

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 511

Chapter 511 Seek Happiness.

“Where are we going now?” Nathaniel couldn’t help but ask as he felt the car start to move.

“It’s St. Patrick’s Day. Naturally, we’re heading somewhere to seek happiness,” replied Zachary.

In the past, around that time, Zachary and his group of wealthy and spoiled brats would typically spend their time at Royale Club.

“Tell the driver to turn around.” Nathaniel initially thought there was some significant matter at hand.

Since there wasn’t, he wanted to go back and keep company Cecilia company.

After hearing that, Zachary had no choice but to instruct the driver to turn back. “You want to keep Cecilia company again?”

He had already changed his address for Cecilia from “the deaf” to “Cecilia.”

Nathaniel wasn’t too surprised and asked, “What else?”

Then, he added, “You should also spend some time with Vivian.” Vivian is Cecilia’s best friend. If Zachary can win over Vivian, it will surely strengthen my relationship with Ceci in the future.

Zachary instantly became unwilling upon hearing that. “In that case, I’ll go back with you to see Cecilia,”

Nathaniel was speechless. Only Zachary dared to utter such words.

Not only did Zachary want to see Cecilia, but he was also eager to see the child. On the way back to the Rainsworth residence, he inquired, “Nathaniel, was the child conceived before Cecilia left?”

He still remembered that five years ago, the test report had confirmed that Cecilia was pregnant before she left.

Nathaniel remained silent for a moment, then asked, “Why do you have so many questions?”

Zachary choked up.

Upon reaching the residence, he could hardly wait to go inside.

Nathaniel, however, firmly grabbed him. "You can go back now."

"Eh?" Zachary was stunned.

"It's inconvenient for you to come over. We have the whole family at home," Nathaniel said.

"Nonsense. I'll leave as soon as I see the kid," Zachary insisted.

Cecilia was reading a book indoors when she heard voices outside and decided to step out.

Upon seeing Zachary, she felt a fleeting chill.

Zachary immediately became serious when he noticed her. "Cecilia."

Cecilia was slightly startled to hear that.

"Don't address me so formally, Mr. Sinclair. I can't handle it," she said, her tone frosty.

Zachary felt a pang in his heart.

He had been holding back for a long time, but at that moment, he could no longer contain himself. "Cecilia, I was wrong before. I now understand everything."

He initially planned to research Cecilia's hearing impairment before offering an apology.

However, after meeting her again and again, he no longer wished to conceal himself.

Moreover, he had found a way to improve Cecilia's condition. He was confident that it wouldn't be long before she was fully recovered.

Nathaniel sat quietly nearby. Seeing that Zachary wanted to apologize, he didn't rush Zachary to leave anymore.

Certain things were important to be clarified.

Cecilia still looked at him calmly, her eyes devoid of any emotions.

"I'm sorry. I previously thought it was Stella who saved me, that's why..." Zachary was at a loss for words.

He reached for the emerald pendant he always carried with him.

It was indeed the emerald dragon pendant he gifted to Cecilia back in the day. “Five years ago, when you left, I spotted this in the things you left behind. If it wasn’t because of this, I might still be in the dark about the truth.”

It was only then that Cecilia discovered that Stella had also taken the credit for the matter.

She suddenly found Zachary and Elena both somewhat laughable and pitiful for not knowing who truly saved them.

Zachary stepped forward, offering her the emerald pendant.

“I know that no words can make up for what happened, and I still can’t move on from my mistake. However, for now, would you accept this emerald pendant? I’ll take my time to make things right. Is that okay with you?”

“There’s no need. When I saved you, it wasn’t for any sort of repayment.” Cecilia paused, then continued coldly, “I certainly don’t need it now. Take it back.”

Whenever Cecilia thought about the harm Zachary had once caused her, a faint ringing would

[When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 512](#)
Chapter 512 Apologize Later

Zachary’s hand froze mid-air. He didn’t withdraw it after a while. “L..”

Before he could finish speaking. Cecilia turned around and returned to her room.

Zachary wanted to apologize for his past actions, but he was held back by Nathaniel from behind. “Nathaniel, why are you pulling me?”

Nathaniel slightly parted his thin lips. “Apologize later.”

It was St. Patrick’s Day, and he didn’t want to be dragged into Zachary’s problem.

Upon hearing that, Zachary also felt that he shouldn’t be hasty. “All right then.”

He initially wanted to meet Cecilia’s son, but he thought it seemed more appropriate to leave. -Then, I’ll head back now. I’ll come to see you guys next time.”

“All right.”

Zachary entered the car and left.

When Cecilia returned to her room, she lounged on the couch, continuing with her book.

After a while, when Nathaniel returned, she asked. "When you mentioned that you had something to deal with, were you referring to Zachary?"

