

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 41

Chapter 41 A Talentless Primadonna

Stella’s expression was somewhat hard to read. She couldn’t figure out what was going on. Since four years ago, Zachary had seemed like a different person, turning a blind eye to all her requests.

As for Nathaniel, Stella wasn’t confident that he would lend a hand.

Yet, there wasn’t anything Stella desired that she couldn’t obtain.

She said to her agent, “Find a way, no matter what, to get her composition in our possession.”

After hanging up the phone with Central Media, a hint of coldness flashed through Cecelia’s previously calm eyes.

Nobody understood Stella better than she did.

Over the years, Stella remained talentless in the acting or music scene.

Stealing the fruits of others’ labor and usurping their livelihoods; she would never have lasted as long as she did without Nathaniel and Zachary’s support.

No one knew the struggles of composing music as a hearing-impaired person.

Over the years, Cecelia had been working tirelessly to take care of her two children and Martha. She was constantly working hard, afraid that they might not have a good life.

The money she was now earning was already enough to support her entire family.

Why would she ever sell her composition to Stella just for money?

Upon returning to her house, Cecilia set her phone aside and headed to the bathroom for a soak. As she bathed, she pondered how to get what she wanted as quickly as possible.

Perhaps due to extreme exhaustion, Cecilia unintentionally fell asleep while lying in the bathtub.

She was jolted awake by a call from her best friend, Vivian.

“Ceci, I’ll be back in a couple of days.”

Cecelia emerged from the bathroom, draped in a bathrobe. "I'll throw you a welcome party once you're back."

"Sure. How have you been lately? Has Nathaniel been giving you a hard time? And what about that pretentious Stella? Does she know you're back?" Vivian was genuinely concerned about Cecilia being alone.

"Stella still doesn't know I'm back, but she will soon," replied Cecilia.

Cecelia walked over to the window, where she was greeted by the warm, summer. She added, "As for Nathaniel, don't worry. I won't let him bully me."

The doorbell rang mid-conversation.

It's already nine at night. Who could possibly be coming at this hour?

Without Sven by her side, Cecilia felt a bit uneasy.

Originally, Sven insisted on standing guard outside, but these days, he had been constantly protecting Cecilia without any time to rest. Thus, Cecilia instructed him to go back and take a break.

She descended the stairs, casting a glance at the surveillance footage by the entrance. Her breath hitched.

Why is he here?

Nathaniel was standing outside, his tall figure looming over her doorway. Under the streetlight, his face appeared particularly indifferent.

He was right outside, and there was no reason for Cecilia to turn him away.

She opened the door.

Cecelia wore nothing but a loose white bathrobe, her long hair untidily draped over her shoulders. She leaned against the door and stared at him.

"I was wondering who could be looking for me at such a late hour. Is there something you need, Mr. Rainsworth?" asked Cecilia.

Nathaniel stared at her current attire, momentarily stunned.

The transformation in Cecilia from her previously reserved self was immense.

For reasons unknown, Nathaniel suddenly found himself yearning to know what had transpired in her life over the years.

He explained, "I came to tell you about how we met by chance."

Nathaniel's eyes narrowed slightly as if he was trying to see right through Cecelia.

The intensity of his gaze made her palms sweat nervously. She forced herself to remain calm and said, "Mr. Rainsworth, you don't plan to stand outside forever, do you?"

Nathaniel abruptly stepped forward, pinning Cecelia against the wall before swiftly closing the door behind him.

The air within the room suddenly grew thin.

Leaning against the cold wall, Cecelia was about to speak when, in the next instant, her lips were covered by Nathaniel's. At the same time, he had pulled her into a deep embrace.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 42**

Chapter 42 A Surprise Visit

Cecilia's fingers tensed up involuntarily.

Nathaniel could sense her stiffness, and his large hand covered her daintier one. His passionate kiss was both dominant and hurried.

Cecilia kept her back rigid, forcefully repressing the unwanted feelings welling up within her.

Eli and Jon are still waiting for me to go back.

In the end, she decided to go along with his flow. Let's see if I'll become pregnant.

As that thought crossed her mind, she clumsily responded to him.

Nathaniel paused briefly, his stern brows quickly relaxing. He unfastened the buttons of his shirt and unbuckled his belt.

Fresh out of the shower, Cecelia's fresh scent filled the air, seeping into his senses. The rhythm of his heart involuntarily quickened. Unable to contain himself any longer, he gently placed Cecelia onto the living room couch, peeling away her bathrobe.

Cecilia's fist tightened even more.

She didn't dare, or perhaps, didn't want to look at Nathaniel. Instead, she stared at the warm light above her head. Uncontrollably, her mind echoed with countless intimate photos of Nathaniel that Stella had sent her in the past.

