

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 721

Chapter 721 Worried About Nathaniel

The two spent the afternoon discussing work matters. Come evening, Charlotte insisted that Cecilia and Calvin stay for dinner.

After they had finished eating, they gossiped privately when they went to the restroom.

“Boss, have you made up your mind?” Charlotte asked.

Cecilia didn’t find it odd, asking, “About what?”

“Are you with Mr. Reese?” Charlotte’s large eyes gazed at her. “Didn’t you come back this time for him?”

Cecilia choked up. Should I say yes or no? Both options don’t seem right.

“Calvin and I are just friends. Don’t overthink it.”

Charlotte couldn’t help but feel disappointed. “I was hoping that you and Mr. Reese would be together, so I could feast my eyes every day.”

Cecilia gently tapped her.

Unable to suppress her curiosity, Charlotte continued to ask, “If it’s not Mr. Reese, could it possibly be Mr. Rainsworth?”

She had encountered Nathaniel before, a truly remarkable individual who was undeniably attractive.

Cecilia was truly done with Charlotte.

“Let’s go. It’s getting late. We should rest early.”

After agreeing to leave together, just as they were about to head to the private room, Cecilia suddenly froze in his tracks.

Not far from the private room’s entrance, two upright figures were standing. One was Calvin, and the other was Mason.

Mason wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, his figure tall and lean. Although he couldn’t quite compete with the handsome allure of Calvin, he was still a good-looking man.

Charlotte was stunned. “Boss, why are there so many handsome men around you?”

What a lovestruck fool! Cecilia was quite exasperated. "That's enough. Be good. Go back and rest first."

"Oh."

Charlotte left the restaurant reluctantly.

At that moment, at the entrance of the private room, Mason and Calvin appeared polite and gentlemanly on the surface. However, their icy aura was so intense that it made everyone around them keep their distance.

Cecilia walked over and said, "Mr. Sanders."

Upon hearing this, Mason turned to look at her. "Mrs. Rainsworth, I've come to ask you to return home."

"Sorry, but I've already spoken to Nathaniel. I'll be returning the day after tomorrow. You guys should head back first," Cecilia said.

She had already given her word to Calvin. It wouldn't be right to go back on it.

Mason saw the determination in her eyes and didn't persist too much. However, as he was about to leave, he lowered his voice and said to Cecilia, "Mrs. Rainsworth, please don't take offense at my words. While you have the right to choose your friends, you should also be mindful of your own status. Mr. Rainsworth's situation isn't looking too good right now."

After Mason finished speaking, he quickly walked away.

Is Nathaniel's situation not good? A pang of anxiety gripped Cecilia's heart. She was just about to chase after Mason to get some answers when Calvin stopped her.

"Let's go. We should head back and rest. I'm a bit tired too," Calvin said.

Cecilia could only momentarily set aside the doubts in her heart. She semi-supported him as they left the restaurant and got into the car to return to the manor.

On the way back, Cecilia seemed somewhat absent-minded. While Calvin was taking a moment to rest with his eyes closed, she seized the opportunity to send a message to Nathaniel that read: What's wrong with you?

There was no response from the other side for quite a while.

She couldn't help but tighten her grip on her phone, contemplating making a call. The man beside her, Calvin, opened his eyes again. "If you're worried, go and see him. I'm fine. Remember to visit me again next time."

Upon hearing Calvin's words, Cecilia felt an increasing sense of guilt and put down her phone.

"I'm not worried about him."

Cecilia reassured herself deep down that she was merely trying to prevent her two children from losing their father prematurely.

In the manor, the night had fallen, and over two hours had passed, yet there was still no response from Nathaniel.

Cecilia, lying in bed, couldn't resist anymore and gave him a call voice. "Who is it?"

Cecilia felt perplexed. I know he's upset, but does he really not even know who I am anymore?

She couldn't help but ask, "Are you okay? I heard you weren't doing so well."

After a long silence on the other end of the phone, something happened that left Cecilia in disbelief. Shockingly, Nathaniel had hung up the call.

