

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 401

## Chapter 401 The Suspicion Of Elena

Upon hearing someone seemingly calling his name, Elliot turned around, only to see Felix.

His expression turned puzzled. Who’s this imp before me?

Felix walked right up to him. “What’s wrong with you, Jon? Why were you ignoring me?”

Ah, he knows Jon.

Elliot cast him an impatient glance.

“Is there something you need?”

His juvenile voice was starkly different from the usual serious demeanor of Jonathan, and that took Felix aback.

“Why have you suddenly become a little sissy, Jon?”

Elliot was struck speechless.

His expression also went as black as thunder. You’re the sissy. Your whole family is sissy!

“But it’s quite adorable when you talk in such a manner.” Felix giggled. “You must have come to play with me, right? I’ll show you around. There’s no place in the Rainsworth residence that I’m not familiar with.”

Hearing that, Elliot found it somewhat strange.

“What do you mean by no place you aren’t familiar with?”

“Don’t you remember? I am Felix Rainsworth, the only grandson of the direct line of the Rainsworth family.” Felix’s face was a picture of pride.

Felix Rainsworth....

Elliot pondered over the name. Soon, he had some recollection of it.

Jon once mentioned that sc\*mbag daddy's cousin had a son whose name was Felix or something... So, it's him.

He sized up the boy standing before him, who had a fair complexion and decent good looks despite coming across as slightly dull-witted.

"Oh, I remember now."

After saying that, Elliot walked straight past him. "If there's nothing important, don't bother me."

As Felix watched the petite figure recede into the distance, his face was etched with defeat.

Why did Jon suddenly ignore me? Did I do something wrong?

Unwilling to give up, he chased after Elliot. "How about I let you play with the new airplane model my dad just bought, Jon?"

"No, thanks."

Elliot felt that the boy standing before him was nothing more than a hindrance in his path, for he still wanted to continue exploring the Rainsworth residence.

"Stop following me, or I'll beat you up," he threatened.

Felix was instantly reminded of his unpleasant memories from the past. He immediately halted. in his tracks, watching as Elliot walked away.

He returned home in low spirits and relayed the day's events to his mother, Miranda.

Meanwhile, Elliot spent the whole morning wandering around the Rainsworth residence and discovered that it was not only truly vast but also extremely luxurious.

He silently vowed that he would build an even bigger house when he grew up.

Exhausted, he was then driven home by the driver.

Unbeknownst to him, Cecilia had also hurried over by then. Looking at Elena, she asked, "Where's the child?"

After a sleepless night, Elena was running on empty since she was already over fifty years old. "Are you referring to Jon?"

It was only upon hearing that did Cecilia realize that the woman had mistaken Elliot for Jonathan.

"Yes. Where is he?"

Elena found it rather odd. Jon's mother, Vivian, hasn't come to pick her child up yet. Why has Cecilia shown up now?

Because she hadn't slept well, she didn't delve deeper into it.

Just as she was about to call for the housekeeper, Elliot unexpectedly reached the doorway.

When Elliot saw Cecilia, he instantly froze, never having expected to be spotted by his mother. He quickly lowered his head in a panic, not daring to utter a word.

At the sight of her son, Cecilia's nerves which were stretched taut finally relaxed. She immediately went over, scooped him up, and began heading out.

She walked away swiftly, oblivious to the peculiar look in Elena's eyes.

"Jonathan... Cecilia..."

Elena asked her secretary beside her, "Didn't you tell me previously that Vivian never had any

The secretary nodded.

Since the child isn't Vivian's, could it be Cecilia's instead?

Elena was jolted into a state of heightened clarity in an instant.

"Have someone tail Cecilia and thoroughly investigate her relationship with the child."

“Understood.”

After the secretary had said that, she immediately left to get it done.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 402**

Chapter 402 Bad News Travels Fast

In the car, Elliot kept his head down, not daring to utter a word.

Cecilia had never been as angry and worried as she was that day. She didn’t question her son but waited for him to speak first.

Nathaniel was also in the car. He told Mason to call off the search for Elliot.

After arriving home and Nathaniel had gone to work, Elliot began to act coy.

“I’m sorry, Mommy. I just missed you and Mr. Rainsworth too much, so I went to look for your both.”

He apologized in a charmingly cute demeanor.

In the past, whenever he apologized, his mother would become soft–hearted and forgive him.

But this time, Cecilia’s expression remained icy cold.

Elliot was somewhat flustered, at a loss for a moment.

He was just about to go upstairs to seek advice from Martha, but no sooner had he taken two steps away than Cecilia ordered, “Stop.”

Elliot promptly stood there obediently.

“I truly realized my mistake, Mommy.”

“You just wanted to see me and Mr. Rainsworth?” Cecilia suddenly asked.