Nathaniel was worried about being implicated by Zachary, so when Cecilia asked about it, he immediately distanced himself. "I didn't know about what Zachary said."

Closing her book, Cecilia looked at him intently. "That's good because Zachary and I could never be friends, at least not right now."

She didn't interfere with who Nathaniel chose to befriend, but she had her own way of making friends.

Nathaniel quietly sat next to her, naturally pulling her into his embrace. "Whatever you say goes."

Cecilia was taken aback for a moment before attempting to pull his hand away. "I'm going to read a book now."

"What book are you reading?" Nathaniel asked without letting her go.

"It's just an ordinary law book taken from your study," Cecilia replied.

Nathaniel's study was a miniature library, housing all sorts of books.

Paula was still in detention at the time, and no verdict had yet been passed. Additionally, Cecilia had plans to reclaim the Smith family's property, so she wanted to know more about the law.

"Is it because of Paula? Do you want me to find a team of professional lawyers?" asked Nathaniel

Cecilia declined. "No need. I can handle it myself."

Nathaniel noticed that, nowadays, no matter what Cecilia was doing, she wouldn't ask for his help.

He was about to say something else when a housekeeper knocked on the door.

Cecilia promptly pushed Nathaniel away.

Nathaniel looked toward the door with a hint of annoyance. "What's the matter?"

The housekeeper spoke, bowing. "Old Mr. Rainsworth asked you, Mrs. Rainsworth, and Mr. Elliot to join him for dinner."

"Understood."

The housekeeper immediately left, still thinking about the fact that she unexpectedly saw Nathaniel and Cecilia hugging each other.

After the housekeeper left, Nathaniel wanted to hold Cecilia but was instead thrown a large hug pillow.

'Don't just hold me whenever you feel like it. I don't like it.' At that point, Cecilia was starting to show a bit of a baby bump.

As such, she felt a bit cramped being held by him.

After she finished speaking, she went to call Elliot for dinner later.

Elliot was in the nursery, engrossed in playing with building blocks. Upon hearing of Cecilia's arrival, he immediately rose to his feet. "Mommy, what's up?"

"Your great-grandpa invited us to dine together. Once we're at the table, be mindful of what you say, understand?" requests Cecilia.

Elliot nodded repeatedly. "Don't worry, Mommy. I promise to keep my lips sealed."

With a gentle smile, Cecilia lightly patted his head.

On the surface, Elliot appeared well-behaved, yet he was thinking about how to mess with the Rainsworth family at the dining table.

At night, when Nathaniel and Cecilia took Elliot to the dining room, the long dining table was already occupied. Adrian's family, as well as Nicholas, Cassandra, and Elena, were already seated.

Adrian's complexion was terrible, and his son, Felix, was still glaring at Elliot. That brat looks exactly like Jon, yet he's a billion times more annoying than him!

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 513

Chapter 513 Painful Sight

Before Cecilia walked in, Nicholas’ gaze never left her.

He pulled back his chair and rose, greeting, “Nathaniel, Cecilia.”

Cecilia gave him a polite smile.

That scene was a painful sight for Cassandra. She suppressed her rage and followed Nicholas. “Cecilia, Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel didn’t respond, only moving to sit next to Cecilia once she had settled down.

Given that there were others around, Cecilia didn’t want to embarrass Cassandra, so she responded back.

When Cassandra sat down again, she deliberately looped her arm through Nicholas. “Nicholas, Nathaniel’s and Cecilia’s son is so adorable.”

Nicholas’ arm stiffened as disdain flashed past his eyes.

He quietly pulled Cassandra’s hand away, his gaze resting on Elliot. He does resemble Nathaniel.

Elena had been staring at Elliot intently ever since he entered.

Even though Cecilia insisted that Elliot was not Nathaniel’s son, she still didn’t believe it. If the children’s father is indeed Calvin, then why is one with Vivian while the other with her? Moreover, Jon’s surname is Smith. It doesn’t make sense.

“Eli, come, sit next to Grandma,” Elena said, her tone unusually tender.

Upon hearing that, Elliot said, “Who are you? My grandma has been dead for a long time.”

Everyone present was momentarily stunned.

The amiable face of Elena instantly froze.

Her gaze was as cold as ice as she looked at him. “You taught him to say that? To wish for my death?”

Feeling unfairly blamed for that, Cecilia was about to explain that Elliot was referring to Martha.

However, Elliot quickly shielded Cecilia with his own body. “Don’t talk to my mommy like that, old lady. My grandma is already dead. You’re not her, so why are you saying my mommy taught me to curse you?”

Elena was taken aback as she had never been called that before. “What... What did you call me?”