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Chapter 722 Grovel For Forgiveness

Cecilia stared at the disconnected call, somewhat dazed.

She thought that Nathaniel was angry, so she called him again.

However, all she heard was an automated female voice saying, "Hello, the number you have dialed is temporarily unavailable. Please dial again later."

Since she couldn't even get through to him, she knew she had been blocked.

When Cecilia regained her senses, she felt utterly bewildered.

Seeing how things were, Cecilia no longer harbored any worries. She laid down at ease and rested.

Meanwhile, inside Stelason Hotel, Nathaniel tossed his phone aside, massaging his throbbing forehead. He narrowed his eyes toward Mason and asked, "Who did I come here for?"

Mason stood there, straight and solemn, looking into Nathaniel's eyes filled with concern.

“You’re here for Mrs. Rainsworth, Mr. Rainsworth. Don’t you remember?”

A touch of mockery flickered in Nathaniel’s eyes. “Mrs. Rainsworth? Who?”

“It’s Cecilia.”

A look of surprise filled Nathaniel’s eyes when he heard that he had journeyed to such a remote place for Cecilia. Is he joking? Just how free am I to come here for that woman?

“Where is she, then?”

Nathaniel was aware that something was amiss with his current situation. Mason had informed him that it was then 2023, yet his memories were frozen in time, stuck six or seven years in the past.

Mason’s gaze landed on Nathaniel’s phone. “It seems like the call earlier was from Mrs. Rainsworth, Cecilia.”

At that moment, Mason was also quite bewildered.

During the day, when he went to find Cecilia, Nathaniel suddenly suffered from a splitting headache, even questioning his identity.

After he had returned, it seemed as if Nathaniel recognized him again, as though his normal memory had been restored.

At that moment, however, Nathaniel couldn’t even remember what happened in recent years.

That was when Mason figured Nathaniel’s chronic condition had flared up again. In other words, it hadn’t fully healed.

Nathaniel was about to reach for his phone again, but there was nothing but darkness before his eyes. He stretched out his hand, fumbling around for what felt like an eternity, but couldn’t locate his phone. In frustration, he knocked over the table in front of him.

Bang!

A cold glint resided in Nathaniel’s eyes as he questioned, “What exactly happened to my eyes? Who is responsible for this?”

Mason watched him intently, feeling an unusual sense of urgency. “Mr. Rainsworth, please don’t be upset. Let me explain it to you slowly.”

At that moment, Nathaniel had little patience to listen to Mason’s mammoth of events.

Mason could only explain as concisely as he could. Essentially after Carillia faked her death and left, Nathaniel slowly realized his feelings for Cecilia. Hence, he pursued her and groveled for forgiveness.

In an unexpected car accident, he had shielded Cecilia, his head being struck and pierced by shards of glass. As a result, he lost his memory and his sight.

He then went to Erihal because he was worried about Cecilia being with Caliin.

After hearing everything, Nathaniel simply couldn't believe it..

"Call Cecilia." Nathaniel ordered.

Immedinely. Mason called Cecilia.

Just as Cerilin was drifting off to sleep, she was startled awake by a noise. Picking up her phone. she saw than in was a call from Mason. She answered the call and asked, "Mr. Sanders, what's the matter

Mason didn't respond. Instead, he handed his phone to Nathaniel.

Shortly after. Madhamed's firensry voice echoed from the other side. "You have ten minutes. Ger over to Shinson Hlonel"

Taken aback, Cecilia soola omnem before responding with a question of her own.

"It's a thirty minute drive. How supposed to get there in ten minutes? Do you want me to fly there?"

Nathaniel was taken aback, chethy most exparting the usually compliant Cecilia to speak to him in such a tone.

"Ms. Smith, what's with your tempen His wonce was laced with a mocking chill.

Cecilia hadn't noticed anything arms with She merely thought he was acting strange that

"It's too late now. I'll go and find you tomorrow night. All right. I need to sleep now. Bye," she responded before hanging up the phone.

