When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 726

Chapter 726 Lost His Mind

Nathaniel's face instantly darkened, "Brat, are you tired of living?"

"Daddy, why are you scolding me?"

Immediately, Elliot started to pretend to cry.

Nathaniel listened to his sobs, the pain in his head intensifying. "Someone, come!" he called out.

The housekeeper arrived quite promptly.

"Sir, what's the matter?"

"Throw this brat out."

"Huh?"

The housekeeper was taken aback, but fearing what Nathaniel might do to Elliot, she quickly stepped forward to take the child.

Elliot's eyes were brimming with tears as he asked, "Daddy, what's wrong? Don't you want me anymore?"

Nathaniel didn't respond. Instead, he said to the housekeeper, "Do I need to repeat myself? Throw him out."

The housekeeper, cradling Elliot in her arms, nodded repeatedly. "All right. We will leave right away.

She thought to herself that once she stepped outside, she would immediately call Cecilia. It seemed that only Cecilia could deal with Nathaniel.

After the housekeeper had carried Elliot out of the study room, Elliot didn't cry anymore. Instead, he lowered his voice and said, "Madam, could you take me to change my pants first?" He paused for a moment before explaining further, "Once I've changed, you can then throw me out."

The housekeeper was amused. "Eli, your father is ill now. The words were uttered in a state of distress. He didn't mean to throw you out. Once your mommy comes back, everything will be fine. You need to stay put in your room this time. No more running around, understand?"

"All right, then." Elliot helplessly nodded. It's truly a pity that I can't tease my amnesiac sc*mbag daddy right now.

In the study, Nathaniel finally found some peace and quiet. Not long after, Mason arrived with a team of doctors to examine him.

That evening, the study was bustling with individuals donned in white coats.

Meanwhile, it was already two in the afternoon in Erihal.

Cecilia accompanied Calvin to the hospital to get his medication changed. After an examination, once they confirmed there were no other issues, she prepared to leave.

Calvin then had her escorted to Stelason Hotel.

What puzzled Cecilia was that upon her arrival at Stelason Hotel, she was informed by the reception desk that Nathaniel and his group had left the night before.

She was taken aback once again.

Cecilia wasn't sure what tricks Nathaniel was pulling. However, since he had already returned, she decided to buy her own plane ticket and headed to the airport..

As soon as she arrived at the airport, Cecilia received a call from the housekeeper back home.

"Mrs. Rainsworth, when will you be returning?"

"What's the matter?" Cecilia asked.

"Mr. Rainsworth has returned, and he's been acting quite strange. Mr. Sanders mentioned he's sick, but…" The housekeeper hesitated.

Sick? Cecilia looked somewhat surprised. "But what? Speak up. I won't blame you, nor will I tell Nathaniel."

Only after receiving assurance, the housekeeper dared to inform Cecilia.

Just now, Eli was in Mr. Rainsworth's room and somehow managed to anger him. Mr. Rainsworth even asked me to throw Eli out Even if he is sick, his temper shouldn't be this volatile, should it?" the housekeeper grumbled.

"Has he lost his mind?" Cecilia felt a thunderous crash in her mind. her disbelief deepening even. further. Eli and Jon are his children. He has previously blamed me for leaving with the two kids. Now, he's resenting them!

-Take good care of Eli for me. I've bought the plane ticket, and I'll probably be back in about ten hours," Cecilia said.

"All right. Don't worry. I'll take good care of Eli.

After hanging up the phone, Cecilia was still filled with worry. She wished she could return at the fastest speed possible.

She didn't feel comfortable calling Nathaniel, so she decided to call Mason instead.

Upon seeing the incoming call display, Mason stepped outside before answering the call. "Mrs. Rainsworth."

"What on earth has happened to Nathaniel?"

"The doctors are still examining Mr. Rainsworth at the moment. From what I understand. Mr.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 727

Chapter 727 It Has Worsened

Memory? Confused? Cecilia was puzzled. "What do you mean by that?"

"When I went to look for you in Erihal yesterday, Mr. Rainsworth had already forgotten who you were. However, after I returned, he remembered you again. Yet, through my interaction with him, I discovered that his memory has shockingly halted at six or seven years ago." Mason sighed before adding, "It's still the same now. He doesn't even remember the two children."

After hearing that, Cecilia took a moment to contemplate. "I understand. Could you please look after Eli for me? I'm about to board my flight and will be back soon."

"All right."

Cecilia felt that, given the circumstances, Nathaniel's situation this time around could very well be genuine.

After all, he had genuinely experienced amnesia, and they had both agreed to start over. There was no need for him to pretend to have memory confusion again.

After she turned off her phone, she boarded the plane.

Over at Daltonia Villa, after much difficulty, Nathaniel finally changed into a brand new set of clothes, and then the doctors conducted a check–up on him.

