

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 331

Chapter 331 My Daughter Is My Life

Cecilia couldn’t help but chuckle coldly. This was her own birth mother, who seemed to wish nothing more than to see her fall. “I earned my money through my own abilities. If you want it, then get it through your own skills. Don’t think you can intimidate me with your words.”

Without waiting for a response, she promptly hung up the phone. Cecilia tried calling Norman immediately afterward, but as expected, she couldn’t reach him. It seemed she would have to make a trip back to Tudela to resolve this matter personally.

Quickly, Cecilia got out of bed to check on Martha. The older woman was already awake, still trying to process the misunderstanding from the previous night.

“Has Nathaniel really changed?” Martha asked, her voice filled with uncertainty.

“I’m not sure either,” Cecilia admitted. “You should rest well and not worry about anything else.”

Martha nodded in agreement. “Right,” she said, understanding that Cecilia had her hands full with other matters.

Cecilia explained to Martha that a friend of hers had run into trouble and needed her care. “All right, you can go. Don’t worry about me. I can take care of myself,” Martha reassured her.

But Cecilia couldn’t feel at ease leaving her alone at home with Nathaniel. “I’ll arrange for a caregiver to look after you,” she insisted.

Knowing that Cecilia would worry if she refused, Martha nodded, accepting the arrangement. “All right,” she agreed.

When Cecilia descended the stairs, she found that breakfast had already been laid out in the dining room, along with a note. Nathaniel had left it, written in bold, flamboyant characters: I’m going back to the hospital for a follow-up.

In reality, Nathaniel hadn’t gone to the hospital at all. Instead, he had Mason wait for his return at Daltonia Villa. There were still some confidential documents there that needed his attention.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Paula and Stella were seated in a lavish mansion. Paula was no longer the down-on-her-luck lady she once was.

Five years ago, she had fled the country with her son, Magnús, and somehow managed to charm a prominent local Clusian businessman, marrying him and securing her position in high society.

Now, she was a woman that all the elites of Tudela wanted to curry favor with, and even Stella had to ingratiate herself with Paula, given her husband's significant influence in the entertainment industry.

"Mdm. Paula, did Ceci promise to repay the money?" Stella asked, trying to gauge Cecilia's current situation.

Paula's frustration was evident as she scoffed, "She's nothing but an ungrateful leech. The idea of her willingly paying back the money is simply ludicrous!"

Stella tried to comfort her, "Please, don't be upset. Anger isn't good for your health. Would you like me to talk to her? She's always been stubborn, but if she knew about your current situation, I'm sure she would return the money to you."

But Paula stopped her, her willow-like eyebrows slightly raised. "Whatever you do, don't reveal my current status to her. I have no desire to acknowledge her as my daughter."

Stella was taken aback by Paula's heartlessness. After all, Cecilia was her own flesh and blood. "I understand," she replied, concealing her shock.

As her gaze drifted to a photo on the table, Stella couldn't help but comment. The photograph depicted a woman performing ballet, bearing a slight resemblance to Cecilia. "Cassandra seems more like your own daughter," Stella said, her tone laced with admiration.

Whenever Cassandra was mentioned, Paula's face would light up with pride, and her eyes softened with affection. "Cassandra is my life," she said, her voice tender. "If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have endured so much hardship all these years."

Stella had only a partial understanding of Cassandra Evans, but what she knew filled her with admiration. Not only was Cassandra beautiful, but she also had powerful backing. And most impressively, she had managed to win the favor of Paula, a notoriously cold-hearted woman.

After leaving the mansion, Stella's assistant quickly held up an umbrella for her as she stepped into the snowfall. "Stella, where are we going now?" the assistant asked.

Stella gazed at the vast expanse of snow, her mind already made up. "Let's go to Daltonia Villa," she said decisively.

She had seen enough at the recent Rainsworth Group shareholders' meeting to know that Nathaniel wasn't blind after all. Despite the resources she had secured from Paula,

Stella knew she couldn't afford to let her guard down if Nathaniel continued to pursue her.

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Chapter 332 Apologize To Cecilia

After a snowy night, the grounds of Daltonia Villa were bustling with housekeepers diligently clearing the accumulated snow. Nathaniel sat in his car, yet to go inside, when Mason noticed someone entering the villa—it was Nicholas.

Mason quickly informed Nathaniel and asked, “Should we go there now?”

With so many housekeepers at Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel's arrival would surely expose Nicholas' false identity,

Just a few days ago, due to some issues with his identity, Nicholas had been staying at the Rainsworth Manor. Now, here he was, moving into Daltonia Villa so soon.

First, he assumed a false identity to take over the company, then he seized the villa. What's next? Will he take away Nathaniel's family and wife too?

“No rush,” Nathaniel replied, his calm voice bringing Mason back to reality. Mason had no choice. but to park the car at a distance.