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Chapter 723 Toss The Child Aside

The call was ended, and Nathaniel tightly gripped his phone, a chill evident in his eyes.

Mason came over considerably to explain, “Mr. Rainsworth, Cecilia is pregnant now. She really needs to rest more.”

“Pregnant?” Nathaniel asked, puzzled.

Fearing that Nathaniel might misunderstand, Mason added, “Yes. She’s pregnant with your child.”

Nathaniel never imagined that he and Cecilia would actually have a child together.

Of course, he wouldn’t wait for Cecilia to go to him the next day. Despite the pain coursing through his body, he rose and said, “Let’s go back to Tudela.”

He had no idea that an even greater surprise awaited upon his return to Tudela.

Mason also felt that Nathaniel’s health condition was fluctuating, and it was crucial to return as soon as possible. If their adversaries discovered this and targeted them, they would be in serious trouble.

Therefore, they took a private jet back to Tudela overnight.

Mason’s concerns were not without reason.

Before Nathaniel left, Ethan, the eldest son of the Murdock family who had once begged him for mercy, had already received the news.

He was just about to discreetly send someone overseas to deal with Nathaniel, but to his surprise, Nathaniel had already left.

Ethan’s eyes darkened when he heard the news. “He’s just lucky.”

Seated on the couch, Francis, the younger brother, was exchanging messages with his fiancée, Yvette, who also happened to be Stella’s best friend.

Yvette did not know that Francis was holding Stella in his arms.

“Ethan, there’s no reason to be cautious around Nathaniel anymore. He’s blind now. We can still seize the opportunity when he returns,” Francis said.

The thing Ethan disliked the most was Francis’ frivolous attitude.

A few days prior, Francis saw Stella at the nightclub, and he simply had to bring her back with him.

It was important to note that Stella was no angel. Back then, she single-handedly had Nathaniel and Zachary going in circles.

“You’re about to get married. Take it easy.”

Ethan merely left a simple reminder.

Francis dismissed it nonchalantly, saying, “I know.”

He didn’t find much appeal in Yvette, who lacked a sense of romance.

Stella leaned against Francis, her heart filled with resentment.

Had it not been for Cecilia, she wouldn’t have found herself committed to someone from the Murdock family.

Everyone knew about the two brothers, Ethan and Francis. Ethan was ruthless but only of average ability. On the other hand, Francis was constantly infatuated with the pleasures of life. They were simply no match for Nathaniel and Nicholas.

When Nathaniel returned to Tudela on his private plane, it was pouring rain.

Mason held up the umbrella for him, carefully guiding the way, fearful that he might fall.

Finally, they arrived at the entrance of Daltonia Villa.

That day was a weekend, so Elliot didn’t have to attend classes. Upon hearing from the housekeeper that Nathaniel had returned, he scurried out to check.

In the pouring rain, Nathaniel was dressed in a sharply tailored suit, an aura of icy aloofness surrounding him, deterring anyone from approaching.

Immediately, Elliot sensed that something was off with Nathaniel.

At first, Elliot thought his intuition had misled him. He walked over and asked, “Sc*mbag daddy, where’s Mommy? Didn’t she come back with you?”

Mason hadn’t had the chance to tell Nathaniel that he had two sons.

Out of the blue, Nathaniel heard a tender voice by his leg, causing his sharp eyebrows to furrow deeply.

Before he could speak, Elliot was certain that he was in a bad mood. Slyly, he wrapped his arms around Nathaniel’s thigh.

“Hehe! Did Mommy and Mr. Reese upset you? If you beg me, maybe I can put in a good word for you with Mommy. How does that sound?” Elliot asked.

Beg? Nathaniel was utterly baffled by Elliot’s words.

He bent down and managed to grab hold of Elliot's overalls. "Where did this kid come from?"

After speaking, he was about to toss the child outside.

In a rush, Mason quickly stepped in to stop Nathaniel. "Mr. Rainsworth, t—this is your child, Mr.

Elliot."

Elliot was utterly bewildered.

