

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 391

Chapter 391 New Year

The Epean–style mantel clock inside the house chimed softly, signaling the arrival of midnight.

Martha glanced at the time and said, “It’s already midnight. I’m off to rest.”

“All right,” Cecilia replied, watching the elderly woman retreat inside. Her hand instinctively rested on her baby bump as Martha’s earlier words echoed in her mind, leaving her conflicted.

Just a few days ago, Martha had harbored nothing but disdain for Nathaniel. How did her feelings change so rapidly that she’s now suggesting I consider a future with him?

Cecilia glanced again toward Nathaniel and the children, but she still shook her head.

No. I can’t make the same mistake.

Once the branches and snow had been cleared, Nathaniel returned inside with the two kids. Without missing a beat, Cecilia lit the fireplace to warm them up. “Take a warm bath later and then get some sleep,” she instructed.

The children nodded. They had only been directing Nathaniel, so the cold hadn’t gotten to them.

Nathaniel, however, bore the brunt of the winter chill. His slender, graceful hands had turned a frosty red, but his expression remained as stoic as ever.

Here, he undertook menial tasks and manual labor that he had never done before in his life.

Reflecting on the night’s events, Cecilia felt a growing apprehension about facing him. Once the two little ones were warmed up, she quickly ushered them off to bathe and fetch fresh clothes.

Perhaps it was the prolonged exposure to the cold, but the fire of desire in Nathaniel’s heart had finally been extinguished, leaving only a quiet resolve in its place.

On New Year’s Day, Cecilia was up early, bustling around to prepare a delicious breakfast for the two little ones and decorating the house.

Having spent the past few years abroad, she had always celebrated Christmas but never truly experienced a New Year’s Day celebration. This year was different, and she was eager to embrace it.

As she headed toward the kitchen, she was surprised to find Nathaniel already there, chatting with the chef.

Dressed casually in an apron, he exuded a warm, homely charm that caught her off guard.

Hearing footsteps behind him, Nathaniel set down the ravioli he was holding and turned his head slightly. "Ceci," he said, his tone resolute.

Though unable to see, he had become adept at recognizing people by the sound of their footsteps when there were fewer people around.

"Hi," Cecilia responded, still feeling a bit awkward. "Are we having ravioli for breakfast today?"

The chef chimed in with a smile, "I've prepared a variety of pure vegetable-filled ravioli. Would you like to come over and help wrap them?"

Since Nathaniel was there, she hesitated, not taking another step forward.

"No, the kids just got back. I'm going to do their laundry," she blurted out before quickly turning to leave, almost as if she were fleeing the scene.

As she washed the children's clothes in the laundry room, she slapped her own face lightly, muttering to herself, "What's there to be embarrassed about? It's not like we haven't slept together before."

We've done this plenty of times before... She tried to reassure herself, remembering all the times they had been close, unaware that Elliot had been standing outside the door for who knows how long. With a yawn, he asked, "Mommy, what are you talking about?"

Cecilia glanced toward the doorway, her face flushing red once again as she saw the little boy standing there.

"No, it's nothing," she replied, trying to brush off her embarrassment.

Elliot, who had noticed Cecilia's odd behavior since the previous night, stepped closer. "Mommy, Jon and I actually saw what happened between you and Mr. Rainsworth last night. Don't worry, we won't tell anyone."

Cecilia was momentarily speechless. "You guys saw everything?"

Elliot shrugged nonchalantly. "It was just a kiss. No big deal—think of it like being bitten by a dog," he said, trying to reassure her.

Cecilia felt utterly mortified. I can't believe the kids saw that! This absolutely can't happen again.

Trying to regain her composure, she said, "All right, sweetheart, why don't you head downstairs and check if the ravioli are ready? Go on and have some."

"Sure thing," Elliot replied before heading out.

Once he was gone, Cecilia slapped her flushed face again, frustrated with herself. Just then, her phone rang, breaking the silence. She checked the caller ID and realized it was Elena.

"Come back to the Rainsworth residence with Nathaniel to celebrate New Year. I'll arrange for someone to pick you up." Elena said over the phone.

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### Chapter 392 Return To The Rainsworth Residence

In the past, Cecilia had always been expected to accompany Nathaniel to the Rainsworth residence for major holidays, especially for New Year's. But this time, she didn't want to go.

"I'm swamped and don't have time to go. If Nathaniel wants to, you're welcome to come pick him up, Cecilia said curtly before abruptly ending the call.

On the other end, Elena stared at her phone, seething with anger. "She's becoming more and more unruly. If Nathaniel hadn't lost his memory, he'd never tolerate this behavior!"

The secretary, sensing Elena's fury, asked quietly, "Should we go retrieve Mr. Nathaniel then?"

"Yes," Elena snapped. "If Cecilia doesn't want to come back, so be it, but Nathaniel must. He's the eldest heir of the Rainsworth family, after all."