The words Stella once uttered echoed in her mind. Did Nathaniel ever tell you that he loved you, Ceci? He used to say that to me all the time.

She could feel the man's warm skin getting closer and closer. Her crimson lips parted slightly as she asked, "Mr. Rainsworth, aren't you afraid that Ms. Ross might get jealous and cause you trouble if we keep this up?"

Cecelia's discouraging words at the last moment caused Nathaniel to pause in his tracks.

His gaze was ice-cold as she demanded, "Are you really going to keep playing dumb with me, Cecilia?"

Cecelia picked up her bathrobe that had fallen to the side, using it to shield herself. "I have no idea what you're talking about," she claimed.

Watching her actions, Nathaniel couldn't help but recall that night from a few years ago, a memory that was deeply ingrained in his mind.

His throat tightened, and his slender hand once again rested on Cecelia's slightly pale face as he slowly leaned in closer.

"Why did you come back this time?" he asked.

Cecelia had been on the run for over four years, and now she suddenly returned. He wouldn't believe her if she said she had no ulterior motives.

Cecelia's heart was pounding rapidly, fearful that Nathaniel would find out about their two children.

She forced a smile and said, "Mr. Rainsworth, are you suffering from paranoia? While it's true that you're wealthy and powerful, I'm not exactly lacking in funds myself. I came back this time solely to help those who, like me, were born with disabilities."

Afraid he wouldn't believe her, Cecilia even removed her hearing aid and showed it to him.

"You said you know me, then you should know that I was born with a hearing impairment," she explained.

Nathaniel stared at the hearing aid in her palm, remaining silent. Gradually, he moved closer to her, close enough to hear each other's breath and heartbeat.

Nathaniel questioned, "Since you claim not to know me, why don't you tell me what you Calvin have been up to these past four years?"

His breath was heavy, his warm exhales brushing against Cecelia's face.

Cecelia could almost hear his heartbeats.

and

She swallowed the feeling of past humiliation and faced him head-on. "Mr. Rainsworth, are you so fascinated by my past because you fancy me?"

Nathaniel's heart sank.

And just like that, he abruptly let go of her hand.

"You're overthinking it."

Cecilia had long known that Nathaniel was heartless.

She had been chasing after him for over a decade, yet he never developed feelings for her. So, why would now be any different?

However, it was just as well that he didn't like her. That way, she could leave with Jonathan and Elliot without feeling any guilt.

Cecelia's phone suddenly rang with a video call.

It was no doubt one of her sons calling at that hour.

Cecilia extricated herself from Nathaniel's embrace and donned her bathrobe. She reached for her phone, promptly ending the call.

Every move she made was keenly observed by Nathaniel. "first met? I'll get some wine, and we can take our time to talk."

She decided to settle things quickly.

That way, they could immediately leave for abroad.

After speaking, Cecelia quickly headed toward the second floor.

She uncorked the wine she had prepared earlier, along with a packet of medicine and a sperm collection kit.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 43**

Chapter 43 Tampering The Wine

She slipped the drug into the red wine, then, dressed in a seductive, semi-revealing nightgown, Cecilia approached Nathaniel and poured him a glass.

“Here you go.”

Nathaniel observed her every move, delicately taking the wine glass from her. However, he didn't drink it; instead, he spoke up without being prompted.

“You were ten when you returned from the village to Tudela, that was our first encounter.”

Cecilia paused, taken aback that Nathaniel actually remembered their first encounter.

She didn't show any signs of oddness, instead, she pushed the wine toward him once more.

Unexpectedly, Nathaniel pushed the wine back to her, his words leaving no room for argument. “You drink first!”

Gazing at the wine before her, which had been tampered with, Cecilia didn't hesitate as she picked up the glass and downed it.

The liquor slid down her throat, its taste both bitter and spicy.

Cecilia knew that if she didn't drink, Nathaniel would certainly become suspicious.

Nathaniel, having spent so many years immersed in the world of business, would have noticed something was off if she showed even the slightest weakness.

Cecilia poured another glass of wine, setting it before Nathaniel.

“Mr. Rainsworth, it's your turn now.”

Nathaniel picked up the wine glass, giving it a gentle swirl. Yet, he did not drink.

He looked at Cecilia in a calm and composed manner. “No rush, let me help you reminisce first.”

Reminisce?

How could they possibly reminisce about decades of memories in an instant?

Cecilia furrowed her brows.

Despite the air conditioning running in the room, a fine layer of sweat had formed on her forehead.

She clenched her palm tightly, forcing herself to stay alert. Her amber eyes locked onto Nathaniel's, her breath coming out as delicately as silk.

"There will be plenty of time for reminiscing later. Given how late it is, don't you want to do something else?"

