

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 91

Chapter 91 Take It Easy

Meanwhile, at the international preschool, Jonathan had just finished school, and the driver was somewhat later than usual that day.

Beside him, Felix was chattering away. “Do you always have a driver pick you up?”

“Duh?” Jonathan was at a loss for words.

Felix wore a face of pride. “The ones who pick me up every day are all my elders. Great-grandpa wants me to experience the love of the entire family.”

After that, he lowered his voice, exuding an air of mystery as he asked, “Do you know who’s picking me up today?”

“Who?”

Jonathan wasn’t particularly curious, but he continued to entertain his questions. If he didn’t, he would never stop.

“Grandma Elena,” Felix stated proudly.

Jonathan didn’t pay it any mind.

Why should he be happy when Elena wasn’t his grandmother?

While he was deep in thought, Elena’s car arrived.

The luxury car was an attention-grabber. Elena, impeccably dressed, stepped out of it. Despite being well over fifty, she still retained her charm and elegance. Every move she made radiated sophistication.

“Grandma Elena.” Felix hurriedly walked toward Elena.

He called out to her sweetly, yet all Elena could offer him was a perfunctory response.

Had it not been for Niel mentioning that his parents were still overseas and hadn’t returned, she would never have agreed to pick up someone else’s grandson.

Elena let a faint smile grace her features.

“Let’s go.”

As she spoke, her gaze casually fell upon Jonathan, and her expression instantly softened.

“Jon.”

She had another reason for coming here, which was to see this child who greatly resembled her son when he was young.

Elena had someone investigate and discovered that Jonathan had only recently returned from abroad. Since his return, he had been living with the Kennedy family's daughter, and his biological father remained unknown.

She had encountered the Kennedy family's, acquainted once or twice, but they weren't particularly

Upon hearing her call his name, Jonathan greeted her politely, “Hello, Grandma Elena.”

Noticing his polite demeanor, Elena grew increasingly fond of him. She left Felix behind and approached him, crouching down as she asked, “Haven't your parents come to pick you up yet?”

Jonathan shook his head.

“Shall I accompany you home?” Elena saw this as an opportunity to get to know Vivian.

Thank you, but no need.” Jonathan said. “I don't prefer to ride in a stranger's car.”

Stranger...

Elena stiffened, and a wave of discomfort inevitably washed over her.

She genuinely adored this child and wanted to say more. However, Jonathan, having spotted his ride, had already taken small strides and left her behind.

Upon seeing the situation, Elena secretly decided that she would visit this place more often in the future.

After Jonathan left, she guided Felix into the car. During the ride, she inquired about Jonathan's

affairs.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was seated in a car.

“Ms. Kennedy, what brings you here today?”

“What’s wrong? You don’t want me to come pick you up?”

Vivian reached out to pinch his chubby little face, but he swiftly dodged her.

“Ms. Kennedy! Have you washed your hands?”

Jonathan wasn’t particularly bothered by those close to him making physical contact, but he had somewhat inherited Nathaniel’s penchant for cleanliness.

Vivian’s hand froze mid–air.

“Is this a sign that you resent me?”

“No, it’s just that I believe if you don’t wash your hands before touching your face, it could easily spread germs. Children have delicate skin, so it’s best to avoid touching it.”

Vivian felt especially awkward as she watched Jonathan earnestly explaining things to her.

Reluctantly, she pulled back her hands, then let out a sigh.

“I came here at your dear mother’s request. She wanted me to remind you to take it preschool. Don’t show off your intelligence too much. You know they might take some research, right?” easy in you away for

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Chapter 92 Evidence By Jonathan

Originally, Vivian intended to give Jonathan a bit of a scare.

However, in the end, she was defeated by the gaze of Jonathan, who wore an expression as if he was looking at a fool.

“I know. I’ve already been trying to play with the kids,” Jonathan responded. After answering, he pulled out his small tablet and continued his studies.

Because he had been busy with building blocks at the kindergarten, it had been quite a while. since he last read a book.

Vivian glanced at it. All she saw were strange symbols that were completely incomprehensible to her. Comparisons are odious, indeed.

Seeing how hard Jonathan was trying, Vivian couldn’t afford to lag behind.

Upon heading to the study, she delved back to her law books, preparing for her legal battle with, Stella.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

Jonathan was standing outside.