In truth, Elena wasn't keen on having Nathaniel attend the event that night. With his blindness and memory loss, she found it rather embarrassing.

However, Niel had specifically requested Nathaniel's presence.

Despite not having been involved in the family business for many years, Niel still wielded considerable influence within the company and had a network of trusted aides. His directives were not to be ignored.

"But what if Mr. Nathaniel doesn't want to come back?" the secretary asked cautiously.

“Then just tie him up and bring him back if necessary. Are you telling me you can’t manage a blind man?” Elena snapped, her frustration evident.

The secretary fell silent.

Meanwhile, in Sparaville, Cecilia informed Nathaniel about Elena’s call, asking him to return to the Rainsworth residence.

Elliot, with a hint of confusion, asked, “Mommy, didn’t you say Mr. Rainsworth was an orphan?”

Cecilia paused to come up with a suitable response, then gently patted Elliot’s head. “He was abandoned.”

Elliot’s eyes widened in understanding. “Oh, so now his mother wants him to come home, is that it?”

“You can say that,” Cecilia said, glancing at Nathaniel.

At that moment, Elliot turned to Nathaniel and said, “Mr. Rainsworth, if that’s the case, why don’t you go back to your mother? We’d prefer to have our mommy to ourselves.”

Elliot’s words were as innocent as ever, and Nathaniel responded calmly, “Only a child would seek out their mother.”

Elliot immediately pouted, clearly ready to argue.

Noticing the tension rising, Cecilia quickly stepped in to prevent yet another argument. “All right, Eli, why don’t you and your brother go change? We’ll head out to play later.”

“Nathaniel, you should go get changed too and return home with your mother,” Cecilia instructed.

Nathaniel was stunned. She’s sending me away already?

“I’m not going back,” he said.

As Elliot followed Jonathan up the staircase, he overheard the conversation and muttered with annoyance, “Hmph, how shameless!”

Nathaniel paid no mind to Elliot’s comment. He firmly grasped Cecilia’s hand, ignoring the curious gazes around them. “Is it because of last night…”

Before he could finish his sentence, Cecilia quickly covered his mouth, aware that the caregiver was still present. The caregiver, understanding the situation, took the ravioli to Martha’s room.

Cecilia slowly withdrew her hand and said, “Can you please stop talking nonsense?”

Nathaniel looked at her, confused. “I just wanted to ask if you’re upset because I swatted Eli’s bottom last night. What did you think I was going to say?”

Cecilia stiffened. “No, it’s nothing. I just think that since it’s New Year’s Day and your mother wants you to go home, you should. You can come back once the celebration is over.”

Elena was relentless, and if Nathaniel chose not to return, she might show up with a group of people to force him back. If she encountered the two kids when she came, things would become tricky.

Nathaniel let out a quiet sigh of relief. “All right,” he agreed.

Later that afternoon, shortly after Cecilia had taken the two little ones out, a convoy of luxury cars appeared outside Martha’s house. The commotion drew curious glances from the neighbors.

Nathaniel settled into one of the cars, where he was greeted with respectful deference. “Mr. Nathaniel.”

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### Chapter 393 Nathaniel Is Going Back Alone

On this New Year’s Day, the Rainsworth family had organized only a private feast. Besides a few direct relatives, no one else was invited. Nevertheless, the manor was bustling with activity.

Niel Rainsworth, the patriarch of the family, sat at the head of the table, attentively peeling apples for his great-grandson, Felix, showering him with affection.

Felix, with an air of haughty aloofness, pointed at a bead bracelet held by a middle-aged man and demanded, “Great-grandpa, I want that one.”

The middle-aged man, Niel’s brother’s son, held the bracelet close and replied reluctantly, “Felix, isn’t this toy. If you really like it, I can send you a box of new ones tomorrow.”

He had spent eight years crafting this bead bracelet; there was no way he’d give it to a spoiled child.

“No. I want this one... Please, Great-Grandpa...” the boy persisted.

Niel quickly patted his great-grandson’s hand, reassuring him, “All right, all right.”

He then cast a sidelong glance at the middle-aged man, who, though clearly reluctant, handed the bead bracelet over to the four-year-old.

Felix barely touched the bracelet before tossing it to the ground, where the beads shattered and scattered across the floor. "This is no fun. What a lousy thing," he declared dismissively.

The middle-aged man felt his heart shatter, but he dared not show his frustration toward the only heir of the Rainsworth family. With Niel being the sole bearer of the family line and his brothers having no daughters, Felix was indulged and treated like royalty.

Felix's parents, Adrian and Miranda, wore smug expressions.

At that moment, a figure with a cool yet gentle demeanor entered the room. "Grandpa."

Seeing the man who resembled Nathaniel, Felix immediately straightened up and behaved himself.

"Take a seat." Niel's expression darkened at the sight of Nicholas.