Although Mason had always been by Nathaniel's side, he had only heard rumors of a younger brother,

That was the first time he saw the man in person, and he was struck by how much Nicholas. resembled Nathaniel. If they had been dressed alike, Mason probably wouldn't have been able to tell who was who.

After all, Nicholas and Nathaniel were biological brothers, and Nicholas' management of the company was certainly more competent than their ineffectual cousin, Adrian.

As they waited, a minivan drove past, unnoticed by Mason. The person inside was none other. than Stella.

Inside Daltonia Villa, Nicholas was inspecting the rooms. When he reached the bedroom, he noticed a photo frame overturned on the bedside table. His long, graceful fingers picked up the frame and turned it over, revealing a tension that briefly flickered in his eyes.

The photograph showed Cecilia and Nathaniel together. Cecilia was dressed in a pristine white gown, standing beside Nathaniel, who was clad in a sharp suit. She was tentatively holding his hand.

This photo had been captured by a reporter at their engagement party, just before they had officially announced their engagement.

Cecilia and Nathaniel had never taken wedding photos, so Cecilia had always cherished this picture, treating it as their unofficial wedding photo.

When they had decided to divorce, this particular photograph was left behind.

Nicholas stared at the photo in silence until his personal secretary, Jocelyn Wright, called from the entrance, "Mr. Nicholas, there's someone looking for you downstairs."

Jocelyn had consistently cared for Nicholas after he went abroad for treatment. She was one of the few, besides Elena, who knew his true identity.

"Who?" Nicholas asked, his tone indifferent.

Jocelyn, clad in her standard uniform, unlocked her tablet. "It's Stella," she replied. "Mdm. Elena, mentioned her before. She used to be Mr. Nathaniel's girlfriend, but they had a falling out. Mr. Nathaniel even had her committed to a psychiatric hospital. Mdm. Elena said you don't have to be polite to her."

Nicholas, who had seen many people and things come and go in his life, nodded at Jocelyn's explanation. She served as Nicholas' personal reminder, diligently noting both the tasks assigned by Elena and those that were not.

"Understood," Nicholas said curtly. Without a second thought, he tossed the photo he had been holding into a nearby trash bin and proceeded to exit the room.

Downstairs, Stella was waiting, feeling increasingly puzzled. The person who had always been by Nathaniel's side was Mason, but now there was a woman.

Before long, she saw Nicholas and Jocelyn appear.

"Nathaniel," Stella greeted him, standing up from the couch. The fear she had felt when Nathaniel was admitted to the psychiatric hospital hadn't entirely subsided, and she was instinctively cautious.

Nicholas cast a casual glance at her before settling on the couch. Stella remembered him being blind the last time they met, but now she realized he had only been pretending.

"Nathaniel, I'm sorry," Stella began, her voice trembling slightly. "Ever since Mdm. Elena let me go, I've regretted it every single day. I shouldn't have lied to you. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?"

Nicholas listened patiently, quickly understanding why she had come. “Go apologize to Cecilia,” he said, his tone firm.

Stella was taken aback. “What?”

Nicholas’s eyebrows lifted slightly. “What’s the matter? Not willing?”

Stella quickly shook her head. “Of course, I’ll apologize to Ceci right away,” she stammered, picking up her phone to dial Cecilia’s number.

“I want you to personally go to her door, bow down to her, and apologize,” Nicholas stated, emphasizing each word.

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Chapter 333 I Will Not Expose Him

Bow down to her and apologize?

Stella stood there, stunned by his demand. Her hand, hanging limply at her side, clenched into a fist.

If it hadn’t been for the live video that Cecilia and Sean had released, leading to her complete disgrace, she would never have fallen so low. And now, they were demanding she apologize in person.

Considering Nathaniel’s tactics, she had no choice but to agree. “All right, I’ll go,” she said, her voice barely masking her bitterness.

Stella could hardly recall how she managed to leave Daltonia Villa. Her mind was a blur as she exited the property.

After she left, Jocelyn voiced her confusion. “Mr. Nicholas, why did you insist on her apologizing. to Cecilia? You’ve always been at odds with Mr. Nathaniel, and now you’re going to stand up for his wife?”

As she finished speaking, a chill ran down her spine. The usually gentle and warm gaze of Nicholas had unexpectedly turned cold. “Jocelyn, you don’t understand,” he replied, his voice low. and ominous.

Jocelyn had no idea about the history between Nicholas and Cecilia, and for the first time, she didn’t dare to probe further. “Then I’ll have someone tail Stella, ensuring she apologizes.”

“Sure,” Nicholas agreed, his demeanor relaxing slightly.

The two didn't stay long at Daltonia Villa before they left. As soon as they were gone, Nathaniel and Mason entered the villa through a secret passage.

Mason hadn't expected the secret tunnel, originally dug by Nathaniel, to serve such a purpose.

