

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 461

Chapter 461 Your Darling Daughter

Felix stood outside, staring in disbelief at the fleet of luxurious cars lined up in front of the preschool.

Who in their right mind could possibly have more power and wealth than myself?

The bodyguard stepped forward and opened the car door, and when Jonathan emerged, Felix was completely taken aback. The other children were just as stunned.

None of them had ever seen Jonathan’s father before. Could this be Jon’s dad?

“How much do you think Jonathan spent on renting that car?” Felix asked skeptically, his tone filled with arrogance.

Dante, who had been standing nearby, yawned. “You probably don’t know this yet, but Jonathan’s about to marry into the Sinclair family with my aunt. He’ll become the direct great-grandson of the Sinclairs.”

In truth, Jonathan had once confided in George, admitting he wasn’t actually his great-grandson. But just like Zachary, George stubbornly believed otherwise. George had even mentioned changing Jonathan’s last name soon, preparing to make their relationship official to the world.

He had been ready to release a public announcement, but Jonathan managed to stop him, not wanting to deceive the kind old man. He figured he would explain everything later. If it came to it, they could always do a DNA test.

For now, only the Kennedy family and a few trusted individuals knew the truth about Jonathan’s connection to George.

“The direct great-grandson of the Sinclair family?” Felix asked in disbelief.

When class started, Felix couldn’t resist whispering to Jonathan, “Jonathan, is Old Mr. Sinclair really your biological great-grandpa?”

In the past, Felix had often visited the Sinclair Manor with Niel, and he had become well-acquainted with George.

“Remember the last time the Rainsworth family had their engagement party, and I went with the Sinclairs? Did you forget?” Jonathan answered with a question of his own, rather than responding directly.

Felix thought back and remembered. At the engagement party for Nicholas and Cassandra, Jonathan had indeed been there, standing right next to George.

“You’re so mean! You didn’t even bother to tell me,” Felix muttered, feeling a wave of embarrassment wash over him. The Sinclairs were just as wealthy and influential as the Rainsworth family, if not more. All this time, Felix had been showing off in front of Jonathan, and now he felt utterly humiliated.

“Are we still friends?” Felix asked, his tone a little softer, seeking reassurance.

Jonathan watched Felix’s innocent demeanor, wondering if he would still want to be friends if he knew the full truth—that Jonathan was the great-grandson of the Rainsworth family, not a Sinclair by blood.

“Pay attention to the class,” Jonathan said, avoiding the question as he turned his focus to the blackboard.

Felix felt wronged. “Hmph, if you’re going to ignore me, then I’ll ignore you too.”

He couldn’t help but think that as long as his two uncles didn’t have children, he would still be the most cherished member of the Rainsworth family, far better off than he would ever be in the Sinclair family.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Paula and Ralph returned home, their faces filled with worry.

“How did that little rascal get hold of insider information?” Ralph wondered aloud, still baffled by what had transpired earlier.

Paula shook her head. “Who knows? Maybe an adult fed him the information,” she replied, her voice laced with irritation.

“I felt like I’d seen that child somewhere before,” Paula mused again, still trying to place the familiarity.

Ralph’s patience wore thin. He found it incredibly annoying when Paula brought up her sense of recognition regarding the child. “I think he just dislikes you and is trying to make trouble. I’m heading to the office. You can head back on your own.”

With that, Ralph left, having someone else escort Paula home.

As Paula reflected on the day’s events and Ralph’s parting words, she couldn’t shake the feeling that he was right. The look on the child’s face had been one of clear disdain for her.

Once she finally arrived home, exhausted, she collapsed onto the couch.

Moments later, Cassandra, who had just been discharged from the hospital, descended the stairs, her face pale. “Mom, how did your meeting with Cecilia go yesterday?” she asked, her voice flat but inquisitive.

Paula hesitated, the truth lingering on her tongue but unwilling to be spoken. Cassandra, noticing her mother’s hesitation, didn’t wait for an answer. Instead, she tossed a file across the room. “Take a look at this. Your darling daughter,” Cassandra said, her voice sharp and full of disdain.

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Chapter 462 Her Name Is Cassandra

Paula picked up the document with a puzzled look. Upon opening it, she was surprised to see that it was a lawyer’s letter.

The letter stated that, prior to his death, Regas had made a will, leaving all his assets to Cecilia.

Cecilia was now demanding that Paula and Magnus return all the businesses owned by Smith Corporation.

When Paula was once married to Regas, she wasn’t particularly favored by him. As a result, they had a prenuptial agreement in place. All the profits from Smith Corporation belonged solely to Regas, and Paula had no share in it.

Therefore, the Regas will leaving all his assets to Cecilia was permissible.

“How dare that b*tch sue me!

Cassandra scoffed, “Mom, you better handle this situation properly. Otherwise, it could affect Dad’s company.”