Over the past few months, Nicholas had deceived everyone, playing everyone like a fiddle.

After Nicholas arrived, the others followed suit. Niel, growing increasingly impatient since Nathaniel had yet to appear, asked Elena, "Where's Nathaniel?"

"He's on his way," Elena replied.

Everyone in the Rainsworth family was eager to see Nathaniel. They were curious about how someone as proud as Nathaniel could agree to being impersonated and even willingly transfer his shares. The other descendants, who had been dealt with sternly by Nathaniel in the past, could scarcely imagine such a turn of events.

On the road, Nathaniel called Mason. When Mason learned that Nathaniel was returning alone to the Rainsworth residence, he was anxious. "Mr. Rainsworth, you're going alone? What if something happens to you?"

Mason knew that some individuals in the Rainsworth family were notorious for their duplicity; outwardly friendly but estranged at heart.

"Don't worry. I'm no threat to them now," Nathaniel reassured Mason.

Mason understood Nathaniel's meaning. Plus, with Elena at the Rainsworth residence, Mason was confident she would ensure her son stayed out of trouble.

Nevertheless, Mason remained uneasy. Nathaniel's blindness left him vulnerable, and with so many people he had offended in the past, he was concerned that they might seize the opportunity to insult him.

Determined to help, Mason left the office, considering who could assist in safeguarding Nathaniel.

Ultimately, Mason could only think of Cecilia. As Nathaniel's wife, she was one of the few people; with the privilege to visit the Rainsworth residence.

Fortunately, Cecilia was easy to find, as she was out with the two kids.

Seeing them dining at the mall, Mason approached them without hesitation.

"Mrs. Rainsworth," he called out. At the sound of his voice, both children turned to look at him in unison.

For a brief moment, Mason felt as though he was being scrutinized by two miniature Nathaniels, as if he had interrupted their mother-son bonding time.

Cecilia looked up, puzzled. "Mr. Sanders? What's wrong?"

Mason's concern was evident. "You let Mr. Rainsworth go to the Rainsworth residence alone?"

Cecilia's brow furrowed. "Is there a problem?"

"Of course there's a problem," Mason said, ignoring the kids. "Mr. Rainsworth has offended quite a few people in the past. If he goes back there alone, he could face significant humiliation."

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Chapter 394 Visiting Rainsworth Manor

Despite Mason's remark, Cecilia remained calm. Humiliation?

"What does that have to do with me?" she questioned. Back when I was at the Rainsworth residence, I endured all kinds of humiliations, yet Nathaniel never came to my aid.

Mason choked up.

He lowered his voice. "Since Mr. Rainsworth once saved you, could you please help him?"

At that moment, Cecelia was reminded of the time abroad when Nathaniel had helped her handle the situation with Simon.

She fell silent for a moment before responding. "What could I possibly do even if I were to go? One is blind, the other is hard of hearing. Are you sure I could be of any help to him?"

Cecelia was bluntly pointing out the harsh reality. The Rainsworth family, with their high societal status and prestige, would neither respect her nor pay any attention to her requests.

Her response rendered Mason speechless for a moment.

Assuming he was about to give up, Cecelia stood up, ready to settle the bill.

Suddenly, Mason interjected, "I'd feel much more at ease with you around."

Mason knew that Cecelia was a resilient person, capable of maintaining control over everything at Rainsworth Manor.

Before Cecelia could respond, Elliot chimed in, "Mommy, Mr. Rainsworth is so pitiful since everyone abandoned him. Can't you help him?"

Jonathan was somewhat confused, wondering why her brother had suddenly decided to take their useless father's side.

"All right then. I'll take the two kids home first." Cecelia agreed upon hearing Elliot's words.

Mason promptly footed the bill before taking them to his car.

After sending the children home, Cecelia instructed Sven—to escort her to Rainsworth Manor.

Upon reaching home, Jonathan couldn't help but question Elliot. "Why did you want Mommy to help our sc\*mbag daddy? What if someone takes advantage of her?"

"Jon, I'd like to visit Rainsworth Manor too. Can you think of a way to get us there?" Elliot suddenly asked.

Only then did Jonathan understand his intention. He immediately rejected the idea. "No. It's too risky."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," Elliot replied with utmost seriousness. "How can we seek revenge and reclaim what's rightfully ours if we don't understand the Rainsworth family?"

Deep down, he blamed the Rainsworths and his good-for-nothing father for his mother's misfortune and their life in exile. He held them responsible for the absence of a father figure and his illness.

"I've been to Rainsworth Manor plenty of times; there's nothing new to discover about them. You're unwell, so you should get some rest," Jonathan said indifferently before heading straight to his room.

However, Elliot was not ready to give up just yet. He quickly began formulating a plan.

While Jonathan was taking a bath, Elliot seized the opportunity to use his phone watch. He went online to find the contact number for Elena's secretary and made the call.