Overnight, not a single doctor had a definitive treatment plan for Nathaniel's memory confusion.

Though contemporary medicine was highly advanced, it still fell short regarding the aspect of neural memory.

Nathaniel was having a severe headache and felt exceptionally exhausted. After sending away all the doctors, he asked Mason to leave as well.

"Mr. Rainsworth, I think I should stay here with you. If you need anything, just let me know."

Nathaniel wasn't sure if his own condition would worsen, so he didn't refuse.

Hence, Mason was settled in the guest room downstairs for rest.

Due to jet lag, Nathaniel's energy was severely depleted. Not long after he laid down, he fell asleep.

When Cecilia returned, the mansion was unusually quiet.

The housekeeper had been waiting outside for a while. Upon Cecilia's return, the housekeeper's eyes lit up with joy. "Mrs. Rainsworth, you're back. They are all resting. Would you like to take a nap too?"

"Where's Eli?" asked Cecilia.

"He's in the room. I'll never actually throw Eli out. Mr. Rainsworth was merely venting. He didn't mean for it to be really carried out."

Cecilia nodded. "Thank you."

It was just past eight in the morning when Cecilia entered Elliot's room, only to find him already up and starting to get dressed.

"Mommy."

When Elliot saw Cecilia pushing the door open, his face was filled with surprise and delight.

"Hey." Cecilia hugged him. "Have you been cooped up at home these past few days, crying your eyes out?"

"I haven't. You can ask the housekeepers if you don't believe me."

As Elliot spoke, he was also getting dressed. "Mommy, I need to go to preschool now, or else I'll be late."

"All right."

It took Cecilia a while to remember that he had to get to the preschool at nine.

After seeing Elliot off to the car, Cecilia returned to the mansion and saw Mason emerge from the guest room. He was still in his previous attire, his hair a disheveled mess. Without his gold- rimmed glasses, he moved with a sluggishness reminiscent of a sloth.

Mason had always been meticulous, and it was the first time that Cecilia had seen him like that.

"Mr. Sanders."

Mason glanced toward Cecilia, his nearsightedness making it impossible to distinguish between humans and animals beyond ten meters.

It took him a moment before he recognized her. "Mrs. Rainsworth."

After that, he quickly added, "I need to go to the restroom."

Cecilia nodded.

When Mason returned in less than a moment, he was already neatly dressed. The eyes beneath his gold–rimmed glasses were as sharp as ever.

"Mrs. Rainsworth, would you like to review Mr. Rainsworth's medical reports now?" he asked.

"Okay."

Mason pulled out the tablet he always carried with him. All the cases diagnosed the day before. were in there.

Cecilia took it, flipping through the pages one by one, her brows furrowed in concentration.

"How could it be this serious?"

Based on the diagnosis, some doctors deduced that Nathaniel's temporary amnesia could potentially worsen. As of then, he had forgotten the events of the recent years, but next time, he might forget events spanning over a decade.

"The injuries Mr. Rainsworth sustained this time are not light, causing a relapse of his old ailment."

"Did the doctor suggest any treatment methods?"

-There's none for now.

Cecilia was about to ask something when suddenly, a loud bang echoed from upstairs.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 728

Chapter 728 Well Done

Mason looked up at the upper floor. "Mr. Rainsworth must be awake now," he said.

"I'll go take a look."

Within the monochrome and chilly room, Nathaniel had collapsed onto the floor.

Upon entering the room, Cecilia immediately rushed to his side, asking, "Are you all right?"

Upon hearing Cecilia's voice, Nathaniel forcefully pushed her away. "Get out. Have you had enough fun outside?"

Cecilia nearly toppled backward, almost crashing to the ground.

She hadn't rested well, and her temper was flaring up at this moment.

"Nathaniel, if you're sick, get treated. What on earth are you doing right now? Don't forget that I'm pregnant. If anything happens to our child, believe me, I will…

She had never spoken harsh words before, so Cecilia lost her voice before she could finish talking.

Nathaniel fell silent.

Cecilia then cautiously approached him once again, intending to assist him. This time, she wasn't pushed away.

After being helped onto the bed, Nathaniel suddenly grabbed her wrist and said, "So you've grown bold now, daring to yell at me."

Cecilia was no longer the wife who used to tread lightly around him, afraid of offending him. She couldn't help but make sarcastic remarks.

"So, is it only okay for you to yell at me, but not for me to yell back at you?" Cecilia retorted.

Nathaniel was taken aback.

Cecilia freed her hand from his tight grip and began to right the chair and items that had been knocked over when he fell earlier.

"Let's go to the hospital later to get you checked."

Nathaniel wore a stern expression, his dark eyes tightly shut. "I'm not going."

"How can we know what's really going on with you if you don't go to the hospital?" she questioned.