Cassandra knew that Ralph’s success up to that point was largely thanks to Paula, hence the respect he had shown her.

Nevertheless, she harbored deep disdain for Paula, utterly reluctant to acknowledge the latter as her own biological mother.

“I know. I’ll take care of this matter

If Cecilia wins the lawsuit, I won’t be a lady of the Evans family anymore.

On one side of the couch, Magnus was seated with his legs crossed, quietly munching on chips and listening intently.

He hadn't expected his seemingly weak and incapable sister to actually have the audacity to take their mother to court.

It seems that Cecilia has truly changed. There's hope for me in re-establishing Smith Corporation.

"Mom, I'm going out for a bit," he said.

After informing his mother, Magnus stepped out to give Cecilia a call.

The call connected, and he complimented, "Cecilia, let's team up. I'll help you win the lawsuit. and once you get the money back, I'll take the reins as CEO."

Cecilia had not expected that at this moment, Magnus would still be indulging in such unrealistic expectations.

"Wasn't I clear enough last time? You're simply not cut out to be in management at Smith Corporation. If you're in need of a job, I can offer you one as a janitor."

From the other end of the line, the icy voice of Cecilia echoed in Magnus' ears, sounding particularly grating.

Had it not been for his fear of Zachary, he felt compelled to give Cecilia a few slaps.

"As a woman, you really think you can run Smith Corporation? Have you no shame?"

Cecilia ended the call.

Magnus tried to call again, but the new number was unreachable—Cecilia had blocked him once more.

"Darn it! You just wait!"

After blocking Magnus, Cecilia was just about to take a break when her phone rang again.

She was perplexed as she picked up her phone but soon realized it was the investigator she hired.

“Ms. Smith, the results are in. Cassandra and Paula are indeed mother and daughter. I’ll send you the DNA test results.”

Cecilia tightened her grip on her mobile phone, her fingertips paling slightly.

Though she could guess the results earlier, she couldn’t help but feel a jolt of surprise when she actually heard the answer.

Paula had cheated on her father a long time ago, having a child with another man.

Previously, whatever she said about him causing her to lose her figure was nothing but a lie!

Cecilia had never imagined that someone’s acting skills could be so convincing that even she was deceived.

After she hung up the phone, she stared at the DNA test results, lost in thought for a long time.

After an indeterminate amount of time had passed, the call from Norman snapped her back to reality.

“What is it, Mr. Jenkins?”

“The lawyer’s letter has been sent out, so I reckon Paula won’t have peace over the next few days,” Norman responded.

“Thanks for your help.”

Cecilia was determined to keep Paula on edge.

Before long, Paula’s calls started coming in one after another. However. Cecilia put her phone on silent, ignoring her calls.

She needed some time to process the fact that Paula was Cassandra’s mother.

Nathaniel had gone out for work, leaving only Cecilia and Martha at home.

Martha noticed that Cecilia had been staying in her room and hadn’t come out, so she knocked. on the door and went in to check on her.

“What’s wrong, Cecilia?”

Cecilia didn’t hold anything back. “Paula has another biological daughter, who is a bit older than me. Her name is Cassandra.”

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Chapter 463 A Guest

Upon hearing the news, Martha didn’t comment. Instead, she embraced Cecilia, gently patting her back.

Cecilia swallowed back her heartache. “So, she’s been deceiving me and Dad all along.”

In the past, Cecilia felt guilty over her birth causing her mother to give up her career.

Her father often reminisced, “Your mother was stunningly beautiful on stage in her youth, the epitome of every man’s dream bride. I feel like I held her back.”

Even until his death, Dad felt he had let that woman down. Yet, she has likely cheated on him right from the start.

Martha never expected Paula to be such a person. Indeed, there’s no justice in this world.

“Ceci, such individuals aren’t worth our sorrow.”

“Mmm–hmm.” Cecilia nodded. “I just can’t believe she’s my biological mother.”

Long ago, Cecilia had gone to the hospital for a DNA test—she was indeed Paula’s daughter.

But why is it that despite both of us being her daughters, Paula is so biased? Why is she so harsh toward me?

There were some questions that, perhaps, Cecilia might never find the answers to in her lifetime.

Cecilia insisted on further investigating Paula’s past, determined to reclaim everything that was rightfully hers from the Evans family.

Elliot had appeared at the doorway before anyone realized it. “Mommy, Granny Martha, what’s wrong?”

Quickly, Cecilia extricated herself from Martha’s embrace, hiding her vulnerable side.

“It’s nothing. I was just having a chat with Granny Martha.”

“Oh.” Elliot feigned ignorance. “Then why don’t you guys chat downstairs? We have guests.”

Guests? Who would come at this hour?

Cecilia questioned, “Who is it?”

“A person who was the spitting image of Uncle Nathaniel.”

Just like Nathaniel? Wouldn’t that be Nicholas?