Once the call connected, Elliot began speaking to the secretary. "Hi, I'm looking for Grandma Elena. This is Jon speaking."

Since Jonathan had previously informed him about Elena's situation, Elliot knew exactly what to say.

Elena's secretary recognized Jonathan's phone number and promptly relayed the call to Elena.

"Grandma Elena, Happy New Year!" Elliot greeted her warmly. "I miss you. Can I come and visit you?"

Hearing the endearing voice on the phone, Elena was instantly overjoyed. "All right. I'll have someone pick you up right away."

"It's okay. I can go over by myself," Elliot replied. "Could you have someone open the door for me once I've arrived?"

After finishing his conversation with Elena, Elliot hung up the phone and carefully set Jonathan's watch aside.

"Jon, I'm going to sleep now," he said.

After lying to Jonathan, Elliot put on multiple layers of clothing and shoes, then shut his room door, feigning sleep. Once he was sure Jonathan wouldn't suspect anything, he quietly left the room, hailed a taxi, and headed toward Rainsworth Manor.

While the cold wind howled outside the car window, a sharp glint was evident in Elliot's gaze.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 395**

Chapter 395 They Will Pay The Price

Meanwhile, at Rainsworth Manor, Elena was in high spirits after receiving the call.

She hadn't expected Jonathan to take the initiative to approach her, given that he had always acted aloof during their previous encounters.

At that moment, Nathaniel had not yet arrived, and people in the manor began whispering various speculations. "Is Nathaniel not coming? He agreed to come, didn't he? How could he not honor his promise? He's not the kind of person to break his word, though..."

"Haven't you heard the rumors? Nathaniel has lost his sight. He would make a fool of himself if he came," another person uttered.

"No way! Are you serious?" The room buzzed with curiosity.

If the rumors proved to be true, the unfolding drama promised to be far more intriguing than anyone had anticipated.

Finally, the butler led Nathaniel into the residence.

Everyone's gaze shifted toward the entrance as a man dressed in luxurious attire appeared. Although his clothes were opulent, his usually sharp eyes lacked their former luster. He had to rely on the butler to guide him into the living hall.

Nathaniel didn't address anyone upon his arrival.

Elena stepped forward and said to Niel, "Dad, Nathaniel is here. The doctor advised him to rest more after the car accident. We should let him rest, shouldn't we?"

When Niel saw that Nathaniel could no longer see, he chose not to make things difficult for him. Just as he was about to let Nathaniel leave, Adrian, who had been standing by, spoke up. "Aunt Elena, Nathaniel doesn't get out often. Why don't we spend some time together? There's no need to rush sending him home."

Others, too, chimed in. "Yeah, we all want to have a chat with Nathaniel."

Elena cast a somewhat displeased glance at Niel.

Niel, leaning on his cane, stood up. "We still have to proceed with the ceremony after dinner. He can rest afterward. Elena, come to my study right now."

"All right," Elena responded, understanding that Niel was likely to find fault with her.

As soon as she left, everyone started discussing Nathaniel in hushed whispers, even though he was just a stone's throw away. Meanwhile, Nicholas sat quietly, sipping his coffee and observing the scene with indifferent detachment.

Moments later, Adrian approached Nathaniel. "Nathaniel, I didn't expect you'd end up like this."

Hearing those words, Nathaniel's expression turned icy. "And you are?"

Adrian paused for a moment, assuming Nathaniel couldn't see him. "I'm Adrian. Can't you recognize my voice?"

Nathaniel searched through his memories, eventually recalling this good-for-nothing cousin of his. Adrian...

"Yes, I remember now, Half a year ago, your real estate business had just gone under. Did you manage to start up a new company?"

Adrian choked up upon hearing that,

His wife, Miranda, immediately stepped forward to speak on behalf of her husband. "Nathaniel, I understand that coming to terms with your blindness and losing control of the company must be difficult, but please don't take out your frustration on my husband. After all, he wasn't the one who took your position. If you need to vent, you should direct it toward him instead."

Miranda's gaze shifted to Nicholas, who remained engrossed in his coffee.

Nathaniel, having no desire to engage further with these individuals, lifted his foot, preparing to leave.

Suddenly, Adrian blatantly extended his leg in front of Nathaniel, intending to trip him make a fool of him.

"What are you doing, Daddy? You're going to trip Uncle Nathaniel," an unexpected voice chimed in. It was none other than Felix.

Adrian's expression stiffened.

Everyone else found his act disdainful. Nathaniel, sensing something was wrong, halted in his tracks.

Immediately, Miranda pulled Felix aside and suggested that he should go outside to play.

At that moment, Nathaniel instructed the butler to guide him to a place where he could sit.

The surrounding chatter, a discordant blend of sympathy, mockery, and disdain, cut through the air like shards of glass.

