

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 31

Chapter 31 She Was Absolutely Not Dead.

He hadn’t finished explaining when an elderly man, covered in wounds, was thrown in by the bodyguards outside.

Zachary knew him; he seemed to be called Randy Larke.

Two days ago, Nathaniel had people locate Paula and Magnus, who had fled overseas. Only then did he find out that the person Cecilia was supposed to marry was Randy, not Calvin!

Therefore, he had the old man kidnapped.

Despite enduring a day and night of torment, Randy still had no clue about Cecilia’s whereabouts.

Nathaniel, with eyes as deep as an abyss, looked at him. “Do you still want to marry Cecilia?”

Randy, supporting his injured body, hastily prostrated himself.

“No, no, I dare not do it again..

He was then dragged out.

Even a fool could tell what his fate would be.

Nathaniel’s face was inscrutable as his gaze fell on Zachary. “Were you speaking on behalf of Cecilia just now?”

A lump formed in Zachary’s throat, leaving him without a rebuttal.

“I just feel that there’s no need to constantly target her.”

Nathaniel’s hand, which was holding the pen, slowly tightened, causing the veins on the back to bulge.

“She was the one who targeted me first.”

Once he finished speaking, Nathaniel stood up. “Zach, you don’t really believe she’s dead, do you? Have you never heard of the saying, ‘A calamity leaves its mark for a thousand years? A person like her absolutely won’t die!’”

The way he said it seemed more like he was trying to convince himself.

The alarm on his phone went off. Nathaniel glanced at the time, realizing it was time to get off work. With that, he promptly left Zachary alone there.

The office was eerily empty.

Zachary clenched the emerald pendant in his hand so tightly that his palm bled before he finally released his grip.

He made his way outside and saw Randy, who had been tossed on the side of the road, barely clinging to life. Seeing that, he issued a cold command, "Take him back."

At Daltonia Villa.

The interior of the house was eerily silent. In the corner of the living room was a vibrant red suitcase, which stood out in stark contrast,

Upon his timely return home, Nathaniel found himself sitting on the couch that Cecilia used to occupy frequently.

Everything was as it used to be, yet it wasn't.

He wasn't sure how long he had been sitting there when his gaze fell on the suitcase.

Zachary had sent his men to deliver it, the contents of which were Cecilia's belongings. Up until now, Nathaniel had yet to open it.

Moving forward, Nathaniel bent down to open the suitcase.

The code for the suitcase was incredibly simple it was his birthday!!

The reason why Nathaniel knew that was because Cecilia had set his birthday for the entire villa's security codes.

Inside the suitcase were everyday items and clothing. It was so simple that it hardly seemed like a suitcase belonging to a woman.

Nathaniel didn't dare to root through the items, so he closed the suitcase once more.

He didn't even eat his dinner before he returned to the bedroom that once belonged to both of them.

Upon entering, he immediately spotted the urn containing Cecilia's ashes, as well as the displayed. black and white photo.

After the bones were incinerated, DNA testing was no longer possible. However, Nathaniel was certain that Cecilia hadn't died...

She absolutely wouldn't die! Nor did she dare to!

How could Cecilia, who was so afraid of pain, dare to die?

She simply wished to deceive him, all to be with Calvin.

Nathaniel had had someone investigate Calvin, who had remained unmarried and single. In Cecilia's eyes, he was her prince charming, as well as her childhood sweetheart.

Sleep eluded Nathaniel for most of the night.

The next day, he woke up quite early.

His assistant had his breakfast delivered right after Nathaniel finished freshening up.

At first, he didn't notice any changes in his life, but gradually, he began to realize.

There was a set of dinnerware missing from the dinner table.

An additional photo had appeared at home.

When he didn't return home, he didn't receive any persistent texts urging him.

Where he used to return home to a brightly lit-up house, he now returned to darkness...

He didn't know when it started, but he started to return home earlier and was more punctual than ever.

Everyone in the company noticed the changes in Nathaniel.

When Cecilia was still alive, Nathaniel would intentionally keep himself busy until late into the night, avoiding going home.

Nathaniel's secretaries couldn't help but sigh deeply.

"Just how much did Mr. Rainsworth despise that deaf woman? Ever since her death, he has been leaving the office punctually every day."

"If I were as exceptional as Mr. Rainsworth, I wouldn't fall for a deaf woman who neither knows how to dress up nor understands romance or fun!"

-Exactly! If I were as beautiful as her, I would definitely make sure to doll myself up every day."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 32**

## Chapter 32 Have You Fallen For Her

Upon hearing their conversation, Mason intervened.

It wasn't that he loved to meddle in others' affairs, but rather, he had a knack for reading people's expressions.

In recent times, apart from his work, Nathaniel's main activities were sending out men to search for Cecilia, as well as suppressing Calvin's business.

In Mason's perspective, this series of behaviors was definitely not just because Nathaniel disliked Cecilia.

As the days passed by, Nathaniel never once gave up on his search for Cecilia.

On Christmas Eve, a heavy snow was falling.