After helping Martha to lie down, Cecilia instructed Elliot to stay upstairs, then she went downstairs.

In the living room, Nicholas, clad in a black coat, was seated on the couch, his long legs sprawled. out with nowhere to rest.

Upon hearing footsteps emanating from upstairs, he slowly lifted his gaze. The calm image of Cecilia greeted his gentle eyes.

“Cecilia,” Nicholas greeted without mentioning that he saw Elliot.

Unlike him, Cecilia was far from indifferent. She politely asked, “Nicholas, are you here to see Nathaniel? He’s out working.”

The polite greeting served as a reminder of the relationship between Nicholas and Cecilia.

Nicholas’s eyes subtly darkened, but his face betrayed no emotion.

“I came by to see how you and my brother are settling in. Do you need anything?”

“No.” Cecilia seemed to have thought of something, then added, “However, you are now the CEO of Orion Corporation. Can you transfer the contract payment that Nathaniel signed in the past to the client?”

She felt that given Nathaniel’s reserved nature, he would certainly be too shy to bring up the matter.

She didn’t want to be forever burdened by the massive debt carried by Nathaniel.

Nicholas asked in confusion, “What payment?”

As the words left his mouth, he realized something and quickly added, "Did Nathaniel get the wrong idea? Even though I have taken over Orion Corporation, thirty percent of its shares still belong to him."

Thirty percent of the shares? That's quite a substantial figure!

Cecilia was somewhat bewildered. "Didn't Nathaniel sign a contract, giving you all of his shares?"

Nicholas did receive those shares, but he said, "On the surface, it appears that way, but the company will distribute shares according to the original allotment to Nathaniel. Didn't he tell about it?"

Cecilia felt it was necessary to clarify the matter with Nathaniel.

"I was not familiar with this matter.

"After getting married, it's always better to have a clear understanding of the property shared between husband and wife." Nicholas took a sip of water. "If it were me, I would definitely not hide anything from my wife."

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Chapter 464 He Has Gone To Sparaville

As soon as Nicholas finished speaking, the door was abruptly pushed open from the outside, with Nathaniel standing at the entrance.

"Hide what?"

Upon hearing that Nicholas had come, Nathaniel immediately rushed back.

Nicholas turned around and caught sight of Nathaniel, a hint of coldness flashing in his eyes. "Nathaniel, you're back. I was just about to ask Cecilia how you manage to work when you can't see."

Nathaniel's brows furrowed slightly. "If there's something you want to discuss, let's talk outside."

Only then did Nicholas stand up. He glanced at Cecilia before following Nathaniel out..

Outside the courtyard, snow was falling in a flurry. The two men, identical in appearance, stood together, drawing attention with their striking presence.

"What exactly are you trying to do?" Nathaniel asked.

With Cecilia absent, Nicholas no longer wished to maintain pretenses. His words were unhurried. "Haven't I mentioned it before? I intend to reclaim what's rightfully mine. Nathaniel, ever since we were kids, you've always had the best of everything. Now you even want to take Ceci away from me. Is that fair?"

Nathaniel let out a soft chuckle, his voice laced with scorn. "Don't just blame someone else for every mistake of yours," he mocked. "Have you ever stopped to consider your own actions?"

Nicholas knew he was referring to the incident where he had used Nathaniel's name without permission.

He retorted without hesitation, "Well, you're blind now. You only have yourself to blame."

Tension instantly mounted between the two.

At that moment, Nicholas' phone rang.

He picked up to find it was a call from Cassandra, so he had no choice but to temporarily leave.

As he got into the car,

he returned the call. "What's up?"

"Nicholas, where are you? I came to the office looking for you, but I didn't see you."

Cassandra was seated on the couch in Nicholas' office, her appearance contrasting sharply with her previously haughty demeanor..

She had wrapped herself up tightly, her gaze revealing a hint of timidity.

The assistant, Jocelyn, was somewhat perplexed, wondering how this person could change so drastically all of a sudden.

"What is it?" Nicholas didn't respond, instead, he countered with a question.

"I..." Cassandra stuttered, unable to find the words. She was afraid that Nicholas would reject her; her lack of security was what had driven her to come over.

"Don't call me unless it's important."

After hanging up the phone, Nicholas impatiently instructed the driver to drive away.

Regardless, his goal for the day was already accomplished. Nathaniel is just pretending to be poor.

Back at Orion Corporation, Cassandra stared at the disconnected call, her face flushed with irritation.

She gave Jocelyn an impatient look. "Where on earth did Nicholas go?"

"I don't know."

Jocelyn carried out her duties impartially.

She genuinely had no idea. Ever since she returned to the country, Nicholas seemed unwilling to share anything with her.

"I'm Nicholas' fiancée, you know. Do you think I can't get him to fire you?"

Jocelyn pressed her lips together, remaining silent.