Although Nathaniel had lost his memory, it seemed as if he had an instinctive awareness of where the confidential files were hidden upon returning to Daltonia Villa. It didn't take long before they were obtained.

On the way back, Nathaniel handed the documents over to Mason. Mason, surprised, asked, "Mr. Rainsworth, wouldn't you prefer to see it for yourself?"

"I trust you won't betray me," Nathaniel said solemnly.

"Yes, sir," Mason replied, finally daring to look at the documents.

As he flipped through the pages, Mason realized that Nathaniel's personal savings were far more substantial than they appeared on the surface. His overseas funds were countless—far surpassing even the combined assets of Orion Corporation.

Mason couldn't help but feel he had definitely aligned himself with the right person.

"You can quit your job now and start a new company," Nathaniel said calmly, leaning back in his chair. "I want to present a grand gift to Nicholas and Ceci before my child is born."

Mason had once suggested starting a new company, but Nathaniel had felt they were short on funds. If he were to establish a new company, it had to rival Orion Corporation in scale.

"Understood," Mason agreed, his enthusiasm rising.

Back then, he had worked hand in hand with Nathaniel to transform the ordinary Rainsworth Group into a prosperous Orion Corporation. Now, starting another company would be a challenge he eagerly anticipated.

they continued their drive, Mason was buzzing with excitement, while Nathaniel remained remarkably composed. For him, establishing a company was just another day at the office.

Just then, a call came through. Thinking it was from Cecilia, Nathaniel's eyes lit up as he answered. But soon, the joy on his face completely vanished.

"Nathaniel, I presume you've been keeping up with the news these past few days," came Elena's voice, cold and calculating. "Do your best to make a good life with Cecilia."

If you need anything, don't hesitate to call me. But whatever you do, don't expose your younger brother. Right now, he's the backbone of our family." After much consideration, Elena had decided to make this call to Nathaniel.

"You know the kind of man your grandfather is. He would never allow a blind man to continue running Rainsworth Group. I had no choice but to resort to such measures," she continued, her tone trying to convey a sense of regret.

No one dared to let a blind man take control of the Rainsworth Group, yet they were all wary of the sighted Nathaniel. Consequently, no one dared to question the authenticity of the person on stage.

Nathaniel listened in silence, his expression unreadable. He felt no particular sentiment toward his biological mother, given that he had no memories of her. Thus, when he heard her justifications for abandoning him, he remained unaffected.

"Don't worry, I won't expose him," Nathaniel finally said, his voice cold and detached. Then he added, "But let me tell you this—I despise being replaced by someone else. I will reclaim my identity in my own way. If all else fails, I'll kill him. I refuse to live in hiding forever, concealing my true name and status."

Elena was taken aback, a lump forming in her throat. "Nathaniel, how could you say such things? Nicholas is your own younger brother," she choked out, trying to appeal to his familial ties.

"As I said, I won't expose him," Nathaniel repeated firmly.

Elena wanted to say more, but Nathaniel had already hung up the phone. She suddenly found the amnesiac Nathaniel, who didn't recognize any of his family members, to be particularly terrifying.

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Chapter 334 My Son In Law

Nathaniel returned home, finding no trace of Cecilia anywhere, despite searching every corner of the house. A wave of frustration surged through him..

He was accustomed to leaving a note whenever he went out, yet Cecilia had left without a word, leaving him in the dark.

In the kitchen, the caregiver that Cecilia had hired to look after Martha was busy cooking, but she kept glancing nervously at Nathaniel, who was visibly upset and calling out for Cecilia.

Unable to bear the tension, she finally spoke up. “Ms. Smith might not be coming back for a few days. She instructed me to take care of the elderly.”

Nathaniel turned his head toward the unfamiliar voice. “Who are you?” he demanded, his tone sharp.

“Sir, Ms. Smith hired me as a caregiver,” the caregiver explained as she stepped forward, quickly realizing that he was blind. She added, “Sir, I’ll have to charge extra to take care of two people.”

Nathaniel’s expression grew darker as she continued, “When Ms. Smith invited me over, she only mentioned taking care of the elderly. She didn’t say anything about caring for a blind person.”

The bluntness of her words made Nathaniel’s anger flare. “I don’t need anyone’s care,” he retorted. coldly.

The caregiver, however, was undeterred. “You’re blind! How could you possibly not need someone to take care of you? I don’t care—you’ll have to pay extra!”

Nathaniel’s patience snapped. His voice dropped to a menacing tone, “Get lost.”

The caregiver was taken aback by his sudden outburst. “Why are you yelling? I was personally invited by Ms. Smith. No one else has the right to fire me!” she argued. “Besides, if you fire me, who will take care of the woman?”

Ten minutes later, several bodyguards who had been discreetly positioned around the house emerged and promptly escorted the caregiver out.

The commotion outside startled Martha, who had been resting. She got up to see what was happening and found the caregiver outside, protesting loudly. “Fine, you don’t want to pay more, but you can’t just drag me out like this! I’m going to call the police, I’m going to sue you!” the woman wailed dramatically.

