

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 431

## Chapter 431 Is It That Embarrassing To Apologize

The following morning, for the first time, the household staff found Nathaniel sound asleep on the couch.

Upon hearing some noise, Nathaniel immediately opened his eyes. “Ceci.”

“Mr. Nathaniel, it’s me. Mrs. Rainsworth is still asleep,” the housekeeper replied.

Nathaniel frowned slightly. “I see. You all may leave now. There’s no need to come over these next few days unless I summon you.”

He had grown accustomed to living in Sparaville and wasn’t fond of having too many housekeepers around.

“Understood.”

The housekeeper cautiously stepped out, gently closing the door behind her.

After being awoken, Nathaniel found himself no longer sleepy, so he decided to wait for Cecilia to get up.

Since becoming pregnant, Cecilia would sleep deeply, often waking up late each day.

Having spent the entire afternoon with Cassandra shopping yesterday, she didn’t wake up ten in the morning today.

After she had freshened up and descended the stairs, she was greeted by the tantalizing aroma of food.

Cecilia didn’t see Nathaniel in the living room, but as she approached the kitchen, she saw him standing by the stove, busying himself in a somewhat clumsy manner.

Nathaniel was exceptional in every aspect, be it his work or his piano–playing skills. The only exception was his cooking.

Upon seeing him nearly burn his hands a few times, Cecilia couldn’t bear it any longer. She stepped forward and said, “Let me do it.”

Nathaniel's towering figure didn't budge. "Don't worry, I bought this from outside, so it's edible. I'm just warming it up."

He thought that Cecilia was worried about his cooking not being tasty, so he quickly explained.

Cecilia had been wondering how he managed to cook so well despite not knowing how to cook. As it turned out, he had bought the food outside.

"Be careful then; don't burn your hands."

The events of yesterday and today were separate matters. Not wanting to make things too difficult for him, Cecilia moved to the side and sat by the dining table, patiently waiting.

She watched Nathaniel's busy yet inexperienced movements, and thoughts of what Stella had said in the past came flooding back to her.

Stella had mentioned that Nathaniel would personally prepare a feast for her.

Cecilia still remembered the post Stella had made on her Instagram, the spread of dishes looking as if they were whipped up by a professional chef.

However, during Cecilia's recent interactions with Nathaniel, she realized that he truly couldn't cook, leading her to believe that Stella had intentionally deceived her.

While she was deep in thought, Nathaniel had already served the meal on the table.

"Let's eat."

Snapping back to her senses, Cecilia accepted the cutlery and plate. "Thank you."

During their meal, she couldn't help but ask, "Did you really not know how to cook before?"

Nathaniel thought she was once again mistaking him for Nicholas and was testing and being disdainful of him.

"Everything Nicholas knows how to do, I know too."

A layer of frost seemed to cover Cecilia's face. "If you keep being so sarcastic, I'm going back to my hometown."

Nathaniel was most fearful when she got angry, even though she rarely lost her temper in the past.

His voice softened considerably in an instant. "I can't cook, but I'm willing to learn."

Had he not been visually impaired, he surely would have learned quickly. After all, it was just cooking, wasn't it?

Noticing his improved attitude, Cecilia didn't say anything further, choosing instead to focus on her meal.

During her pregnancy, she found her appetite gradually increasing. She didn't dare to restrict it, fearing it might affect the baby's absorption of nutrients.

After having their fill of food and drink, surprisingly, Nathaniel rose to wash the dishes.

Cecilia didn't want to reap without sowing, so she was about to help out but was stopped by Nathaniel. "You go rest; I'll wash up."

"It's fine. Since you cooked, I'll do the dishes. We need to establish some boundaries.

Cecilia wanted to help, but Nathaniel gently lifted her up and placed her on the living room couch. "Couch happened yesterday."

After he had finished speaking, he briskly walked away.

From her position on the couch, Cecilia could see that his ears had turned red.

Is it really that embarrassing to apologize?

Cecilia chose not to argue with him further. After taking a brief rest on the couch, she started to tackle her work.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 432**

### Chapter 432 Why Do You Have A Bodyguard

Charlotte was updating Cecilia about the recent state of the company. "Boss, if we keep up this momentum, we'll be making astronomical figures in no time. When will you be

back? Eric sought me out recently, saying he wants to meet you to ask if you could help him write another piece of music.”

Eric Palmer was a globally renowned pop idol of mixed heritage and was particularly handsome.

Every time, Charlotte found herself unable to deny his requests.

“St. Patrick’s Day is almost upon us, so let’s wait until after it,” Cecilia responded.

Charlotte felt a bit regretful. “All right, I’ll tell him when the time comes.”