In the past, Cecilia would always accompany Nathaniel back to Rainsworth Manor to celebrate Christmas Eve.

But this year was different – Nathaniel returned alone.

Unlike the lively banter he engaged in when Cecilia first passed away, Nathaniel was now mostly sitting alone, barely willing to speak. The icy cold aura surrounding him was so intense, it deterred anyone from approaching him.

He came in a rush, and just as hurriedly, he returned to Daltonia Villa.

Outside the villa, a blanket of pristine white snow had accumulated, presenting a pleasing sight to the eye.

But for some reason, he kept feeling like something was missing..

Nathaniel stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, lighting one cigarette after another.

"Cecilia, you better hope I don't find you!"

Behind him, someone pushed the door open..

Nathaniel turned around, only to see his mother, Elena, elegantly dressed in luxurious attire, entering

"Nathaniel, what's really going on with you? I feel like ever since Cecilia's death, you've become a completely different person."

Nathaniel remained indifferent.

He remained unchanged, from beginning to end!

Unable to hold back any longer, Elena voiced her confusion, “Don’t tell me you’ve fallen for Cecilia? But she’s no longer here.”

Without a moment’s hesitation, Nathaniel declared, “As if she’s worthy!”

Elena wanted to say something more, but Nathaniel sternly showed her the door.

The moment she left, Nathaniel sat alone in the living room, drinking.

He couldn’t recall how much he had drunk, only that he drank until he lost consciousness.

Even though the heater was on, Nathaniel still felt cold. “Cecilia, Cecilia...”

The clock struck twelve.

When Nathaniel woke up from his drunken stupor, he thought he saw Cecilia.

But when he reached out to grab her, everything turned into nothingness...

Att

the same time in Seabay Villa, Zachary was also not asleep.

His phone kept ringing with calls from Stella. When he didn’t pick up, she started sending text messages.

Without even glancing at his phone, Zachary switched it off.

Subsequently, he took out the emerald pendant he always carried with him. He held it tightly, his fingertips gently caressing its surface.

Four years later, at Erihal Airport.

A group of two adults and a child was particularly eye-catching.

The young woman in the group wore her long hair simply pinned up. She had a hearing aid in her ear, and her face was exquisitely beautiful. Particularly striking were her eyes, lively yet possessing a depth of melancholy uncommon for her age.

Beside her sat a little boy, around three or four years old. He was dressed in simple casual clothes,

yet he carried an air of understated elegance.

The young one was engrossed, holding a copy of a financial newspaper in his hands.

On the other side of the little one sat Martha, who was already over fifty years old.

“It’s time, Jon. Make sure you listen to Grandma Martha, all right?” After glancing at the clock, Cecilia tenderly patted her son’s head.

Upon hearing the words, Jonathan Smith obediently closed the newspaper, quietly covering the page about Nathaniel. Then, with a serious demeanor, he responded, “I will.”

The little one was barely over three years old, yet he behaved like a miniature adult.

Cecilia gazed at the boy who bore a striking resemblance to Nathaniel and couldn’t help but hold him a little tighter. “You must also take good care of your younger brother.

Beside her, Martha gently patted her shoulder.

“Go on. I’ll take good care of the two boys,” she assured Cecilia.

Nodding, Cecilia dragged her suitcase onto the plane bound for Tudela.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 33**

### Chapter 33 Her Return

Inside the first-class cabin of the plane, Cecilia gazed out the window at the white clouds, her mind drifting back to four years ago.

Back then, she was utterly disheartened and sought Calvin’s assistance to fake her death and flee the country. Later on, while abroad, she prematurely gave birth to a pair of twins.

Everything had been going smoothly until an unfortunate turn of events in March. Her younger son, Elliot Smith, who was already in poor health due to being born prematurely, was diagnosed with a malignant hematopoietic stem cell disease – commonly known as leukemia.

The doctor informed Cecilia that blood disorders could be treated through the transplantation of hematopoietic stem cells derived from umbilical cord blood.

Hence, for the past few months, Cecilia had been constantly scheming, trying to find a way to acquire Nathaniel’s sperm.

Regrettably, she had failed.

The sooner the transplant treatment, the better. Thus, Cecilia had no choice but to return home to obtain it herself!

If it weren't for Elliot, she would have never returned to that place, nor would she have sought out Nathaniel again!

Before the airplane took off, Cecilia received a message from Vivian Kennedy, her best friend.

Vivian: I'll be a bit tied up lately, but once I'm back, we'll sort out Nathaniel together. We also need to teach that pretentious b\*tch Stella a lesson.

Vivian was a friend whom Cecille had met back in university. Later, she went abroad for further studies, and as Cecille got married, their communication dwindled.

Four years ago, Cecilia chanced upon her when she arrived at Erihal.

Upon reading the text message, a sense of warmth filled Cecilia's heart. She replied: Okay.

Subsequently, she shut off her phone.

Whenever summer arrived in Tudela, it was always accompanied by constant heavy rain.

When Cecilia disembarked from the plane, it was already seven in the evening. As she looked around at the place that was both familiar and foreign to her, she appeared somewhat dazed.