Elliot’s mesmerizing eyes constricted. “I was wrong, Mommy. I’m sorry.”

Cecilia stared at his slightly pale face, yet she showed no signs of softening.

“If you dare leave home without telling me again in the future, I’m never going to bother about you anymore,” she warned.

Only then did Elliot realize that she was genuinely angry. He nodded fervently. “It won’t happen again. I promise.”

He was always in the hospital by himself, either undergoing chemotherapy or taking medication.

Verily, he didn’t want to be alone forever.

“Am I to return to the hospital today, Mommy?” Elliot asked in a whisper.

At the word “hospital,” Cecilia’s heart inexorably clenched painfully. “Be good and wait a little longer, Eli. We’ll be able to proceed with the surgery soon.”

“Okay.”

Nodding, Elliot hugged his mother.

Thankfully, Mommy still cares about me and has no plans to abandon me.

In the afternoon, Cecilia took Elliot back to the hospital.

Once the doctor had finished examining him, Cecilia recalled Elliot saying that he wanted to see Nathaniel. She couldn’t help but ask, “Do you like Mr. Rainsworth, Eli?”

Elliot choked.

How could I possibly like sc\*mbag daddy? But since Mommy asked this much, she certainly doesn’t want a negation.

“Yes, I like him.”

Upon hearing her son admit to liking Nathaniel, Cecilia gently patted his head, the idea within her intensifying further.

She then got into the car and headed home.

On the way home, the car radio broadcasted a piece of news. It was reported that Nathaniel had indeed lost his sight, and some reporters managed to snap pictures of him and Nicholas together.

Her brows furrowed slightly. Sure enough, bad news travels fast.

As soon as the news broke, it garnered attention from all walks of life.

Paula also saw the news. Just a few days ago, she agreed to let Cassandra meet with Nathaniel. Unexpectedly, the latter had then lost his sight.

Cassandra had just stepped off the stage, her newly purchased song, coupled with her dance, having catapulted her into the limelight in a flash.

When she returned home, she saw the news as well.

“Wasn’t Nathaniel unharmed?”

“The person who was unharmed was probably Nicholas,” Magnus, who was seated on the sofa and scrolling through his phone, suddenly divulged.

Ever since he was last ordered around by Nicholas and subsequently scolded by Nathaniel, he had grown suspicious.

After seeing the news then, he finally understood that it was Nathaniel who had been living with Cecilia while the person at the company was Nicholas all this time.

“What do you mean by that, Magnus?” Paula asked, setting the glass of water in her hand down.

Magnus could only tell them about him asking Nathaniel for help and the ensuing snafu deceived.”

She looked at Cassandra. “Cassandra, do you still want to meet with Nathaniel?”

“No, it’s okay. Dad has already set me up on a blind date with Nicholas.”

From the moment Cassandra first learned of the news, she had given up on Nathaniel.

She couldn’t imagine spending the rest of her life with a blind man. Besides, Nathaniel was still married right then.

Nicholas looked exactly like him, so it would be better for her to be with his brother.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 403**

Chapter 403 Wondered If He Was Duping Her

Paula couldn’t help but feel gratified. As expected of my daughter, she knows what’s most important, unlike Cecilia.

At the side, Magnus gave a cold snort.

Once Cassandra had left, he immediately said to Paula, “Mom, if she were to marry Nicholas, I’d still be the Rainsworth family’s brother-in-law. I’ve been thinking about starting a company. What do you think-

Before he could finish his speaking, Paula cut him off.

“Focus on being the son of the Evans family instead of constantly thinking about frittering money away.”

Upon hearing that, Magnus was instantly enraged. “Do you believe I’d tell Cecilia the truth? At that time, neither of us will have it easy!”

“You’d never dare!” Paula was also angry, slamming the glass of water in her hand down.

Losing his confidence, Magnus got up and left home.

Once he was outside, he had nowhere else to go, so he could only head to Royale Club to drown his sorrows.

“I want the most beautiful hostess you have here.”

As soon as he arrived, he snagged the attention of a number of people.

Among them were the regular patron there, Zachary.

Immediately, Zachary had someone keep an eye on Magnus before picking up his phone and making a call.

“Nathaniel.”

He had only managed to get in touch with Nathaniel a few days ago.

Unexpectedly, the latter had truly lost his memory and ignored him completely when he first sought him out.

It was only these few days that Nathaniel contacted him, saying that he remembered bits and pieces.

“What is it?”

Nathaniel was working when he received the call from Zachary, prompting him to ask that question.

“I saw Magnus at Royale Club. He’s quite wealthy, reserving the entire place as soon as he arrived.” Zachary still remembered that good-for-nothing.