Nathaniel, unused to such audacious behavior, felt a headache coming on. He stepped outside, his tone icy as he ordered, “Gag her mouth and toss her onto the street.”

The caregiver, a middle-aged woman in her forties or fifties, was feisty and unashamed. She assumed Nathaniel wouldn’t dare lay a hand on her, and she even entertained the idea of extorting some money from him.

“Good heavens, there’s no respect for the law anymore,” she cried out. “Someone’s trying to rip

my clothes... A blind man was flirting with a married woman!”

off my

Her loud voice attracted the attention of the neighbors, who began to gather, whispering and pointing as they watched the scene unfold. The bodyguards struggled to cover her mouth, but she bit them whenever they got too close.

Nathaniel's anger grew with each passing second. He clenched his fists, his frustration boiling over.

Just when the situation seemed on the brink of spiraling out of control, Martha, despite her exhaustion, walked over and, with surprising speed, delivered a sharp slap across the caregiver's face.

"My son-in-law is both handsome and young," Martha snapped. "Even if he were blind, there's not way he'd be interested in an old hag like you!"

Martha's voice was filled with righteous fury as she continued, "Take a good look at yourself! Do you think you're worthy of someone like him?"

The room erupted in laughter as Martha's words echoed in the air. With a firm hand, she pulled out some money from her pocket and tossed it in front of the woman. "Here's

your pay for half a day's work. Now scram, and don't let us see you again."

Defeated, the woman picked up the money, her dignity bruised. "Your blind son-in-law is so fierce; I wouldn't dare take on any more tasks from your household," she muttered as she walked away.

The surrounding neighbors offered words of consolation to Martha and Nathaniel.

"Martha, if you hadn't mentioned it, we wouldn't have noticed. Your son-in-law is indeed quite handsome, like a big movie star on TV," one neighbor commented.

"Exactly, all clean and bright, tall too, and handsome," another agreed.

"The caregiver you hired was no good. I heard she specifically targets the elderly. It's a relief she's been dismissed," added a third.

"And his friends are quite handsome too, aren't they? Do they have girlfriends? If not, should we set them up?" someone suggested, referring to Nathaniel's bodyguards, whom the neighbors assumed were his friends.

The bodyguards, who were usually stoic, found themselves blushing under the neighbors' attention. For a moment, they glanced shyly toward Nathaniel.

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Chapter 335 Set Her Free

Nathaniel stood by the door, listening to the conversation outside. His expression remained unchanged, but his ears were flushed red.

“They’re asking you,” said Nathaniel to his bodyguards.

The bodyguards shook their heads immediately.

The aunties soon started introducing potential girlfriends to them.

Martha lived in a remote area of Sparaville. The people here had heard that Cecilia was originally Nathaniel’s wife. However, something happened later on and she was rumored to have passed away.

They only realized that it was a misunderstanding later on.

They didn’t look for Martha due to an incident five years ago. Nathaniel, along with a group of people, had taken away several neighbors for questioning.

For a moment, everyone thought that Martha had offended someone of great importance. Hence, after returning, they dared not approach Martha.

Back then, when Nathaniel asked them about Cecilia and Martha’s whereabouts, they didn’t dare to raise their heads. Thus, they didn’t recognize Nathaniel.

Today, everyone couldn’t help but steal glances at Martha and Cecilia’s blind husband.

At first, they felt pity for Cecilia due to her blind husband. However, after they saw what Nathaniel looked like, their admiration for Cecilia began to surface. She had chosen such a handsome husband. His blindness was a blessing in disguise, as it meant he wouldn’t be tempted to cheat.

After that commotion, Nathaniel and Martha returned to the room.

Nathaniel was still recalling how Martha had just referred to him as her son-in-law. His ears were still red.

Martha had never imagined that a dignified business tycoon would be bullied by a shrewish woman.

However, Martha didn’t know that if it hadn’t been for her, that woman would have faced her end there and then.

“I’ve already sent someone to hire a new caregiver,” said Nathaniel solemnly.

“Okay.”

Having just lost her temper, Martha didn't have much energy left.

Suppressing her soreness, she said to Nathaniel, “Don't think that I've forgiven you because I helped you just now. After all, you're still Ceci's husband. I just can't stand to see outsiders bully you.”

Forgive me...

Nathaniel grasped the crux of her words.

After all, Mason was his employee. While Mason told Nathaniel his history with Cecilia, Mason glossed over Nathaniel's mistakes.

Thus, Nathaniel had no idea about what he had done to Cecilia in the past.

Mason told him about how he tried to win Cecilia over, including buying the Smith residence and the late Regas' belongings. He even rebuilt Smith Corporation's building.

“Martha, may I ask you, why do you dislike me so much? What exactly did I do in the past?”