Cassandra rose to her feet, hurling her bag fiercely toward Jocelyn. Filled with resentment, she stepped out in her high heels.

She hadn't gone far when someone blocked her way.

"Cassandra."

With his hands tucked into his pockets, Magnus exuded a mischievous air as he said, "I know where Mr. Rainsworth has gone."

Cassandra narrowed her eyes slightly. "Where?"

"Sparaville, the place where Cecilia used to live."

Magnus had his methods, and he made a point of keeping tabs on Nicholas and his associates.

"That wretch! She even dared to deny her attempts to seduce Nicholas!" Cassandra's hands clenched in anger.

Magnus simply wanted to watch them tear each other apart. It served Cecilia right for not

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Cassandra handed a card to Magnus. "Here's your reward. From now on, keep a close eye on Nicholas, as well as that b*tch."

"Rest assured I will, Cassandra."

"As long as you work hard, I'll convince Dad to help you start a company," Cassandra promised him.

For the last five years, this was how Magnus had been ensnared.

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Chapter 465 Brewing Vengeance

But now, he no longer believed Ralph and Cassandra's lies.

"No need. As long as you're fine and can give me some pocket money, I'm good," Magnus said. with a laugh.

"Of course. That's not a problem."

Cassandra rolled her eyes, wondering how she ended up with such a lazy and gluttonous half- brother.

After she got in the car and left, she was pondering on how to teach Cecilia a lesson.

She asked her assistant, "What does Cecilia do for a living?"

Previously, she had instructed her assistant to investigate Cecilia.

"She has a small studio in Erihal, making just enough to scrape by," the assistant replied..

A small studio?

"Teach her a lesson by shutting her studio down."

Given the capabilities of the Evans family, dealing with a foreign studio was particularly easy.

However, the information that Cassandra had obtained was only what Cecilia had publicly released. What she didn't know was that the songs that had made her a sensation back home were all composed by Cecilia.

No matter how wealthy Ralph was, it was impossible for him to ruin Cecilia's company.

"Alright."

Cassandra was still unsatisfied. "Gather a few people and come with me to Sparaville."

She had been humiliated. There's no way I can allow Cecilia to remain unscathed. Isn't Nicholas fond of her simply because he is attracted to her apparent innocence?

Meanwhile, inside the living room in Sparaville, Nathaniel sat there in a composed manner.

Across from him sat Cecilia, interrogating him, "You mentioned owing a lot of money. Where's the IOU?"

Nathaniel knew that Nicholas must have said something when he came over.

"With Mason, if you want to see it, I can call him to bring it over."

"Nicholas said you effectively hold thirty percent of the shares; you're not short on money,"

Carilia addad

Cecilia only wanted to clarify things quickly with him. If he had truly deceived her again, she didn't want to continue being with him any longer.

Nathaniel knew this as well. "If I really held that much control, how could Mason and I have been ousted from the company? Cecilia, Nicholas may seem kind on the surface, but he is actually very thoughtful. I had mentioned this to you before. I understand him better than you do."

Cecilia didn't believe in his words. "I need to see proof."

Nathaniel knew her temperament well. He picked up his phone to call Mason.

"Organize all my outstanding debts and show them to Mrs. Rainsworth," he instructed, Mason, who was still engrossed in his work, looked utterly bewildered.

What outstanding debts is he talking about? All the debts Mr. Rainsworth has are owed to him by others. Both of them are making my life difficult once again.

Although Mason didn't have a financial background, he found it easy enough to fabricate some accounts. He created a debt of astronomical proportions for Nathaniel, and only after careful scrutiny, he sent it over.

It must be said, when compared to Nathaniel, who had been in the business world for a long time, both Cecilia and Nicholas still had a lot to learn.

When Cecilia received the debt records, she began to examine each one, and indeed, they were genuine.

However, there was no need for Nicholas to deceive her.

“Mrs. Rainsworth, rest assured that Mr. Rainsworth will gradually pay back this money. You must have faith in him. After all, while alone overseas, he even established...”

Mason was still speaking when Nathaniel interrupted with a cough. “Alright, you should go rest now.”

Mason hurriedly stopped talking.

Cecilia returned those documents.

“If you’re deceiving me, I’m not going to let it slide.”

This was the first time that Mason had seen his boss threatened by a woman. He wanted to laugh but didn’t dare to, so he had to hold it in.

Nathaniel repeated again, “Go h

“Alright then.”

With that, Mason left.

Nathaniel’s voice softened in an instant. “I wouldn’t deceive you.”

If I didn’t do this, how else would you have stayed?

He truly didn’t want to engage in another argument with Cecilia.

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[Chapter 466 Where Is Your Mommy](#)

In response to his good attitude, Cecilia didn’t pursue the matter any further.

“What else did Nicholas say?” Nathaniel couldn’t help but ask.

“Guess,” Cecilia teased him.