“Old lady. What else should I call you? Don’t think that just because you’re older, you can bully my mommy.” Elliot was never the charming and considerate boy his brother Jonathan was known to be.

He was quite naughty and would not give Elena any sort of respect.

Elena was not even fifty yet, and thanks to her excellent self-care, she appeared to be just over forty.

“Cecilia, how are you raising this child?” Elena simply couldn’t bring herself to scold Elliot, who could possibly be her great-grandson.

Thus, she had no choice but to vent her frustration on Cecilia.

Elliot was about to argue with her again, but a glance from Cecilia stopped him.

“Mom, the grandma Eli is referring to is Ceci’s nanny, not you.” Nathaniel interjected impatiently from the side.

Elena choked up, suddenly at a loss for words.

At that moment, Niel hobbled over with his cane and took his seat at the head of the table. “Is everyone here? Let’s get the food served.”

After he finished speaking, he gestured toward Elliot. “Eli, come sit by my side.”

Before Elliot could even make a move, Felix was instantly upset. It’s one thing Grandma Elena wants that brat to sit by her side, but now great-grandpa wants him, too?

He couldn’t accept it, so he said, “Great-grandpa. I want to sit next to you.”

In the past, Felix always used to sit next to Niel.

Right as Felix finished speaking, Elliot had already taken the only seat next to Niel.

After that, he deliberately said to Felix, “Why didn’t you mention it earlier? I’m already sitting here.”

Originally, he didn't want to sit next to an unfamiliar old man. However, when he heard Felix express his desire to sit there, he found himself wanting to compete for the spot.

Felix had been pampered since childhood, always being the first one served during meal times.

As such, he knew no humility and immediately lost his temper. "Get lost, you unwanted child. That's my spot!"

[When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 514](#)
Chapter 514 They Were Selfish

Miranda pretended to stop him. "Felix, don't fight over it with your cousin."

Felix didn't understand the subtleties of pretense or reading the room. All he knew was that what was his couldn't be taken by others.

He slid off the chair, dashed up to Elliot, and started tugging at him.

"Get down here!" he demanded.

Elliot and Jonathan looked strikingly similar.

Having been beaten by Jonathan in the past, he dared not lay a hand on Elliot. "Get down here, you unwanted child!" he shouted.

Every time the term "unwanted child" was mentioned, Cecilia would subconsciously clench her fist.

Miranda sneered to herself, choosing not to stop the child.

In response, Niel felt somewhat helpless. He said to the housekeeper, "Bring another chair to my side."

"No, I want to sit on that chair!" Felix was a spoiled child, and he wanted the exact spot where Elliot was sitting.

Cecilia couldn't stand it any longer. "Eli, come sit over here with me."

Elliot obediently got up from the chair. "Alright."

Then, he gave Felix an affectionate look. “You’re probably younger than me, right? I’ll let you have it. After all, it’s an older cousin’s duty to look out for his younger cousin.”

This remark was a retort to Miranda.

In the world of the affluent, the status of the eldest grandchild outweighed the younger ones.

Miranda’s expression changed instantly. “Eli, you must be mistaken. Felix is older than the elder cousin.”

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“Is he?” Elliot asked, a look of confusion on his face. “Then why is he acting so childish? It’s just a chair, isn’t it?”

Miranda choked on her words, while Niel burst into hearty laughter.

“Eli, you’re right. It’s just a chair, nothing to fuss over. Clearly, you’re older than Felix, Come, sit here with me. No need to go over to Mommy.”

After hearing this, Elliot looked toward Cecilia. Seeing Cecilia nod, he then took a seat on the other side of Niel.

Felix got what he wanted, smugly sticking his tongue out at Elliot, completely oblivious to the displeased look on his mother’s face.

Miranda truly hadn’t anticipated her son’s stubbornness. The moment Eli arrived, he seemed intent on usurping everyone’s affection.

She couldn’t help but ask Cecilia, “Cecilia, how old is Eli and when was he born? He seems to be abo the same age as Felix.”

The mention of age somewhat concerned Cecilia. The ages of Elliot and Jonathan were fabricated, being two months younger than their actual age.

“He’s four years old, born in June.”

“Then Felix is a month older than him. Felix was born on the fifth of May. The priest said that day was auspicious.” Miranda finally managed to turn things around.

Cecilia didn't engage further. Her thoughts were focused on finishing her dinner quickly so she could go home.

Subsequently, the housekeepers brought dish after dish of exquisite food to the table.

Felix directed them to place his favorite dishes in front of him, then, lowering his voice, he sarcastically called out to Elliot, "Country bumpkin."

A cold glint flashed in Elliot's eyes.

He was not as magnanimous as his older brother and would ruthlessly seek revenge when wronged.

"Eli, just tell the housekeeper what you want to eat," Niel said.