As she spoke, Cecilia picked up the wine glass and presented it to Nathaniel.

She wasn't sure if this would work.

But she didn't want to lose the hard-earned opportunity.

In Nathaniel's deep, icy-black eyes, Cecilia's present reflection brought to mind a memory from four years ago, when she had secretly been with Calvin.

He suddenly seized Cecilia's wrist, closing in on her. "Is this how you seduced Calvin as well?"

Cecilia was taken aback.

Nathaniel's words, cold as ice, cut like a knife. "Did he reject you? Is that why you came back to me? What do you take me for?"

Bang!

The wine glass slipped from her hand, spilling red wine all over the floor.

Nathaniel roughly shook off Cecilia. Before leaving, he couldn't resist mocking her. "You're really filthy!"

At that moment, Cecilia was burning up all over, but the tight grip of her left hand kept her conscious.

The words spoken by Nathaniel reverberated in her mind, prompting a bitter smile.

Filthy? Who could compare to him when it comes to filth?

Even though it was clear there was no love between them, they had still insisted on it back then.

And now, he was pretending to be aloof!

Not long after Nathaniel left, the effects of the drug began to take hold. Cecilia rushed to the bathroom and turned the cold water on full blast.

Standing under the cold water, she scratched herself harshly, tormented. She didn't stop until her arms bled, yet she still couldn't manage to calm herself down.

She had rushed into things this time around.

In the living room, the urgent ring of the telephone echoed. However, Cecilia couldn't hear it. She was washing herself repeatedly, trying to cool down and regain her composure.

Half an hour later, the mansion's door was forced open from the outside.

A man donned in a black uniform, with a stern face and a sturdy build, pushed open the bathroom door.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 44**

Chapter 44 Cannot Let Her Escape

Sven saw Cecilia, clad in her thin nightgown, completely soaked through. She was curled corner, her hands and legs adorned with fresh, crimson scratches.

He swiftly turned off the water, grabbed the bathrobe, and draped it over Cecilia, shielding her subtly revealed figure.

“Are you all right?”

His voice wasn't soft, but when it reached Cecilia's ears, it seemed somewhat faint.

It took a while for Cecilia to regain her composure. She looked up at him, her lips pale, and said, “I'm fine.”

“I'll take you to the hospital.”

Sven bent down to pick her up, but she evaded his attempt.

Cecilia bit her lip hard. “No.”

“All the hospitals in Tudela rely on the Sinclair family. Zachary already knew I was back. If he finds out I've taken drugs, he'll definitely tell Nathaniel! If Nathaniel learns that I spiked his drink, it'll be hard for me to get close to him in the future...” She mustered her strength and finished speaking.

Over four years ago, she had feigned her death.

If it hadn't been for Calvin's tactics, she wouldn't have been able to hide it from Zachary.

Now that Calvin was absent, if she went to the hospital, the people there would definitely inform Zachary right away.

That was also why Cecilia decided to handle it herself.

Before entering, Sven saw the spilled wine in the living room and immediately understood most of the situation.

His brows furrowed slightly. "But your body..."

"Could

"Sure."

you get me some ice cubes?"

Sven turned around and headed to the kitchen refrigerator to fetch some ice cubes.

A bag of ice was tossed into the bathtub, and the biting cold made Cecilia's body feel much better.

Sven then brought the medical kit over.

"Thank you." Cecilia expressed her heartfelt gratitude.

Sven didn't utter a word. He walked to the door, waiting in silence; while informing Calvin that everything was fine.

After Cecilia had hung up on Jonathan's call earlier, he worried something might have happened to her and called Calvin to inform him.

When Calvin tried reaching Cecilia, no one answered. So, he sent Sven to check on her.

An hour later, the effects of the medicine finally wore off.

After applying some medicine, Cecilia changed into a fresh set of clothes and emerged from the bathroom.

Sven was still waiting outside.

"Sorry for the trouble tonight, you should get some rest," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Okay."

After giving her a glance, Sven turned and walked out the door.

After he left, Cecilia realized it was already quite late. So, she sent a voice message to Martha to let her know she was safe.

Meanwhile, after returning to Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel found himself unable to sleep.

He stood on the balcony, puffing on a cigarette, his mind filled with the scenes of what had just transpired with Cecilia. The enchanting figure of the woman appeared before his eyes.

Nathaniel found his throat inexplicably dry, lost in his thoughts. Unconsciously, the cigarette had burned down to his fingers before he snapped back to reality.

Having spent the entire night without sleep, Nathaniel arrived at the company early the next morning.

As usual, Mason reported to him about work.

Nathaniel was listening absentmindedly, when he suddenly asked, "Has Cecilia arrived?"

