

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 81

Chapter 81 A Genuine Sense Of Envy

He feigned caution. “Grandma Elena, my teacher once mentioned that it’s impolite to inquire about someone else’s family affairs.”

It was then that Elena realized she truly had asked too many questions.

However, she also noticed that the child before her was truly intelligent. Despite his young age, he already knew to be wary of strangers.

“I’m sorry. I was wrong.”

She lifted her hand, intending to stroke Jonathan’s hair.

But he evaded her.

Elena’s hand froze in place.

Felix, standing to the side, was taken aback. He hadn’t expected his usually indifferent great-aunt to be so fond of Jonathan. This realization left him feeling somewhat unsettled.

“Grandma Elena, I still want to take Jon to see other places, so we won’t bother you any longer.”

Elena didn’t feel right stopping them, so she said, “All right, you guys have fun. If you need anything, come find me.”

After the two boys left, she still found herself unable to let it

She summoned her secretary.

go.

“Take some time to look into the child’s background, especially his parents.”

“Understood.”

The boy really looks like Nathaniel when he was younger.

If Nathaniel had a child, they would undoubtedly resemble him.

“By the way, has Nathaniel arrived?”

The secretary glanced at the time. "There's still an hour left before the banquet begins. Mr. Rainsworth should be on his way."

Elena nodded, deciding that when Nathaniel arrived, she would make sure to remind him to pay extra attention to the prominent young ladies at the banquet, find a suitable partner quickly, and eventually have a healthy, chubby boy.

Meanwhile, Cecilia and Vivian were picking out their dresses before attending the banquet.

As both of them didn't want to stand out too much, they chose two simple and ordinary outfits.

Chapter 81 A Genuine Sense Of Envy

+5 Pearls

However, it was the simplest and most ordinary clothes that best accentuated Cecilia's vibrant and captivating charm.

Vivian was astounded. "Wow, you look so beautiful. Others are enhanced by their clothes, but you elevate the clothes you wear to a whole new level."

Cecilia flashed a smile, looking even more captivating.

Vivian wasn't bad at all either.

She had a charm that grew on people, a beauty that wasn't as striking as Cecilia at first glance, but the more one looked, the more attractive she became.

The two of them left together, and the sight was simply pleasing to the chauffeur who was driving toward Rainsworth Manor.

The last time Cecilia remembered visiting was five years ago.

Time flew by in the blink of an eye.

There were many luxury cars outside Rainsworth Manor.

It was Niel's birthday, and all the notable figures from Tudela attended the event, many of them bringing along their children.

Roland had been waiting outside.

This time, he was determined to keep an eye on Vivian, ensuring she snagged herself a rich bachelor.

Vivian rubbed her forehead when she saw him.

“Ceci, it seems you’ll have to find Nathaniel by yourself later. I’ll go deal with my dad first.”

Cecilia nodded. “Okay.”

Vivian got out of the car first, then walked toward Roland.

“Dad.”

“You’re just arriving now? The daughters of the Longman and Wayman families have been here. since early morning. They even went so far as to curry favor with Mdm. Elena...” Roland nagged as soon as he saw her.

Vivian could only make perfunctory responses.

Cecilia sat in the car, looking at the silhouette of the father and daughter, feeling a genuine sense of envy.

If Regas were still here, she could have linked arms with him too.

goto!!!

then she got out.

Glancing at the time, Cecilia noted that there were only six minutes left until the banquet was set to begin.

Nathaniel was always punctual.

She located the path that Nathaniel would inevitably take upon his return and headed toward the location of the banquet.

Sure enough, it wasn’t long before a low-key Bentley slowly drove past her.

In the back seat, Nathaniel was engrossed in handling his work.

“Isn’t that Ms. Smith?” the driver said.

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Chapter 82 Do You Want Me

He quickly reversed the car.

The car window rolled down. Nathaniel closed the laptop he held in his hands and turned his piercing gaze toward Cecilia.

Today, she donned an ivory backless gown, which accentuated her already fair complexion even more.

Astonishment flickered in Nathaniel's eyes.

However, he wasn't curious because he had been informed by the bodyguard when she and Vivian were on their way to Rainsworth Manor.

"What a coincidence," he said with a half-smile.

Cecilia's eyes

shimmered. "Yeah, what a coincidence."

"Get in the car."

Nathaniel didn't say anything more.

Cecilia didn't refuse. She got in the car and sat next to him.

"Did you come specifically to see me?"

This path was unknown to outsiders. Only his driver knew how to navigate it.

"I want to see if I can recover my lost memories here," Cecilia lied calmly.

Nathaniel's expression was inscrutable when he heard that.