“Yup.”

After finishing her conversation with Charlotte, Cecilia put down her phone.

In reality, the majority of operations in the foreign company were handled by the employees. All she needed to do was to have a basic understanding of it.

The room was eerily quiet, so Cecilia turned on the television to break the silence. As she flipped through several channels, her gaze abruptly landed on the entertainment news.

On the television, Stella, who hadn’t been seen for quite some time, was currently seated in front of the camera, tearfully apologizing.

“Here, I wish to apologize to my fans. That video about my personal life has affected everyone and let down your expectations of me. I don’t dare to hope for your forgiveness, but I aim to repay you by producing more works for those who continue to care for me. Finally, I want to remind my fans that it’s crucial to see people for who they truly are. Never trust unworthy men, or you’ll end up under their control...”

In her final words, Stella laid all the blame on the man.

It seemed as though everyone had forgotten that she was the third party intruding on someone else’s relationship. All they knew was that she was the victim after her video was exposed.

The number of people defending her online gradually increased.

After silently watching all this, Cecilia felt that the world could indeed be quite astonishing at times. The entertainment industry truly seemed to have no boundaries. Regardless of what the celebrities did, there were always some people online ready to forgive them.

Nathaniel had finished cleaning up. By the time he emerged, Cecilia had already turned off the television.

He didn't know, or rather, he didn't remember anything about Stella. If he had, he would have undoubtedly committed her to a psychiatric hospital once again.

"What were you looking at just now?"

"Nothing."

When Cecilia thought about Stella being his first love, she couldn't help but speak to him harshly.

Nathaniel could detect the unhappiness in her words and sat down next to her without any hesitation. "Shall we go for a walk?" he offered.

He thought that Cecilia was still upset about what had happened yesterday.

"I really didn't send anyone to keep tabs on you. It was my subordinate who acted on his own accord and took those photos. I've already dismissed him."

As Nathaniel spoke these words, the bodyguard standing guard outside couldn't help but sneeze.

Cecilia was pregnant, and only now did she grasp the key point in his words.

"Aren't you just a regular worker? Why do you have a bodyguard?"

Nathaniel choked, maintaining a poker face as he fabricated a lie. "Mom was worried about us getting kidnapped, so she hired a few people."

It was quite usual for the affluent to worry about kidnappings and hence, to be accompanied by bodyguards.

Thus, Cecilia didn't suspect anything wrong with those words.

At that moment, Zachary, who had just reached the door, nearly burst out laughing.

Apart from Simon, that fearless man from abroad who dared to kidnap Nathaniel last time, who else would have the audacity to do so?

Nathaniel truly was ruthless in his act of pretending to be poor- he could spin any lie that was necessary.

Zachary gave a symbolic knock on the door and called out, "Nathaniel."

When he spotted Cecilia, he hesitated for a moment before shyly calling out, "Cecilia."

Cecilia was taken by surprise at the friendly address. Following the principle of not offending those who approached with a smile, she acknowledged him but didn't invite him in to sit.

Nonetheless, Zachary shamelessly invited himself in.

"Is it just the two of you at home? How about we go out and have some fun, my treat?"

Upon hearing that Cecilia had returned to Daltonia Villa with Nathaniel, he immediately made time to come and see for himself.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 433**

Chapter 433 You Are Disgusting

The room fell into another bout of silence. No one paid him any attention.

Unfazed by the awkwardness, Zachary continued, "Cecilia, just tell me what you'd like to buy, and I'll go get it for you right now."

A man who is inexplicably generous is usually hiding ulterior motives.

Cecilia felt certain that Zachary was up to no good. "No need. I have my own money. I can buy things for myself."

Zachary choked on his words, feeling a bit embarrassed.

"Nathaniel, what about you? Do you need anything?"

Nathaniel did not respond. Instead, he threw the question back to him. "Do you need something?"

Zachary had made an enthusiastic effort only to be met with cold indifference. However, he did not let it bother him. "Do I need a reason to come and hang out with you guys?" he asked.

Yesterday, Elena had asked Cecilia to go over today and help her out with the engagement venue's set-up. So, she left after speaking to the two men.

After Cecilia had left their sight, Nathaniel became even colder to Zachary. "If there's nothing else on your mind, you should leave."

"Nathaniel, you're really breaking my heart! Couldn't you at least pour me a drink?"

Nathaniel could not be bothered to entertain Zachary. He ignored him and went upstairs, leaving Zachary alone in the living room.

However, Zachary had just arrived and had no intentions of leaving so soon. He made himself comfortable on the sofa and casually turned on the television.