Nathaniel couldn't help but clench his fists. I'll remember every bit of this. Soon, they'll pay for how they treated me.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 396**

Chapter 396 Stood Up For Her

Adrian saw Nathaniel sitting alone to the side and remained relentlessly persistent.

He could still remember how Nathaniel once carried himself with an air of invincibility before his troubles began.

Glancing over at Nicholas and noticing that he made no move to intervene on Nathaniel's behalf, Adrian boldly approached with a glass of wine in hand.

“Nathaniel, if you drink the wine from my hand and apologize to me now, I'll let bygones be bygones.” Adrian swirled the red wine in his hand, spat into it, and then offered it up.

Nathaniel didn't even lift his head to acknowledge him.

When Adrian realized he was being completely ignored, he was instantly infuriated. Leaning down, he lowered his voice and sneered, “Do you still see yourself as the old Nathaniel? Crushing you now is as easy as squashing an ant. You'd better learn your place.”

Others around cast glances their way, but none dared to step forward and offer help.

Nathaniel's hand gradually tightened, clenching into a fist. He was just about to swing it toward Adrian, when suddenly, a familiar voice echoed.

“Nathaniel, why are you here alone? Why didn't you wait for me?”

It was Cecilia.

Cecilia had just arrived when she saw Nathaniel sitting quietly in the corner, being bullied by others.

She remembered how Nathaniel had once helped her in the past. Now, he was suffering from amnesia and blindness and was still the father of her two children. She couldn't just stand by and watch him be taken advantage of.

When Nathaniel heard Cecilia's voice, he immediately unclenched his fists, stood up, and put on a pitiful facade as he walked toward her, saying, “Ceci, I thought you wouldn't come.”

Cecilia's sudden arrival caught everyone's attention. Even Nicholas, who had been quietly sipping his coffee at the head of the table, shifted his gaze toward them.

He swallowed hard, suddenly feeling as if the coffee in his hand had grown warmer.

Cecilia approached Nathaniel, naturally taking his hand in hers. She then turned to Adrian, her eyes locking onto his slightly mischievous expression. "Adrian, Nathaniel hasn't fully recovered yet, so he shouldn't be drinking. Why don't you have it instead?"

She had seen Adrian spit into his drink.

The Rainsworth family was truly an even-tempered family.

Adrian hadn't expected Cecilia to actually show up. Seeing her now, dressed in such splendid attire, she was a far cry from the ugly duckling she used to be.

"If he can't drink, then you, his wife, should drink for him!"

Adrian only wanted to seize this opportunity to embarrass Nathaniel, who had once humiliated him.

He held the wine up to Cecilia's lips, promising that if she dared not to drink, they would certainly not leave the Rainsworth Manor unscathed.

Cecilia looked at the glass of red wine handed to her and, noticing the onlookers around her waiting for a show, was about to take it.

However, before she could even reach out, a cool, detached voice rang out. "That's enough."

It was Nicholas.

He rose to his feet and moved toward the trio.

"Today's New Year's Day, let's not make things unpleasant."

Nicholas' voice was gentle, yet it carried an underlying warning.

Looking at his face, identical to Nathaniel's, Adrian reluctantly let go.

It was clear from the start that Nicholas wasn't on Nathaniel's side, so why was he suddenly stepping in to help now?

Especially considering the strained relationship between the two brothers in the past.

Once Adrian let go, everything seemed to return to its peaceful state.

Despite wearing a hearing aid, Cecilia could still hear the mocking voices around her.

“Now the blind is paired with the deaf—what a perfect match,” someone sneered.

Nathaniel, though blind, had exceptional hearing and caught every word clearly.

Yet, he remained exceptionally calm, a faint smile in his eyes. “You know, Ceci, you could never get enough of these cupcakes. Look, I saved this one just for you.”

Cecilia lowered her gaze and saw a stack of her favorite cupcakes on the table in front of her.

Was this really the same Nathaniel who, in the past, would readily leave the room at the slightest hint of an insult, all because he was too sensitive to criticism?

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 397**

Chapter 397 Did Not Want To See Him Getting Bullied

What Cecilia was unaware of, was that all along, Nathaniel had been silently enduring.

He understood better than anyone, the danger that lurked when he was blind. There were countless people who wished him dead. Now was not the time for him to cling to his pride.

“Thank you.”

Cecilia sat down and handed him a piece of pastry. “You should eat too.”

The sight of the two sharing pastries fell upon Nicholas’ gaze, his typically warm eyes suddenly turned somewhat icy.

When his assistant, Jocelyn, arrived, she immediately noticed Cecilia and Nathaniel tucked away in the corner at first glance.

Despite being subjected to the ridicule of others, the two of them didn’t care at all, completely engrossed in their own world.

Jocelyn studied Cecilia closely and saw that she was indeed beautiful. Every gesture of hers radiated a gentle elegance, especially her eyes, which were like crystal-clear springs, utterly captivating. It was no wonder Nathaniel was reluctant to divorce her.