It was Magnus who ruined the wealthiest family in Tudela, the Smith family. How could he again have money to fritter on partying and drinking now?

Nathaniel continued typing away, his expression unchanged. “There’s no need to bother about him.”

He had already warned Magnus not to pick trouble with Cecilia the last time. As for everything else, he didn’t want to get involved.

“Oh, alright, then.”

Zachary felt a bit disappointed. He then asked, “By the way, Nathaniel, I saw the news. Did you hand everything over to Nicholas for real?”

“For the time being, yes.”

Only then did Zachary breathe a sigh of relief.

He had assumed that Nathaniel was being taken advantage of because his eyes were impaired.

“How is Cecilia doing now?”

At the mention of Cecilia, the corners of Nathaniel's mouth lifted unconsciously. Nonetheless, he said. "It's none of your business."

Subsequently, he abruptly ended the call.

Zachary stared at the disconnected call, his spirits sinking.

"He truly prioritizes romance over friendship-"

Before he could finish speaking, a call from George came in again. "I asked you to invite Vivian for dinner yesterday, but what did you do? You didn't come back all night! Do you believe I'd skin you alive?"

"She didn't want to come. Did you expect me to kidnap her over?" Zachary's temper spiked, and he hung up the phone.

He cordially invited Vivian for dinner at the Sinclair residence yesterday, only to be unexpectedly turned down.

In a foul mood, he called the manager over and pointed at Magnus. "Triple his bill today."

He was rather curious to see whether Magnus had really come into money.

The manager nodded fervently in acquiescence.

Nathaniel got off work very early that day. On his way home, he even arranged for a bouquet of flowers to be prepared.

Seeing Nathaniel being chauffeured around outside, Cecilia couldn't help but find it hard to believe that he was drowning in a sea of debts.

On top of that, he returned with a large bouquet of flowers with their pistils removed in his arms that day. She wondered if he was duping her.

"Here, this is for you, Ceci."

As soon as Nathaniel stepped in the door, he handed the flowers to Cecilia.

Cecilia didn't take them. "Where did you get the money to buy flowers? Didn't we agree you'd save your money to gradually pay off your debts?"

Nathaniel's expression remained unchanged. "They're leftovers after my company's event. Nobody wanted them. I remembered that you're fond of flowers, so I brought them back for you."

"Oh, I see." Cecilia accepted the flowers. "Thank you."

Having said that, she then asked, "Can I go and visit your company tomorrow?"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 404**

Chapter 404 Sparaville Charity Foundation.

After a moment of silence, Nathaniel said, "The place is rather run-down. It wouldn't be appropriate for you to go there in your delicate condition."

"It's okay. I will just take a look from afar," Cecilia replied.

Seeing that he couldn't dissuade her, Nathaniel had no choice but to agree.

"Okay."

After he had said that, he returned to his room to change.

Upon reaching his room, he immediately called Mason.

"Prepare a charity foundation tonight. Make sure to have both the boss and employees in place."

Mason was personally cooking for his fiancée. When he received that order, his face instantly morphed into a picture of dismay.

"Why don't we just tell Mrs. Rainsworth the truth, Mr. Rainsworth? After all, all women love money.

"All you have to do is execute my orders."

Nathaniel did not bother wasting his saliva with him.

If Cecilia were to learn that I still have a lot of money, she would surely bring up our divorce in the next moment. I know her all too well, and her biggest flaw is her tender heart.

Left with no other choice, Mason could only abandon his fiancée and go about making the necessary arrangements.

It wasn't only Cecilia who was soft-hearted, but also Martha.

Ever since Martha learned that Nathaniel's identity had been usurped by his brother and his mother no longer loved him, she couldn't help but pity him.

That went doubly at the thought that both her caregiver and the chef at home were his credit, able to cook whatever she desired to eat.

The neighbors around also began to speak highly of him, praising him for assisting in repairing the road and rectifying the situation for households lacking running water with a single phone call

"Martha, you've got a great son-in-law. Not only is he handsome, but he's also genuinely capable."

"Indeed. How many blind men are as remarkable as he is? He manages to keep himself so clean and tidy every day. Apart from being unable to see, he's perfect in every other way."

Martha felt that her health had improved significantly recently. As she listened to the conversations of those around her, she gradually came to accept Nathaniel.

"As long as he doesn't change, always treating Geci well, that's all that matters."

When Cecilia composed music at home, she also occasionally overheard Martha and the neighbors talking about Nathaniel.

But even so, she dared not let her guard down.

The following morning, after Jonathan had gone to kindergarten, Cecilia followed Nathaniel in the car to head to his camp

"How much do you earn a month with a chauffeur driving you around like this?" Cecilia asked.

After a moment of thought, Nathaniel fibbed. "Ten thousand."