The news was being aired on the television. He immediately spotted Stella on the screen. Her face was streaked with tears.

His usually relaxed demeanor instantly tensed. "Didn't Nathaniel had her committed to a mental hospital? How and when did she manage to escape?"

He could no longer remain seated. Rising from his chair, he headed for the door. As he walked, he pulled out his phone and dialed a number. "You have half a day. Bring Stella to me."

Less than two hours later, Stella found herself back at the Tudela Psychiatric Hospital again. Once her black blindfold was removed, clarity returned to her vision.

Her eyes narrowed when she recognized her familiar surroundings.

"I'm not crazy! Let me go!" she shrieked.

At that moment, the door was yanked open. The blinding light from outside streamed in. Against the light, stood Zachary's silhouette. His leather shoes echoed across the floor as he walked up to her.

In truth, Zachary harbored an even deeper resentment towards Stella as compared to Cecilia.

I believed you! I did everything for you! Yet, you deceived me and took me for a fool!

Stella looked up at him. It took her eyes a while to adjust to the light. Finally, she saw his face. clearly. "Zach... Zach..."

She clung desperately to Zachary's leg. "Zach, you must save me," she pleaded. "You promised you'd always protect me."

Zachary stared at her panicked face and felt no sympathy. His expression remained cold and indifferent. "Stella," he said. "Are you still trying to use me for your own benefit even now? The person I vowed to protect was never supposed to be you, it is Cecilia!"

Stella listened to his icy voice. Her voice choked with tears as she insisted, "But we've been together for so many years! We're still friends, aren't we?"

"Do you really think you're worthy of being my friend?"

Zachary chuckled mirthlessly. If it had not been for their many years of history, Stella would be long dead.

When it really came down to it, he was just too soft-hearted.

At that moment, Stella knew that Zachary was the one who had brought her there.

After all, Nathaniel was now blind and no longer able to take care of such affairs.

“So, why did you bring me here? I have already admitted to my wrongdoings.”

“What’s the use of realizing your mistakes now? You’re insane! You should be in a mental hospital, not out there bothering other people’s lives.”

Zachary turned to leave.

However, Stella had no desire to stay in that godforsaken place. She gripped his arm tightly and pulled herself up. She moved to kiss him.

“Zach, I know you’ve always had feelings for me. Can we be together?”

Before her lips could even come close to him, Zachary shoved her roughly away,

“You are disgusting.”

He stalked to the door and commanded his men, “Make sure she understands her position.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 434**

Chapter 434 Not His Baby

As Zachary walked away, he heard the room echo with Stella’s anguished screams.

Stella had lost track of time, but finally, Zachary’s men ceased their torment. Stella was left lying in a pool of her own blood. Her body was covered in wounds, and her eyes were hollow, devoid of any light.

She felt a deep sense of injustice. Why do all good things happen to Cecilia? Why don’t I deserve some good things too?

In her injured state, Stella could do nothing but lie motionless on the ground.

Zachary’s men had not dealt a fatal blow. After all, they only intended to torture her.



She spent the rest of her day in a painful daze.

She had no idea how much time had passed. Just as she was on the verge of passing out, the door was yanked open again.

Stella instinctively started begging, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I made a mistake..."

From her position on the floor, she watched as a pair of men's polished leather shoes steadily advanced toward her.

Stella got to her knees. She did not dare to meet his eyes. "Zach, I won't do it again. I'm begging for your forgiveness."

"Stella, it's me," said the man standing before her. His voice sounded somewhat familiar.

Stella paused and lifted her eyes to his face. "Nathaniel, aren't you-"

Before she could finish her sentence, the man interrupted her and said, "My name is Nicholas, not Nathaniel. We've met before."

Back then, Stella had mistaken him for Nathaniel.

Only then did Stella notice that the man standing before her gave off a completely different vibe from Nathaniel.

"Are you Nathaniel's twin brother?"

"Yes."

"What do you want from me?"

She was afraid that Nicholas had come to punish her on Cecilia's behalf.

"I want to make a deal with you." Nicholas had a smooth, silky voice.

Stella was instinctively scared of him. She sensed that beneath his gentle demeanor lay something to be feared.

"What are you proposing?"

Now that Zachary had placed a bullseye on her and had sent to such a place, she felt that nothing could be worse than her current situation.

“If you get Cecilia to leave Nathaniel, I’ll save you said Nicholas, laying all his cards bare.

Although Stella did not understand Nicholas purpose for proposing such a deal, she immediately agreed upon hearing that he would save her.

“Deal! I’ll make sure Cecilia leaves Nathaniel. Then, you’ll save me.”

After she finished her sentence, a group of men escorted her away from the psychiatric hospital.