He said to the driver, "Let's head back to my place first."

Nathaniel was talking about his place in Rainsworth Manor.

"Sure."

Cecilia hadn't yet grasped his intentions.

Nathaniel looked at her solemnly. "If you want to recover your lost memories, you should start from our matrimonial home."

Their new home was Daltonia Villa, but on their wedding day, their matrimonial home was situated in Rainsworth Manor.

Nathaniel's room was the same as before, uniformly monochromatic.

He walked in and began to undress right in front of Cecilia.

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Chapter 82 Do You Want Me

+5 Pearls

First, he removed his suit jacket, then he methodically undid the buttons on his cuffs and collar.

Cecilia was taken aback.

Her posture was

posture was somewhat stiff.

She averted her gaze, not anticipating that Nathaniel would act in such a way.

Nathaniel looked at her calmly, noticing that her face had turned red.

He approached her deliberately and asked, "Why don't you dare look at me? Don't you want to recover your memory?"

The man's gaze traveled from top to bottom, burning with intensity.

Cecilia's cheeks felt as if they were on fire. Aren't I supposed to be the one seducing Nathaniel? Why does it feel like things are changing?

She suppressed her swirling emotions, slowly lifting her head. The man's white shirt was already completely unbuttoned.

Looking up, she found herself meeting Nathaniel's eyes.

Nathaniel's throat tightened.

He firmly grasped her wrist, guiding her hand to rest on his body. "Feel it. Does it feel familiar?"

When Cecilia's hand brushed against his firm abdomen, a burning heat radiated from her palm.

She feigned calmness.

"I still don't remember."

Her hand trembled slightly as it aimlessly moved around.

Nathaniel's entire body tensed up, yet he still perceived the fear within her heart.

She's clearly nervous, but she keeps pretending to be experienced.

Nathaniel's lips curved upward. He effortlessly lifted Cecilia in his arms, backing her against the wall, and kissed her.

At that moment, the banquet had already begun.

Elena had been waiting, but there was no sign of Nathaniel. According to the driver, he had returned to his room.

So, she went over to find him.

Before the banquet, she had already encountered numerous young ladies from affluent families, each one of them exceptionally remarkable.

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Chapter 82 Do You Want Me

+5 Pearls

The thought of having met Jonathan today only added to her urgency, fueling her desire for Nathaniel to have a child as soon as possible.

Upon arriving at Nathaniel's room, she noticed that the door was left ajar, not fully closed.

She slowly pushed the door open, only to find Nathaniel and Cecilia sharing a kiss.

Immediately, Elena averted her gaze.

Though she wasn't fond of Cecilia, the thought of having a grandson made her hesitate for a while before she decided to leave.

Meanwhile, Cecilia was getting light-headed from the kiss.

Nathaniel merely kissed her. No matter what she did, the man simply refused to take the next step.

She furrowed her brows, clenched her teeth, and with a surge of courage, she reached out.

Nathaniel swallowed hard twice, then suddenly halted. He swiftly grasped her hand.

“Do you want to recover your memory, or do you want me?”

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Chapter 83 The Superstar On TV

His voice carried a magnetic huskiness.

Only he knew the extent of discomfort he had been enduring in silence.

But he couldn’t just go along with Cecilia. He needed to understand what she wanted to do.

Cecilia froze, her eyes watery. “Don’t you want it?”

Nathaniel was certain that she had an ulterior motive. He suddenly changed the topic.

“Did you perhaps misunderstand something? I was merely helping you recover your memory just now. That’s all for today. It’s time to attend the banquet.”

Cecilia looked somewhat distressed.

Was our shared kiss, which lasted at least six to seven minutes, nothing but a game to him?

She didn’t show much reaction. Her hand subtly moved away from his body.

Nathaniel headed to the walk-in closet to change his clothes before heading to the banquet with her.

At the banquet, both Zachary and George made their appearance.

Just like other parents, George wanted to seize this rare opportunity to find a suitable wife for Zachary.

Zachary was compelled to come over. After wishing Niel a happy birthday, he was forced to stay by George. He was required to get acquainted with at least twenty young ladies.

“I’m telling you, if you don’t behave yourself today, you can leave the Sinclair family. I don’t need a useless grandson like you,” George said. “Even now, you’re still single. It’s truly a disgrace to our family.”

Zachary was somewhat at a loss for words.

He was never short of women by his side.

“All right.”

It wasn't that he didn't dare to defy George; the main concern was his poor health, particularly his heart condition.

The doctor had warned that anger could easily trigger a heart attack.

At that moment, George saw Stella approaching. She was all dolled up. Disgust was evident in his

eyes.