Vivian was a bit puzzled. "What's the matter?"

"Ms. Kennedy, I have a wonderful thing to give you," said Jonathan.

Vivian grew even more puzzled as she watched Jonathan approach before typing swiftly on her keyboard.

In less than a minute, he stopped. A webpage appeared on the screen. Upon entering it, Vivian saw that it was filled with information about Stella.

Vivian gazed at the screen filled with confidential data. She randomly clicked on one, realizing that each piece of information would cost her a hefty price, and even then, there was not guarantee she could obtain it.

"Oh my god! I finally understand why your mother wanted you to keep your talents hidden," exclaimed Vivian.

Jonathan looked at her with his large, innocent eyes. "Ms. Kennedy, you don't really think a child could find these things, do you? Mr. Reese gave me all of this. He insisted that you must take good care of Mommy and never let her suffer any injustice."

Jonathan knew Vivian and Calvin hadn't communicated privately, so she definitely wouldn't know whether what he said was true or false.

Cecilia only knew he was a bit smarter than the average child, but she wasn't aware of all those things.

He also didn't want her to know because if she did, he was certain she would be startled.

Therefore, he couldn't let Vivian know that all those pieces of evidence were prepared by himself.

Even after Jonathan had left, Vivian still felt that the way he had skillfully hammered away at the keyboard was nothing short of prodigious.

Inside the study, Vivian devoted herself entirely to the information Jonathan brought.

“Mr. Reese treats Ceci so well. He sure thought of everything for her.” Vivian had meticulously compiled all the evidence related to Stella’s plagiarism.

She planned to summarize everything first, discuss it with Cecilia in a couple of days, and then proceed to sue Stella!

The next day, Cecilia continued to work diligently at Orion Corporation, occasionally visiting the charity projects in which she had invested.

Her actions only deepened Nathaniel’s confusion, leaving him pondering the true purpose behind her return.

Nathaniel had been smoking more frequently than he ever had before.

When Mason entered the office with some documents, the space was filled with a haze of smoke.

He was somewhat concerned about Nathaniel’s health.

Upon hearing the noise behind him, Nathaniel snuffed out his cigarette. His somewhat gloomy eyes fell on Mason, and the doubt that had been lurking deep within his heart slipped out. “Say, what do you think she wants to do?”

Mason was taken aback. By the time he had gathered his thoughts, Nathaniel had already taken the document from his hands.

“Mr. Rainsworth, do you think Ms. Smith might have genuinely lost her memory? Our investigation revealed that after she left Tudela, the hospital diagnosed her with a significant memory decline,” said Mason.

As Nathaniel was engrossed in reviewing the documents in his hand, he coldly rebuked, “Anyone with even a smidge of medical knowledge would know that it’s impossible for someone to forget just one person. Such a situation simply cannot occur!”

Mason was taken aback.

He hesitated for a moment before saying, “Could it be that she doesn’t want to remember you?”

That statement seemed to have hit Nathaniel’s nerve because he immediately looked up icy gaze. “Don’t want to? On what grounds?”

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Chapter 93 Hire An Acting CEO

Suddenly, Nathaniel felt a heavy weight in his heart.

He set down the documents he was holding and then instructed Mason, "Hire an acting CEO!"

Mason was taken aback. "Mr. Rainsworth, what's this about?"

"I need to take a break for a while, Nathaniel responded solemnly. "Unless it's something significant, there's no need to report to me."

In a large corporation, hiring a CEO was quite commonplace.

Mason, however, was quite taken aback.

After Nathaniel acquired his position, he had been hands-on with everything. For the sake of his career, he didn't allow himself a sliver of rest.

Yet, surprisingly, he was ready to relinquish his power.

It took a while for Mason to regain his composure.

"Understood. I'll post a job opening externally," Mason replied and left.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel reviewed the document in front of him repeatedly, his mind filled with thoughts of Cecilia.

He was particularly unwilling to accept the truth.

Over the years, he had tirelessly worked, earning money around the clock.

He did all that to compensate for the deficit caused by the Smith family's deception. He wasn't just working to make up for the money, but also his dignity.

For Nathaniel, billions were nothing significant!

However, those billions had subjected him to immense humiliation in high society.