Mason was taken aback for a moment, then shook his head.

"I heard that she was apparently ill, so she took the day off."

TU?

"Keep an eye on her, remember, we absolutely cannot let her escape," Nathaniel sternly instructed.

"Indeed."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 45**

Chapter 45 Where Does That Confidence Come From

Stella happened to catch the last sentence, which struck her as rather odd.

Mason wasn't one to meddle in other's affairs. After a couple of teasing remarks, he didn't disclose to Stella about Cecilia's return.

Stella knew better than to press further, yet deep down, she harbored resentment toward Mason. She headed straight for Nathaniel.

“Nathaniel, Easter Day is approaching. Mdm. Elena has invited us to join her for dinner tonight.”

The woman Stella referred to was actually Nathaniel’s mother.

Without a doubt, she were once again urging the couple to get married and to start a family soon.

Without lifting his head, Nathaniel responded, “Got it.”

Upon hearing this, Stella took a seat on the sofa in the office.

“I don’t have much to do today, so I’ll be waiting for you here.”

The whole day?

Nathaniel looked at her with narrowed eyes. “You seem to have a lot of free time?”

Stella was taken aback.

Before she could respond, Nathaniel curtly and coldly stated, “I’m not used to having outsiders around when I’m working.”

Stella was instantly left speechless.

She stood up. “I’ll wait for you outside then.”

Nathaniel didn’t reply.

Reluctantly, Stella left his office.

Regardless of whether it was during their past relationship or now, Nathaniel always maintained this icy demeanor that seemingly pushed people thousands of miles away.

Only someone like Cecilia could unconditionally accept such a man.

When Stella stepped outside to clear her mind, she found Zachary’s office to be eerily empty.

She asked the secretary, “Has Zach not been around lately?”

“Old Mr. Sinclair has been busy arranging Mr. Sinclair’s wedding lately, so he hasn’t been able to come,” the secretary truthfully replied.

Wedding?

Stella's heart sank.

In the past, Zachary had turned down George multiple times for her sake.

When Stella learned about his arranged marriage, she felt an odd uneasiness in her heart.

"Do you know who the other party is?" Stella inquired.

Upon hearing this, the secretary thought for a moment before responding, "When the Sinclair family was selecting a daughter-in-law, it was like they held an open audition. Still, a woman from an average family would never attract the patriarch's attention."

An open audition? Does that mean it hasn't happened yet?

The turmoil within Stella's heart gradually subsided.

She made her way to the private lounge and couldn't resist dialing Zachary's number.

Having known Zachary for many years, he had never once been angry with her.

Surely, there was a reason behind his aloofness toward her over the past four years.

She had to get things clarified.

On the other end, within a discreet business vehicle near Ninth Ville, Zachary was gazing out the car window. "Does she live here?" he asked.

The bodyguard accompanying him respectfully responded, "Yes."

Zachary was about to ask something, but then a ring from his phone interrupted him. He picked and saw that it was Stella who had called.

Over the years, the reason he hadn't done anything to Stella was all because of Nathaniel.

If it weren't for Nathaniel's deep affection for her, she would have long ceased to exist in this world.

Why is she calling me now?

Zachary wanted to know if she was already aware of Cecilia's return to the country, so he took the call. "What's up?"

Stella was somewhat in disbelief. In the past, she had attempted to call Zachary several times, only to be abruptly hung up on each time.

“Zach, I heard your grandpa is planning your wedding?”

Zachary raised an eyebrow. “You seem quite interested in my personal affairs?”

“We’re friends, so naturally, I care about you. I’m afraid you might encounter the wrong people. Zach, if there’s a woman you’re interested in, you can tell me. That way, I can help you keep an eye on things.”

This woman really takes me for a fool.

Zachary scoffed. “Keep an eye? Where does that confidence come from? Don’t forget, in my grandfather’s eyes, you’re just an actress. Not only will he be dissatisfied with the woman you’ve chosen, but I doubt she’ll fit into my circles either. You should know that better than anyone.”

After Zachary hung up the phone, Stella’s face instantly turned ashen, looking extremely upset.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 46**

### Chapter 46 What Did You Call Me

Having been an orphan all her life, the one thing she despised the most was being looked down upon by others.

Zachary’s words reminded her of the countless times she had embarrassed herself trying to fit in with the wealthy elite years ago. The humiliation she endured and the loss of face were beyond measure.

“Once I become lady of the Rainsworth family, no one will dare to look down on me!”

It seemed that Stella wasn’t aware of Cecilia’s return as she wasn’t mentioned.

Zachary had been waiting outside Ninth Ville.

“Mr. Zachary, Ms. Smith hasn’t stepped out at all today. Should I knock on the door?”  
The bodyguard didn’t dare to keep him waiting.