Upon exiting the airport, a luxurious Lincoln pulled up promptly in front of Cecilia.

After the driver got out of the car, he respectfully opened the door. "Ms. Smith, please get in."

Cecilia nodded. "Sorry for the trouble, and thank you,"

The driver gave a gentle smile. "Ms. Smith, you're a friend of Mr. Reese, so there's no need for formalities. He's already arranged your accommodations in advance."

Naturally, the driver was referring to Calvin.

Had she not sought out Calvin's help four years ago, Cecilia would have remained oblivious to the fact that he had simply been modest when he said he was a small business owner.

Calvin's overseas business was thriving, and it was fair to say he had fingers in every pie. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to help her and the two children evade Nathaniel's investigation.

Seated in the car, Cecilia was gazing at the passing scenery.

Four years had passed, yet Tudela hadn't changed much. Perhaps the only noticeable difference was the ubiquitous posters of Stella on the buildings!

Throughout these four years, Stella had lived a life of prosperity. She was more than just a singer now, having become a top-tier actress in the acting industry as well, standing unrivaled in her fame and success.

Cecilia's beautiful eyes shifted away.

An hour later, the vehicle came to a halt within a villa district known as Ninth Ville.

The villa district was very tranquil, and even at night, the view was pleasing to the eye.

After being brought to her residence, Cecilia immediately called Martha to tell her that she had arrived safe and sound.

"Martha, where's Jon?" Cecilia asked, finding it odd not to see Jonathan around.

Martha replied with a smile, "Reading a book in the room."

While other children of his age were still struggling to recognize all the alphabets, Jonathan was exceptionally intelligent. Not only was he proficient in Clusian, but Uprian was also second nature to him.

At times, when discussing matters, he spoke like an adult.

Cecilia had once heard Elena reminiscing about Nathaniel's childhood, and he had been much the same.

Precisely because Nathaniel was naturally gifted and intelligent, he received meticulous nurturing from the head of the Rainsworth family. From a young age, he was considered a prodigy...

Martha brought her phone into Jonathan's room, where she heard him rustling about as he packed up some items.

"Grandma Martha, you forgot to knock again. That's not very polite," Jonathan said with the Martha was instantly embarrassed. "Oh dear, this old woman's mind is like a sieve. I've forgotten again. Jon, please don't get upset with me."

After stowing away his things, Jonathan turned his amber-like bright eyes toward Martha and said, "I won't."

After he finished speaking, he took the phone in his small hands, looking at Cecilia through the video call.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 34**

Chapter 34 He Had Become Increasingly Ruthless

"Mommy, have you arrived yet? On the nights when I'm not around, always remember to have a warm glass of milk before you go to sleep. Also, don't forget to take your vitamins... and don't kick off your blanket while you sleep at night; you'll catch a chill. I left my and Eli's favorite plush toys in your suitcase. If you can't sleep, let them keep you company..."

When it came to her eldest son, he was the type who, if he didn't feel like talking, wouldn't utter a single word.

However, whenever he spoke, he sounded like an elder, constantly nagging and fussing. It was unclear who he had inherited this from.

At times, Cecilia felt as if he was the adult between them.

"All right, I'll definitely remember."

Once Jon finished speaking, it was only then that Cecilia reluctantly ended the call.

Back when she first left for abroad, she had been battling depression and suffered from hearing impairment. On top of that, she was pregnant, so she often had sleepless nights and struggled to

cat.

After the birth of the twins, her illness hadn't been cured, but her condition had improved somewhat.

As the children gradually grew up, they surprisingly began to take care of her once the two little ones learned to walk and talk.

They were practically her saviors.

After having some milk and vitamins, Cecilia proceeded to open her suitcase. Sure enough, she found two rabbit plushies inside, both faintly carrying the scent of milk.

That night, Cecilia lay in bed and was able to sleep remarkably peacefully while holding onto them.

The following day, at the break of dawn.

Cecilia received a text message: Nathaniel returns home today and is set to attend a charity auction at the Stelason Hotel at nine o'clock in the evening

Before returning here, Cecilia had already instructed people back home to investigate Nathaniel.

She knew he was overseas managing a project and was due to return soon, but she hadn't expected him to be back this quickly!

Four years had passed, and even though she had gradually let go, the thought of having to actively approach this man again filled her heart with an extraordinarily complex mix of emotions.

In the evening, at nine o'clock, the charity gala officially commenced.

A person of power and influence like Nathaniel had a private room all to himself. He didn't need to bid personally; that task was taken care of by an assistant or a secretary.

On the second floor, Nathaniel sat in the VIP room, immaculately dressed in a crisp suit. His eyes, cold and as dark as obsidian, watched the charity auction taking place downstairs dispassionately.

The reason he came here today was for a necklace.

It had previously been left at the Smith family residence by Cecilia, and afterward, Paula and Magnus sold it off for a pittance overseas. Now, it had somehow found its way back.

Over the years, he had never missed any news about Cecilia, no matter what it was.

