, it's ready to eat now."

Nathaniel scooped up another spoonful and hesitated before saying, "Ceci, did you really pick them all out?"

"I did. Maybe I left one behind." Cecilia stood up, uninterested in his complaints. "I'm off to write. music. Once you're done eating, remember to wash the dishes. The sink is right in front of

you, just a couple steps away."

She treated him as if he weren't blind, expecting him to fend for himself. If this were the Nathaniel before his amnesia, he would have lost his temper over such treatment. But now, he pitifully finished the scrambled eggs—carrots and all—before heading to the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Alas, how could a man like him, born with a golden spoon in his mouth, possibly wash dishes?

When Cecilia returned to her room to write music, Martha descended the stairs and found the kitchen filled with bubbles.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 310**

### Chapter 310 Shareholder Meeting

Martha was taken aback when she saw Nathaniel's prestigious figure in the kitchen, sleeves rolled up as he washed dishes. The sink was overflowing with soap suds, and Nathaniel appeared completely out of place in this mundane setting.

Martha had only interacted with Nathaniel once before, during a phone call five years ago. Back then, she had pleaded with him to treat Cecilia kindly, but Nathaniel's indifference had been painfully clear.

His words still echoed in her memory, "What does it matter to me how she lives her life? She brought it on herself!"

Martha couldn't find any pity for him now. In her eyes, Nathaniel was simply getting what he deserved.

Martha had been battling a lung nodule that left her weak and frail. Her health fluctuated, and she knew her time was limited. All she wanted was to spend whatever time she had left with Cecilia, ensuring her happiness.

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She slowly made her way to the kitchen, her voice cold as she said, "Mr. Rainsworth, if; uncomfortable here, you can leave. You might not be accustomed to living in a simple household. like ours."

Nathaniel listened to the voice, recognizing it as Martha, Cecilia's nanny, whom she saw as a mother figure. Despite the sternness in her tone, he responded calmly, "If Ceci could live here, then I can live here too."

Martha paused, momentarily surprised.

Is this really the same Nathaniel who was once insufferably arrogant?

She felt certain that his change in behavior was merely a facade due to his blindness. It wouldn't last long, and she saw no reason to concern herself with him.

Although Cecilia had mentioned that no one except Nathaniel was allowed to visit, Mason was still worried about his boss.

Early in the morning, he drove over to check on him. To his surprise, he saw Nathaniel through the window, being directed by Cecilia to wash dishes and clean up.

Mason was completely astonished. Unable to believe what he was seeing, he decided to take advantage of the situation. When Martha went to rest, and Cecilia was occupied in the music room, Mason climbed over the wall and entered the house.

"Mr. Rainsworth, how could you do such things?" Mason exclaimed, taking the plates and utensils from Nathaniel's hand to help him with the dishes.



Nathaniel furrowed his brow. "How did you get in here?"

"I wasn't at ease leaving you alone," Mason admitted. He had been Nathaniel's personal secretary for over nine years, and their relationship had grown beyond just superior and subordinate—they were friends. Despite Nathaniel's fiery temper and ruthless actions, he had always been fair to Mason.

"If you're here, then help me finish cleaning up, and make sure Cecilia doesn't find out," Nathaniel instructed seriously.

Mason replied after a pause. "Okay."

As he secretly assisted Nathaniel, Mason also briefed him on the recent developments at the company. "The company is holding a shareholders' meeting this afternoon," he informed Nathaniel. "They're planning to dismiss you from your position."

Nathaniel listened in silence. "Understood. When you get back, compile all the work I've handled.

years into audio format and send it to me."

over the

Mason nodded. "All right."

Ever since Nathaniel found out about Cecilia's pregnancy, he had resolved to reclaim what was his, even if it meant fighting his blindness. He needed to protect Cecilia and their child, no matter the cost.

Upstairs, after finishing her composition, Cecilia was curious to see how Nathaniel was managing his tasks.

She didn't directly acknowledge how well he had done, but as she descended the stairs, she was greeted by the sight of a spotless kitchen and a tidy living room. The plates and utensils were neatly arranged, and the room was immaculate.

Cecilia couldn't help but wonder if there was nothing wrong with Nathaniel's eyes after all.

At that moment, Nathaniel was seated on the couch, engrossed in learning Braille. His senses were particularly sharp at that moment. He looked up as Cecilia entered the room. "Have you finished your work for the day?"

"How did you know it was me and not Martha?" Cecilia asked, intrigued.

"The sound of your footsteps is different," Nathaniel replied.

Cecilia couldn't help but admire his attentiveness. "Did you do all the cleaning?"

Nathaniel hesitated for a moment before replying, "Yes, I did."

Cecilia wasn't entirely sure if it was true, but she didn't press the matter. With Martha asleep and no inspiration for her music, Cecilia decided to turn on the television to catch up on the news.

When she tuned into the financial channel, Cecilia saw that a shareholders' meeting of Orion Corporation was being broadcast on television.