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Chapter 724 Sixth Sense

At the same time, Elliot was thoroughly frightened. Surely, parents shouldn't take out their anger on their child during a quarrel, right? Has sc*mbag daddy turned into a sc*mbag so quickly?

Nathaniel, carrying Elliot, asked, "My child?"

He then felt completely bewildered, as if everything had changed after a single sleep.

"Yes. Please be gentle when you put Mr. Elliot down. He's not in good health, so we can't afford to roughhouse him." Mason knew that Nathaniel's current amnesia was only temporary. Once Nathaniel regained his memory and learned something bad had happened to Elliot, he would undoubtedly be filled with regret.

Upon hearing the words, Nathaniel deeply pondered and set Elliot down. "Who did I have this child with?"

Mason was taken aback once again.

Right then, Elliot understood that Nathaniel had inexplicably lost his memory again. All he wanted to do was roll his eyes. Before Mason could answer the question, Elliot turned to Nathaniel and said, "Sc*mbag daddy, have you forgotten who I am, your precious child, and with whom I was brought into this world? Do you want to take a guess?"

Elliot was quite curious to see who this vixen was, the one who Nathaniel thought he could have a child with.

Mason was unaware of Elliot's plans, silently going along with them.

After hearing this, Nathaniel sneered, "It must be that power-hungry woman who doesn't know her place. Do I even need to guess? Is she dead yet?"

She had the audacity to climb into his bed and even bore him a child. Given his character, he definitely wouldn't keep such a cunning and insidious woman around.

Elliot found himself speechless. I'm overthinking. Sc*mbag daddy is truly the epitome of an old-fashioned man.

"Sc*mbag daddy, what nonsense are you spouting? You had me with my mommy, Ceci," Elliot said.

"Ceci?"

"It's Cecilia," Mason said.

Nathaniel fell silent, no longer speaking. He strode toward the house with long, swift steps.

This left Elliot and Mason in confusion.

Elliot chased after him. "Sc*mbag daddy, what's wrong with you? Are you feeling unwell? How could you forget about your sweetie?"

Nathaniel paused, his handsome brow slightly furrowed.

"Mason, take this child to his own room. He's too noisy."

"Y-Yes..." Mason responded.

"Sc*mbag daddy! Sc*mbag daddy..."

Elliot feigned a couple of loud cries.

Mason initially thought Elliot was genuinely upset, so he softly consoled him, saying, "Mr. Elliot, don't be sad. Mr. Rainsworth has sustained some injuries, and his memory is a bit disordered at the moment, but he should recover before long."

He wasn't sure if Elliot could understand.

Elliot looked at him with his large, bewildered eyes. "Mr. Sanders, are you saying that sc*mbag daddy doesn't even remember me, Mommy, and Jon anymore?"

"For now, yes, but he will get better soon."

Mason remembered that before they flew back, there was a time when Nathaniel had recovered.

“I’m going to get a doctor for your daddy now. Can you not disturb him at home?” Mason uttered gently. Mr. Elliot is truly adorable. He’s like a mini version of Mr. Rainsworth. The crucial point is that Mr. Elliot knows how to act endearingly, unlike Mr. Rainsworth, who is always so cold and distant.

“All right. Mr. Sanders. Leave early and return early. Be safe,” Elliot obediently said.

“Okay.”

After soothing the little one, Mason finally left.

After he left, Elliot completely let loose, beginning to call Jonathan.

“Jon, there’s a big problem.”

Jonathan was engrossed in his book, slightly puzzled. “What’s the matter?”

“Sc*mbag daddy has lost his memory. He doesn’t remember that you and I are his sons with Mommy.” Elliot lowered his voice.

Jonathan couldn’t believe it. “Is he pretending?”

“Absolutely not. Have you forgotten how accurate my sixth sense is?” Elliot rarely relied on his intuition, but upon seeing Nathaniel’s condition, he gave it a small test. He was definitely not lying.

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Chapter 725 Wet Himself

Jonathan still had a lot of faith in Elliot’s sixth sense.