Meanwhile, in Niel’s study, Elena was being reprimanded for deceiving everyone and having Nicholas impersonate Nathaniel.

Elena endured the scolding passively, offering no retort.

It wasn't until the butler announced that it was time that she finally stepped out.

Niel, leaning on his cane, was surprised to see Cecilia had also arrived. Without saying a word, he suggested everyone have their meal first before proceeding with the memorial.

At that moment, Elena heard from the housekeeper that Jonathan had arrived.

"The weather is chilly now. Let the child rest properly and prepare some delicious food for him."

The housekeeper nodded.

Elliot was led back to his room by the maid, taking in the opulent architecture around him on his way.

"Where's Grandma Elena?"

"Mdm. Elena is quite busy today," the housekeeper said. "She suggested that you rest in the room for now. As soon as she's done, she'll come to see you. You'll be staying here for the night."

"Thank you."

Elliot had an innocent look on his face.

"Such a sweet talker." The housekeeper was instantly charmed by the adorable and sensible Elliot.

Meanwhile, Cecilia was unaware that her younger son had secretly taken a cab to the location, planning to have dinner with Nathaniel, pay respects to their ancestors, and then head back.

Unexpectedly, after they had finished eating, Niel insisted they stay. "You'll be staying here. tonight," he said.

"I heard you're pregnant?" Niel asked Cecilia.

Cecilia admitted to it as she knew she couldn't hide for long. "Yes."

Upon hearing this, Niel's face instantly lit up with joy. "At last, our Rainsworth family has another. descendant."

"Whatever you desire, just tell your mom. Don't be shy."

Niel had always been a man who prioritized profit above all else.

When her father was still alive, he had a special fondness for Cecilia.

After his death, the Smith family went bankrupt, and he grew distant, barely speaking to her.

However, when he learned that Cecilia was pregnant, he began to show some concern once more.

“All right.”

“Go and rest, I’m tired as well.”

Niel left, leaning on his walking stick, and Cecilia and Nathaniel were guided back to their residence by the servant.

Along the way, they were met with a chorus of mockery.

From a distance, Miranda, Adrian’s wife, watched them with some confusion. She had distinctly told Cecilia that the man she might be in love with wasn’t necessarily Nathaniel.

So why, now that Nicholas had returned, did Cecilia not even glance his way?

Her questions remained unanswered.

Cecilia no longer cared about the surrounding mockery. After returning to the room with Nathaniel, she called the caregiver, stating they would return the next day.

After she hung up the phone, Nathaniel said solemnly, “I’m sorry you had to go through that today.”

Cecilia was taken aback.

To be honest, she didn’t feel slighted at all that day. Perhaps it was because she just didn’t care anymore.

Back when she was living in the Rainsworth residence, her grievance stemmed from the fact that Nathaniel, her own husband, clearly had the capability to protect her from being bullied. Yet, he simply stood by and watched as she was mistreated.

Now, she no longer felt the way she used to.

“Don’t worry, I came here of my own accord.”

After finishing her statement, Cecilia further clarified, "Don't overthink it. I came over because I didn't want to see you being taken advantage of due to your vision problems. After all, it was you who took the hit for me, which led to your eye injury."

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Chapter 398 I Will Make You Fall For Me Again

At that, Cecilia went to make the bed, stating, "I'll sleep on the couch tonight."

Nathaniel furrowed his brows. "You're pregnant, you should be the one sleeping in the bed."

Cecilia hadn't expected him to still be such a gentleman. Considering her pregnancy and the inconvenience it brought, she agreed.

After freshening up, Cecilia lay on the large bed, the faint scent of fresh linens lingering in the air.

Nathaniel was sound asleep on a nearby sofa, his long legs sprawled out awkwardly with no room to stretch.

Although Cecilia had turned off the lights, sleep eluded her for a long time.

Every time she closed her eyes, she saw Nicholas' warm and gentle face.

Despite her many doubts, she was unsure whether she should voice her questions.

After what felt like an eternity, Cecilia finally fell asleep.

Outside, the wind was howling fiercely. Cecilia hadn't been asleep for long when she was suddenly jolted awake by a nightmare.

"Nathaniel." She instinctively cried out.

Before long, a large hand had taken hold of hers.

Nathaniel had found his way to her bedside, asking, "What's wrong?"

Cecilia's heart raced, images of people bullying her in her dreams kept surfacing in her mind. She couldn't help but take a deep breath.

"It's nothing, just had a bad dream."

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel said nothing more. He pulled back the covers, climbed into bed, and immediately drew Cecilia into his arms.

Cecilia was taken aback and almost be afraid, I'm with you."

protested, but then she heard him say in a deep voice, "Don't protested, but then she heard him

His words brought an inexplicable calm over her. She didn't say anything else, simply allowing him to hold her.