As Nicholas was leaving, one of his men asked, “What should we tell Zachary if he asks about this?”

Nicholas cast a glance back at the psychiatric hospital, and casually replied, “Burn this place. down. Then, there’ll be no need for explanations.”

His men were shocked by his response. They simply could not fathom that Nicholas, with his gentle and warm face, could issue such an order.

“Right away.”

They dared not defy his orders.

News of a fire at a psychiatric hospital broke out that same night with reports indicating three casualties.

Zachary never imagined that Stella would be the only unlucky one who died.

He felt rather irritated, thinking that she had gotten off too easily by dying before her time.

Over at the Rainsworth residence, Cecilia was in the midst of arranging the Bowers for the engagement banquet when Elena approached to tentatively offer her assistance.

“You’ve said before that the child you are carrying isn’t Nathaniel’s. So, it must be Calvin’s, right?”

Cecilia's brows knitted together. Before she had the chance to reply, Elena added, "Isn't Calvin concerned at all? I mean, you are pregnant and living with Nathaniel..."

Cecilia ignored her probing and refused to answer her directly.

"If you don't believe that the child I'm carrying isn't Nathaniel's, you can wait until the baby is born and then, have a paternity test done."

Upon hearing that Cecilia was willing to have a DNA test done, Elena once again found herself uncertain of her own speculation.

She snipped a vibrant red rose and spoke icily, "If the baby isn't Nathaniel's, I will not allow him. into the Rainsworth residence."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 435**

Chapter 435 Checking Out Nicholas

"Don't worry, my baby won't be stepping foot into the Rainsworth Manor at all. If you would persuade Nathaniel to hasten our divorce, I'd be truly grateful," Cecilia replied with a smile.

Elena gritted her teeth in anger.

"Don't worry! Once Nathaniel regains his memory, he will surely divorce you without needing my persuasion!"

At first, Elena had intended to probe into the matter of Jonathan, but now she had lost interest.

She dropped what she was doing and stormed off in a huff.

Seeing Elena leave with such a troubled expression after her encounter with Cecilia, Cassandra approached, feigning concern as she asked, "Are you alright?"

She had two motives for coming. First, she wanted to learn about her future mother-in-law from Cecilia. Second, she wanted to build a warm and caring image of herself.

"I'm fine."

Cassandra was disappointed that Cecilia did not elaborate further.

Cassandra tried again. "Is Mdm. Elena difficult to get along with?"

"I can't really answer that question," Cecilia replied casually.

Cassandra had not expected such an icy reception from her. She decided to drop her nice girl persona. "Come on, Cecilia! I'll be marrying Nicholas. From then on, he will be in charge of the Rainsworth family. I believe you should show me more respect, don't you think?"

Cecilia paused in her task and turned to face Cassandra, saying, "I really don't know much about Mdm. Elena's affairs. You're about to marry Nicholas. If there's something you want to know, I suggest you ask him directly."

Cassandra's expression twisted.

She had indeed questioned Nicholas. However, despite his outward gentleness to her, he refused to let her into his heart.

Even now, she could not comprehend why Nicholas had agreed to their engagement.

Unable to garner any information from Cecilia, Cassandra set out in search of Nicholas.

Before long, she caught sight of Nicholas.

With his tall stature, he stood out in the crowd. He held a glass of wine in his hand, and his was fixed in a certain direction.

Cassandra followed his gaze. He was watching Cecilia arranging flowers.

A troubling thought invaded up in her mind.

However, as Nicholas pulled his eyes away, she threw the thought out of her head.

Cecilia was born with a hearing impairment, and she's a married woman! How could Nicholas possibly be attracted to her?

Back in the day, during family gatherings, Cecilia had always been the center of attention. Now, at Nicholas'

engagement, even the distant relatives had arrived early to enjoy the spectacle.

The primary reason was to check out Nathaniel's twin brother, Nicholas, and the secondary reason was to visit Nathaniel, who had unfortunately lost his eyesight.

It was just unfortunate that Nathaniel could not come because of his health condition. Some of the guests have started to bully Cecilia.

"Ms. Smith, could you pour me a glass of water?" requested a lady.

Back then, Cecilia would have already gone to fetch the water, but now, she glanced at the lady indifferently and replied, "Get it yourself."

The lady was taken aback. She never expected a person who used to follow her commands so obediently to talk back to her now.

She did not want to make a fuss about the situation, so she simply had the servants bring her a glass.

There were those who were oblivious to the mood of the moment. Nathaniel's cousin, Adrian, had been observing Cecilia for quite some time. After having a few drinks and waiting for his wife, Miranda, to leave, he approached Cecilia. He was slightly tipsy.