With the words Niel in mind, Elliot came up with a cunning plan.

He pointed at the stack of exquisite duck feet in front of Felix, signaling to the housekeeper that he wanted to eat them.

The housekeeper didn't overthink it and simply served him some.

Just as he was about to take a bite, Felix immediately protested, "Don't let him have any. It's mine."

Niel was in a good mood, tolerating Felix time and again. But now, seeing him act petulantly once more, he was starting to get annoyed.

"Felix, why are you so inconsiderate? Your cousin just got back, don't you know you should take care of him?"

After being scolded by Niel, Felix stopped his petulance for the time being.

At that moment, Elliot spoke up. "Gramps, when Mommy and I were in the countryside, children

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 515

Chapter 515 An Eyesore

Those at the dining table were taken aback once again. This was the first time anyone had dared to label Felix as selfish.

The protective Miranda felt a little disgruntled, but Elliot was a child even younger than her own son, making it difficult for her to defend Felix.

Although Felix was arrogant and domineering, he was not foolish. He immediately knew he was being insulted by Elliot.

“You unwanted child, how dare you insult me!”

Elliot felt the fire wasn’t stoked enough, so he continued, his lips pursed. “Don’t get mad. I’m just being honest. Didn’t your teachers teach you manners when you were in school?”

Cecilia was rendered speechless.

Before she left the house earlier, she had warned Elliot not to talk too much.

Two kids were arguing, and as an adult, it wasn’t right for her to intervene. All she could do was shoot Elliot a look, silently telling him it was enough.

Elliot deliberately avoided her gaze, turning instead to challenge Felix with a raised eyebrow. The look on his face seemed to be daring Felix to come get him.

When Felix saw the face that looked identical to Jonathan’s, he still couldn’t bring himself to hit the latter.

He picked up the fork on the table and threw it at Elliot, but his aim was off, and it ended up hitting Niel instead.

Niel was thoroughly infuriated.

“Adrian, Miranda, is this the fine son you’ve raised? Is this what you taught him after I asked you to educate him this morning? I don’t see any need for him to be at the table anymore. All of you should also get out of my sight.”

Adrian and Miranda were openly chased away, their complexions instantly turning sour.

Miranda immediately stood up. Grabbing her son, she spoke in a voice laced with sarcasm. “Let’s go. We wouldn’t want to be eyesores here.”

However, Felix refused to move.

“Great–grandpa, he was clearly the one who insulted me first.”

Miranda slapped him. “Now that Elliot is back, it’s not your place to speak.”

Upon being struck, Felix broke down in tears.

Adrian went on to shift the blame.

“Grandpa, aren’t you being a little biased? This child has only been here for a few days. We don’t even know if he is really a member of the Rainsworth family…”

Before he could finish his sentence, Nathaniel interrupted in a deep and somber tone, “What did you say?”

Upon hearing his question, Adrian was instantly reminded of the chilling scene where he was thrown into a frozen river, almost freezing to death. He promptly stopped talking.

Nathaniel spoke up again. “You’re all adults, aren’t you? The child may not be sensible, but why are you behaving the same way? Who was at fault just now?”

Cecilia, sitting next to Nathaniel, had absolutely no idea that Nathaniel would actually stand up for Elliot.

Elliot hadn’t expected it either and found himself staring blankly at his sc*mbag daddy.

How can sc*mbag daddy, while being blind, still maintain such authority?

Adrian and Miranda stood rooted to the spot, unable to utter a word.

At this point, Nicholas spoke up. “Adrian, Miranda, Felix really needs to change his ways. If outsiders find out, they would say that we, the Rainsworth family, have no manners.”

The remark struck Miranda like a knife in her heart.

Miranda managed to keep an impassive expression, but inside, she wished nothing more than for the Rainsworth brothers to drop dead.

Cassandra hadn’t expected that Nicholas would offend others for the sake of Cecilia’s son. She also spoke up. “Adrain, Miranda, it’s normal for a young child to be a little headstrong, but once he grows up, he’s bound to accomplish great things. What’s the use of a boy who doesn’t make a fuss?”

This statement initially served to help defuse the situation for Miranda and her family. Subsequently, it implied that Elliot, despite being sensible, would grow up to be useless.

Meanwhile, Elena was clearly aware of her future daughter-in-law’s insinuation.

She could stand by when Cecilia was disparaged, but she wouldn’t tolerate anyone berating her own grandson-

“Cassandra, you’re mistaken. Nathaniel and Nicholas have always been sensible since they were young, and didn’t they turn out to be exceptional individuals? It’s important to cultivate these qualities in a child from a young age.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 516

Chapter 516 We Will Eat At Home

Cassandra’s expression stiffened.