After a good while, she couldn't help but ask, "Nathaniel, am I truly the only one you remember?"

A moment of hesitation gripped Nathaniel's heart, but he quickly nodded. "Yes."

After receiving a positive response, Cecilia couldn't help but ask again, "Do you really like me?"

"Yes," Nathaniel replied without hesitation.

The Nathaniel who had not lost his memory would never admit to having feelings for Cecilia.

Cecilia leaned into his embrace, the thought growing stronger within her that she should everything as it was in that moment.

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After all, the doctor had said the chances of Nathaniel regaining his memory were slim. So, could they just continue like this?

"But you didn't like me at all in the past. If you regain your memory, would you..."

Cecilia's voice trailed off.

Nathaniel noticed her loosening grip and held her tighter.

"No, I love you. Regardless of whether or not my memory returns, my love for you will never change."

Cecilia clutched onto his clothes, falling silent for a while before she finally spoke. "And what if I stopped loving you?"

She considered giving Nathaniel a chance, motivated by their two children and the one she was currently carrying.

Nathaniel's body tensed slightly, his hand found its way to the side of Cecilia's face. His Adam's apple bobbed subtly. "Nonsense, how could you not love me?"

In the memories that Nathaniel had recently recovered, it was all about how much Cecilia loved. him.

His lips lightly grazed Cecilia's cheek, feeling her body radiating heat. A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth as he held her closer, his voice brimming with contentment. "Even if you stop loving me, I'll make you fall for me again."

If you loved someone else, I would have had that person killed.

Cecilia had no idea what was going on in Nathaniel's mind, she simply felt that he had truly changed. Just as Martha had suggested, if things continued this way, they could indeed be together.

She was lost in thought, while Nathaniel, losing control, let his thin lips move from her forehead. to the bridge of her nose, and then to her lips, gradually moving downward.

When Cecilia finally came to her senses, she realized that Nathaniel had completely removed all her clothes.

"Nathaniel..."

Nathaniel immediately covered her lips with his hand, pulling her into his embrace once more, and then he remained still.

It was only then that she realized Nathaniel too, was naked.

She quickly placed her hand between the two, stating, "I don't want it."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 399**

Chapter 399 Are They Living Together

Only then did Nathaniel stop.

After she fell asleep once again, he immediately headed to the bathroom and took a cold shower.

On the other side, Elliot was escorted into an extraordinarily lavish children's room by the servants. After seeing off the guests, Elena hurried over with a look of sincere concern.

"Jonathan, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long," she said, her voice filled with warmth. "Would you like something to eat?"

Elliot looked at her, noting her beauty and graceful aging, despite being well into her fifties. The thought of her being a wicked old woman didn't sit well with him. Despite his

inner discontent, he managed to greet her with feigned enthusiasm, “Grandma Elena, I’ve missed you. What took you so long to come?”

He got up and immediately clung to Elena’s thigh, rubbing his runny nose on her.

Elena was taken aback. It was the first time she had seen Jonathan rely on her so much.

“I’m so sorry, dear. I shouldn’t have left you alone like this. You wouldn’t believe how much I wanted to rush over to you as soon as I heard you were coming.”

A hint of surprise flickered in Elliot’s heart.

It was truly astonishing how much Elena adored Jonathan.

“Really?”

Elliot looked at Elena with a pitiful expression.

“Of course it’s true,” Elena assured him, before posing her own question. “Why did you suddenly visit me? Did your mom give you a hard time at home? If you’re willing, you can stay with me from now on. I’ll treat you well.”

Elliot was just considering getting to know more about the Rainsworth family.

“All right, I’m willing.”

Upon hearing the news, a wide smile instantly spread across Elena’s face. She immediately instructed her secretary to arrange a larger residence for Elliot among other things.

Elliot found her attentiveness rather peculiar. Clearly, she was unaware that he was her grandson, so why was she being so kind to him?

“Grandma, I’m tired, I want to sleep.”

“All right, get some rest.”

Elliot clutched at her clothes. “Grandma, can you stay here with me? I’m scared.”

“Sure.” Elena naturally wouldn’t refuse.

Watching the child, who was a miniature version of Nathaniel, she felt a deep, indescribable fondness.

However, throughout the night, Elliot kept her busy—asking her to fetch water, accompany him to the restroom, and more. She barely got any sleep.

Facing such a patient Elena, Elliot found it peculiar. How had this old witch become so agreeable?

He had seen reports about Elena on the news and watched her interview videos.

Several female celebrities had been on the receiving end of her scathing remarks and targeted actions. Online, she was constantly met with criticism and no one was fond of her iron lady persona.

Meanwhile, Nicholas had spent the entire night awake, listening intently as Jocelyn recounted all the news from the Rainsworth residence.

“Last night, Cecilia and Nathaniel were ridiculed all the way home, but they didn’t let it bother them,” Jocelyn reported.