He reminded Zachary, “Remember, you can't be with Stella!”

1/3

Chapter 83 The Superstar On TV

George had a sharp eye for people..

+5 Pearls

Even years ago, he had conducted investigations on Stella. She was an ingrate, and she hadn't changed much over the years. She was the type that every man wanted a piece of.

“Don't worry.

Ever since Zachary found out that his life savior was Cecilia, he lost all his affection for Stella.

The only thing that brought George satisfaction was that Zachary was finally no longer infatuated. with Stella.

The banquet this time was grandiose. Felix and Jonathan were lost in the crowd.

A shadow instantly fell over Jonathan's bright eyes when he saw Stella.

Felix followed his gaze and immediately explained, “That's Stella Ross, rumored to be Uncle Nathaniel's girlfriend.”

“Why is she alone? Where is your uncle?” Jonathan asked.

Felix was also quite puzzled.

Nathaniel never used to be late on such occasions.

“I don’t know.” Felix shook his head, then anxiously asked Jonathan, “What will it take for you to believe that I am the future head of the Rainsworth family? I’ve even had someone drive you. around the entire Rainsworth Manor.”

Jonathan could only placate him.

“I believe you now.”

Felix was acknowledged, yet he didn’t feel the slightest bit of happiness. For some reason, he felt as though a small child was treating him like a child.

“My stomach hurts. I need to use the bathroom. I’ll talk to you later.”

Jonathan decided to shake off Felix so that he could punish Stella who plagiarized Cecilia’s work. and tried to steal Nathaniel.

“Then remember to find me after you’re done using the bathroom,” Felix said hurriedly, looking at his retreating figure.

Jonathan didn’t respond. Once he was certain that Felix had left the area, he navigated his through the crowd.

way

Not far off, Stella had yet to spot Nathaniel. She contemplated going to look for him.

But at that moment, a small figure darted over and hugged her.

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Chapter 84 Catch Him In An Hour

Stella glanced down to see Jonathan clinging to her legs. A flicker of impatience crossed her eyes, but she didn’t let it show.

She bent over, returning the smile. “Yes, I am. Hey kid, why are you all alone here? Where are your mom and dad?”

She studied the child before her, taking in his exquisitely defined features. His pair of eyes, in particular, were utterly captivating.

One look told her that his parents were no ordinary people.

Jonathan gazed at her with sparkling eyes, his voice serious as he said, "I heard that you took my daddy away from me. Could you give him back to me, please?"

Stella suddenly froze in place.

A few wealthy ladies in the vicinity couldn't help but glance over, their eyes filled with disdain.

They detested female celebrities who tried to climb the social ladder the most.

"How shameless!"

"She already has Mr. Rainsworth, yet she's involved with other men?"

"No wonder Mr. Rainsworth didn't marry her. A woman like that is only good for a fling."

Stella was completely beside herself.

Suppressing her anger, she crouched down and looked intently at Jonathan. "Hey kid, have you perhaps remembered it wrong? I don't know you or your daddy."

After Stella finished speaking, she leaned closer to Jonathan, placing her hands on his shoulders. Lowering her voice, she threatened him, "You little rascal, if you dare to spout nonsense again, I'll toss you into the sea to feed the fish."

She had thought she was dealing with just an ordinary child. Little did she know Jonathan could summon his acting skills at will.

The next moment, he began to forcefully bat away her hand, his voice carrying a whimpering tone as he said, "I was wrong. Please don't pinch me! It hurts..."

Stella quickly put down her hand.

"When did I ever pinch you?"

Surrounding them were reporters who quickly captured this scene.

Tears streamed down Jonathan's face. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bump into you. Please don't hit me. Don't throw me into the sea to feed the fish..."

1/3

Chapter 84 Catch Him In An Hour

+5 Pearls

Stella really wanted to cover his mouth.

“I didn’t... He was lying...” Stella hastily explained.

More and more people started to look over.

Likewise, it also attracted the attention of Zachary, who was still being forced to acquaint himself with women.

Upon laying his eyes on the child, Zachary instantly recognized him. It was the same child who had played a prank on him back then at the hotel.

“How could she lay a hand on a child?” The woman beside him spoke up. “She’s just too wicked.”

Thinking that Jonathan could be a product of his own past flirtatious behavior, Zachary couldn’t just stand by and let him get hit. He quickly strode over.

Jonathan had planned to continue showcasing his acting skills, intending to expose Stella’s vile nature on tomorrow’s front page. Unexpectedly, he saw a figure charging toward him with an imposing aura.

What on earth is Zachary, that big jerk, doing here?

What a blunder!

He was too young, too short, and with so many people around, he failed to notice Zachary was there.