She initially intended to make a good impression on Miranda and her family. Unexpectedly, she inadvertently offended her future mother-in-law.

She never expected that Elena would stand up for Elliot.

Adrian is right. The child has just been brought back to the Rainsworth family. Whether or not he truly is a Rainsworth is still uncertain. Furthermore, he has openly declared that Calvin is his father.

After giving Cassandra an appreciative look, Miranda took Adrian and their son’s hands and left. “Let’s go. We’ll eat at home.”

The dinner saw a clash of different agendas, finally ending in an awkward manner.

After finishing their meal, Niel instructed the housekeepers to prepare another large bowl of duck feet for Eli.

Cecilia became curious. Elliot hated animal offals, especially duck feet.

Once they returned to Nathaniel’s residence, she crouched down to inquire with Elliot when it was almost bedtime. “Eli, be honest with me. Did you intentionally provoke Felix today?”

It was often said that a mother knew her son best. Cecilia could sense that Elliot seemed to really hate the members of the Rainsworth family.

If he hates them, why does he enjoy living here?

When questioned, Elliot only revealed half of the truth.

“Mommy, he was the one who started it by calling me an unwanted child. That’s why I retaliated.”

Upon hearing the term ‘unwanted child’, Cecilia felt as though she was stabbed in the heart.

She reached out and embraced Elliot.

“You’re not an unwanted child at all. You’re my most precious treasure, you know that, right?”

Elliot nodded, then couldn’t help but ask, “Mommy, who is our real father? Why doesn’t he want us?”

It was only after he saw Nathaniel defending him earlier that he suddenly asked this question.

If Nathaniel is truly a bad person, why did he help me? Why is it that every time I lectured him, he would only appear angry on the surface, yet he never did anything to me? Did he truly not love Mommy? If he doesn’t love her, why would he willingly accept another person’s child? There are just too many unanswered questions.

It was the first time Cecilia heard Elliot inquire about Nathaniel’s affairs. Faced with his eager gaze, she was momentarily at a loss for words.

“Your father... he didn’t abandon us. He just has his reasons.”

Cecilia didn’t want to involve the child in adult matters. She patted Elliot’s small shoulders. “Once you grow up, you’ll understand.”

Elliot’s eyes drooped slightly, barely concealing his disappointment.

“So, he’s not a bad guy, right?”

Bad guy?

Cecilia, with a bitter–sweet shake of her head, said. “Of course not. How could your father be a bad person? He’s a great man. If he knew about your existence, he would definitely adore you.”

She dared not reveal the truth to the children. Firstly, she feared that Nathaniel would not take a liking to them, and secondly, she was fearful that the Rainsworth family might take them away from her.

As Elliot listened to Cecilia’s words, he couldn’t help but ponder over Nathaniel’s nickname for him brat..

How could my sc*mbag daddy possibly love me?

When Cecilia was talking to Elliot, she was unaware that Nathaniel was standing at the door.

He had inadvertently heard everything she said.

If he knew about your existence, he would definitely adore you.

His heart clenched tightly.

Aren't Eli and Jon Calvin's children?

He had always wondered why the children never stayed with Calvin when they were his.

If they're not Calvin's children, then who is the father? Aside from Calvin, who else did Cecilia know in her past? Earlier, Cecilia told Miranda about Eli's age. By calculating the dates, she must have conceived them after she left me. After conducting a paternity test, it is confirmed that Eli is indeed not my son. Both of us are not related by blood.

[When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 517](#)

Chapter 517 Regained His Memory

After putting Eli to sleep, Cecilia stepped out of the room.

Nathaniel had already returned to the living room, engrossed in a Braille book.

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"Has he slept?" he asked.

Cecilia nodded. "Mmm-hmm. Aren't you going to bed yet?"

"I'm wait for you to sleep with me," Nathaniel said, closing his book and looking up at her."

Cecilia felt a little awkward. "Maybe we should sleep separately."

"Why?"

A gentle breeze brushed against her, causing Cecilia's cheeks to feel somewhat flushed. "I'm pregnant now. It wouldn't be convenient for us to sleep together."

"In a two-meter bed, there's no way I could crowd you and the child out."

As Nathaniel spoke, he rose to his feet. With a few strides, he found himself in front of Cecilia. Extending his hand, he gently touched her arm and took hold of it.

His hand was searing hot, a warmth she could feel even through the fabric.

“But I’m used to sleeping alone…”

Before Cecilia could finish speaking, she was abruptly swept off her feet by Nathaniel.

When her body left the ground, panic instantly set in. Seeing how high she was from the ground, she couldn’t help but grab Nathaniel’s arm.

“Stop messing around. Put me down now.”

Nathaniel didn’t respond. Instead, he carried her back to their room, carefully laying her down. on the large bed.