"Cecilia, you must have been very lonely these few years, haven't you?"

Cecilia caught a strong whiff of alcohol on him and, not wanting to entertain him, she moved away from him.

Adrian, however, was relentless in his pursuit. "You're a beautiful woman. My cousin, Nathaniel, must have been blind to let a stunning woman like you slip through his fingers."

He lowered his voice and said suggestively, "If you're willing to bed me, I promise to cherish you wholeheartedly."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 436**

Chapter 436 Waste Of Space

If Nathaniel had not lost his eyesight, Adrian would have never dared to flirt with Cecilia.

To be honest, ever since Cecilia married Nathaniel, he had been completely captivated by her. She was simply beautiful beyond description..

As a married woman, she held even more allure to him.

"Mr. Rainsworth, please show some respect," Cecilia rebuked coldly.

Adrian thought she was just being shy, so he relentlessly continued, "The current Nathaniel is nothing but a waste of space. He's not worthy of you. If you become my mistress, I'll treat you fairly."

Cecilia had not expected the insworth family to have such an eccentric family member who had the audacity to speak to their cousin's wife in such a way.

She could not be bothered to engage with him, so she simply walked away.

Despite her resistance, Adrian was relentless. He followed her closely, grabbed her roughly by her wrists, and begun touching her inappropriately.

There were other people around, and Cecilia did not want to make a scene, so Cecilia pushed him away firmly.

“Get off me!”

Adrian was instantly infuriated, “Why are you playing coy? You should consider yourself lucky that I’ve taken a liking to you. Otherwise, you’d be stuck spending the rest of your life with that useless Nathaniel!”

The commotion had drawn the attention of those nearby.

Some of them were servants, and some were distant relatives. They each watched the commotion unfold, offering no assistance to Cecilia.

After all, everyone knew who was running the Rainsworth family now.

Adrian was the only one in his generation who had a son, and he was greatly favored. If anyone offended him, they would have to face serious consequences.

As a woman, Cecilia was obviously no match for Adrian, and he managed to hold her down easily.

Her greatest fear had materialized, that too, in the worst possible place – a public setting. Spectators surrounded her, engrossed in the spectacle, yet not a single soul stepped forward to aid her.

At that time, Nicholas had also been called away on business.

Further, it had not been appropriate to bring Sven to the Rainsworth residence.

Adrian noticed that no one dared to intervene and rescue Cecilia. Feeling emboldened, he reached out to tug at her clothing.

Just as Cecilia’s skin was about to be exposed, a few figures pushed through the crowd and rushed over. One of them knocked Adrian to the ground with a swift kick.

Adrian fell to the ground, clutching his chest in pain.

“Who? Who dares to kick me?”

A voice that startled him rang out, “Toss him into the river to sober up.”

It was Nathaniel.

He was standing right at the front of a few bodyguards.

Although he had not been present, he had been secretly protecting Cecilia through his men, and he had hurried over as soon as something had happened.

Upon hearing his orders, the bodyguards did not hesitate. They carried Adrian out without a second thought.

At that moment, Adrian's drunken haze lifted. "Put me down! What are you planning to do with me?" he demanded.

"Nathaniel, how dare you!"

His voice swiftly faded as he was brought away.

Those who originally came to enjoy the spectacle each turned away one by one.

Still shaken from the recent events, Cecilia sat on the ground. Her entire body was trembling.

Nathaniel could not see where she was. He called out softly to her, "Ceci..."

Hearing his familiar voice, Cecilia slowly regained her composure. She looked up at him and said, "I'm here."

Nathaniel followed the sound of her voice and found himself crouching down in front of her.

Immediately, Cecilia reached out and caught hold of his arm.

Nathaniel carried her in his arms and left under the curious yet fearful gazes of the crowd.

Cecilia leaned into his chest, still sobbing.

Her mind was filled with the nauseating image of Adrian's lecherous face, as well as the mocking gazes from those around her, as if they were watching a television drama.

She held onto Nathaniel tightly rushed over in haste, and as he reached the entrance, he collided into Nathaniel carrying Cecilia.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 437**

Chapter 437 Thrown Into The River

Nicholas was just about to speak when Nathaniel walked right past him.

He immediately asked the servant who had been inside earlier what had happened.

“Mr. Adrian got drunk and harassed Mrs. Rainsworth. Mr. Nathaniel had him thrown into the river.”

Harassed Cecilia?

Nicholas' eyes turned cold.

“No one stopped it?”

The servant shook her head. Nicholas was generally kind, so she said, “No one dared to. Everyone was afraid.”