After several consecutive auction items, it was quickly the Trapiche emerald necklace's turn, with a starting bid of ten million.

Nathaniel's secretary promptly raised a sign. "Twenty million."

The people present o

help but gasp at how the price suddenly doubled. Many of the wealthy individuals had seen Nathaniel's secretary before.

Hence, everyone knew full well that they couldn't afford to offend Nathaniel,

Just when everyone thought that the necklace would go to Nathaniel, an unexpected turn of events occurred.

A stunning woman, almost enchantingly beautiful, raised a sign. Thirty million.”

For a moment, everyone held their breath, not because her bid was high, but because she had the audacity to vie for something that Nathaniel desired.

Over the past few years, Nathaniel had become increasingly ruthless. Anyone who dared to snatch something he had his eye on would either end up with their family destroyed and lives lost, or they would be left in a state worse than death!

Nathaniel was the tyrant of this place, and no one dared to cross him.

As the woman spoke, Nathaniel’s gaze successfully fell upon her. His black pupils contracted, and in that moment, it seemed as if his heartbeat had come to a halt.

In the depths of Nathaniel’s dark eyes was the reflection of Cecilia’s stunningly beautiful face.

Four years ago, she only wore dark-colored clothes and never wore makeup. But now, she was different. She was dressed in an off-shoulder ivory white gown, her ink-black hair cascading over her shoulders. A pearl hairpin adorned her temples, adding a touch of radiant elegance without being overly seductive.

At that moment, every drop of blood in Nathaniel’s body began to roil with excitement.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 35**

Chapter 35 | Lost My Memory

Downstairs, even before Cecilia arrived, she had noticed the most luxurious and best-viewing private room for the auction upstairs.

The design of the private room incorporated one-way glass. From the outside, one couldn’t see the people inside, yet those inside could clearly view the outside.

She intentionally chose a spot where someone in the private room could see her to sit.

Then, as if unintentionally, she lifted her gaze toward the private room upstairs.

It was merely a fleeting glance, with not a hint of emotion in her eyes.

Inside the private room, Nathaniel’s assistant, Mason, was dumbstruck. “Ms. Smith!”

Suppressing his urge to rush down, Nathaniel gave orders to Mason.

“Forfeit the bidding.”

“Understood.”

Upon receiving instructions, the secretary downstairs abandoned the bid.

Everyone initially thought they were going to witness a grand display of wealth today, but to their surprise, Nathaniel had actually decided to back down.

Their faces were all filled with shock.

They wondered just who this woman was that she dared to compete with Nathaniel for something he had his eye on.

The crucial point was that Nathaniel had actually relented and allowed her to have the item.

After the charity auction, as per the rules here, the bidder was required to make the payment before they could collect their item.

At the backstage of the auction.

When Cecilia entered, the room was notably empty. Her eyes immediately landed on Nathaniel, who sat alone on the couch.

The man’s lean figure was cloaked in a black suit, exuding a noble air. His handsome, cold face and deep, dark eyes had been fixed on her since she walked through the door.

“Cecilia!”

Nathaniel gazed deeply at Cecilia, his thin lips parting slightly.

He awaited her explanation, curious as to why she had faked her death and vanished for four years. He wondered where she had been all this time, and what she had been doing.

Four years had passed, and her transformation was immense...

The woman who had previously shown no interest in dressing up had now meticulously applied makeup. Where once she used to only wear dark clothes, she had now switched to a vibrant gown...

For the first time, Nathaniel discovered that his wife had this side to her as well.

He simply watched as Cecilia drew closer to him, his Adam’s apple subtly bobbing.

Stopping half a meter away from Nathaniel, Cecilia greeted, "Hello, sir!"

Nathaniel was taken aback.

Before he could react, Cecilia glanced around.

\*Excuse me, but are you the person in charge of this auction? I'm here to make a payment and collect my item."

At that moment, Nathaniel's face turned incredibly grim.

Nathaniel rose, his towering figure blocking most of the light from Cecilia's view. He looked down at her. "Who do you say I am?"

His voice was deep, laced with a hint of huskiness.

"Who are you? Do I know you?" Cecilia asked, her expression calm.

Nathaniel's throat tightened.

A chilly aura exploded from him. "You don't know me? Well, let me introduce myself!"

Cecilia's pupils narrowed.

Before she could react, Nathaniel brought her into a passionate and intense kiss.

Cecilia began struggling in frantic desperation as her breathing was muffled.

However, Nathaniel had her securely locked in his embrace, his large hand covering the skin of her back, his actions becoming increasingly bold.

She initially thought she could pretend as if nothing had happened, but she had failed.

A misty veil clouded her eyes and, unable to contain herself any longer, she lifted her hand and landed a harsh slap on Nathaniel's cheek.

"Please, respect yourself! Four years ago, I fell seriously ill and lost my memory."

Nathaniel's body stiffened as he stopped, looking at her in disbelief.

Taking advantage of the moment, Cecilia managed to break free, stepping back with a wary

When Nathaniel saw this action, his emotions were thrown into chaos.

"You say you've lost your memory? Then how do you still recognize this necklace?"