“Please don’t be angry. I’m leaving right now.”

After he spoke, he immediately fled.

If Zachary hadn’t been pranked by him, he would have really thought that he was leaving. But seeing the speed at which his legs were moving, Zachary reckoned that he had noticed him.

He recalled the humiliating scene that day at the hotel and wouldn’t just let him off the hook like that.

Even if he was his own son, it was unacceptable. He had to be taught a lesson, so he could understand what it meant to respect one’s elders.

Jonathan knew to head toward the crowded areas.

Zachary found it challenging to weave through the crowd in pursuit of him.

But dealing with a child was easy for him. He simply called in his bodyguard.

“Did you see that child?”

After some thought, Zachary said, “Let him run for a while and catch him in an hour.”

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Chapter 85 Check Out The News

“Understood.”

Zachary decided to let Jonathan tire himself out first.

After all, the birthday banquet for Niel was currently underway, and it wouldn’t be good to dampen the mood.

He had plenty of time now.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel and Cecilia arrived at the banquet one after the other.

Not wanting to draw the attention of the rest of the Rainsworth family, Cecilia deliberately waited a while before going over, only after Nathaniel entered.

Nathaniel noticed her subtle intentions, yet he chose to remain silent.

After weathering a minor storm, Stella had finally managed to win over the reporters present.

Upon seeing Nathaniel approach, she quickly recollected herself and walked over to him. “Nathaniel, the banquet has already started. Everyone’s wishing Old Mr. Rainsworth a happy birthday. Why are you just arriving now? I’ve been waiting for you for quite some time.”

Nathaniel had no inclination to report his actions to others.

He said nonchalantly, “Then you don’t have to wait any more from now on.”

Stella was taken aback.

She was unwilling to accept it, but upon seeing Cecilia enter, she seemed to understand something.

She couldn’t help but clench her fists.

As soon as Nathaniel entered, all eyes in the room were drawn to him. Most people saw this as an opportunity to curry favor with the youngest head of the Rainsworth family.

Elena felt an exceptional sense of pride.

Nathaniel first encountered Niel, who had a head full of white hair and leaned on a cane, but still had a twinkle in his eyes, and wished him a happy birthday.

Stella also wanted to seize this opportunity to make a name for herself in high society.

“Grandpa, I’ve also brought a gift for you today.”

Even though Niel didn’t particularly like her, just like Elena, he simply wished for Nathaniel to settle down soon.

In addition, a few days ago, the song written by Stella proved that she was more than just a pretty face.

Hence, he received the gift.

Stella gifted a piece of high-quality nephrite, which was practically insignificant to the Rainsworth family.

However, the fact that Niel accepted it confirmed that Stella had gained the approval of the Rainsworth family.

Cecilia stood amidst the crowd, listening to the people’s discussions.

“She’s really gone from rags to riches.”

“Yeah, an orphan rose to stardom, and now she’s set to become the future daughter-in-law of the Rainsworth family.”

“It wasn’t just luck on her part, you know. Have you heard her new song? It’s truly amazing.”

Cecilia listened quietly, her expression unchanged, because soon, the grand gift she had prepared for Stella was about to arrive.

Stella was oblivious to it. She gradually made her way to Cecilia. As she listened to the flattery of those around her, her eyes were filled with pride and satisfaction.

“You saw it, didn’t you, Ceci? The world has changed. Now, it’s me who stands by Nathaniel’s side.”

A smile tugged at the corner of Cecilia’s mouth. “Is that so?”

“Be careful, extreme joy often leads to sorrow.”

Stella simply thought she was just jealous of her, oblivious to the fact that the conversations of those around her had already shifted.

“Guys, check out the news! It turns out that Stella’s new song, Ray of Light in the Dark, was actually plagiarized from a foreign composer!”

One person read the news, and the others quickly went over.

Discussion erupted everywhere.

“Oh my God, this isn’t plagiarism. It’s copy–pasting, isn’t it? The tune is exactly the same. She just added some lyrics.”

“Goodness, I really didn’t expect this...”

“How could the Rainsworth family accept such a daughter–in–law?”

The murmurs of the crowd gradually caught Niel’s attention.

He summoned someone and asked about it.

Chapter 85 Check Out The News

In no time at all, he learned about the news.

His face was ashen, and immediately, he summoned Elena. “Look who you’ve invited over!”

Elena had also seen the news, and she was struggling to maintain her composure.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 86

Chapter 86 Is He Your Son

The importance of Nathaniel’s reputation outweighed everything else.

“Dad, please don’t be upset. I’ll get her to leave immediately.”