Yet, Zachary declined. “No need, I’ll just wait for her here.”

Upon learning of Cecilia’s return yesterday, he experienced an unprecedented surge of excitement. He was so eager to find her immediately, to ask her about the events of the past.

However, every time he thought about how he had mistreated Cecilia in the past, he found it hard to approach her casually.

He ended up waiting for over two hours.

Last night, Cecilia had indulged in ice-cold water, which left her with a chill and a heavy, foggy feeling in her head.

Sven had bought her medicine, but even after she took it, she still didn't feel well.

She slipped on a coat, concealing the scratches from yesterday, and stepped out of the mansion, hoping to clear her mind with a walk outside.

Despite it being summer, she, dressed in long sleeves and pants, didn't feel the heat.

The doctor said she had a cold constitution and that what happened last night nearly landed her back in the hospital.

It seemed she would need to think things through more carefully in the future.

Cecilia was walking along, oblivious to the MPV parked not far away. When she was about to pass by again, Zachary couldn't help but rush out of the car.

"C-Cecilia!"

Cecilia halted in her tracks, taken aback as she turned around to look at him.

She didn't respond.

Zachary walked toward her, overwhelmed by a flood of questions. But when he spoke, all he could ask was, "How have you been these past years?"

How have you been?

Cecilia sneered inwardly.

Didn't this guy always want me to be doing poorly?

She pressed her lips together tightly, clutching the pepper spray she always carried with her. She was curious to see how he would try to handle her this time.

When Zachary saw that she remained silent, he assumed she hadn't brought her hearing aid.

"Wasn't it just a slight hearing problem? Why can't she hear what I'm saying?"

Cecilia's long hair draped over her shoulders, concealing her hearing aid.

Seeing his misunderstanding, she chose not to explain, and simply continued walking forward.

Zachary followed her, swiftly grabbing her wrist. "Has your condition worsened? Let me take to the hospital."

Condition worsened? The hospital?

Such behavior from Zachary made Cecilia question whether he was plotting to deal with her in a different way.

Cecilia remembered a time two years after her marriage to Nathaniel when they went to a New Year's reunion.

Zachary unexpectedly changed his attitude, calling her his sister-in-law and letting her join the party.

However, when she arrived at the party without Nathaniel, the silver-spooned kids made her the butt of their jokes, pouring glass after glass of red wine over her head.

At that time, Zachary was seated at the head of the table, watching everything with a gleaming smile, no different from a devil.

He had even arranged for a carpet of roses, thorns intact, to be laid out. Pointing at it, he asked, "Little deaf one, do you really enjoy hearing people call you 'sister-in-law' that much? If you dare to walk barefoot on these roses for just three minutes, I will make everyone present acknowledge your status!"

Back then, Cecilia had actually believed him.

The thought of the piercing, bone-deep pain, humiliation, and fear made Cecilia abruptly pull her hand away.

She looked at Zachary, forcefully suppressing the anger brewing within her.

"Sir," she began, "my silence doesn't mean I can't hear you. It simply means I choose not to respond."

Zachary's throat tightened.

The usually eloquent and versatile Zachary, who had not only pursued studies in medicine, but also in law and international business, was surprisingly at a loss for words at that moment.

After a long silence, he finally spoke up. "What did you call me?"

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 47

Chapter 47 Just A Kid

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Cecilia had no desire to provoke this man, who was unable to distinguish right from wrong and repaid kindness with enmity.

“Apologies, I fell ill a few years back and have lost memory of many people and events.”

Having said that, Cecilia turned around and headed back to Ninth Ville.

Zachary, with his towering stature, froze on the spot.

She doesn’t remember?

Zachary watched her receding figure, finding it hard to let go for a long while.

Meanwhile, his bodyguards were witnessing for the first time, the young master in such a distracted state. No one dared to approach him.

When Cecilia returned to the mansion, she collapsed onto the couch in exhaustion. What she didn’t know was that at that very moment, in Erihal Airport, her best friend, Vivian, had already purchased a plane ticket in advance and would arrive in Tudela that night.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had also managed to purchase a ticket for the same flight online. Without drawing attention, he blended in with the other passengers and discreetly boarded the plane.

At seven in the evening, as soon as Vivian got off the plane, she called Cecilia.

She hadn’t noticed yet, but trailing behind her was a little boy, no taller than a suitcase, clad in sportswear and masked under a cap.

The boy was dragging a suitcase that was even bigger than himself.

Despite the curious gazes from others, Vivian remained completely oblivious.

There were quite a few voices of criticism within the crowd.

“How could a mother let her child drag such a large suitcase?”

“The post–nineties generation nowadays truly leaves one speechless.”