Upon hearing his question, Martha could no longer keep silent about how he had neglected Cecilia in the past.

“Do you know? Back then, Ceci didn't know what Paula and Magnus had done. She was constantly burdened with the reputation of a fraudulent marriage, allowing you all to bully her while she suffered in silence. I still remember how she swallowed an entire bottle of pills, all in an attempt to sever her relationship with Paula. However, you thought she was marrying an old geezer just for the sake of three billion.

She continued, “The doctor said that there's no such thing as a painless death. It's ironic how. Cecilia, who is so afraid of pain ended up walking down that path.”

Nathaniel never imagined that his memories had been romanticized by his mine.

He only remembered how much he loved her in their youth, but he couldn't recall how he treated her back then.

Suddenly, he was gripped by a searing headache. It felt as though fragments of memories were threatening to burst forth at any moment.

Unaware of his odd behavior, Martha kept on speaking.

“I lived here all by myself. Every time Ceci came to visit, she would always talk about how wonderful you are. But both of us knew that you were far from wonderful. You weren’t suitable for Ceci at all.”

Cloudy-eyed, Martha looked at Nathaniel. “Now, you know everything. I’m an old woman on the verge of dying, so I have no reason to deceive you. Please, set Ceci free. Calvin is a good man. When we were abroad, he took great care of us. If Ceci marries him, she’d certainly lead a blissful life.”

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Chapter 336 Checking In On Cecilia

Nathaniel vaguely recalled something from five years ago.

He remembered leaving Cecilia all by herself when they got married.

He recalled how her face was streaked with tears when her father died. Yet, he had shown no shred of concern. He was consumed by how the Smith family had deceived him.

Nathaniel wanted to remember more, but his headache intensified.

He could only stop thinking. Then, he turned his gaze toward Martha.

“Martha, I can’t agree to your request.

Taken aback, Martha listened as Nathaniel continued, “I can’t bear to see the woman I love marry another man. I promise to change and treat her well. I’ll never hurt her again.”

Despite his pleas, Martha remained skeptical. “Your current transformation is due to your blindness. If you were fine, you would never have been kind to Ceci.”

Nathaniel was at a loss for words. He now knew that Martha would only believe him if she witnessed his transformation firsthand.

Upset, Martha refused to speak with Nathaniel. She returned to her room alone.

After coming back, Nathaniel had yet to eat. Cecilia hadn’t returned either. Recalling what the caregiver had said when leaving, he realized that she might not be coming back for a few days.

Nathaniel picked up his phone and dialed her number.

Cecilia had already returned to Tudela. First, she sought out Norman and arranged for his bail. After that, she went to find Vivian and Jonathan.

They were in the midst of their meal when she saw an incoming call from Nathaniel. Immediately, she made an excuse to step outside and take the call.

“What’s the matter?”

“Where are you now?” asked Nathaniel, cutting straight to the chase.

your own

Cecilia didn’t want to tell him. “It’s none of your business where I am. Just mind business for now. I’ve already hired a caregiver to look after Martha. I won’t be back for a few days.”

As Nathaniel listened to her speak, he had someone trace the IP address of her phone.

Soon, he learned that Cecilia was in Tudela.

Unsure of what she was doing alone in Tudela, Nathaniel was filled with unease. He arranged for a car to pick him up and take him there.

“Be sure to stay safe, and don’t hesitate to call me if anything comes up. Also, it’s quite cold now. Stay warm…”

Before Nathaniel could finish his sentence, Vivian poked her head out and Cecilia immediately ended the call.

She noticed that Nathaniel was becoming increasingly talkative.

Vivian lowered her voice and asked, “Was it Nathaniel?”

Cecilia nodded.

“How dare he check on us? Does he really think he’s still the same all-powerful Nathaniel from the past?” Vivian scoffed.

Cecilia couldn’t help but chuckle. “Let’s forget him and continue with our meal.”

At this moment, Jonathan also poked his head out.

“Mommy, who’s checking on us?”

In haste, Cecilia clarified, “It’s Martha. Martha was worried about me coming here alone, so she just wanted to check on me.”

Upon hearing that, Jonathan let out a sigh.

“Why didn’t you let me talk to Grandma Martha? I’ve been missing her.”

“Why don’t we call Grandma Martha after we finish eating?” suggested Cecilia gently.

“Okay.”

They returned to the dining table.

Cecilia continued to talk about Paula and Magnus.

Jonathan listened quietly on the side, taken aback by the shamelessness of his own grandmother and uncle.

Those eighty billion had been stolen from sc*mbag daddy,

However, if a real investigation were to take place, the money would indeed pose a problem.

“Paula really has no shame. When your father passed away, most of the money and assets went to her and Magnus. Now, she still wants to take money from you.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t give them the money.”

She had repaid her debt to Paula, who had birthed her. Meanwhile, her current life had been saved by Martha, Calvin, and the doctors.