Ten thousand...

Cecilia still remembered that since she had only three thousand five hundred a month when she first graduated and worked out here

Even then, Vivian was earning only one thousand a month, working as an employee in a small company.

"You found yourself a good job."

"The boss is an acquaintance introduced by Mason, Nathaniel lied with a straight face."

“Oh, I see.”

Finally, they arrived.

Cecilia was greeted by the sight of an office building in the distance. It wasn't quite luxurious, but it was also far from being run-down.

Nathaniel and Cecilia alighted from the car, one after the other.

Before they had even started forward, a portly man and a few office workers came out.

“You're here, Mr. Rainsworth. Come, let me take you to your office,” the man in the lead said with

hunch in his back.

“And who may you be?”

Cecilia was utterly perplexed.

The middle-aged man quickly replied, “Oh, I'm the owner of Sparxille Charity Foundation.”

Does a boss usually bow and scrape to an employee like this?

Madhuruel had also realized the oddity of the situation. “You can go ahead with your work, sir.

“Oh, alright, then.”

The man then left with the few junior employees.

When he was leaving, his legs trembled, for he recognized Nathaniel as the once all-powerful man.

Nathaniel explained to Cecilia, “Those of us in this line of work are all kind-hearted, especially my boss. He's always worried I might trip and fall, so he always has someone waiting at the door to assist me.”

“Oh, that makes sense indeed.”

Cecilia followed Nathaniel to his office.

The moment she opened the door, surprise flooded her.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 405**

Chapter 405 Cancel All Treatments.

Although Nathaniel's office wasn't particularly large, it was surprisingly filled with various news articles. These included reports about searching for lost children and fundraising for deaf and mute children, among others.

Cecilia walked in, glancing around. There was also a computer and a cell phone specifically designed for the visually impaired.

Her doubts were temporarily dispelled.

"Carry on with your work. I won't bother you anymore."

"All right, I'll walk you out." Nathaniel was relieved as he figured she had put her trust in him.

"No need, your work is more important."

With that, Cecilia left the place by herself.

On her way back, she made a call to Vivian. "I just visited Nathaniel's office, Vivian. It's genuinely in the charitable aid sector."

She had privately discussed with Vivian previously.

"Has he really been reduced to such a state?" Vivian asked while she was working.

"Actually, I think his current job is quite good, helping others and living an ordinary life."

Cecilia had always desired to lead a simple and unassuming life.

"Ceci, are you letting your heart soften toward him? You can't possibly be thinking of forgiving him and starting over, right? He's blind now. If you stay with him and he regains his memory, his eyesight returns, and he reverts to his old self one day, what will you do?"

For a moment, Cecilia didn't know how to respond.

Humans were, after all, the most fickle beings in the world, and no one could truly guarantee that things would stay unchanged.

"But I can't divorce him right now. I guess I'll just play by ear."

"Sure, but make sure to protect your personal fortune. Don't let him trick you out of them," Vivian cautioned.

Upon hearing those words, Cecilia was suddenly reminded that the chef and caregiver at home were now all being paid with Nathaniel's money.

He's in such deep debt. Where on earth did he get the money to hire a caregiver and a chef?

When she returned home, she couldn't hold back the urge to inquire about the wages of the caregiver and the chef. The responses she received were consistent.

The caregiver was earning six thousand a month, while the chef only made three thousand.

Cecilia asked them for their bank accounts, intending to handle their payroll herself in the future.

After she left, they immediately called Mason in secret.

Fortunately, Nathaniel had already thought of the wages issue, so what they told Cecilia was the lowest possible amount.

"You've done well. From now on, try to opt for the cheaper options when you're cooking or shopping." Mason advised.

Isn't Mr. Rainsworth just deliberately stirring up trouble and making himself suffer? He's clearly so rich, yet pretending to be poor. If I have that much money, I bet I'll be able to get any woman I want!

Mason collected his thoughts and handed the recent documents to Nathaniel.

"Mr. Rainsworth, these are Orion Corporation's projects. I've taken over the majority of them."

"Okay." Nathaniel took the documents.

"Mr. Rainsworth, we have to head to the hospital this afternoon for your final treatment. You should be able to regain all of your memory."

At the mention of regaining his memory, Nathaniel was reminded of those words Nicholas said, as well as the letter Cecilia wrote to him when she once left back then.

"Cancel all treatments. I won't be going anymore in the future."

Mason couldn't help but express his surprise, "Why?"

"Why have you been asking so many questions lately?" Nathaniel asked in return.

Mason immediately shut his mouth.

After he left with the processed documents in hand, Nathaniel's mood turned particularly depressed.

The one she like was never me, but Nicholas?