“This kind of person simply doesn’t deserve to be a mother!”

Vivian found it peculiar as to why everyone was giving her weird looks.

It wasn’t until the earnest yet tender voice of Jonathan echoed that she realized something serious had happened.

“Mommy,” he cautioned, “you shouldn’t be on your phone while walking. It’s important to stay safe.”

What?

Vivian was puzzled. Since when did she have a son?

She turned around to see Jonathan dragging a huge suitcase, wearing a mask and a hat. His eyes, bright as obsidian, radiated innocence—almost enough to make her stomp her foot in frustration.

She felt a strong urge to curse, but what could she do?

If Cecilia found out her son had secretly followed her, she would surely go mad.

The crowd at the airport was oblivious. Upon hearing the little boy’s words, they were instantly filled with a blend of heartache and affection.

“What a darling and sensible child.”

“If only he were my son.”

“It’s a shame to have such an irresponsible mother.”

Vivian was rendered speechless.

She wanted to spill some tears, yet none came.

Jonathan spoke up considerately for Vivian. “Don’t blame my mom. She’s been working hard to provide for our family all by herself.”

Once these words were spoken, the crowd cast sympathetic and pitiful glances.

“She’s a single mother, how unfortunate.”

Vivian’s face darkened. She held Jonathan up with one hand, while her other hand dragged his suitcase, swiftly making her way through the crowd.

Jonathan didn’t forget to show his concern for her as he stayed in her arms.

“Ms. Kennedy, aren’t you tired? I can walk by myself.”

Finally, Vivian led him to a less crowded area. After setting him down, she was left breathless.

“W—When did you start following me? Does Ceci know you came?”

Unlike Vivian’s panic, Jonathan was remarkably composed. He looked at her with his large eyes. and said, “Ms. Kennedy, girls need to be careful when they’re out and about. I’ve been following you all this way and you didn’t even notice me. It shows that your safety awareness needs. improvement.”

Vivian pinched the chubby cheeks of Jonathan through his mask with her slender fingers.

“My darling, answer my question,” she demanded.

Jonathan’s eyes curved in amusement. “What do you think?”

Vivian knew it then, this young fellow was not really a gentleman, but rather a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

“What do we do now?”

Jonathan continued to gaze at her with his sparkling eyes. “Are you asking me? Keep in mind, I’m just a three–year–old kid who hasn’t even turned four yet.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 48**

Chapter 48 Free Of Desires

Vivian replied, “You’re not a brat at all, you’re a sly one.”

Jonathan patted her shoulder. “Since we’re here, let’s make the best of it. I promise to apologize to mom when we get there.”

Vivian was on the verge of tears, yet none came.

She felt as if she had been outwitted by a child, and the crucial issue was that she couldn’t send him back home alone at this point.

Although she considered that he might be able to handle flying back alone, it wasn’t a feasible option at the moment.

“Stay put. I’ll give Ceci a call. Otherwise, she and Martha will start worrying about you.”

“Don’t worry, I left a note for Grandma, informing her that I’m with you,” Jonathan replied.

Vivian was speechless. This little trickster.

She picked up her cell phone and dialed Cecilia’s number.

Meanwhile, Cecilia held a cup of warm water as she sat on the balcony, answering the phone call.

“Vivian.”

Vivian glanced somewhat guiltily at the little boy beside her. “Ceci, I had originally planned to surprise you, but...”

Cecilia asked in confusion, “What’s wrong?”

“I returned to Tudela, I’m at the airport now, and... Jonathan came with me.”

Cecilia’s heart skipped a beat.

Vivian handed her phone to Jonathan, allowing him to explain himself.

“Mommy, don’t blame Ms. Kennedy. I was the one who secretly bought the plane ticket and followed her back. I’m worried about you being alone in Tudela.”

Secretly bought plane tickets?

Cecilia had always known that Jonathan was clever, but she never expected that the young boy would dare to venture to the airport.

“Jonathan! Have you forgotten what Mommy told you?”

Jonathan didn’t respond, instead, he countered, “But Mommy, I missed you and I was worried about you.”

A lump formed in Cecilia’s throat, suddenly leaving her unable to respond.

Vivian was also taken aback by what the child had said. She bent down to pick up her phone to diffuse the situation. “Don’t worry, Ceci,” she reassured, “I’ve thought this through. I’ll have Jonathan stay with me for now. I won’t let Nathaniel find out about Jonathan.”

At this point, this was the only way.

Before they ended the call, they agreed to meet at a restaurant.

Vivian let out a sigh, looking helplessly at Jonathan. "Let's go," she said.

They made their way toward the airport exit.

The chauffeur from the Kennedy family had been waiting outside with the car for a while.