“What about Cassandra?”

The servant scratched her head. “Maybe she didn't see it.”

Nicholas immediately understood. How could she not have seen it? She simply didn't want to get involved.

He hadn't liked Cassandra much to begin with, but now he felt a growing sense of disgust.

How could she pretend to be oblivious to the incident that occurred at the engagement party they had arranged?

Cecilia followed Nathaniel back to their residence.

Knowing she was traumatized, Nathaniel held her close the entire time.

“From now on, you don't have to go to places like that. Just stay home.”

Cecilia's emotions slowly calmed down. “Thank you.”

If Nathaniel hadn't shown up today, Adrian might have done something even worse.



Hearing her words, Nathaniel said softly, "Remember, we're married. As your husband, this is what I should do."

Listening to him, Cecilia was no longer angry about the time Nathaniel had people secretly follow and take pictures of her.

"From now on, if anything happens, just tell me directly. No more sarcasm."

Nathaniel realized she had forgiven him and immediately agreed, "Okay, I promise."

After clearing the air, Cecilia got up from Nathaniel's embrace, ready to return to the bedroom to rest.

Nathaniel also stood up, intending to follow her

"You're sleeping in the living room tonight." Cecilia said.

Nathaniel was left outside the bedroom, feeling a bit helpless.

Meanwhile, over by the frozen river, Adrian's clothes had been stripped off, and he was shivering uncontrollably.

His lips had turned purple from the cold.

"You people, I won't forget this! Just wait, you'll pay for this!" Adrian shouted defiantly.

Seeing that Adrian was still being stubborn, the bodyguards realized he didn't understand the seriousness of the situation.

A few of them stepped forward, broke through the ice with a machine, and dragged Adrian toward the icy water, throwing him in.

"Ah!"

With a piercing scream, Adrian hit the water, unable to speak another word.

Seeing him desperately trying to swim back to the surface, the bodyguards kept pushing his head down, over and over again.

It finally dawned on Adrian that Nathaniel truly wanted him dead

“I was wrong, I was wrong! Please, tell Nathaniel I won’t dare do it again!”

One of the bodyguards called Nathaniel.

Lying alone in the living room, Nathaniel was not in a good mood. “Keep going! Make sure he learns his lesson!”

Nathaniel didn’t care at all about Adrian. If he died, so be it.

Following orders, the bodyguards continued their brutal treatment. Adrian was soon too exhausted to even beg for mercy.

Without Nathaniel’s order to stop, the bodyguards wouldn’t dare let Adrian go. It wasn’t until a luxury car pulled up, and Niel got out, leaning on his cane, accompanied by Adriam’s son, Felix

“Daddy!” Felix cried out as he ran toward Adrian.

Niel coldly commanded. “Stop! Are you really going to let this end in a death?”

The bodyguards immediately informed Nathaniel. Only after receiving his response did they finally stop.

That same night, Adrian was rushed to the ICU, barely making it through the night.

Back at Rainsworth Manor, Cecilia lay in bed, calling Martha and their two children.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 438**

Chapter 438 Arranged Marriage

Martha told Cecilia that her health had improved recently, reassuring her not to worry.

Cecilia then called Elliot, but the nurse informed her that the child was already asleep.

She then called Jonathan. When the

children’s room on the other side Video call was connected, Cecilia saw a luxuriously decorated

“Jon?”

Jonathan, dressed in a sharp little suit, appeared on the screen like an old soul.

“Mommy, sorry, I’ve been busy.”

“Are you at Ms. Kennedy’s house?” Cecilia asked.

Jonathan nodded and then added, “To be precise, it’s the house that Ms. Kennedy’s father gifted me.”

Roland was particularly fond of Jonathan, so much so that he would have plucked the stars from the sky for him if he could.

Right now, Roland was urging Jonathan to continue their chess game. Jonathan hadn’t spoken with Cecilia for long before Roland called out, “Jonathan, who are you talking to? Come on and finish the chess game with Grandpa.”

Hearing this, Jonathan could only apologize and say goodbye to Cecilia.

Honestly, he had been extremely busy lately.

Roland didn’t just enjoy playing chess and reading with him. He also loved taking him around to show off to his elderly friends.

After shutting down the computer, Jonathan went to the living room.

Roland was sitting there, resting his chin on his hand with a troubled expression as he looked at the chessboard, which was clearly a losing position.

“Jonathan, you didn’t trick me, did you? I’ve heard that nowadays you can play chess on your phone. Were you using your phone to play against me?”

They had played ten games, and Roland hadn’t won a single one.

Losing to a four-year-old was quite embarrassing.