Aside from composing music at home, Cecilia spent her time keeping Martha company lately. She was completely unaware that Nathaniel had regained his memory.

That day, after returning home and having lunch, she was contemplating going out for a stroll when she received a phone call.

On the other end of the phone, Magnus sounded tipsy. "Cecilia, could you please go and meet Nicholas?"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 406**

Chapter 406 A Brother Worse Than A Beast

Hearing that, Cecilia furrowed her brows.

Magnus, however, continued to ramble on, "You have no idea about the amount of humiliation I've endured over the years. I used to be the one who bullied others!"

"Cecilia, I need your help. As long as you meet Nicholas, he'll surely help us."

Cecilia didn't want to hear any of that. She was ready to end the call when Magnus unexpectedly said, "If I hadn't been deceived by Mom, we wouldn't have ended up like this either."

"What do you mean?" Cecilia immediately asked.

Magnus was already drunk beyond comprehension, sitting right in the middle of the street, devoid of grace.

Not long after making the call, he was thrown out of Royale Club. This was because Ralph had requested to freeze his card, so he couldn't pay and was even severely beaten up.

"What do you think is the reason our vast family fortune was used up within three years? It's all because Mom had me transfer all the money to her lover, Ralph! Now that the Evans family is rich and powerful, they've turned their backs on me. They froze my card, which led to me getting brutally beaten up. Had it not been for Zachary, I would've been done for," Magnus revealed.

Cecilia listened in silence. It was only then she truly realized her naivety.

She had assumed that Paula married into the Evans family after meeting Ralph abroad. However, it turned out that wasn't the case.

"Are you suggesting that Paula started seeing other men not long after Dad's death?"

At this point, Magnus was starting to sober up, stammering, "I—I'm not very sure about that. Regardless, just meet Nicholas once for me as a favor. I'm your biological brother, after all, and we share the same blood. If I manage to make a comeback, you'll still hold your position as the young lady of the Smith family."

Just as Magnus finished speaking, the call on the other end was abruptly disconnected.

Cecilia clutched her phone tightly, standing still, feeling a chill run down her spine.

She had once thought that even though Paula didn't love her, she at least loved Regas. But now, it seemed, that wasn't the case at all...

She picked up her phone and dialed Sven's number. "Sven, could you have your people look into Paula's past for me? Especially the years after my father's death."

Cecilia had attempted to investigate Paula and the Evans family, but there was too little information available.

"All right," Sven agreed unhesitatingly.

Though he was Calvin's man, he was now a subordinate of Cecilia.

When he was with Calvin, he had access to numerous resources, making it quite easy to investigate someone.

On the other side, Magnus wanted to call Cecilia again to persuade her, but he found out that she had blocked his number.

"This blockhead! She can't help with anything, and to think I've been treating her like my sister!" Magnus grumbled under his breath.

Suddenly, someone fiercely kicked his leg.

"Who dares to kick me?" Magnus looked up, his gaze meeting Zachary's cold and handsome face.

"Mr. Sinclair? What's this about?" Magnus' demeanor changed in an instant.

“Who did you call a blockhead?” Zachary leaned over, his captivating eyes filled with a cold intensity.

Magnus thought Zachary still detested Cecilia like he used to. “It’s all because of my so-called sister. She won’t even do me a small favor. Mr. Sinclair, could you help...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Zachary delivered a brutal punch in his face.

Blood was trickling from the corner of Magnus’ mouth, the metallic taste of iron filling his senses.

He hastily scrambled backward. “Mr. Sinclair, w—what are you-

“Let me make this clear, I’m picking up the tab for you today, not because of a good-for-nothing like you. It’s because of your sister, Cecilia! You should know what to say from now on, right?” Zachary spoke in a low voice.

It was beyond his imagination that someone as kind as Cecilia would have a useless brother who was worse than a beast.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 407**

Chapter 407 A Part Of The Past

Magnus was taken aback, unsure why Zachary, who once hated Cecilia so much, was suddenly speaking up for her.

But he was quick to process the situation and immediately said, “Yes, I understand. She’s my sister. I’ll surely treat her with respect.”

Zachary then stood up, asking, “What did you mean earlier when you said that Nicholas would help you as long as Cecilia meets him?”

Scared of Zachary, Magnus relayed Nicholas’ words exactly as he said them when they met a few days ago.

After hearing everything, Zachary was somewhat perplexed.

“Does Nicholas know Cecilia?”

guess so. Otherwise, why would he say that?” Magnus wasn’t quite sure either.

There was a time when the Smith family and the Rainsworth family had exchanges.

Magnus still remembered how Cecilia used to secretly penna love letters to Nathaniel in her room, but he had them torn up after discovering them.

Zachary felt as if he had unintentionally stumbled upon some earth-shattering revelation.