After getting into the car, they headed toward downtown.

Jonathan was constantly gazing out of the car window, asking questions about this and that.

Vivian patiently explained, "That's the downtown plaza of Tudela, owned by the Rainsworth family. That commercial street used to belong to the Smith family, but then it was bought out by Nathaniel. I didn't expect it to be doing so well now..."

Halfway through her explanation, she snapped back to reality. "I must be out of my mind, discussing such matters with a child like you. You wouldn't understand anyway."

Vivian pointed considerably a large building. "Just so you know, it's filled with toy stores."

Unexpectedly, Jonathan turned and gave her a serious look. "Ms. Kennedy, by September this year, I will be turning four. I'm not a three-year-old toddler anymore."

Vivian was taken aback.

Once again, she was left speechless.

The vehicle moved at a leisurely pace, and before long, it arrived at the entrance of the agreed-upon restaurant.

On the other end, at Rainsworth Group.

After leaving the company, Nathaniel was accompanied by Stella. Together, they entered a black Cadillac.

On the road, Nathaniel absentmindedly flipped through the contract.

Stella sat nearby. "Nathaniel, why don't you take a break?"

"No need," Nathaniel said, his tone icy and detached.

Stella had no choice but to sit quietly by herself.

Over the past four years, although Nathaniel hadn't shown any signs of despising her, he hadn't expressed any fondness either.

Stella couldn't comprehend what he was truly thinking. Could a man genuinely be free of desires? Could he truly want nothing at all?

She was determined to find a way to win over Nathaniel that day.

The cell phone vibrated. Nathaniel picked it up to find it was a message from the bodyguard assigned to watch over Cecilia.

It read: Mr. Rainsworth, Ms. Smith has left and is now at Golden Moon Hotel.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 49**

Chapter 49 A Close Call

Nathaniel typed: Understood.

Upon seeing him finally set aside his work, Stella couldn't help but ask, “Is Mdm. Elena urging us?”

Nathaniel slightly parted his thin lips, a hint of impatience in his voice. “No.”

Stella had wanted to ask what was going on but before she could she noticed that Nathaniel's gaze had shifted to the window.

Cars were passing by the entrance of the Golden Moon Hotel, outside the dazzling building, two figures got out from a Bentley.

Nathaniel's gaze unconsciously settled on the small boy. The boy was wearing a cap and a mask, obscuring his features, yet there was an indescribable sense of familiarity.

He watched the two of them enter the hotel.

Nathaniel instructed the driver, “Stop the car.”

Stella was somewhat puzzled. “What's wrong?”

Nathaniel didn't respond. Instead, he opened the car door and got out without a backward glance.

Meanwhile, at the Golden Moon Hotel, as soon as Vivian and Jonathan got out of the car, she felt the urge to use the restroom. Thus, she quickly called Cecelia to come down and meet them.

Once Cecelia left her room, she saw Nathaniel, impeccably dressed in a suit, walking toward her.

Sweat broke out on Cecelia's palms. Instinctively, she wanted to avert her gaze, turn around, and leave.

Nathaniel broke the silence first. "What a coincidence."

Cecilia had no place to hide. All she could do was pray that Vivian and Jonathan wouldn't show up at that moment.

"Are you dining here as well, Mr. Rainsworth? I have some matters to attend to, so I'll be taking my leave," she responded casually.

Just as she was about to leave, Vivian's voice echoed, "Ceci!"

A jolt struck Cecelia's heart.

Since Nathaniel had his back toward the staircase, Vivian and Jonathan only saw Cecelia when they reached the landing, but they didn't catch a glimpse of Nathaniel's face.

Hence, Vivian called out to her.

Upon hearing the call, Nathaniel looked over at Vivian and Jonathan.

Though Jonathan wore a mask, his obsidian-like dark eyes always gave Nathaniel a peculiar sense of familiarity.

Suddenly, silence fell.

A chill settled in Vivian's heart.

Cecelia held her breath, dreading Jonathan would call out to her. Yet, to her surprise, Jonathan started running toward her.

"Hello, Ms. Smith."

After he had finished speaking, he gently tugged at Vivian's hand again.

"Mommy, I'm really hungry. Let's eat with Ms. Smith already," he pleaded.

Vivian snapped back to reality. "Uh, yeah, let's go have dinner now. Let's go, Ceci."

She took Jonathan's hand, gave Cecilia a shove, and immediately started to walk away.

“I have a dinner date with my best friend, Mr. Rainsworth, I’ll see you later.”

Cecelia swiftly led them into the room.

The tension in Cecelia’s body finally began to ease once she shut the door.

Nathaniel no longer paid attention to Jonathan.

When he descended the stairs, he had already paid the bill for Cecelia and her friend before he took his leave.