He retrieved the Trapiche emerald necklace from a nearby drawer and tossed it in front of Cecilia.

When had he ever failed to obtain what he wanted?

Cecilia spoke calmly. "This is a keepsake from my father; of course, I remember it."

So, she remembers the necklace, but not me.

Nathaniel was so exasperated that he was nearly driven to laughter.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 36**

Chapter 36 Keep A Close Watch On Her

Uninterested in further conversation with him, Cecilia immediately pulled out a check and handed it to him.

"I've paid the money, so I'm taking the necklace with me."

Nathaniel tightly held onto the check, watching as the woman left without even looking back. He ordered, "Keep a close watch on her."

At Ninth Ville.

Upon Cecilia's return, she stood on the balcony, steadily sipping on glass after glass of wine..

She never had a habit of drinking before, but ever since she went abroad, she would numb herself with alcohol whenever she couldn't handle things alone.

After the birth of the two children, their presence gradually helped her overcome her bad habits. But today, upon seeing Nathaniel, she found herself unable to control herself again...

Speaking of amnesia, she wasn't lying burden was immense.

After moving abroad, during that period, her physical

Due to her depression, compounded by her pregnancy, her memory had deteriorated. There were numerous instances where she even intermittently forgot about Martha.

During that period, she was in immense pain. Her mind would sporadically drift back to her childhood when her father was still alive, then to her student years, and at times, to when she was still married to Nathaniel...

On one occasion, she even forgot about divorcing Nathaniel, about faking her death to leave the country. All she remembered was that they had just gotten married.

Thus, despite being pregnant, she had bought a plane ticket back home, intent on finding Nathaniel.

That day, she almost returned to Tudela. Thankfully, while at the airport, she saw a photograph of Nathaniel and Stella attending a banquet together. Only then did she belatedly recall that their relationship had already ended..."

The disarray of memories, offering hope time and again, only to replace it with disappointment just as often, was a sensation only understood by those who had experienced it. The depth of the pain was unimaginable.

She had always known that Nathaniel didn't love her. His relentless search of her over the past four years was driven not by affection but by resentment and a refusal to accept defeat.

Therefore, she decided to feign amnesia this time. Her plan was to obtain Nathaniel's sperm, but not through physical intimacy!

Her phone ringing interrupted Cecilia's train of thought.

Cecilia took the call, and the deep, magnetic voice of a man echoed from the other end. It was Calvin

"How's it going?"

"Well, the first step can be considered a success, replied Cecilia.

Noticing something off about her voice, Calvin furrowed his brows in concern. "Have you been drinking again?"

Cecilia fibbed, "No, I haven't had a drink in a long time."

Calvin responded with a low, "Mm-hmm." Then, after a long pause, he added, "If there are any difficulties, I'll come back-

He hadn't finished speaking when Cecilia interrupted him.

"No need for that. Trust me, I can handle it well."

Over the years spent abroad, Cecilia discovered that Calvin's identity was far from simple, leaving him with hardly any free time.

She didn't want her own issues to hold him back.

“Remember, if you need anything, contact me immediately.”

“All right.”

The call ended.

Cecilia glanced at the empty wine bottle on the table before tossing it into the trash can. She then turned on the TV, hoping to dispel the lingering loneliness within the room.

A new story had emerged on the entertainment news.

“Does Stella Ross’ transition from a singer to a top-tier artist have a connection with Rainsworth Group’s CEO, Nathaniel Rainsworth? Rumor has it that their secret love affair has lasted for over a decade...”

For over a decade....

Cecilia mocked herself in her heart.

If the two of them have been in love for over a decade, then where does the three years of my marriage to Nathaniel fit into that decade?

At that moment, a video call came through.

Picking it up, she saw it was a call from her younger son, Elliot.

Only once Cecilia ensured that her drinking wasn’t noticeable did she dare to accept the video.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 37**

Chapter 37 He Refuses To Believe

A frail and sweet voice echoed from the other end of the video, where a little boy, the spitting image of Jonathan, was lying on a hospital bed. His face was pale, and he was weakly calling out to Cecilia.

A wave of tenderness washed over Cecilia.

“Muacks, Eli!”

Elliot’s eyes held a hint of melancholy as he complained, “Mommy, you didn’t even call me last night to say goodnight.”

Compared to her elder son, Jonathan, who was considerate and mature, Elliot was a typical child who loved to be pampered and often lacked a sense of security at least, that was how Cecilia saw it.

“Sorry, I forgot, sweetie. Don’t be mad, okay, Eli?”

Given that Elliot had always been frail since childhood and was now diagnosed with leukemia, Cecilia paid him extra attention.

Elliot pouted. “I’ll let you off the hook this time. There won’t be a next time, you know.”

Watching the little one acting cute, the dark cloud hanging over Cecilia was instantly swept away, and she found herself repeatedly nodding in agreement.

“Where are Martha and Jonathan?” Cecilia asked.

Upon hearing this, Elliot feigned annoyance. “Had I known you were going to ask about them, I wouldn’t have bothered calling you.”