He was about to ask something else when a person approached from nearby.

“Zach, what are you doing here?” It was none other than Darren.

Upon seeing him, Zachary immediately warned Magnus, “Don’t dare speak of today’s events to anyone, or I’ll rip your tongue out! Get lost!”

Magnus scrambled away in a hasty retreat.

Darren, dressed in his impeccable suit, had already made his way to Zachary’s side. “Why have you been avoiding Elite Club and coming to Royale Club instead lately?”

Elite Club and Royale Club were nightclubs in Tudela, both of which were owned by Darren.

“I just happened to be here. Darren, why are you still working at this hour instead of going home to spend time with your wife?”

Worried that Darren might ask about Magnus, Zachary quickly changed the subject.

Although he had a decent relationship with Darren and Nathaniel over the years, he had never truly understood Darren. He felt that the latter was too contemplative.

He figured it was better if Darren didn’t know about those matters.

“I’m heading back now. She’s been quite moody lately due to her pregnancy,” said Darren casually. He cast a glance at Magnus’ retreating figure before getting into his car.

As the car drove away, he picked up his phone and called back home. His voice was gentle as he said, “Now that you’re pregnant, try to behave. You wouldn’t want me to send you back to Elite Club, would you?”

After Darren left, Zachary made sure to inform Nathaniel about the day’s events.

Nathaniel had already returned home. Upon hearing what Zachary said, he leaned back in his chair, his eyes glinting with a cold resolve.

After dinner, Cecilia clutched her belly and went for a stroll outside to aid digestion.

Listening to the footsteps and humming outside, Nathaniel grabbed a coat and stepped out..

“Why are you here?” Cecilia was somewhat surprised to see him come out.

Guided by the sounds, Nathaniel made his way to her. He gently draped the coat over her shoulders.

“It’s too chilly out here. Don’t catch a cold.”

“It’s fine.” Cecilia waved her hand dismissively.

She had been in a sour mood because of Magnus’ matters, so she wanted to alleviate her mood.

“Then I’ll walk with you.”

Nathaniel grasped her hand, which felt icy cold.

He couldn’t help but frown. “Why are your hands so cold?”

Cecilia was about to pull her hand away, but he said, “Hold on to me. I can’t see.”

Left with no other choice, she allowed him to hold her hand. It was the first time they walked hand in hand like this.

“Is everything okay at home today?” Nathaniel tentatively asked,

Perhaps because there was no one else to talk to, Cecilia, under the assumption that Nathaniel was suffering from amnesia, revealed to him that Magnus told her that Paula had been with another man a long time ago.

However, she didn’t mention Nicholas, because, to her, he was nothing more than a misunderstanding and was long a part of the past.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 408**

Chapter 408 I Will Get Jealous

Mason to look into it,” responded Nathaniel immediately.

Cecilia shook her head. “No, you’re no longer Mason’s boss now. Don’t keep bothering him. I’ve already asked Sven to help me. Calvin said Sven used to be a special agent. He’s really good at this sort of stuff.”

Sven again...

Nathaniel almost forgot about this handsome and competent bodyguard.

“If Sven can’t find anything, I’ll have to ask Calvin for help,” Cecilia expressed.

She hadn’t noticed that the man by her side had grown jealous.

At the mention of Calvin, Cecilia felt a little odd. Why haven’t I heard anything from him lately?

Nathaniel tightened his hold on her. “Why don’t you ask me for help?”

Cecilia paused, looking up at the man’s stony face. “Aren’t you blind and memoryless now?”

Nathaniel deeply regretted setting himself up.

He stood still, leaning toward Cecilia.

“But if you do that, I’ll get jealous.”

His warm breath brushed against her face, causing her to shyly avert her eyes. “What nonsense are you talking about? They’re my friends.”

Nathaniel couldn’t help but flash a smile when he heard those words. In a magnetic and pleasing voice, he asked, “And what about me? What is our relationship?”

Before Cecilia could respond, his heavy hand had landed on her lips.

“We’re a married couple. I hope you’ll share everything with me and let me help you.”

The two were incredibly close, so close that Cecilia could see Nathaniel’s face clearly.

She had to admit, that no matter how much time had passed, regardless of whether he could see or not, he was truly handsome.

She drew in a deep breath, her voice trembling slightly as she replied, “I’ve said it many times, we’re together only temporarily. Once you regain your memory, we’ll still get a divorce.”

Having said that, she promptly pulled her hand away and quickly retreated to her room.

Vivian had borrowed Jonathan earlier that day. She explained that Roland had set up another arranged date for her, so she intended to take the boy along to ruin the plans.

As soon as Cecilia left, Nathaniel had Mason send someone to investigate everything about Paula.

That night, Cecilia lay awake in bed, unable to sleep at the thought of those words Magnus said.