Once she confirmed that Nathaniel had left, Vivian immediately embraced Cecelia, giving her a tight hug. “Ceci, I’m sorry. I didn’t think Nathaniel would be here.”

Cecelia gently patted her shoulder. “It’s okay, I had no idea he would suddenly show up at the hotel either.”

“Thank goodness for Jonathan’s quick thinking, otherwise the consequences would have been unthinkable,” Vivian said, shuddering at the memory of Nathaniel’s intense gaze.

From the side, Jonathan also gently comforted the two.

“Mommy, Ms. Kennedy, don’t worry. I know Mommy needs to appear single in public so that she can find a daddy for me and Elliot.”

Cecilia held him tightly in her arms, her voice choked with emotion. “Sweetie, I’m sorry you had to go through this!”

Sweetie, I’m sorry. I don’t want to keep the truth from you, but I can’t bear the thought of losing you and

Jonathan’s face suddenly flushed. “Mommy, don’t cry!”

As the eldest son, he always carried himself maturely. Rarely did he show his playful side to Cecilia, like Elliot.

Hence, hugs were rare for him.

Unexpectedly, a simple hug brought him such joy.

Wiping away her tears, Cecelia flicked him lightly on the forehead.

“You’re not allowed to make decisions on your own in the future, or you’ll get a tap on your butt.”

A tap on my butt?

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 50**

Chapter 50 Living With Vivian

Jonathan’s face turned even redder, similar to a tomato.

He coughed lightly twice, lowering his voice. “Mommy, I’m not a child anymore, and Ms. Kennedy is still here.”

His words had turned the tense atmosphere brought on by Nathaniel earlier to lively again.

It was Vivian’s first time to see the sly kid blush, so she teased him playfully.

“I see someone has gotten a tap to the butt before.”

Jonathan replied, “I have never!”

This version of Jonathan was more akin to a child.

Cecilia watched her son hurriedly explain, her initial anger completely dissipated.

Jonathan and Elliot were her precious gifts bestowed by the heavens, she simply couldn’t bring herself to be angry with them.

Moreover, she had thought it over on her way there.

I can continue to avoid Nathaniel, but what about my sons? Do they have to hide forever too? They’re innocent, so why can’t they go wherever they wish? Why can’t they return to their own home?

Moreover, the unexpected situation that arose that day further solidified her decision on what choice to make.

During mealtime, Vivian suggested having someone escort Jonathan home, but Cecilia refused.

“Vivian, I’ve thought it through. Constantly hiding isn’t exactly the best solution to our problems. I’ve decided to let him stay. Nathaniel has already seen Jonathan and seems to have accepted that he’s your son. So, there’s really nothing to worry about. I’ll speak with Martha shortly and ask her to look after Elliot. Jonathan will stay with me in Tudela. Once we make progress, we’ll return.”

Vivian also agreed with her suggestion.

“Although Martha has a caregiver at her place, it’s still too much for her, an elderly woman, to look after two kids on her own. Having Jonathan stay will also provide you with some company. Don’t worry even if Nathaniel finds out, you have me and Calvin by your side.”

Jonathan also chimed in, “You have me, too, Mommy. I promise to protect you and Elliot.”

Cecelia and Vivian shared a knowing smile.

“Okay.”

After they had finished their meal, Vivian said, “I’ll take Jonathan with me as I leave. He will stay with me at my place before you get pregnant. Feel free to come to my place whenever you want to see him.”

That was their only choice at that moment.

Cecilia cautioned Jonathan, “You must listen carefully to Ms. Kennedy and don’t run off on your own, understand?”

Assured that he wouldn’t be sent back, Jonathan nodded.

Even though he couldn’t live with his mom, being in the same city gave him peace of mind.

At Vivian’s private mansion, Jonathan opened his suitcase, which was not only packed with his clothes and toiletries but also held items like his laptop.

Vivian was somewhat curious. How did this little one manage to get such a large suitcase onto the plane?

“Jon, this suitcase must weigh at least ten to twenty pounds, how did you manage to carry it onto the plane? You even brought a laptop with you. Have you started playing games already?”

“It’s a secret.” After saying that, he picked out his own clothes and headed to the bathroom for a shower.

Vivian found Jonathan’s pretense of being aloof and coy rather amusing. She chased after him, asking, “Hey, sly kid, want me to help you wash up?”

Jonathan was rendered speechless at her offer.

His only mistake was choosing to live with Vivian.

Once he reached the bathroom, he quickly stepped on a small stool, locking the door, fearful that Vivian might suddenly barge in.

Vivian chuckled. "Oh, look at you, getting all shy. Trust me, I've seen all kinds of men, you're nothing special to me."