The two brothers had always harbored a secret, something unknown to Cecilia.

Jonathan was a top-tier hacker, but Elliot was even more extraordinary. His sixth sense was remarkably accurate. For instance, if the two of them were walking on the street and someone suddenly threw something from a building, he would be able to sense it.

The most astonishing part was that his perception included luck.

Jonathan still remembered when he and Elliot were just two or three years old. Cecilia had taken them to a lottery store, and Elliot, holding onto Cecilia’s hand, refused to leave.

Cecilia asked Elliot what he wanted, to which Elliot casually walked into the store and grabbed a few lottery tickets. To their surprise, one of the tickets won them hundreds of thousands.

However, this was a matter of chance, not a guaranteed stroke of good luck.

Besides, if adults were to find out about Elliot's perceptive abilities, it would be quite risky.

Therefore, Jonathan often advised Elliot to simply be a normal child, urging him not to casually use any sort of sixth sense.

"Is Mommy back?" Jonathan asked.

"Not yet."

After hearing this, Jonathan fell silent for a while before saying, "Nathaniel is a moody man. If you're scared, I can ask Old Mr. Sinclair to send a car to take you to Sinclair Manor."

"Jon, are you kidding me? I'm not scared at all." Elliot paused. "I just find it fascinating, don't you?"

"Do you want to join in and have some fun with him?" Mischief was brewing in Elliot's mind.

Jonathan showed no interest in that. "Silly, I'm currently traveling abroad. How am I supposed to go there?"

Elliot suddenly remembered, inevitably feeling a sense of loss.

"I need to get back to my book. I can't talk anymore," Jonathan said, aware that he couldn't provide any help even if he returned, and hung up the call.

Elliot was somewhat frustrated. "Such a nerd."

He mumbled to himself, finding it utterly dull to be alone in the room. Taking advantage of Mason's absence, he sneaked out of the room once again, tiptoeing his way to find Nathaniel.

Due to the time difference, it had already turned dark here.

Within the vast room, only Nathaniel's study was bathed in a bright light.

Without needing to search, Elliot spotted him, and thus, he quietly made his way over.

Nathaniel sat in his study, his head throbbing with pain once again. Due to the loss of part of his memory, he had forgotten Braille, and an aura of hostility surrounded him.

“Back already?” Nathaniel’s ears were quite sharp. He heard the sound of Elliot’s footsteps and thought it was Mason.

Upon seeing this, Elliot no longer held back. “Sc*mbag daddy, it’s me, your sweetie. How are you feeling now? Is your headache still bothering you? Do you want me to give you a massage?”

The current Nathaniel was indifferent toward this son of his, who had suddenly appeared.

“No need.”

Elliot wasn’t going to give up just like that.

He stepped inside, declaring, “No way. Our teacher always told us to respect and help our parents. Sc*mbag daddy, I’m coming.”

In the next moment, Nathaniel felt his lower leg being tenderly embraced by a small, soft body again.

His entire body stiffened instantly.

He had always disliked children, yet for some reason, at that moment, he didn’t immediately shrug Elliot off.

“Get out! Don’t make me repeat myself.”

Elliot was suddenly yelled at, but far from being scared, he was even more amused. “No, sc*mbag daddy. Don’t be shy. Let your son show you some filial piety.”

As he spoke, he simultaneously climbed onto Nathaniel’s legs.

Nathaniel instantly stood up, his hand once again hoisting Elliot. He had initially intended to throw Elliot out, but Mason’s words suddenly flashed through his mind. The boy is in poor health...

“Wow! It’s so high! I’m scared...”

Elliot had already understood what was going on. Sc*mbag daddy is now the Nathaniel from back then. I must mess with him a little bit. It’s only right.

Therefore, Elliot unzipped his pants, thinking it might help Nathaniel regain his memory.

Tap! Tap!

Nathaniel suddenly detected a strong whiff of urine.

Nathaniel's leather shoes and trousers.

This scene felt oddly familiar to Nathaniel.