Cecilia attempted to get up and leave, but he anticipated her reaction. He caught her hand, pulling her into his embrace as they lay down together.

“Enough. There’s no other bedroom prepared. It won’t hurt to sleep with me for a night.”

Nathaniel’s breath quickly washed over her.

Cecilia no longer resisted. She closed her eyes, hoping to fall asleep quickly.

Nathaniel’s breathing was heavy and his hand was exceptionally warm. The more she wanted to fall asleep quickly, the more elusive sleep became.

She shifted around uncomfortably.

Nathaniel grunted in frustration, his large hand shifting downwards.

“Stay still, darling,” he said.

Upon discovering something. Cecilia instantly froze.

“Can’t sleep? Want to talk?” Nathaniel asked suddenly.

“Talk about what?”

Cecilia looked up, a puzzled expression on her face as she gazed at him.

“Let’s talk about what happened to you abroad.”

Nathaniel had Mason investigate Cecilia’s activities during her four to five years abroad. He found out that she composed music and was a renowned composer. He also discovered that she had always been with Calvin.

However, he didn’t learn of her having relationships with any other men.

Cecilia was taken aback by his sudden question. She was reminded of those years abroad. If it hadn’t been for Calvin and Martha, she wouldn’t have been able to endure the hardship, especially while pregnant.

“When I was overseas, my life was all about taking care of the kids and working. Nothing particularly interesting happened.”

Cecilia didn’t want to discuss that period of time. Closing her eyes, she said, “I’m tired. Let’s sleep.”

The more she reacted that way, the more curious Nathaniel became about what happened to her while she was abroad.

That very night, he instructed Mason to continue the investigation, ensuring that no one close to Cecilia was overlooked.

After hanging up the phone Nathaniel was standing on the balcony when he received another call. It was from Nicholas.

“Nathaniel, you wouldn’t mind meeting up now, would you?”

Late at night, it was snowing heavily. Even from within the car, one could feel the chill outside.

The heater was running in Nicholas’ car, yet he was still bundled up in a heavy overcoat.

Nathaniel got straight to the point as he opened the door. “What’s up?”

“Nothing in particular. I just thought about our childhood.”

Nicholas handed Nathaniel a cup of coffee. “Back then, you always let me have my way, unlike now, where you always compete with me for everything

Nathaniel did not take the coffee.

“Cecilia isn’t yours. There’s no point in you constantly harping on the matter.”

Nicholas’ eyes glistened coldly. He took a sip of coffee, but it did little to dispel the chill in his heart.

“The child really resembles Ceci. It’s just a pity you can’t see.”

Being blind was the greatest regret of Nathaniel’s life.

“What exactly are you trying to say?”

“You’ve regained your memory, haven’t you?” Nicholas asked at a leisurely pace.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 518

Chapter 518 Something Is Brewing

The two were twins and naturally had a deeper understanding of each other than anyone else could.

Nathaniel’s expression remained unchanged. “So what if I did?”

“It’s no big deal. I’m just reminding you, Nicholas began slowly. “Ceci is quite innocent. But if you keep deceiving her, she might not trust you anymore.”

Nathaniel deeply disliked how well Nicholas seemed to understand Cecilia. “You don’t have to concern yourself about this.”

He paused for a moment, then lowered his voice further.

“But don’t say I didn’t warn you that my patience has its limits. If I find something, the matter that we’re brothers won’t matter.

Nathaniel quietly opened the car door, allowing the housekeeper to escort him home.

Sitting in the car, Nicholas watched his brother’s retreating figure, his eyes slightly narrowed.

A cold gust of wind swept in through the car window, causing him to suddenly break into a violent cough.

The subordinate in the car hastily poured him some warm water. “Mr. Nicholas, are you alright?”

It took a while for Nicholas to stop coughing. "I'm fine."

"What has Stella been up to lately?"

-She had been hiding in the rental apartment, never going out," the subordinate replied.

Stella lived in constant fear of retaliation from Zachary, never having a peaceful day.

When Nicholas was taking a moment to rest his eyes, a call came through. It was from his assistant, Jocelyn.

"Mr. Nicholas, the results of the investigation you asked me to conduct last time are out. It appears that a foreign company, known as Imminence Corporation, has taken over all our overseas projects. They seem to have a deep understanding of our internal operations. I suspect we have a mole in our company."

On St. Patrick's Day. Jocelyn didn't take a break, all just to be of help to Nicholas.

Nicholas rubbed his temples. "Jocelyn, have you ever considered that it might not be an inside job, but rather someone who has already resigned?"

Jocelyn had a sudden realization. "Are you talking about Mr. Nathaniel? But didn't he lose his memory? And he's blind too..."