“Grandpa, if you’re still not convinced, we can play another round. You can search me to make sure I’m not cheating,” Jonathan said. He had thought about letting Roland win, but the old man was so sharp that he’d notice immediately if Jonathan went easy on him.

As a chess player, he had to maintain a competitive spirit.

Roland looked at his grandson, who was dressed in a suit he had bought for him, and realized there was no way the boy could be hiding a phone. Plus, Jonathan played so quickly that cheating was impossible.

“You must have inherited it from me. I was just as smart when I was your age.”

Roland laughed heartily, already planning to take Jonathan to show off to his old pals again tomorrow.

And yes, he would remember to bring a chessboard so Jonathan could win back the territories he had lost in previous games.

At home, Vivian poured tea for them both.

“It’s almost ten o’clock. Time to go to bed,” she said.

“You can go to bed yourself. Tomorrow, you’ve got another date. Don’t mess it up,” Roland said, eager to shoo Vivian, the third wheel away.

Vivian felt a little helpless and was about to leave when things got even more awkward.

Roland’s phone rang. It was George, Zachary’s grandfather calling.

“Hey, Old Mr. Sinclair! What’s up?” Roland answered on speaker.

“Well, in two days, Nicholas is getting engaged, right? I was thinking, why don’t we strengthen the bond between our families too? Let’s have Zach and Vivian get engaged as well. What do you think?” George asked.

George seemed particularly eager to become in-laws with him.

Roland had been worried that the Sinclair family, being a prominent family, might not accept Vivian because she had a child. He was surprised to hear that George was now initiating the engagement proposal with such enthusiasm. After all, George was known for being difficult,

Despite Vivian’s silent signals to him, Roland quickly agreed, “Sure, sure! But Vivian made some mistakes when she was younger...

Roland hesitated, thinking he should tell George about Vivian having a child.

However, before he could finish, George interrupted him, “I already know. Zach told me everything. He’s no angel himself. As long as Vivian doesn’t mind him, we’re good to go. We can announce the engagement the day after tomorrow, right after Nicholas’ event. We’ll hold the engagement party later.”

“No problem!” Roland said, his face beaming with joy.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 439**

Chapter 439 Settle Her Marriage

Vivian never expected Roland and George would settle her marriage with just a few words.

She knew she didn't have the right to refuse at this point, so she could only accept it.

"But let me make it clear. Jon isn't his son. If he kicks me out later, don't blame me for it."

"Stop spouting nonsense. Tomorrow, go buy yourself some nice clothes. Now, get lost, don't interrupt me and Jonathan's chess game," Roland snapped.

He wished he didn't have this daughter and could just raise his brilliant grandson alone.

Vivian left, feeling disheartened.

She was worried that Cecilia might be unaware of the situation, so she called her privately to give her a heads-up.

Due to the incident with Adrian, Cecilia had stopped helping out, and Elena hadn't said anything either. After all, no one wanted to air their dirty laundry in public.

Adrian was still in the hospital, with the official story being that he had accidentally fallen into the river.

Cecilia sat leisurely on the couch and asked Nathaniel, "Do you remember Zachary now?"

Nathaniel continued to lie, "Not really."

"Either you remember, or you don't. What does 'not really mean?' Cecilia pressed. "I don't think Zachary is a good person."

Zachary had a volatile temper and was ungrateful. Someone like Vivian, who was so devoted, would definitely suffer if she ended up with him.

"Yeah, I think so too," Nathaniel quickly agreed.

Far away at the Sinclair residence, Zachary sneezed.

Cecilia hadn't expected Nathaniel, who was Zachary's friend, to agree with her assessment, so she continued, "But what if he bullies Vivian?"

Without hesitation, Nathaniel said, "Don't worry, he won't."

Vivian was Cecilia's friend, and Nathaniel wouldn't let Zach hurt her.

"How can you be so sure? You know him so well? I thought you didn't even remember him?"

Nathaniel faltered for a moment and quickly explained, "It's just my instinct."

The head of the Rainsworth family, who had always acted based on skill, was now relying on "instinct."

"I hope so. If he dares to hurt Vivian, I won't let him off!" Cecilia muttered.

"I'll help you," Nathaniel added.

Hearing this, Cecilia was finally at ease. Even though Zachary wasn't a good person, he was afraid of Nathaniel.

Even now, though Nathaniel had lost his sight, Zachary still respected him.

The warm interior of the house was filled with the sound of their conversation.

Outside, however, Nicholas sat alone in his car.

Nicholas looked in the direction of Nathaniel's room, his eyes deep in thought, filled with memories of his time with Cecilia.

"Nathaniel, I don't want to go back. If only we could stay out here forever. If only time could freeze in this moment."