Cecilia was left in a state of bemusement at how her younger son played the part of scorned lover so well.

“All right, I won’t ask about them anymore. It’s getting late, so you should rest soon. Goodnight.”

After hanging up the phone, the smile on Elliot’s face vanished completely. He looked gloomily at his twin brother, who was sitting in front of his laptop.

“Mommy has been drinking again.”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan closed his laptop. “It seems I must return to Tudela first, to take care of her.”

“Yeah.” Elliot closed his eyes.

If it wasn’t for his health issues, he, too, wished to return and meet that despicable father of his.

Cecilia was unaware of the two youngsters’ plans.

After freshening up, she lay down, clutching the two rabbit plushies.

Perhaps it was the unfamiliar bed, or maybe it was the encounter with Nathaniel earlier that day. but Cecilia didn’t sleep well, drifting in and out of a fitful slumber.

The next morning, when Cecilia woke up and glanced at the time, she saw it was only a little after five.

At that moment, she discovered an unread message.

It was from one of the personal bodyguards assigned to her by Calvin, Sven Lindberg.

Sven: Ms. Smith, after you returned yesterday, I noticed a car followed you here, and it hasn't left since.

The message from Sven had been sent at three in the morning.

Cecilia replied: Is it still there now?

Sven: Yes.

Cecilia didn't even need to think about it to know it was one of Nathaniel's men.

She told Sven not to worry.

I've got to get closer to Nathaniel anyway. Him having someone keep an eye on me will only work in my favor.

After having breakfast, Cecilia stepped out, instructing the driver to head toward Rainsworth Group.

Meanwhile, in the CEO's office at Rainsworth Group.

Nathaniel held that check worth millions, his mind filled with countless thoughts.

Fifty million... It seems that she has been doing well for herself over the past four years!

Overnight, Mason had someone investigate and report back about Cecilia.

Upon receiving a bit of news, he immediately reported to Nathaniel, "After checking the surveillance cameras, we only know that Ms. Smith appeared in the public area last night. We've checked the airport, high-speed train, and the like, but there's no record of her coming or going. Just like before, it's as if someone deliberately erased her tracks..."

Nathaniel pursed his thin lips tightly.

She had been gone for four years, so he refused to believe her sudden reappearance this time was a mere coincidence!

Mason hesitated for a moment before he spoke again. “Ms. Smith’s return this time is unusual. The people we sent reported that the area where she resides has incredibly tight security.”

“Yes, sir”

Nathaniel looked up at him. “If she runs away again this time, you guys can forget about remaining in Tudela as well”

After Mason left. Nathaniel’s mood remained heavy.

He was itching to have someone bring Cecilia over immediately, yet he was also curious to see what she was truly up to

Amnesia? I simply don’t believe it!

Not long after Mason left, he knocked and entered the room again.

“Mr. Rainsworth, it seems Ms. Smith is heading here

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 38**

Chapter 38 I Am Not Lying

A lump formed in Nathaniel’s throat as an unusual glint flickered in his deep eyes.

He didn’t say anything, yet Mason understood and left.

In Rainsworth Group’s business department, there was a rumor that a prominent tycoon was planning to visit. This magnate was said to be offering a substantial amount of funding to aid Rainsworth Group’s Hope Charity, essentially providing charity free of charge.

The employees couldn’t help but discuss the matter.

“Which big shot is here to play the fool?”

“Who knows? Maybe he made so much money that he ran out of places to spend it.”

“I heard he came from overseas...”

At that moment, Cecilia, seated in the car, had already arrived at the headquarters of Rainsworth Group.

Looking at the towering buildings, which had developed more expansively and rapidly than four years ago, it was all due to Nathaniel's firm and decisive measures, as well as the deep-rooted foundation of the Rainsworth family....

Over the past four years, she hadn't neglected herself. With Calvin's assistance, she had established her own company and made some money.

Before returning to Tudela, she had made numerous preparations. Upon learning that Rainsworth Group was planning to invest in nationwide charity projects, she decided to collaborate under the guise of this initiative.

With this guise of collaboration, she would have her excuse to get closer to Nathaniel..

As for her appearance at the charity auction yesterday, it was also to catch his attention.

After all, she wouldn't be able to meet Nathaniel in person if it were merely an investment collaboration!

Therefore, she desired to pique Nathaniel's interest, hoping he would take the initiative to meet her!

Cecilia pushed the car door open, stepping out of the vehicle.

The project manager had been waiting at the entrance early on. Upon seeing the arrival of a woman, elegantly dressed and attractive, he was somewhat puzzled.

"Are you Smith?"

Cecilia nonchalantly asked, "Yes. Is there a problem?"

While the project manager was taken aback, Cecilia produced the record of their previous correspondence.

He quickly shook his head. "Not at all, not at all. You truly are a beautiful woman with a kind heart."

Or more like quite the sucker.

With that, he brought Cecilia to the reception room before heading out to invite Nathaniel over.

Before long, the sound of footsteps echoed, followed soon after by the noise of a door closing.