At that moment, Stella was still oblivious to what had happened. She could only sense the increasingly peculiar glances from the people around her.

Elena stormed over and tossed her phone onto the table before her. “Look what you’ve done!”

When Stella picked up the phone, she realized that the cat was out of the bag.

She was just about to explain herself when Elena said, "If you don't want to keep embarrassing yourself here, then get out right now."

For the Rainsworth family, driving away a celebrity was as simple as shooing away a fly.

Stella had never imagined that she would make such a disheveled exit.

She sat in the minivan for a long time in disbelief.

Upon recalling what Cecilia had said, she instantly understood.

It must be Cecilia!

Meanwhile, Vivian also saw the news, a piece that she and Cecilia had planned out in advance.

The announcement was deliberately made at this particular time.

Seeing Stella being sent away, she texted Cecilia: Finally, that pretentious woman has taken a fall. Let her have her moment.

Vivian stood up, eager to relish in Stella's misfortune.

Suddenly, her gaze settled on a familiar small figure in the distance.

"Jon?"

Vivian was puzzled as to why Jonathan would also be here.

She realized that several bodyguards had caught him. They hoisted him up and delivered him to Zachary.

Naturally, the boy's short legs couldn't outrun the long strides of the others.

Jonathan had given it his all, running as far as he could, but he was still caught.

He only resented himself for being too young.

"You little rascal, I've finally got you." Zachary looked at him.

Jonathan continued to maintain an innocent look. "Could you ask him to put me down? I don't know you."

Zachary was so amused that he laughed.

“You don’t know me? Weren’t you the one who deliberately spilled wine on me that day at the hotel and tossed my clothes and phone off the building?”

Jonathan denied, “You must be mistaken. I’ve never been to any kind of hotel.”

Zachary knew that Jonathan wouldn’t take responsibility.

And yet, Jonathan still managed to put on such an innocent face.

He got up and walked over to Jonathan. Raising his hand, he was about to smack him right on his behind.

Suddenly, a voice rang out.

“Stop!”

Zachary paused, his gaze following the sound.

A woman with a sweet appearance was seen storming over in this direction..

Jonathan hadn’t expected to find Vivian here of all places.

He was sure that he was done for when he returned home that day.

However, the trouble at hand was what mattered most.

“Mommy, help me... He hit me...”

For the first time, Vivian saw the little troublemaker pleading for her help. It made her heart melt instantly, leaving her feeling both elated and worried.

Mommy...

Zachary looked deeply into Vivian’s eyes. She’s the little rascal’s mother, so isn’t she the woman I was once with?

Why do I have no memory of her at all?

She even secretly carried my child.

Vivian rushed over, intent on snatching the child from the bodyguard’s arms.

Zachary gave his bodyguard a look, and only then did the bodyguard release his grip.

Immediately, Vivian checked on Jonathan..

Jonathan shook his head. "No, thankfully you arrived quickly, Mommy."

Vivian let out a sigh of relief.

At that moment, Zachary had arrived in front of her.

"Is he your son?"

Upon hearing this, Vivian looked up at him, her eyes filled with indignation. "If he's not my son, are you implying he's yours? Who do you think you are to just catch my son like that? You were even about to hit him earlier. Do you know this is illegal?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 87

Chapter 87 Am I That Talented.

What's wrong with a father disciplining his son?

Zachary knew what she was up to. She was playing hard to get, hoping that he would willingly accept the boy.

"You've really gone to great lengths to get close to me. You were behind what he did before too, weren't you?"

Vivian and Jonathan was completely flabbergasted.

Zachary leaned over toward them, a cold glint in his eyes. "No matter what you're planning, I'll take care of the child, but I won't take responsibility for a woman like you."

Vivian had heard from Cecilia before that Zachary was a jerk. After seeing him in person, she found it to be undeniably true.

Her temper flared uncontrollably, and she swiftly raised her hand, slapping it across Zachary's handsome face.

Zachary was stunned.

"Who needs you to take responsibility? Even if I were to marry a pig or a dog, I wouldn't dream of marrying you!"

Zachary had intended to take Jonathan to a corner to teach him slowly, but he didn't expect. Vivian to rush over unexpectedly.

The commotion over here quickly caught everyone's attention.

Sitting on the second floor, George, who had been watching over his eldest grandson, was utterly astounded.

“Whose daughter is that girl?”

The secretary nearby quickly responded, “She seems to be the eldest daughter of the Kennedy family, Vivian.”

“That’s her, my future granddaughter-in-law.”

She was the first person who dared to lay a hand on Zachary.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had also noticed the trio.

Cecilia could never have imagined that Jonathan would be here and he was seemingly entangled with Zachary.