Nathaniel leaned in, pulling her into his arms. He whispered softly into her ear, "No matter what he says, trust me. I will never hurt you again, no matter what happens in the future."

Cecilia was somewhat puzzled. Why did he say again“?

“Mommy, Mr. Rainsworth.” Elliot’s voice echoed, followed by a look of annoyance.

Just when I wasn’t looking, that sc*mbag daddy is making advances on Mommy again.

Upon hearing Elliot’s voice, Cecilia hastily pushed Nathaniel away.

Her cheeks were flushed, as if they were on fire.

Having been interrupted once again, Nathaniel fell into a bad mood.

Elliot walked down, standing in front of Cecilia. “Mommy, I want a hug too.”

“Alright.”

Cecilia lifted him up.

Elliot made a face at Nathaniel, but the latter couldn’t see it unfortunately.

“Mr. Rainsworth, if you want a hug, you can go back to your mommy,” he said.

With just a single sentence, he managed to amuse Cecilia.

Nathaniel responded bluntly, “Don’t you know that besides embracing your mother, you can also hold your wife?”

After hearing this, Cecilia stealthily pinched his hand.

Elliot was itching to give his sc*mbag daddy a piece of his mind. How shameless can he be, trying to compete with me for my mommy’s affection?

“Mommy, can I sleep with you tonight?”

There was no way Cecilia could possibly reject him. “Alright,” she agreed.

Nathaniel couldn't help feeling frustrated.

Mandant dida's and hain ha hold her?

"Are you still a three-year-old child, why do you need to sleep with your Mommy?"

If it were Jonathan, he would have definitely been shy and unwilling to share a bed with Cecilia.

Elliot was different. He held onto Cecilia's arm tightly. "Even if I turn a hundred. I'll still be mommy's darling. I want to sleep with Mommy still. Mr. Rainsworth, where's your mom? Did she abandon you, is that why you're always clinging to my mommy?"

Nathaniel was taken aback.

Meanwhile, Cecilia was thoroughly amused, her eyes twinkling.

"Mr. Nathaniel is an adult now, so naturally, he wouldn't be living with his mommy."

Elliot's eyes instantly welled. up with tears. "Mommy, I don't want to grow up. If I grow up, I'll have to leave you. I don't want that," he sobbed.

He pretended to cry, and it was as if Cecilia's heart melted on the spot, she instantly comfort him.

"Don't worry, sweetie. Mommy will never leave you. There's no need to be afraid."

Elliot was indeed just an ordinary child, devoid of a sense of security, which Cecilia sympathized with.

"Let's go to sleep then. I'm tired."

"Alright."

"Mommy, you go ahead and make the bed. I'll be up shortly," he said.

"Alright."

Cecilia went upstairs to make the bed. As soon as she left, Elliot's true nature revealed itself. He looked at Nathaniel smugly. "Nathaniel, it's still too early for you to compete with me."

Just as Elliot was about to leave, Nathaniel suddenly reached out and pulled him back, hoisting him up completely.

In an instant, Elliot was thrown into a panic.

"Mr.... Mr. Nathaniel, let's talk this out calmly. There's no need for violence."

Nathaniel now understood that Elliot might seem more sensitive and thoughtful than Jonathan, but in reality, he was more shameless.

"Can you repeat what you just said?" Nathaniel asked in a chilly tone.

Elliot didn't dare to do so. Instead, he threatened, "if I start crying now and claim that you hit me.

who do you think is more important to Mommy, you or her son?"

Isn't it obvious?

Undoubtedly, Elliot was of greater importance, so Nathaniel put him down.

Elliot noticed that he was genuinely afraid of upsetting Cecilia, and it didn't seem to be an act.

So, does se mbag daddy truly love Mommy?

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Chapter 467 I Will Kill Him

At night, Elliot found himself lost in a sea of thoughts.

After Cecilia had fallen asleep, he held onto her arm, murmuring softly, "Mommy, I want you to be happy. If he truly loves you, I'm willing to accept him. But if he's still deceiving you, I'll kill him.

Cecilia had no idea what Elliot was thinking. Had she known, she would have certainly counseled him earlier.

Elliot's bones were aching again. He slowly got up and gently kissed Cecilia's forehead before drifting off to sleep.

The New Year was just around the corner. After wrapping up his work at home, Cecilia was getting ready to pick out clothes and shoes for the two children and Martha.

Elliot and Martha were not in the best of health, preventing them from spending extended periods of time shopping. So, Cecilia took their measurements and planned to do the shopping for them.

Nathaniel did not go to work that day. "Shall I accompany you?" he proposed.

"You can't see. It's inconvenient. I've already asked Sven to drive and help me with the stuff," Cecilia said.

Sven was now her personal bodyguard, spending the majority of his time by her side.

Nathaniel was blind, yet his memory had returned. He remembered what Sven looked like and admitted the latter was pretty eligible.