Vivian wanted to help too, but her practicing certificate had already been revoked,

Cecilia nodded. “I have something. With it, Paula and Magnus can’t get their hands on anything.”

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Chapter 337 Stella Arrives

“What is it?” asked Vivian, puzzled.

“My father’s will,” replied Cecilia..

Before his death, Regas was scared that his company would fall into the hands of his useless son, so he discreetly drafted an additional will.

The contents of the will allocated one billion to Cecilia and stated that Cecilia was entitled to inherit all of his remaining assets, including Smith Corporation. Whether she chose to accept this inheritance or not was entirely up to her.

The will had always been in Cecilia's possession. Yet, she had never once revealed it. If she did, the will that was originally in Paula's hands would lose its legal validity.

Back then, she had just graduated and had no clue on how to run a company, let alone think about seizing the assets from her mother and brother.

Furthermore, even if she revealed the will, it wouldn't be acknowledged if she had no one backing her up.

Things were different now. Cecilia was no longer the soft-hearted girl she used to be. If Paula and the others pushed her too hard, she wasn't afraid to burn all bridges.

Upon hearing the news, Vivian was in disbelief. "So that's what happened. But now, the Smith Corporation is no more..."

"What if I want to pursue the case?" asked Cecilia..

From the side, Jonathah said, "Then they must return it. Even if they don't, they will surely pay a hefty price."

Cecilia gently patted Jonathan's head.

"I don't really want her to return the assets. I just want to scare them a bit and make them think twice about their actions."

Vivian hadn't expected that Jonathan would react faster than her. She couldn't resist pinching Jonathan's cheek.

Immediately, Jonathan dodged away in disgust.

While the two were playfully messing around, the doorbell rang.

Vivian looked over with a puzzled expression. "We didn't order any takeout. Who could be ringing the doorbell? I'll do check."

After wearing her slippers, she stood up to check who was at the door. Peering through the peephole, she saw the person standing outside the door was wearing a mask and a cap.

"Who are you?"

Stella took off her mask.

She had asked around before finding out that Cecilia was in Tudela and was temporarily staying with Vivian.

As the two of them were living in a rundown apartment building, Stella spent a long time looking for them while being scared that she would be discovered by others.

“Stella!” Vivian looked shocked. However, she didn’t open the door and instead returned to the living room to inform Cecilia.

Cecilia frowned. “Why is she here?”

Ever since Stella’s video was exposed a few months ago, Cecilia and Vivian had heard nothing from her.

“I’m not sure. Let me go and ask.”

“Okay.”

Pretending not to understand, Jonathan asked Cecilia, “Mommy, is she the woman who used to bully you?”

Cecilia was puzzled. She had never mentioned anything about Stella to Jonathan.

“Who told you that?”

Jonathan froze, thinking he had almost exposed himself.

“Oh, Ms. Kennedy told me about it when she was drunk. She mentioned that Stella was a mean woman who used to bully you a lot.”

Cecilia dispelled her doubts and embraced him. “Don’t overthink it. No one can bully me now.”

As they were talking, Vivian informed Cecilia that Stella had come to apologize and wished to see her.

Cecilia told Jonathan to return to his room first.

After Jonathan returned to his room, Stella entered. At a glance, she saw Jonathan’s small back, which felt somewhat familiar. For a moment, she couldn’t recall where she had seen him before.

Averting her gaze, Stella looked again at Cecilia, who was seated on the sofa. Cecilia still held that air of superiority, her face filled with calmness.

She just couldn’t bring herself to kneel in front of Cecilia.

Just at that moment, Jocelyn's impatient voice sounded from the headphones she was wearing.

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Chapter 338 Kneeling In Front Of Cecilia

After hearing that, Stella lost all her defiance. In front of Vivian, she fell to her knees in front of Cecilia.

“I'm sorry, Ceci.”

Cecilia was stunned by the scene before her eyes.

Vivian immediately wondered what ulterior motives Stella had in her mind.

“Stella, what tricks are you playing?”

Stella didn't pay her any mind. Instead, she turned toward Cecilia and bowed deeply. “I was wrong in the past. I shouldn't have pretended to be you, nor should I have targeted you. I'm sorry. I hope you can forgive me.”

Cecilia had no idea why Stella was behaving in such a way.

According to her understanding of Stella, Stella would never kneel in front of Cecilia unless she was pushed into a corner.

And there knelt Stella, her eyes red.

It wasn't out of guilt, but rather jealousy and anger.

Why should I apologize to Cecilia? One day, I'll make her kneel at my feet!

Cecilia approached Stella and said, “Regardless of why you're here to apologize, I won't forgive you. You can leave now.”

She didn't want Jonathan to witness this scene.

Upon hearing Cecilia's words, Stella hastily got up and left reluctantly.

“She left just like that?” Vivian was somewhat baffled, “Could she really have turned over a new leaf?”