Daltonia Villa wasn't equipped with comprehensive medical facilities like the Rainsworth residence, leaving many aspects unchecked.

Nathaniel opened his eyes, the depths of which were as dark as an ancient well. "It's not your place to worry about my affairs."

He then immediately added, "Do you think behaving like this now will atone for your sins? I've said it before. A liar like you is only destined to remain single forever."

Cecilia had already forgotten the past, how Nathaniel used to speak to her with cold indifference. Yet, unexpectedly, she found herself experiencing it all over again.

She was no longer the pushover that Nathaniel could manipulate at will. Picking up a pen beside her, she threw it at Nathaniel.

It suddenly struck hard on Nathaniel's forehead, and he was in disbelief.

"How dare you hit me?"

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"Yes, I hit you. What are you going to do about it?" Cecilia knew that in the past, Nathaniel would only assert his dominance through words. He would never resort to hitting a woman.

As expected, after a moment of silence, Nathaniel called out, "Mason."

Mason arrived at the door swiftly. Given that the married couple were both in the room, he chose not to enter.

"Yes, Mr. Rainsworth?"

"Throw her out," Nathaniel said nonchalantly.

Mason was at a loss.

Cecilia also looked toward Mason.

Mason was no fool. He knew Nathaniel was temporarily amnesiac, and that was why he was in a bad mood. If he offended Cecilia, Nathaniel would skin him alive once his memory returned.

Bearing his long–standing fear of Nathaniel, he comforted Nathaniel, "Mr. Rainsworth, you're sick now, you should listen to Mrs. Rainsworth. She won't harm you!

Nathaniel had stated it. He was the father of the two children. There was no way Cecilia could wish for the children's father to die.

After finishing his words, Mason left the room, thoughtfully closing the door behind him.

Nathaniel's strikingly handsome features seemed to be shrouded in a layer of gloom, his entire aura turning icy cold.

"Cecilia, well done."

The one who had always been by Nathaniel's side, the one he trusted the most, Mason, had shockingly betrayed him.

Cecilia understood why Mason helped her. It was actually out of concern for Nathaniel. He was Thanks for the compliment."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 729

Chapter 729 Fallen In Love

Nathaniel's lips thinned into a tight line, the corners of his mouth pulled taut.

He longer wanted to argue with Cecilia. Rising from the bed once more, he intended to leave.

Upon seeing the situation, Cecilia also stood up. "Have you made up your mind? Let's go to the hospital."

Nathaniel paid her no mind and continued on his way, inevitably bumping into the various furnishings and items within the room.

Just as he was about to hit the wall, Cecilia called out to stop him, "There's a wall ahead!"

He halted in his tracks and began to fumble for the door's location.

Cecilia approached, firmly taking hold of his hand.

If it were the old Nathaniel, he would have undoubtedly shrugged her hand off with disdain. However, for reasons unknown, he found himself not repulsed by it at all at that moment. More importantly, her touch seemed to freeze the blood in his veins.

Nathaniel was at a loss as to why this situation had arisen.

Cecilia roughly dragged him along, showing no gentleness as she opened the door, leading him out.

"Let's eat first, and once we're done, we'll head to the hospital," she said.

Given Zachary's connection, Nathaniel was able to secretly visit the hospital for a check–up.

Nathaniel didn't refuse, but he didn't agree, either. He was led downstairs by Cecilia.

Seeing this scene from downstairs, Mason thought Nathaniel had recovered again.

"Mr. Rainsworth?"

"Get lost."

Mason was startled. All right, it seems he hasn't recovered yet.

Cecilia asked Mason, "Is breakfast ready yet?"

"Yes. In the dining room," Mason replied.

"Do you want to join us for a bite?" Cecilia asked again.

Mason shook his head. "No need. I can get something to eat outside. If anything comes up, just give me a call, Mrs. Rainsworth."

Cecilia nodded, watching him as he left.

After he left, Cecilia dragged Nathaniel to have breakfast.

She hurried back home, not having had the chance to eat.

Of course, Nathaniel hadn't eaten anything either.

In the dining room, a delicate breakfast had already been set up. After guiding Nathaniel to sit down, Cecilia said, "The bowl is right in front of you. If it's inconvenient for you, shall I have someone feed you?"

Feed me? Nathaniel had grown accustomed to eating on his own when he was just a year old.

Nathaniel's expression worsened. "No need."

He fumbled before picking up the fork

Seeing his stubbornness, Cecilia personally sliced some foie gras for him, along with some other dishes that were difficult to manage, and then placed them in his bowl.

Nathaniel quietly ate, not uttering a word.

Even when blinded, unable to see, his demeanor remained dignified.

After finishing breakfast, he put down his utensils, his thin lips parting slightly. "Mason told me I lost my sight because I was trying to save you."