If it truly was Nathaniel, then it would be a tall order for a blind man to actually challenge a corporation.

"Jocelyn, you can keep your speculations to yourself."

Nicholas added, "It's St. Patrick's Day today. You don't need to keep investigating. Go get some rest."

There was a moment of silence from Jocelyn on the other end of the phone before she spoke. "I don't have any relatives in Tudela, so there's no need for me to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. Since I have nothing else to do, I'll investigate a little more. By the time spring comes along, it'll be easier for me to handle the shareholders at the board meeting.

After hearing this, Nicholas spoke in a gentle voice.

"I'll give you the week off. Go home and visit your parents."

"That's not necessary..."

"Consider this as a job assignment from me."

At that moment, Jocelyn was sitting at her desk at home, clutching her mobile phone. Her were brimming with happiness.

eyes

“Alright. Thank you, Mr. Nicholas.”

After ending the call, Jocelyn booted up her computer, intending to purchase a flight ticket. However, she was suddenly drawn to the headline on the web:

Breaking! Intimate photos from eight years ago of Stella Ross and Nathaniel Rainsworth, the former CEO of Rainsworth Group, surfaced!

Jocelyn clicked on the title, and what she saw were several photos of Stella and Nathaniel lying in bed.

She had a look of surprise in her eyes.

“Mr. Nathaniel was indeed involved with this female celebrity, but who exactly leaked the photos?”

The netizens exploded into an uproar.

Meanwhile, Nicholas was watching the news, a broad smile spreading across his face.

Now, how will you explain yourself when you have amnesia? This is just the beginning.

Stella had grown up studying alongside Cecilia and understood the latter well.

She knew how to make Cecilia feel miserable and how to make her willingly give up on someone.

The following morning, Cecilia was awakened by the ring of Vivian’s phone call.

[When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 519](#)

Chapter 519 The Scandal

Cecilia was still in a daze. “What news?”

“You’ll see it the moment you view the trending topics online. I always said Nathaniel was no good.” Vivian clenched her phone tightly.

Cecilia was mostly awake by then. She glanced at her side; Nathaniel was still sound asleep.

“Hold on. I’ll take a look right now.”

After she ended the call, she opened up a web browser and immediately noticed the top trending topic.

Upon checking it, she saw several prominent photos immediately.

In the photo, Stella was nestled in Nathaniel’s arms, covered by a blanket. It seemed as though they weren’t wearing anything.

Cecilia had initially thought that she was long past caring about these matters. However, upon seeing the photo, she still felt an unexpected sting in her heart.

Vivian sent a message: Ceci, don’t be upset, There are plenty of other men out there.

In response, Cecilia typed back: Hmm, I know. I’m okay.

She couldn’t fall asleep and was just about to get out of bed when Nathaniel slowly opened his eyes and gently pulled her into his embrace.

“What time is it?”

“Half past six,” Cecilia responded, appearing calm still.

Nathaniel had not noticed her unusual behavior. He gently said, “It’s still early. Sleep a bit more.”

“I don’t want to sleep anymore.” Cecilia reached out and took his hand. The coldness in her voice finally made Nathaniel realize something was amiss.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?”

Cecilia’s phone was still ringing; it was a message from Vivian.

Upon hearing it, Nathaniel thought it was a message from Calvin or the mysterious man and reached out to grab it.

“What are you doing?”

“Who sent the message?”

“You don’t have to concern yourself.”

Cecilia went to snatch the phone back.

Nathaniel’s hands were too long. She had tried several times to reach it but to no avail. Frustrated, she raised her voice. “Give it to me!”

Only then did Nathaniel obediently hand back the mobile phone.

Cecilia’s mood had taken a turn for the worse as she opened the voice message sent by Vivian.

“Where are you right now, Ceci? I’m coming to see you.”

“Let me tell you, I still prefer Calvin. At least he doesn’t have any disgusting exes.”

“About the child-”

Immediately, Cecilia switched off the volume of her phone, fearful that Vivian would reveal the child’s origins.

Only then did Nathaniel realize that the message was sent by Vivian.

As expected, a woman’s best friend can be quite troublesome.

“Give me your phone, I’ll talk to her,” Nathaniel said seriously.

“What’s there to talk about? The trending topic with your ex–girlfriend?” Cecilia replied, clearly annoyed.

Nathaniel had no idea what had happened. “What trending topic?”

“Go see for yourself.”

Cecilia managed to break free from him, getting up and heading outside.

Nathaniel didn’t sleep well the previous night and could only dial Mason’s number helplessly.

At that moment, Mason hadn't gotten up yet. Upon hearing Nathaniel's call, he reluctantly picked up the phone. "Mr. Rainsworth."

"Check out the trending topics online."

At that moment, Mason truly wished for his boss's eyesight to return. "Alright," he said.