Nicholas coughed heavily, unable to stop for a while.

He despised the illness that plagued him. If not for his sickness, Cecilia would have married him instead.

Why didn't he have the courage to tell her his real name back then?

As night fell, Nicholas remained in his car throughout the night.

The next day, the engagement party began.

Even before the event officially started, many prominent figures had already arrived.

Cecilia and Nathaniel attended the party together. Given that he was unable to see, they chose a spot where there weren't many people to sit down.

Nathaniel's father, Wren had also returned today. Compared to others his age, he looked at least ten years younger.

Wren had several young girlfriends outside and rarely came back, not even under the pressure of Nicol.

From a distance, he spotted Nathaniel and Cecilia and sent someone to call Nathaniel to the room for a private conversation.

After an unknown exchange, half an hour later, Wren approached Cecilia alone. "Ceci, Nathaniel has wronged you over these years."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 440**

Chapter 440 Showing Off

Wren knew Cecilia was a good girl. It was unfortunate that she had married into their family.

He was the type who didn't like to meddle in affairs. At home, everything was managed and decided by Nathaniel and Elena.

"Take good care of each other from now on," Wren said.

He was not one for sweet talk, but his words were sincere.

Cecilia nodded in agreement.

After Wren left, Cecilia's biological mother, Paula, and her younger brother, Magnus, arrived early.

Paula was dressed in luxurious clothing, arm-in-arm with her second husband, Ralph, smiling, radiantly. When she ran into familiar faces, she didn't forget to mention that her daughter's engagement was today..

Cecilia thought back to her own engagement to Nathaniel, when Paula had received congratulations from others but had sneered, "Marrying into the Rainsworth family is us reaching above our station. I don't know if Cecilia can handle it. If not, won't it just end in divorce?"

Ironically, her words had come true—they were now indeed on the verge of divorce.

Nathaniel had disappeared somewhere and had not returned yet, while Cecilia was waiting for Vivian and Jonathan to arrive.

Not long after, Vivian arrived, but strangely, Jonathan wasn't with her.

"Vivian, where's Jon?" Cecilia asked, a little concerned.

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Vivian gestured behind her. "My dad took him to show off. It'll probably take a while for him to get here."

She knew her father well enough. When he started bragging about Jonathan, he'd lose all sense of time.

"Oh, by the way, where's your husband?" Vivian glanced around, not spotting Nathaniel anywhere.

Originally, she hadn't even received an invitation to the event.

After all, the Kennedy family was just a small fry compared to the Rainsworths.

But now, since she was about to be engaged to Zachary, she naturally found herself riding on the coattails of that connection.

"Are you Ms. Kennedy? Can we talk?" Sure enough, someone soon approached Vivian, eager to forge a connection.

Vivian was immediately pulled into the conversation. Feeling slightly embarrassed, she glanced apologetically at Cecilia.

Cecilia reassured her that it was fine and told her to go ahead and handle her business.

Vivian then moved on to join the group of wealthy ladies in conversation.

In high society, it was all about interests. These people had already done their research before arriving. Vivian was the Sinclair family's future daughter-in-law, her status not inferior to that of Cassandra, who was marrying Nicholas.

If they could establish a connection with her, it could benefit their family businesses in the future.

Cecilia had once been treated similarly. Yet, when everyone noticed she wasn't favored by Nathaniel, they had quickly distanced themselves.

"If you had listened to me, you wouldn't be hiding in the corner alone now."



A familiar voice rang out. Paula had somehow appeared beside Cecilia.

“Look at our Cassandra now,” Paula continued, pride gleaming in her eyes. “She’s not only an internationally renowned dancer, but she’s also going to be Mrs. Rainsworth. Her future is limitless. And you? Your life has already hit a dead end.”

As Paula spoke of Cassandra, her face was full of smugness and pride.

Cecilia observed her and thought of the information she had had investigated. The more she thought about it, the more convinced she became that Cassandra was not just Paula’s stepdaughter.

Testing the waters, she asked, “Cassandra isn’t even your biological daughter. What good is her success to you?”

Given Paula’s usual temperament, such a comment would have infuriated her. Yet now, Paula remained calm and indifferent, showing no signs of being upset.

Seeing this, Cecilia became even more certain of her suspicions.

Raising her hand, she said, “There’s something on your head. Hold still.”

As she spoke, she pretended to brush off some dust, using the opportunity to discreetly pluck a few strands of Paula’s hair.

Paula winced in pain and frowned. “What was that?”

“Whatever it was that stuck, it’s gone now,” Cecilia replied, carefully pocketing the strands of hair.