Subconsciously, she found herself looking in Nathaniel’s direction, only to realize that he had also noticed something over there.

Cecilia quickly made a call to Vivian, urging her not to get overly involved with Zachary and to take Jonathan back home immediately.

Over an hour later, it began to drizzle again.

In a private mansion, Cecilia and Vivian were seated on the couch, with Jonathan standing in front of them.

“Jon, how did you end up at Rainsworth Manor?” Cecilia asked with concern.

Jonathan had already prepared his explanation. “I went to see my friend today. He was the one who took me there.”

Cecilia had assumed that his friend was just a child of one of the guests attending the Rainsworth family’s banquet. Thinking it was merely a coincidence, she didn’t inquire further..

Vivian then asked, “So, how did you end up getting caught?”

Jonathan feigned innocence. “I accidentally bumped into that man and he had me seized, event threatening to hit me.”

“D“mn it!” Vivian cursed.

I really didn’t expect Zachary, a grown man, to stoop to the level of arguing with a child. The strange things he said today were simply outrageous. He’s such a jerk.

“Hey brat, next time we run into people like that, let’s keep our distance,” Vivian said, wanting to pull him into her embrace and pinch his cheeks.

Jonathan furrowed his brows and dodged. “Ms. Kennedy, this is already the eighth nickname you’ve given me.”

What’s with all these nicknames – sly kid, Jonjon, chubs, sweetcheek....

“Really? Am I that talented?” Vivian said, munching on a potato chip.

A look of exasperation crossed Jonathan’s face.

He was fortunate enough to alleviate Cecilia and Vivian’s doubts, after which he returned to his own room with a book in hand.

After returning to his room, Jonathan secretly sold the photos he had taken of Stella being kicked out of Rainsworth Manor on Dark Netz, for a high price.

He had orchestrated a prank on Zachary, and he nearly got caught.

Now, he needed to be more cautious.

Cecilia’s face was filled with sorrow as she watched Jonathan return to his room.

Jonathan’s words filled her with shame. It was one thing that she had been bullied in the past, but

She knew she had to become stronger. Only then could she adequately protect her two children.

At that moment, Vivian shared with Cecilia the shocking information she had recently discovered.

“You know, when I was looking for evidence of Stella plagiarizing your work, I found a lot of interesting things.”

Cecilia asked, “What is it?”

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Chapter 88 Where Is The Child Now

Vivian showed her the information she had found.

The text detailed how Stella, while abroad, skillfully leveraged her relationships with men to gradually become a singer.

“I didn’t know how filthy she was.”

“I know,” said Cecilia.

“Then why didn’t you tell Nathaniel?”

Vivian was dumbfounded.

She had intended to share all of this with Cecilia so that she could show it to Nathaniel.

That way, the two might have a chance to reconcile.

Cecilia understood her implication. “Nathaniel could easily find out about someone if he wanted to.”

Vivian finally understood.

“What on earth does he see in Stella? Is he attracted to her cunning? I really don’t understand what some men are thinking deep down!”

Before, Cecilia didn’t understand either.

Later, she introspected and realized that she and Nathaniel were quite similar.

Knowing full well that Nathaniel did not love her, she still chose to marry him.

And despite knowing Stella’s flaws, Nathaniel still loved her.

Love doesn’t concern whether a person is good or not, kind or unkind.

Even the most vicious woman still has a large number of admirers.

Cecilia comforted her, “Don’t worry. I don’t love him anymore.”

“Okay.” Vivian nodded.

The following day, at nine in the morning, a piece of news made it to the trending list.

It read: A-list celebrity Stella Ross made a spectacle of herself at the Rainsworth family’s birthday banquet. She bullied a child, plagiarized others, and was not favored by her future in-laws. She was kicked out of Rainsworth Manor within ten minutes of meeting her future in-laws.

Everyone online was just there for the drama, enjoying the show.

Stella had someone at Central Media swiftly remove the trending search.

Yet she didn't possess the same level of influence as Zachary. Her name was constantly trending.

She had no choice but to seek help from Nathaniel's assistant, Mason.

After all, this was a matter concerning Nathaniel's reputation.

In the CEO's office of Orion Corporation, Mason relayed the news to Nathaniel and asked, "Are we still not going to address this?"

Previously, all the entertainment news about Stella claiming to be with Nathaniel had gone unaddressed by Nathaniel himself.

After this news was brought up, Nathaniel merely gave it a cursory glance.

"Whoever caused the trouble should be the one to fix it."

Mason understood.

He placed another set of documents in front of Nathaniel.

"This is from our people, uncovered in Erihal. It's all the information on Cecilia from the past four to five years."