Shaking her head, Cecilia said, “Of course not. I can tell that she wasn't genuinely apologizing. I don't know why either.”

After Stella left, she clenched her fist tightly

She approached a black Bentley and asked, "That's enough, right?"

The car window rolled down, revealing Jocelyn's icy face.

"Even though you did it reluctantly, you did fulfill what Mr. Rainsworth had asked of report this factually."

you..

I will

After saying that, Jocelyn gestured for the driver to leave.

Mason?"

Jocelyn remained calm. A cold smirk tugged at the corner of her mouth.

"This only proves that you're not close to Mr. Rainsworth. Otherwise, how could you not know about me?"

Stella was left speechless. For a moment, she didn't know what to say.

The black Bentley sped away.

Jocelyn sat in the car. Noticing the look of indignance on Stella's face through the rearview mirror, Jocelyn fell into deep thought.

Why did Mr. Nicholas stand up for Cecilia? He has never invited trouble for the sake of strangers?

After Stella left, Cecilia also prepared to leave for the discussion with Paula and Magnus.

Vivian immediately stood up. "Let's go together."

Jonathan also said, "Mommy, I'm coming too."

"It's fine. I can go there by myself."

Cecilia had contacted Paula the previous night and agreed on the meeting place.

"But what if they bully you?" asked Vivian.

"Don't worry. I'll have Sven accompany me, just in case."

Cecilia remembered Calvin saying that Sven could easily handle ten men single-handedly without any weapons.

Vivian was relieved when she heard that Sven was tagging along. “Okay. Be careful.”

After she finished speaking, she pulled Jonathan aside. “Jon, you have school tomorrow. It’s best if you stay home today. It’s too cold outside.”

“Fine.” Although Jonathan agreed outwardly, he had already made up his mind to sneak out later.

Even though Sven was there, he still felt uneasy about Cecilia going alone.

After Cecilia left the house, Sven drove her to the mansion where Paula and the others were staying.

Standing outside the opulent mansion, Cecilia was somewhat taken aback. Looking at the place where Paula and Magnus lived, it seemed like they weren’t short of money at all.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 339

Chapter 339 Showing Him The Will

A maid soon opened the door to the mansion. When she saw Cecilia’s plain clothes, a flicker of disdain crossed her face.

“Are you Ms. Smith?”

“Yes. I’m looking for Paula and Magnus.”

The maid led them inside and, as they made their way to the living room, she informed Cecilia, “Mdm. Paula is out for tea, but Mr. Magnus is at home.”

Mdm. Paula...

Mr. Magnus...

It seemed that over the years, Paula and Magnus had been doing quite well.

In the living room, Magnus sat waiting, dressed in an expensive, tailored suit. A Patek Philippe watch worth a million adorned his wrist, and his cufflinks alone were worth hundreds of thousands.

As Cecilia entered, he was holding a renowned world-famous painting, admiring its beauty.

It was clear Magnus didn't grasp the subtleties of the painting. He casually asked the person who delivered it, "How much is this painting worth?"

The man, eager to please, replied, "Our boss spent a hundred million on it."

"One hundred million. Sure, I'll take it. Let your boss know I'll handle the backlog of goods he's got on his hands."

"All right."

After receiving the answer, the person who delivered the painting quickly made his exit.

Magnus, radiating an air of superiority, casually tossed the painting to the maid. "Put this in the treasure vault," he ordered, not bothering to acknowledge Cecilia's presence.

Cecilia didn't care, she now realized the significance of everything she saw in Magnus, understanding the importance of the will she had in her possession.

Sven was stationed just outside the living room.

When they arrived, Magnus had already been informed by the housekeeper. He took his time, then finally turned his gaze toward his sister. As he approached, a hint of mockery flickered in his eyes.

"You're not considering divorcing Nathaniel for that man, are you?"

The news of Cecilia's divorce from Nathaniel had become so notorious that it seemed like everyone in the world knew about it, and naturally, Magnus was also aware.

Like Paula, he saw Cecilia as utterly foolish, beyond hope.

How could she have the audacity to dismiss the Rainsworth family as if they were nothing?

But Cecilia didn't respond, her eyes were cold and indifferent. "Withdraw the lawsuit immediately!"

Magnus had seen this kind of resolve in his sister once before—the last time she had tried to take her own life.

He couldn't help but scoff, "Why should I?"

Cecilia silently handed Magnus the will their father had left behind.

"This is the will Dad drafted behind yours and Mdm. Paula's back."

Initially, Magnus was taken aback, but as he read the will, his eyes widened in shock.

His father had actually made plans to transfer all his businesses to Cecilia.

The will had not only their father's signature but also an official seal and thumbprint, proving its authenticity.

Without a word, Magnus ripped the will to shreds. "How could this be? How could our father leave everything to you, a deaf person?"

"That's just a photocopy. If you enjoy tearing things up, I can print more for you." She pulled out several more copies of the will and threw them in front of Magnus.