He was somewhat upset, yet he didn't dare to reveal it.

"So, you're leaving now?" Nathaniel asked.

"Yes."

Baffled, Cecilia looked at him and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'll have Mason send you my body measurements in a bit," Nathaniel insisted unabashedly.

This essentially meant that he wanted Cecilia to buy clothes for him.

In truth, even if he didn't do it, Cecilia would have remembered his measurements.

Before they were married, she had secretly taken his measurements and even bought him a whole bunch of clothes.

Be it his birthday or any other occasion, she remembered them like the back of her hand.

Despite the many years that had passed, whenever she thought about it, she would subconsciously recall every detail about him.

However, no matter how kind she was to him at that time, he didn't care. The clothes she bought for him either ended up in the trash or were burnt.

When Nathaniel saw Cecilia fall silent, he said added, "I can't see. Can you help me pick out two. outfits?"

However, he was afraid that Cecilia would decline. "If it's too much trouble, never mind. I still have some old clothes."

As Elliot watched his sc*mbag daddy's pitiful appearance, he couldn't help but turn gloomy.

Cecilia was always soft-hearted. Seeing the current pitiable state of Nathaniel, who was suffering. from amnesia and blindness, she still found himself nodding in agreement.

"If you don't like my choices, don't complain."

Nathaniel's attractive lips lifted slightly into a smile. "I will never do that."

Cecilia didn't believe a word he said.

In the past, why did he resent me so much?

After bidding farewell to Elliot and Martha, Cecilia and Sven left together.

As Sven was driving, Cecilia couldn't help but ask, "Sven, has Calvin been in touch with recently?"-+

A few days ago, after her call to Calvin was rejected, there was a lingering worry in Cecilia's heart. She feared that something might have happened to him.

Calvin had numerous adversaries abroad; it was rumored that some were even his own brothers.

"No, is there a reason you want to see him?" Sven asked.

Shaking her head, Cecilia said, "No, it's just that I haven't been in touch with him for quite some time. I'm worried something might have happened to him."

When Calvin was abroad, he often got injured, even going into shock once.

Upon hearing this, Sven's eyes narrowed slightly. "Do you need me to check?"

"Alright."

Upon hearing Sven's assurance that he could check, Cecilia felt a sense of temporary calm.

For some reason, she had a premonition that something had happened to Calvin.

Sven had never paid much attention to Calvin's affairs. However, when he heard Cecilia bring the matter up, it suddenly reminded him of an incident from a while back. Someone had tried to bribe him, asking him to leave Cecilia.

He was unsure whether or not to tell Cecilia.

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Chapter 468 Shopping For Clothes

Soon, they arrived at a mall in Sparaville.

Cecilia got out of the car to buy some things, with Sven following her. Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks.

“Someone's following.us.”

Upon hearing those words, Cecilia also halted. “Are you referring to Nathaniel's bodyguards?”

They were not far off. Cecilia wasn't fond of having a crowd tailing her, and it was expected that they wouldn't come.

“No, these are some unfamiliar faces. Let's go shopping first.”

“Alright.”

Cecilia had always been confident in Sven.

Calvin had once said even twenty ordinary men combined was no match for Sven.

Sven had survived through the most gruesome conditions imaginable.

Inside the mall, Cecilia chose clothes for her family. Picking outfits for the two children and Martha was a breeze, but when it came to Nathaniel, she found herself hesitating.

In the past, Nathaniel was always dressed in expensive, tailor-made clothing. His wardrobe was strictly monochromatic, exuding gloom and devoid of any cheerfulness.

Upon considering these factors, Cecilia specifically chose some inexpensive clothes for Nathaniel. All of them were in bright colors.

“Sven, why don't you pick out a couple of outfits too?”

Sven stood at the door, overhearing Cecilia's words. He was taken aback at first but quickly rejected the offer: “That's not necessary. Thank you.”

Cecilia gave the matter some thought.

She recalled that Sven had previously returned to his hometown, specifically to call off his engagement with his fiancée. Could it be that he now has a girlfriend, which makes it awkward for him to let me pay for his clothes?

Cecilia hurriedly clarified, "Don't get the wrong idea. You're free to choose. As your boss, I'll cover the expenses. Even if your girlfriend finds out, she won't be upset."

As a woman, she understood boundaries and knew it was inappropriate to buy clothes for men who already had a girlfriend or a wife.

An unusual expression crossed Sven's normally cold and rigid face. "I don't have a girlfriend. I declined because I'm already paid a salary."

When the engagement with his fiancée was initially called off, it was primarily due to them lacking any real feelings for each other. Secondly, it was because his fiancée had betrayed him.

Now, Cecilia felt even more awkward.

"Alright then,"

She realized that Sven was truly impressive as a bodyguard, even going as far as to reject the perks offered by his boss.

Thus, she was contemplating rewarding Sven with a bonus several times his usual salary on payday.