Nathaniel took the documents, flipping through the pages one by one.

As he leafed through, suddenly, a photo slipped out.

Nathaniel picked it up and took a closer look. The photo depicted a little boy lying in a hospital bed.

The boy had delicate features. His eyes resembled obsidian, strikingly beautiful and radiating an air of nobility.

Nathaniel couldn't help but feel a peculiar familiarity with the boy in the photo.

Yet, for a moment, he couldn't recall where he had seen him before.

Aside from professional interactions, Nathaniel generally didn't bother to remember people and events that had no relevance to him.

Naturally, he had forgotten about Jonathan, with whom he once shared a fleeting encounter.

"We've found out that for the past few years, Cecilia had been living by Calvin's side," said Mason. "We've also discovered information about this child."

Nathaniel fell into a deep silence, his gaze fixed on the boy in the photograph. His emotions were a tangled web.

“Where is the child now?”

“He’s still in Erihal, watched over by Calvin’s men. The security is very tight.”

When Mason first saw the child’s photo, he was struck by how much the kid’s eyes resembled Nathaniel’s

However, it was still difficult to determine such things with the naked eye alone.

“Mr. Rainsworth. is this child yours and Ms. Smith’s Mason voiced his suspicion.

Nathaniel didn’t respond. “You should leave first

“Understood.”

After Mason left. Nathaniel found himself alone in his office, repeatedly going over Cecilia’s experiences over the years.

As expected, she had always been with Calvin.

Looking at the photos in the files, where Cecilia and Calvin were once side by side, he wished he could set them ablaze in an instant

The information that Mason had gathered was still insufficient.

Apart from that photograph, there was no other useful information on the child.

Nathaniel’s expression was cold.

He tossed the documents into the drawer before rising to head toward Cecilia’s office.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 89

Chapter 89 The Subject Of Gossip

From a distance, he saw the woman sitting in front of the computer, engrossed in her work.

He quickly walked over and pushed the door open, not bothering to knock.

This sound startled Cecilia, causing her to look up only to be met with his stern countenance.

Recalling the scandalous news about Stella that morning, and remembering how Nathaniel had defended Stella in the past, Cecilia instinctively thought that Stella was once again placing the blame on her and that Nathaniel was here to settle the score on Stella's behalf.

She stood up, taking a step back. "Mr. Rainsworth, is there something you need?"

Nathaniel observed her cautious actions, his mind filled with images of that child.

"Come home with me right now!"

At that time, he had no interest in playing along with Cecilia's amnesia act.

Surprise filled Cecilia's eyes.

Home?

What home?

Cecilia looked up at Nathaniel's strikingly handsome face.

"Mr. Rainsworth, what do you mean?"

Nathaniel's throat tightened. He didn't say much. He gripped Cecilia's wrist tightly and led her outside.

His pace was rapid, and the impatience etched on his face left Cecilia thoroughly confused.

She could only keep up.

In the car, Nathaniel sat directly in the driver's seat, his right hand still firmly gripping Cecilia's wrist.

Cecilia had never seen Nathaniel like this before.

"Where are you taking me?"

Nathaniel started the car and said, "Daltonia Villa!"

It was only then that Cecilia understood what he meant by "home."

She continued to feign amnesia. "Where is Daltonia Villa? Mr. Rainsworth, don't forget, we're already divorced."

Nathaniel abruptly pulled the car to a stop and leaned toward Cecilia, his eyes slightly red. "Where did you get the idea that we're divorced?"

Cecilia was taken aback.

The two had previously attempted to divorce, but due to certain reasons and a mandatory cooling-off period, the process wasn't fully completed.

However, after she pretended to be dead for four or five years, their marriage should have been considered null and void long ago.

Nathaniel could tell what Cecilia was thinking. He gave a cold, mocking laugh.

"My wife has always been missing, not dead."

When Cecilia looked into his eyes, she suddenly found herself at a loss for words.

Wife....

Hasn't he always refused to acknowledge that I'm his wife?

Nathaniel continued to drive, his mind a whirlwind of overlapping emotions.

The child appeared to be around four years old, the same age as his child she had carried..

He had never experienced such excitement before. This feeling was strange to him, but not unwelcome.

He raced down the road.

Before long, they arrived at the entrance of Daltonia Villa.

A large villa stood majestically, and outside of it, a smattering of delicate flowers bloomed. These were remnants of a time gone by, hand-planted by Cecilia.

Because Nathaniel didn't like it, she could only plant them outside, but now there weren't many left.

Nathaniel was the first to get out of the car, then he proceeded to open the passenger side door.

"Get out."