She tossed and turned, but eventually decided to get up.

As she headed downstairs to the living room, she noticed the lights still on. Surprisingly, Nathaniel hadn't gone to bed yet. He was seated on the couch, tapping away at the keyboard.

Hearing footsteps, he looked up in the direction of Cecilia. "Why are you up?"

At times, she genuinely thought that his eyes were fine.

"I can't sleep.

"Come here," Nathaniel uttered.

Cecilia was somewhat perplexed. She walked over and asked, "What's the matter?"

Nathaniel immediately shut down his computer, stretching out to pull her into his embrace.

"I can't sleep either. How about we do something that can cheer us up?"

He had been holding back for several months already.

Now, was almost stable at three months.

the pregnancy

Cecilia's face flushed red. "No."

She was about to wriggle out of his embrace, but to her surprise, he stood up, scooped her into his arms, and carried her toward his bedroom..

"What are you doing?"

"Let's not wake the old people up. We can talk in the room.

Nathaniel's heart was racing. After gently laying Cecilia on the bed, he climbed in beside her, pulling her into his embrace.

It was only now that she was lying there that she realized how small his bed was.

They had to huddle together so that they wouldn't fall off.

“There’s nothing much to say. I’m going back... umm-”

Nathaniel’s kiss descended, silencing the words she was about to say.

Cecilia tried to free herself, but he held her firmly in his embrace, kissing her fiercely and domineeringly.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 409**

Chapter 409 Handing Over Their Wealth To An Outsider

Cecilia found herself struggling to catch her breath, but fortunately, the kiss didn’t last too long. Nathaniel’s hand brushed against her flushed face, lingering there for a moment before he spoke in a low voice, “I must have scared you, didn’t I?”

As Cecilia tried to pull away, intending to distance herself from him, Nathaniel abruptly pulled her back into his arms, holding her even closer.

“You’re pregnant; you shouldn’t move around so much.”

“You knew I was pregnant, yet you still acted this way?” Cecilia retorted, her voice laced with anger.

“We are husband and wife. A kiss between us is perfectly normal,” Nathaniel said, his tone serious as he articulated each word.

Cecilia pulled the blanket up around herself, deciding it was best to remain silent. She didn’t want to continue this conversation.

Nathaniel wasn’t used to her being this quiet, and it unsettled him. “Can we talk, please?” he asked, his voice tinged with a hint of desperation he hadn’t intended.

“There’s nothing left to discuss,” Cecilia replied coldly, “I’m going back to my room. Let me go.”

Nathaniel didn’t agree, though. Instead, he tightened his hold on her, refusing to let her leave. From that moment on, he made up his mind to stay by Cecilia’s side, determined to ensure that no one else could get close to her.

“Recently, I’ve been remembering bits and pieces of my childhood,” Nathaniel began, his voice softer now.

Cecilia looked up at him, puzzled by his sudden change in tone. Before she could ask, he continued, “Do you recall the first time I saw you? You were being bullied, and you had fallen to the ground, your knees scraped raw.”

Cecilia was taken aback. She hadn't expected him to bring this up. Truth be told, she still struggled to differentiate between her first meeting with Nathaniel and her first encounter with Nicholas during her childhood.

In her memory, the first time she met Nathaniel was when she was accompanying the butler back to the Smith residence. At that time, the two families were still neighbors. Nathaniel had been standing outside the courtyard, dressed in a white shirt.

It seemed that the first person she had actually encountered was Nicholas.

"And then?" Cecilia asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Back then, you used to call me 'Nathaniel'. Now that I think about it, I'm not even sure how you got to know me," Nathaniel reminisced, hoping Cecilia would understand who he truly was. He didn't want to be mistaken for Nicholas any longer.

"Was it you who chased those thugs away?" Cecilia asked, staring at Nathaniel's familiar face, her heart filled with a mixture of surprise and admiration.

"Yes, I did. You looked so pitiful back then," Nathaniel confirmed, a faint smile playing on his lips.

Cecilia's pupils dilated slightly as she processed his words, unable to resist asking, "So, do you remember Nicholas?"

At the mention of Nicholas, Nathaniel's expression subtly changed. "I don't remember," he replied, his voice a touch more guarded.

Cecilia felt a pang of disappointment. She still wanted to ask Nathaniel why Nicholas had pretended to be him when they were children.

Nathaniel noticed her reaction, and a tense silence fell between them. "Are you that interested in Nicholas?" he asked..

Cecilia hadn't noticed the shift in his tone and quickly shook her head. "No, it's just... you two are twins, and I was curious."

When she looked at Nathaniel again, she realized how close he had gotten, his lips almost brushing against her face. Nathaniel was considering kissing her again, but just then, her phone rang.