Cecilia's hand, clutching the fork, stiffened and hung suspended in mid–air.

"I suppose so."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

Nathaniel attempted to reach out and grab her, but Cecilia skillfully evaded his grasp.

'Speak up if you have something to say. Don't get physical," she said.

Nathaniel withdrew his hand in resignation. "Why did I save you? What could have been my reason?"

He had always believed that he held no feelings for Cecilia, and if there were any, it was nothing but resentment.

It was because of Cecilia that he was humiliated and made a fool of, becoming the laughingstock of high society.

Cecilia didn't want to answer that question, so she said, "I don't know."

Upon hearing that, Nathaniel felt a deep urge to understand his current feelings for Cecilia. Could it be true, as Mason has suggested, that over the course of six or seven years, I've fallen in love with Cecilia?

"Come over here," he said.

Unsure of his reasons, Cecilia found herself leaning in closer.

Nathaniel was subtly enveloped by her gentle, milky scent, which was utterly heartwarming. He raised his slender hand and grasped Cecilia's shoulder, pulling her into his embrace in one swift movement

Cecilia was taken aback.

Nathaniel's body stiffened even more. His memories were still stuck in a time when he had no relationship with Cecilia.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 730

Chapter 730 Drugged Me

Nathaniel was somewhat of a clean freak. It didn't matter if it was Cecilia or even Stella. Nobody was allowed to touch him.

Yet, at that moment, as Cecilia leaned into his embrace, he found himself not resisting at all.

"Things have really changed."

Cecilia felt inexplicably puzzled. "What has changed?"

Nathaniel didn't respond, quickly letting go of her.

He still couldn't believe that years later, he had actually fallen in love with Cecilia, and they even had a child together.

"How old is that child now?" he suddenly asked again.

"He's just over four years old," Cecilia responded, even though she found his demeanor at that moment quite odd.

The child being just over four meant that she was conceived around the time they were going through their divorce.

"Did you drug me?" Nathaniel could only surmise this as the reason.

"Do you remember now?"

Cecilia initially thought he was referring to the time she had drugged him in order to conceive their current child.

Nathaniel's eyes narrowed slightly, a cold intensity radiating from them. "Just as I thought."

He was left puzzled as to why, in his memory, he was certain he wanted to divorce Cecilia, but in the end, it never happened.

Right then, he thought it was because she resorted to such underhanded tactics.

"You've truly surprised me with your candid response to such a matter," Nathaniel sarcastically remarked.

Cecilia had no idea he had misunderstood, so she explained, "I told you before that I had no other choice. Eli has leukemia and needs cord blood from a sibling."

Upon hearing those words, Nathaniel at first did not understand. Gradually, he discerned the crux of the matter from her words.

He asked again, "What's the story with your first pregnancy?"

A frown creased Cecilia's brow. Clearly, she hadn't expected that Nathaniel would forget that matter, too.

Years had passed, yet the thought of the past still made her clench her fists. She pressed into her palm and said, "What's the point of asking all these questions now? You'd be better off going to the hospital for a check–up. Once you're treated, you'll naturally remember everything."

Cecilia lost her appetite and could no longer eat. She then took his hand and said, "Let's go. 1

have Mason call and inform Zachary."

Nathaniel rose to his feet, his towering figure completely overshadowing Cecilia.

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She was leaving, the deep voice of Nathaniel resonated from behind, clearly reaching the ears of Cecilia.

"Regardless of whether your words are true or false, for the sake of our children, just tell me directly what you want in the future."

Cecilia paused, turning back to look at him.

She had always thought that Nathaniel would never want to have happened, she was certain he would insist on her getting rid of it.

ildren with her. If it ever

At that moment, however, Nathaniel's memories had returned to the past, yet he spoke in such a manner.

"Why aren't we leaving?" Nathaniel's voice turned icy as if he wasn't accustomed to the words he had just spoken.

"Oh… There's a chair ahead. Let me move it before we proceed."

Casually shifting her chair, Cecilia masked her peculiar inner emotions, then left with Nathaniel in tow.

Mason had already had his breakfast and was waiting in the car. "I've already reached out to Mr. Sinclair. Everything has been arranged on his end."

One had to concede Mason's work competency. Even before Cecilia could mention it, he had already taken it into consideration.

"All right. Thank you.

The moment he got into the car, Mason couldn't quite believe it. Nathaniel, who had lost several years' worth of memories, was still taking orders from Cecilia.

This could very well prove one thing. Nathaniel didn't just fall for Cecilia in recent years.

After all, when it came to being stubborn, Nathaniel was truly unmatched.

Over at Tudela Hospital, Zachary was waiting outside the designated entrance from early on.

He didn't yet know the specifics of what had happened, only that Nathaniel had been injured and needed to be hospitalized for examination.