Cecilia couldn't discern what was going on with him that day. She simply followed his lead and got out of the car.

She gazed upon the familiar sights before her. Everything was exactly the same as it was four years ago.

“From now on, you’ll live here,” Nathaniel solemnly stated.

Cecilia immediately blurted out, “No.”

After she spoke, she felt a pang of regret. After all, it would be a great opportunity to get close to Nathaniel.

However, recalling the indifference she had faced in this house in the past, she yearned for a swift escape.

“Mr. Rainsworth, I don’t recall marrying you at the moment, so living together doesn’t seem appropriate. Besides, I have a place to live, and it’s quite nice there.”

There was a time when Cecilia never turned Nathaniel away.

But now, she rejected him repeatedly.

Nathaniel was utterly unconvinced that she had lost her memory, yet even now, she continued to feign it.

Perhaps it was the drive back that had calmed him down significantly more than before.

“Is that the only reason?”

Cecilia nodded. “Yes.”

Nathaniel simply couldn’t believe it.

“We could sleep in separate rooms.”

“That wouldn’t be right either. I don’t want to be the subject of gossip.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 90

Chapter 90 Better To Live Alone.

Subject of gossip?

In Tudela, every woman longed to be the subject of gossip if it was with him.

Nathaniel pondered the four to five years since her disappearance, realizing she had been with Calvin all this time. As the saying goes, familiarity breeds affection, especially since they had been childhood friends.

“You’re afraid of Calvin overhearing the gossip, aren’t you?” His eyes were filled with a chilling intensity.

Cecilia’s expression instantly turned somber.

She didn’t want to indulge Nathaniel’s bad habits. “Mr. Rainsworth, whether we’re married or not, I have the freedom to choose where I live. Aren’t you being a bit too controlling?”

After saying that, she no longer wanted to linger in this place. Hastily, she walked past Nathaniel.

Nathaniel felt as if he had been slapped by her at that moment. Even though it was just a few words, they left him feeling incredibly uncomfortable.

I’m being a bit too controlling?

As he watched her figure slowly recede into the distance, he realized she seemed to be drifting further and further away from him.

He deeply disliked this feeling.

He pulled out his phone and dialed Mason’s number.

“Do whatever it takes and bring the child to me.”

“Understood.”

“Also, keep targeting Calvin’s businesses. I want all his projects to go down the drain!”

After hanging up the phone, Nathaniel looked gloomy and unsettled, his mind replaying the image of Cecilia’s indifferent demeanor as she walked.

Back then, she said she would love me for a lifetime!

How could things change just like that?

Did she fall for Calvin?

Regardless, I’m going to win her back away.

What’s mine, even if I don’t want it, can’t be given to anyone else.

Nathaniel sat quietly in the car, lighting one cigarette after another. He pulled out the photograph of the child.

If he's my child, why would Cecilia feel the need to hide him overseas?

Once the child is brought back. I'll get to the bottom of things.

No matter what, I'll keep Cecilia by my side this time.

I swear I will never let her stay out of my sight again!

At night, at Ninth Ville, Cecilia was standing on the balcony, making a call to Vivian.

When Vivian found out that she was taken home by Nathaniel today, she was quite taken aback.

"Has he turned over a new leaf?"

Cecilia shook her head. "I really don't know what's gotten into him."

Nathaniel seemed to be particularly emotional today as if he had something to tell me.

"How could you turn down such a rare opportunity?"

"When I got close to Daltonia Villa, memories of the past flooded back. How could I possibly have the mood to flirt with him?" Cecilia paused for a moment. "Besides, if I were to live with him, what would happen to Jon?"

Vivian understood..

"You're right. It's indeed better to live alone."

"Yeah. How has Jon been doing lately?" Cecilia asked.

When they began discussing Jonathan, the tone of their conversation noticeably relaxed.

"My nephew Dante told me that Jon's now the leader of their class. Even the former leader holds him in high regard."

Vivian didn't bother to ask who the leader was.

She didn't know the child was actually the eldest grandson of the Rainsworth family, Felix.

"Tell Jon, it's better not to draw too much attention," Cecilia advised.

She fully grasped the principle that the nail that sticks out gets hammered down first.

Jonathan had always been too outstanding, which made him easily noticeable.

The concept of bloodline was truly fascinating. The two little ones were simply mini versions of Nathaniel happen..

After instructing Vivian, she ended the call. Leaving her room, she made her way to the lawn outside.

A gentle breeze, carrying waves of warmth, swept over the area, yet Cecilia didn't feel hot.

Over the past few years, although she had regained some of her strength, she was still quite frail.

In the afternoon, Cecilia went to rest without eating anything.