Deep down, she felt a hint of envy for this kind of love, where right and wrong seemed irrelevant. as long as the two were together..

After taking a sip of coffee, Nicholas unexpectedly asked, “Are they living together?”

“Of course,” Jocelyn replied, finding his question a bit strange. Nathaniel and Cecilia were a married couple, so naturally, they lived together.”

Nicholas gazed at the slightly bright sky outside. “I want to go for a walk.”

“All right, I’ll get your clothes ready for you.”

Jocelyn went to fetch his coat.

Nicholas’ health had always been delicate, so he needed to avoid catching a chill.

However, by the time Jocelyn fetched his coat, Nicholas had already left.

He walked through the snow, heading toward Nathaniel’s residence without fully realizing it.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had also gotten up early, preparing clothes for Nathaniel as she planned to leave in the morning.

“Hurry up and get dressed, we need to head back home. Jon and Eli are still there,” said Cecilia.

Nathaniel was barely awake. “All right,” he mumbled.

As Cecilia went to wash up and brush her teeth, she stood on the balcony and gazed at the snowy scene outside. There, in the snow-covered ground, she spotted a tall figure.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 400**

Chapter 400 What Brings You Here

Nicholas happened to look up at her.

Unlike the party they attended last night, at this moment, it seemed as if they were the only two people in the world.

Cecilia’s pupils constricted, still in a daze, when suddenly she was enveloped in a hug from behind.

“Why are you brushing your teeth on the balcony? It’s so cold out there, what if you catch a chill?” Nathaniel said in a husky voice.

Once Cecilia regained her senses, she immediately averted her gaze and wriggled out from Nathaniel’s embrace.

Thankfully, Nathaniel was not able to see at that moment.

“It’s okay, I’m not cold.”

Cecilia immediately returned to the room.

She only knew that Nathaniel was blind, but she was unaware that Nathaniel had eyes everywhere.

The moment Nicholas arrived, someone had already relayed the information to him.

Nathaniel stood on the balcony, the chill wind brushing against his face as the sound of a ringing phone filled the air.

He picked up his phone; it was Nicholas who had called.

“Mom mentioned that you’ve lost your memory, and it seems to be true. Let me remind you once again, the person Ceci loved since young has always been me, not you.”

Nicholas watched Nathaniel as he finished his sentence, then hung up the phone

He walked through the accumulated snow as he left, triggering a flood of deliberately forgotten memories in Nathaniel’s mind.

The echo of Cecilia's voice lingered, "Nathaniel, the person I like is not you at all. I've been mistaken all along."

Mistaken...

After freshening up, Cecilia regained her composure.

After swiftly tidying up, she turned to Nathaniel. "Are you ready? Let's head back."

"All right."

The two of them settled into the car for the ride back, with Nathaniel remaining silent throughout the journey.

Cecilia was in a state of blissful leisure, spending her time watching the snowflakes drift down. outside.

Both of them seemed to be burdened with heavy thoughts, yet neither chose to voice them out.

Back at Sparaville, Cecilia discovered that Elliot had unexpectedly vanished. His room was empty, save for a note that read: Jon, I have to leave for a while. I'll be back in a couple of days.

"When did Eli disappear?" she asked.

Jonathan informed her that Eli was still around the night before.

Cecilia shivered in fear. "Could someone have taken him away?"

Jonathan shook her head, a suspicion subtly forming in the depths of his heart.

"Mommy, yesterday Eli mentioned wanting to see you. Did he go to Tudela?"

Upon hearing the news, Cecilia immediately set off to find her child.

Nathaniel also sent people to search.

Throughout the journey, Cecilia was particularly anxious.

"Don't worry, I've already sent someone to check the surveillance," Nathaniel assured.

"How could I not worry? Eli has always been frail. What if something happened to him on the way?" Cecilia's eyes were rimmed with red from her distress.

Cecilia was pondering over Jonathan's words, suspecting that Elliot might have gone to Rainsworth Manor.

"Could you possibly give a call to the folks at the manor, to see if they've spotted a child?"

"All right."

Without delay, Nathaniel called the butler at Rainsworth Manor. It wasn't long before he learned that Elliot had surprisingly found Elena and was staying with her.

Upon hearing this news, Cecilia was instantly overwhelmed by a myriad of emotions.

How did Elliot come across Rainsworth Manor, and how did Elena manage to arrange for him to stay there?

Could it be that Elena had discovered something?

racing past all other concerns.

Elliot had been cooped up in the hospital for far too long. He initially thought his mother and Nathaniel would stay at Rainsworth Manor for a day or two, so he wasn't in a rush to return.

He glanced at Elena, who was asleep from exhaustion due to his demands the previous night. Then, accompanied by a servant, he went out for a walk.

"Jon, what brings you here?" a youthful voice suddenly echoed.