She lifted her gaze, only to meet Nathaniel's chillingly cold eyes.

Their eyes met, and all that could be seen in Nathaniel's deep gaze was curiosity.

And yet, feigning surprise, Cecilia exclaimed, "It's you?"

Nathaniel was utterly unconvinced that she had lost her memory. Seeing her continue this act, he strode forward.

"What a coincidence."

He deliberately emphasized the words.

Cecilia continued to feign ignorance. "Are you the person in charge of this project?"

"To be precise, I'm the one in charge of Rainsworth Group, Nathaniel." Nathaniel was staring her intently.

Today, she had put on a suit, which made her look incredibly professional.

Before he came, he had already done his research. She had established a trading company. abroad. Just a month ago, she had contacted Rainsworth Group's business department manager about investing in charity projects through them.

"So, you're Mr. Rainsworth. A pleasure to meet you." Cecilia maintained her composure, not showing any change in her demeanor. "My investment this time-

Before she could finish her sentence, Nathaniel abruptly cut her off.

"Let's not talk about work today. Instead, let's discuss your memory loss."

Nathaniel stared at her calmly and patiently, waiting for her to spin more lies.

The atmosphere within the room had taken an odd turn, as if the air itself had somehow become thinner.

Facing the woman who had once pursued and adored him for over a decade, Nathaniel couldn't quite articulate the emotions stirring within him at this moment.

Had this been in the past, hearing such things would have certainly left a bitter taste in Cecilia's mouth.

But now, she knew that for her, the most important thing was her sickly young son.

"I'm not sure what you mean by your words, but I assure you, I wasn't lying. I suffered from severe depression in the past. Those suffering from depression often experience a

near standstill in brain cell activity, leading to a decline in various brain functions. This not only results in sluggish responses but also a decrease in memory retention, leading to intermittent memory loss. The doctor mentioned that my inability to remember certain people and events could be a protective mechanism of my brain. It might be afraid that recalling certain individuals or incidents would cause me distress.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 39**

Chapter 39 A Questionable Lapse In Memory

Nathaniel had once seen Cecelia’s medical reports and was aware that she suffered from severe depression.

He had also researched the illness and knew it resulted in memory loss, but his research never mentioned anything about forgetting someone entirely!

They had known each other for over a decade!

Seeing that Nathaniel remained silent, Cecelia looked at him and asked, “You’re not who has hurt me in the past, are you? Otherwise, why wouldn’t I remember you?”

Those words pierced Nathaniel’s heart.

meone

His lips slightly parted, and his voice was laced with a hint of frostiness as he replied, “Ms. Smith, you’re overthinking. This is but a chance meeting.”

Nathaniel came to a conclusion. If Cecelia wanted to act, then he would play along.

After all, from beginning to end, he never really felt as though they were a married couple.

Before leaving, Nathaniel had someone sign a collaboration contract with Cecilia.

After returning to his office, Nathaniel started smoking incessantly again.

The thought of Cecelia’s words lingered in his mind. You’re not someone who has hurt me in the past, are you? Otherwise, why wouldn’t I remember you?

He felt as though his heart was suffocating.

By the time Mason entered Nathaniel’s office, the room was swirling with smoke.

Ever since Cecelia vanished four years ago, Nathaniel’s smoking habit had spiraled out of control.

Mason wondered, Why are things still the same after she's back?

Meanwhile, Nathaniel shot Mason a dark gaze and ordered, "Investigate something for me. I don't care how you do it, but I need to know what exactly happened to Cecelia in these past four years!"

Mason was taken aback. "Mr.

informationsworth, I had sent people to investigate earlier, but they

couldn't find any information. Her records abroad have always been kept strictly confidential."

"Then mobilize other overseas resources to investigate!"

Nathaniel's insistence left Mason stunned once again.

Mason knew clearly what Nathaniel meant by other resources. Nathaniel had never mobilized those means aside from the time he was competing to become the head of the Rainsworth family.

And he's doing it for Cecilia now?

Mason didn't dare to question his boss' motives; he could only follow instructions.

"Of course. I'll get in touch with the folks over there right away," declared Mason.

After a gap of four years, most people at Rainsworth Group didn't recognize Cecilia, so her visit to the company over collaboration matters didn't draw much attention.

On her way back, Cecilia had the driver reroute to a cemetery in the western suburbs.

Before her arrival, as was her usual practice, she purchased a bunch of white daisies. Once she reached her father's gravesite, she placed them there.

"Dad, I'm back. I'm sorry it took me so long to come see you."

Compared to before, she was extraordinarily calm at that moment.

Standing alone before the tombstone, she softly recounted everything that had transpired over the years.

"Originally, I wanted to bring Jon and Eli back with me so you could meet them. But I'm afraid that Nathaniel and the Rainsworth family will take the boys away from me if they find out about them. So, I had no choice but to leave them overseas. I know you won't blame me for this."

Cecilia knew better than anyone how much the Rainsworth family desired a grandson.

She dared not risk Jonathan and Elliot's safety.