He unlocked his phone and checked the trending topics, and in an instant, he was wide awake.

"Boss, the internet is flooded with your old intimate photos with Stella."

Intimate photos?

In the past, when Nathaniel was in a relationship with Stella, they were barely intimate, let alone have any such photos of them.

Mason told him that he and Stella were lying together in bed.

Nathaniel's expression turned extremely grim.

"Are you kidding me? Have that trending topic removed."

"Alright."

However, it was apparent that retracting it now was useless, as most people already knew.

Surprisingly, rumors were circulating that there was even a short video of the two online.
*

Previously, Stella had been exposed by Cecilia for attempting to seduce a married man, and now, she was involved with Nathaniel. Many netizens were digging for more information:

Oh my, who has any links? I'd like to take a look.

I don't care for anything else. I just want to see if the rest of Nathaniel is as pleasing to the eye as his face.

I also wanted to see Nathaniel.

Shut up, you perverted women. I'm here to see Stella,

You should shut up. Every time I watch such videos, the guys are always unattractive. We need handsome ones!

[When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 520](#)

Chapter 520 The Haunting Past

Some of the comments online were simply too outrageous.

Even after the trending topic was removed, it still became a popular topic of conversation amongst the public.

Originally, Stella had faded from public view. But now, becoming the topic of public discourse, she found herself back in the limelight.

Zachary had also seen the news, and he wasn't surprised.

Didn't Stella die in the psychiatric hospital? Who leaked these photos?

The public was unaware that Stella had been sent to a psychiatric hospital, nor did they know about the fire.

Could it have been someone holding a grudge against Nathaniel from the past?

He had just turned off the news when he saw Vivian outside, seemingly busy.

Upon entering, he saw her squatting on the ground, weeding.

"What are you doing?" Zachary asked, puzzled.

Vivian's hand paused for a moment. She looked up at Zachary's languid expression, and her mind immediately drifted to the news she had seen online.

"It's none of your business," she retorted.

She had read the news online and truly sympathized with Cecilia.

Who in their right mind wouldn't care if their partner's picture was exposed?

Zachary watched as she nearly stripped an entire patch of lawn bare.

“If you’re not too busy, would you like to join me on a visit to Rainsworth Manor?”

Originally, Vivian adopted a grouchy attitude. Upon hearing that they were going to Rainsworth Manor, she looked up at him. “Really?”

She was somewhat puzzled. The day before, Zachary’s grandfather had asked him to take her to visit relatives, but he had declined.

How did things change so quickly today?

“Alright, let’s bring Jon along with us.”

Zachary had two things on his mind for the visit. First, he wanted to ask Nathaniel what was really going on. Second, he intended to meet the latter’s son.

“Forget about Jon. Let’s just go by ourselves.”

Vivian immediately refused. If Jon were to go there, he might be exposed.

“Of course we should bring him along

Zachary insisted. Before she could even react, he went off to find Jonathan.

Since he was going to meet Nathaniel’s son, bringing along the clever Jonathan would certainly help with his standing.

At that moment, Jonathan was still engaged in a chess game with George.

The latter gazed at the chessboard where his defeat was already decided, his head hanging low. “No, no, this round doesn’t count. Let’s start over,” he said.

Jonathan is incredibly clever. After a morning of chess, I didn’t manage to win even once.

“Alright.”

Jonathan obediently took his seat, joining George in separating the black and white chess pieces.

“Grandpa, I’m planning to take Jon and Vivian to visit Rainsworth Manor, Zachary said.

“What are you going there for?” George seemed a little puzzled.

He couldn’t bear to part with Jonathan. “You guys go ahead. Remember to bring some gifts since it’s the holidays. Jon will keep me company by playing chess with me here.”

Upon hearing that they were to visit Rainsworth Manor, Jonathan also refused. “I’m not going. I want to stay and play chess with Great-grandpa.

“You’re such a good boy.”

In response, Zachary felt somewhat helpless.

Vivian came in subsequently. Upon hearing the responses of George and Jonathan, she let out a sigh of quiet relief.

“Let’s go on our own. Imagine how bored Grandpa must be while staying at home alone if we take Jon with us.”

“See that? Vivian is the only one who cares for me,” George immediately praised her, his gaze instantly shifting to Zachary, “You brat, all you do is upset me.”

Zachary was at a loss for words. Am I not your grandson now?

Left with no other choice, he took Vivian to Rainsworth Manor.

Meanwhile, at Rainsworth Manor, when Cecilia saw that the trending topics had been removed from the internet, she realized she could still find related information by searching for it.

On TikTok, the photos were everywhere.

She felt a strange sense of unease in her heart. After breakfast, she pulled Nathaniel aside.