Cecilia, eager to avoid the situation, quickly reached for her phone. It was Sven calling.

"Ms. Smith, there's news," Sven said, his voice serious.

At first, Sven hadn't been able to find out anything quickly, but someone had deliberately provided him with the information he needed.

"Go ahead," Cecilia said, her tone immediately becoming more serious.

"Paula and Ralph were acquainted even before your father passed away. Someone let it slip to me that after your father's death, Paula and Magnus transferred a significant portion of the assets to Ralph. Ralph was just a man who married into the Jamieson family, but now he's worth billions, largely due to the financial support from the Smith family," Sven explained.

Cecilia listened in silence, her hand clenching tightly around the phone. Was it Paula who was ruthlessly cunning, or was her brother simply too naive? They had handed over their family's wealth to an outsider.

It was no wonder why the Smith family had fallen into such ruin so quickly.

"The informant also hinted that there might have been an inappropriate relationship between Paula and Ralph even before your father passed away," Sven added.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 410**

### Chapter 410 Swindled Out Of It

Sven continued to relay all the findings from his investigation to Cecilia. The most puzzling thing to him was the identity of the person who had been helping him with the investigation.

"If I uncover anything new, I'll let you know immediately," Sven promised.

"Thank you," Cecilia responded, her mood heavy with the weight of the revelations.

What had once been mere suspicions were now turning out to be true. Her younger brother had been foolish, benefiting others while sacrificing the family's wealth.

After Nathaniel observed her conversation, he asked, "What's wrong?"

Cecilia shared with him everything Sven had just told her. For now, she decided to treat Nathaniel as a confidant.

"So, what's your plan?" Nathaniel inquired, having already suspected something was amiss for some time, though he hadn't paid much attention to it before.

"I'm going to reclaim what rightfully belongs to the Smith family," Cecilia declared with determination. If it had been a case of Magnus simply squandering the family fortune, that would have been different. But clearly, he had been swindled out of it.

No wonder Dad left a will as a precaution. He must have known about Paula's intentions from the start. It's unfortunate that I was so naive back then, completely devoted to Nathaniel and oblivious to the real reasons behind our family's downfall.

"That's a good plan," Nathaniel agreed, his mind already made up to help Cecilia in whatever way he could.

Cecilia didn't expect him to offer assistance, though. Instead, she said, "You should talk to your mother soon. Ask her to repay the money she borrowed before."

With that, she gently pulled away from Nathaniel's embrace and got up. "I'm going to rest now."

Nathaniel felt an emptiness in his heart as he watched her leave, realizing too late that he should have held onto her longer. Once she was gone, Nathaniel picked up his phone. There was a message from Mason.

It said that Paula's past had been uncovered, and this information was shared with Sven.

Nathaniel typed a quick response: Got it. Keep a discreet eye on Evans Group.

Mason, lying in bed, read the new task from his boss. He was puzzled. Why are we targeting Evans Group again?

Nevertheless, he responded: Understood, setting his phone aside with a sigh. "I wonder when this charade of pretending to be poor will finally end."

The next morning, Cecilia managed to contact their former lawyer, Norman, and handed over her father's will. She then briefed him on the overall situation.

"If we want to reclaim the Smith family's assets, we'll need evidence of Magnus' asset transfers. But it's been seven or eight years, and much of the evidence may have disappeared," Norman said, with a sigh.

Cecilia nodded in understanding. "Then we'll take our time searching."

Now that she knew the truth, she wasn't going to let others continue to benefit from the Smith family's hard-earned wealth.

"All right," Norman agreed, and Cecilia rehired him to investigate Evans Group quietly, alongside another group of people to do the same.

After everything was arranged, it was already noon. After lunch, Cecilia felt a wave of drowsiness. and dozed off by the window.

A gentle breeze caressed her face, and suddenly, a tall figure blocked the sunlight from reaching her.

In her slumber, Cecilia was transported back to her childhood. Nicholas' large hand gently rested on her head as he asked tenderly, "Ceci, how did you fall asleep here?"

Blinking away the grogginess, Cecilia squinted at the figure before her, seeing a silhouette that bore a striking resemblance to Nicholas. Without thinking, she whispered, "Nicholas..."

Nathaniel's hand froze mid-air. He hadn't gone to work that day, and noticing that Cecilia hadn't come downstairs, he had come to check on her, only to find her asleep.

"What did you call me?"

As Cecilia's vision cleared, she quickly realized her mistake. "I'm sorry, I was just a bit dazed from sleep."

Nathaniel's hand gently rested on her shoulder, but his grip slowly tightened. "Say my name again."

Cecilia hesitated for a moment, startled by his intensity.

"N-Nathaniel," she finally stammered out.