After Cecilia had finished shopping, the two of them headed to the underground parking lot. Sven helped her stow away their purchases in the trunk, one by one.

It was at this moment, from the dimly lit corner, five or six men armed with iron rods emerged.

Sven's eyes narrowed coldly. He turned to Cecilia and said, "Get in the car."

"Alright, be careful," Cecilia said as she opened the car door and settled into the seat.

The man leading the group caught sight of Sven's towering figure and his fair, clean-cut face. He assumed Sven was all show and no substance, so he felt no fear.

"We've business with her. If you don't wish to die, you had better leave."

Sven paid no heed to his words, calmly stowing away the items and shutting the trunk.

“Who sent you?”

nt me?

The man at the forefront chuckled. “Does it matter who sent me?”

“If you don’t want to die, then scram!” he s again.

Sven unbuttoned his jacket and casually tossed it aside.

The man leading was somewhat taken aback. “You really do have a death wish. Everyone, attack!”

The people who hired them were powerful and influential. Even if they killed someone, it wouldn’t matter.

With that, the group of burly men charged at Sven.

While sitting in the car, Cecilia saw Sven kicking the men.

In less than fifteen minutes, the six men found themselves sprawled on the ground, crying out in pain, and unable to get up.

Sven stepped up to the man leading the group, stepping down on one of his hands with his foot. “Speak,” he demanded, “who sent you?”

The person at the helm cried out in pain, pleading for mercy repeatedly.

“I’m not sure myself. I only know she’s a secretary named Riley. Please, don’t hurt me. I’ll give you her phone number.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 469

Chapter 469 Finding The Mastermind.

Upon learning the news, Sven called the police to have them taken away.

Afterward, he got into the car and said to Cecilia. “It seems like they’re hired goons. I’ll investigate once we get back.”

“Alright.”

Cecilia also wanted to know who exactly was out to harm her.

Meanwhile, Cassandra was sitting in a car not far from the mall. She was eager to hear news about Cecilia being assaulted, but instead, she received a call from her secretary,

“Ms. Evans, there’s a highly skilled bodyguard by Cecilia’s side. He managed to defeat all of our men and had them arrested.”

“A single bodyguard? Against all of our men?” Cassandra couldn’t believe it..

“Mmm–hmm.”

Cassandra clenched her phone in frustration. “She really got off easy, didn’t she? You guys are useless, what kind of incompetent people did you hire?”

The secretary dared not respond.

Cassandra then asked, “What’s the progress on ruining her studio?”

“I... I haven’t found her studio yet,” th

Cassandra’s eyes.

secretary muttered, lowering her gaze, not daring to meet secretary muttered, lowering her

Cassandra picked up her phone and threw it at her, exclaiming, “What use are you to me?”

The secretary’s head was cut by the impact.

Cassandra wanted to berate her further, but upon spotting a passerby looking their way, immediately composed herself.

she

“Quickly, take a seat and get the driver to start the car,” she said in a softened tone. “You really should be more careful. My phone slipped, and it just happened to hit you. Once we get back, have the doctor bandage you up.”

In public, Cassandra would always put up a kind and gentle façade.

“Alright.”

The secretary dared not utter a word, hanging her head in fear.

Cassandra wasn’t willing to let things be. She felt that the biggest issue at the moment was that Corilia waen’t in Tudela Traveling bark and forth made it incredibly diffientl for her to deal with Cecilia.

When the evening arrived, Cassandra finally returned to the Evans residence.

Paula had been waiting for her for a long time.

“Cassandra, you’re back. Where have you been today?”

“I went to Sparaville. Do you need something?”

Cassandra tossed her bag aside, slumped down on the couch, crossed her legs, and wore a look of irritation on her face.

Upon hearing her mention that she had gone to Sparaville, Paula knew she had gone there to see Cecilia.

“Did Cecilia give you a hard time?”

“Mom, I just can’t believe Cecilia. Just a few days ago, she told me she had nothing to do with Nicholas. Yet, yesterday, Nicholas made a special trip to see her.” Cassandra wanted to see who Paula valued more, herself or Cecilia.

Paula naturally favored Cassandra, a chill evident in her eyes. “Cassandra, don’t worry. I have a way to deal with her.”

“Really?”

“Mmm–hmm.”

Paula thought about Martha, the housekeeper whom Cecilia cared so much for. She was certain that if anything happened to Martha, Cecilia would be devastated.

After Cecilia returned home, she began distributing clothes to her family members. Since Jonathan wasn’t around, she recorded a video for him to watch.

However, Jonathan was currently at Sinclair Manor, rumored to have a wardrobe spanning one hundred and twenty square meters.

“Wow, Mommy, the clothes you picked are just amazing. Love you.” Elliot joyfully held up his clothes.

“I love you too.”

When she saw how happy he was, Cecilia couldn’t help but be filled with joy.