Of course, Magnus didn't waste time tearing up the will further. His rebellious streak, which had been evident since childhood, took over as he quickly grabbed Cecilia by the neck.

"You b*tch!"

Cecilia was unperturbed.

Since her return to the Smith family, Magnus had never treated her like his real sister.

Paula had always insisted that Cecilia was a burden, a cripple, and unworthy of being his sister.

As a child, Paula had always favored Magnus, letting him hit Cecilia without any consequences. This unchecked indulgence helped shape Magnus into the brutal individual he had become, resorting to violence as his primary means of dealing with problems.

"I suddenly regret it now," Cecilia confessed, her voice weak and breathless as she was being choked.

Upon hearing this, Magnus cracked a smile, "Good to know you regret threatening me. I could beat you senseless when we were kids, and I can still do it now."

Chapter 339 Showing Him The Will

"I regret not bringing out the will sooner," Cecilia continued.

In an instant, Magnus was filled with rage, his hand instinctively rising to strike Cecilia.

But in the next moment, he was forcefully hoisted up. He found himself being kicked out of the living room by Sven, a spray of fresh blood spewing from his mouth.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 340

Chapter 340 Mistaken For Elliot

Cecilia rubbed her aching neck, then stepped outside.

Magnus was in so much pain, he couldn’t even get up. “Cecilia, how dare you have people attack me?” he questioned. “Do you even know who I am now?”

Cecilia looked toward Sven.

Without any hesitation, Sven delivered another kick straight toward his chest.

“Drop the charges!” Sven commanded in an icy voice.

Magnus struggled to pry his legs away, but it was a futile attempt. In a state of panic, he pleaded, “All right, all right, I’ll drop the charges. I’ll drop them.”

Sven still hadn’t moved his foot.

The servants around, witnessing their young master being restrained under Sven’s feet, dared not step forward to help.

Magnus felt as if his entire body was engulfed in pain, his eyes filling with tears he struggled to hold back.

“Cecilia, I messed up! Cecilia, please make him stop. I might not survive this.”

Magnus only addressed her as Cecilia when he was thoroughly beaten.

Cecilia reminisced about her childhood, recalling how Magnus used to hit her. Initially, she would fight back.

Since Magnus was younger and couldn’t overpower her, she often won their fights.

After each beating, Magnus would cry and plead, “Cecilia, I was wrong.”

However, whenever such moments arose, Paula would always come to Magnus’ aid, hurling whatever was within her reach at Cecilia.

Once, Paula had hurled a vase at Cecilia’s head, leaving her face covered in blood. It felt as if the entire world had turned red in that moment.

After that incident, Cecilia found herself constantly battered and too fearful to fight back.

Reflecting on those days, Cecilia took a moment to collect her thoughts before turning to Sven and saying, "Let's go."

"Okay."

The two of them were inside the mansion, oblivious to the fact that a Maybach was parked under the large tree outside.

Nathaniel tracked Cecilia's location using her mobile phone and discovered that her biological mother was living there.

He had already sent people to the mansion to assess the situation. According to the bodyguard's report, Magnus had choked Cecilia but was then beaten by her bodyguard until he coughed up blood.

Nathaniel listened in silence, not uttering a single word.

Mason couldn't help but comment, "Magnus is really something else. If it weren't for Mrs. Rainsworth, who knows how badly off he would be."

Five years ago, Magnus and Paula had plotted to sell Cecilia to a man in his late seventies. However, Cecilia refused to comply. Fearing retaliation from the elderly man, they fled abroad.

Had Nathaniel not intervened to eliminate the old man to protect Cecilia, would they have been able to return in such comfort?

"Tell me," Nathaniel said.

Memories gleaned from others, no matter how they were recounted were always incomplete.

The pieces just wouldn't come together in Nathaniel's mind.

Mason briefly explained the situation to him, but before he could finish, he suddenly spotted a small figure at the mansion's back door. His eyes widened. "Elliot Reese!"

He had mistaken Jonathan for Elliot.

"Who?" Nathaniel asked.

"Mrs. Rainsworth and Calvin's son!"

Nathaniel's heart sank, and following that, he said, "Bring him to me."

"Yes, Sir."

Immediately, Mason ordered his bodyguard to apprehend Jonathan.

Jonathan had snuck over on the pretense of helping Vivian pick up a package. As he was trying to figure out how to get into the mansion, he was suddenly grabbed from behind.

Jonathan's body was suspended in mid-air as he immediately attempted a sweeping kick. Unfortunately, his short legs barely phased the bodyguard.

"Who are you? Let go of me!" Jonathan demanded, his dark eyes flashing with defiance as he did not recognize the man.

The bodyguard, taken aback by the child's commanding tone, noticed the similarity to their boss's demeanor and hesitated.

It is him! It sure hasn't been easy locating him.