While she was speaking, her cell phone's ringtone interrupted her speech. Cecelia looked at her phone screen and realized it was a call from Sven.

"Ms. Smith, someone's here," informed Sven.

"All right."

After ending the call, Cecelia turned around, ready to leave.

At the end of the road, she saw an all-too-familiar figure.

Dressed in a fitting lugrean suit, Zachary was standing afar, holding a large bunch of daisies. His gaze was firmly fixed on Cecelia.

Something shifted in Cecelia's gaze, but she quickly schooled her expression.

She approached Zachary, her high heels clicking with each step she took.

Zachary froze on the spot. The daisies he held in his hands suddenly felt as heavy as lead.

He remained in a daze for a long while, feeling as though everything happening around him was just like a dream.

Unlike Nathaniel, he had already come to terms with the fact that Cecelia had passed away.

Today marked the memorial of Cecelia's father. To atone for his sins, he came to pay respects on behalf of Cecelia.

But now, Cecelia was actually alive. She had just appeared so vividly before his own eyes.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 40**

### Chapter 40 A Swift Rejection

Zachary simply couldn't describe his emotions. His mind was racing, and he was rapidly stringing together words in his mind to say to Cecelia,

Should I apologize first? Or should I ask her where she has been all these years? Or what else can I say?

However, before he could fully gather his thoughts, Cecelia brushed past him, never once sparing him a glance from start to finish.

Zachary was taken aback.

He turned around belatedly, only to find that Cecelia had already gotten into her car. She softly informed the driver, "Let's go."

Watching the woman's beautiful, serene side profile vanish from his sight, it took Zachary a while to regain his composure. He picked up his phone, about to call Nathaniel with news of Cecelia's return.

Yet, when he thought of Nathaniel's actions toward Cecelia over the years, he held himself back.

He was a selfish man after all. After taking note of Cecelia's license plate number, he sent someone to investigate her current address.

Meanwhile, Cecelia's sleek black Bentley cruised smoothly along the road.

Cecelia gazed calmly out the window, her inner emotions remaining steady.

How odd How did Zachary appear at the western suburbs cemetery?

Past instances of Zachary's bullying toward her were still vivid in her mind, prompting Cecelia to remove her hearing aid.

Originally, her ears merely had a mild hearing impairment. However, because of Zachary, her ears would occasionally suffer from uncomfortable ringing even now. Her ears would even bleed if she became too emotional.

It was impossible for Cecilia not to resent Zachary.

At times, Cecelia would regret her past decisions. She shouldn't have saved Zachary in the first place. Had she not, she wouldn't have had to endure the relentless torment of her hearing illness.

Still, she understood it was better to minimize complications. Right now, the most crucial thing was to save Elliot.

So, to avoid unnecessary trouble, she decided to act as if she didn't know Zachary.

After all, there was nothing Zachary wouldn't do for Stella's sake.

On her way home, Cecilia received a call from Central Media.

“Is this Ms. Cecille? We truly admire your work and have heard about your recent composition. We were wondering if you would consider selling the rights to us? Rest assured, we will ensure the compensation is worth your while.”

Central Media was the largest artist management company under Rainsworth Group’s umbrella.

Nowadays, 3 Stella was one of the biggest stars managed by Central Media.

In addition to running her own trading company, Cecelia also had a personal profession as a composer.

Her pen name was “Cecille“, which spurred others to address her as Ms. Cecille.

Before Cecilia’s return, to further her plans of approaching Nathaniel, she deliberately spread rumors about releasing a new song.

That was nothing but the truth. However, now that she had achieved her goal of approaching Nathaniel, there was no longer a need for her to continue selling her compositions.

“Sorry, I currently have no plans to collaborate,” replied Cecilia.

The agent on the phone hurriedly said, “Ms. Cecille, we will arrange for the famous Stella Ross from our company to perform your song. It will surely make your composition a sensation.”

Before the manager could finish pitching his case, a scoff interrupted him.

“Sorry, but if the singer were someone else, we might have a chance to continue this conversation.” Cecilia said before hanging up.

At the headquarters of Central Media, Stella’s agent stared at his phone for a long time before snapping out of his daze.

He shook his head at Stella, who was waiting anxiously beside him. “She turned us down, Stella,” he explained.

Stella raised an eyebrow and asked. “Did you not tell her she could name her price?”

“I did, but she still rejected me.”

Cecille was quite renowned overseas. Any piece of music she composed was destined to be a hit.

Last year, her song *Girl in the Alley* was revamped into several versions, including Japrium, Keprarian, Hestryan, and Clusian. All versions remained wildly popular.

Stella's entertainment career had recently hit a plateau. She was just one song short of making a comeback in the music industry.

"Does she know I'll be the one singing it?" Stella asked again.

The agent nodded, carefully repeating to Stella everything that Cecelia conveyed earlier.

"Who does she think she is? She should feel lucky that I'm interested in her!" Stella snapped..

Her agent suggested. "Stella, isn't Mr. Sinclair your friend? And Mr. Rainsworth as well. If they lend a hand, wouldn't it be easy to secure a song?"

Zachary