Nathaniel had been waiting, but his clothes never arrived. He even started to think that she hadn’t bought any for him.

“Ceci...”

“This is yours. Take a look and see what you think? I’ve already bought it, so even if you don’t like it, you’ll have to wear it.”

Nathaniel thought to himself, Even if it were ugly, I can’t see it.

“Whatever you bought must look good.” Nathaniel had learned his lesson by now, no longer daring to be as sharp-tongued as he used to be.

Cecilia was satisfied with his response.

“Could you help me try it on?” Nathaniel asked in a deep voice.

Speaking in front of her family, Cecilia felt a bit embarrassed. “Can’t you do it yourself?”

“I’m used to my clothes, but I’m unfamiliar with the new ones you bought for me.”

When Nathaniel brought the matter up, Martha also chimed in. “Ceci, why don’t you lend. Nathaniel a hand?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 470

Chapter 470 If You Need It

Cecilia had always heeded Martha’s words, and now that Martha had fallen ill, she was even more determined not to go against her wishes. She got up, escorted Nathaniel to his room, and helped. him try on the clothes.

The clothes that Cecilia bought for Nathaniel were mostly casual, making them easy to wear.

“Take off your clothes.”

After giving that order, Cecilia took out all the new clothes she had bought, arranging and putting them away neatly on one side.

Once she was ready and turned to hand one to Nathaniel, she was completely taken aback, her pupils dilating in surprise.

“Y–You... why did you take off all your clothes?”

The man standing before her was completely naked, showing off his perfectly proportioned physique. His muscles were firm, his abs were a well-defined eight-pack, and there was...

Flustered, Cecilia quickly averted her gaze, her face burning hotly.

Though she had already given birth to Jonathan and Elliot and was carrying Nathaniel's child, the number of times they had actually been intimate was not high.

Even though she had returned this time and acted maturely so she could get Nathaniel's seed, in truth, it was always Nathaniel who took the initiative when it was time for action.

Nathaniel, with his strikingly handsome face, was always composed and unperturbed. He had always been quite satisfied with his own physique.

"Didn't you buy me underwear?"

Cecilia kept her gaze lowered, too shy to look at him. She stuttered, "I didn't buy you any underwear, so hurry up and put your underwear on."

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel responded, "I took it off so quickly earlier that I've forgotten where I placed it. Could you help me find it?"

Cecilia felt like he was doing this on purpose.

Thinking about ending things as soon as possible, Cecilia went to where Nathaniel had tossed his clothes to look for his underwear..

Before she could find it, Nathaniel had already leaned in from behind, causing Cecilia to stiffen.

At that moment, it seemed as though every drop of blood in Nathaniel's body had begun to boil.

Cecilia felt a certain appendage pressing against her and her face flushed even deeper
"What are

If You Need you doing?"

Nathaniel stepped back immediately. "I thought you might have trouble finding it, so I planned to look for it myself. It wasn't on purpose."

When he spoke, it felt as if his throat was ablaze, his ears burning with heat.

Cecilia quickly rummaged through the clothes, finally finding what she was looking for. She handed it to him, urging, "Put it on quickly!"

Nathaniel took it and put it on.

It was rather awkward for Cecilia to dress him up at that moment.

“I’ll hand you the clothes, and you’ll wear them however I instruct you to.

“All right.”

Nathaniel was finding it increasingly difficult to understand Cecilia. When she first returned, she seemed to practically throw herself at him at every chance she could.

But now, even after sacrificing his own dignity, she remained utterly unmoved.

Was it because her pregnancy hormones were fluctuating, or was it because he had lost his charm?

Upon considering the latter point, Nathaniel’s mood instantly took a turn for the worse.

Cecilia handed him a shirt. “Feel this? This is the front.”

“Okay.”

Nathaniel accepted it and put it on.

Though it was the dead of winter, Cecilia found it surprisingly warm within the confines of the enclosed space.

It was undeniable that Nathaniel was naturally gifted with a physique akin to a model, and this was just a part of his allure. The real kicker was his movie star-like face, which ensured that he looked incredibly good in anything he wore.

“All right, it fits. You can take it off now.”

Nathaniel shed the shirt much faster than when he put it on.

Before Cecilia could even make her exit, he had already seized her wrist. His voice was a low rasp as he said, “Cecilia, do you remember my proposition from the last time?”

If you ever need it, tell me in private.

How could Cecilia possibly forget? Her heart tightened instantly, her voice trembling once more as she said, “I don’t remember.”

She originally intended to let that be the end of the topic.

Nathaniel, however, directly pulled her into his arms.

“If you need it, just let me know. We’re married, after all. It’s completely normal for us to do such things.”

Cecilia didn't expect him to say that again. She reached out to pull his hand away. "I don't have such needs."

"But I do." Nathaniel's voice was deep and magnetic.