Once, he was viewed by everyone as a fool who tried to climb the social ladder using a woman, only to be made a laughingstock!

Not only did he lose billions, but he also had to marry a woman with a hearing disability!

Even after enduring all that, he still didn't have what he wanted.

He was abandoned by Cecilia, and she even intentionally forgot him.

The thought of all those made Nathaniel adjust his tie. He decided to bring the child back personally.

Then, he was going to confront Cecilia about her feigned amnesia and teach her a lesson.

Nathaniel was deep in thought, wrestling with his inner conflicts, until a knock on the door interrupted his train of thought.

“Come in,” he said.

The office door was nudged open from the outside.

Cecilia was dressed in a light-colored outfit and standing outside. Her beautiful, clear eyes were locked with Nathaniel’s deep gaze.

Nathaniel instinctively adjusted his tie, restoring his immaculate appearance. “Ms. Smith, is there something you need?”

Cecilia strolled in with grace and placed a document on Nathaniel’s desk.

When she bent over, he had a sweeping view of her chest.

A tightness seized Nathaniel’s throat, causing him to avert his gaze.

However, it wasn’t long before he brazenly resumed his gazing! Cecilia is my wife, so why can’t I look at her? Also, after not seeing her for several years, I feel she has become even more charming than before.

Cecilia didn’t notice Nathaniel’s deep gaze, nor did she ever consider that someone as aloof as him could also have such a side.

“Mr. Rainsworth, I’ve looked into the charity project, and here are a few suggestions. Could you please look into their implementation? The most crucial thing is that I want to ensure the children with physical disabilities have as many opportunities to learn as possible...” Cecilia did all those things primarily as an excuse to get closer to Nathaniel.

Secondly, it was also for children who, like her, were born with disabilities.

She meticulously shared her thoughts and opinions with Nathaniel.

The two of them were very close, the subtle scent from her body teasing Nathaniel’s senses.

Nathaniel couldn’t help but recall that intense, soul-binding sensation from years ago.

He wasn't a man given to indulgence. Apart from his work, he was not interested in anything else, including women.

However, ever since he had sex with Cecilia, there were times in his dreams when he wished he could merge her into his very being.

"Mr. Rainsworth, I've said all I needed to." Cecilia's voice brought Nathaniel back to his senses.

He shifted his gaze away. "Just take these matters directly to the manager in charge."

Only he knew his heart felt like it was being seared by a ball of fire at that moment.

Additionally, a certain part of his body was acting up.

Still, he replied calmly, "All right."

Cecilia couldn't help but ponder in her heart. If that was the case, then why waste time listening to me talk endlessly?

"Mr. Rainsworth, the project has already commenced. Will you be willing to accompany me this afternoon to see the children? This way, I can also promote your company," Cecilia was trying her best to approach him discretely.

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Chapter 94 Phony Public Relations Campaigns

Nathaniel's biggest pet peeve was those phony public relations campaigns.

Instinctively, he wanted to refuse, but what actually came out of his mouth was, "All right."

"I'll go get ready first, then." Cecilia turned and walked away.

Before she could reach the door, Nathaniel spoke with his deep, slightly raspy voice. "If you're going to be around children, I think you should consider dressing more appropriately."

Cecilia was taken aback.

She looked down and realized that two buttons on her top had come undone.

The weather was sweltering. She had loosened it in the office and forgotten to fasten it back..

In a hurry, Cecilia dashed out of the office and headed for the restroom to fasten the buttons on her clothes

By the time she emerged from the restroom, her face was already flushed a deep shade of red.

As she lowered her gaze and continued walking, she collided with a figure. "I'm sorry."

Upon lifting her gaze, Cecilia was met with the sight of Zachary's handsome and distinguished face.

Instinctively, she shivered, taking a subconscious step back to put some distance between them.

Over the past few days, while working at Orion Corporation, she would inevitably catch sight of Zachary

Most of the time, she would take a detour to avoid him, but surprisingly, she bumped into him directly that day.

Cecilia was particularly nervous, already prepared for his humiliation.

Zachary observed her series of actions, a lump forming in his throat. Fearing he might scare her, he remained silent, heading straight to Nathaniel's office.

Cecilia let out a sigh of relief.

Zachary was the kind of person who would scrutinize every detail and never let a grudge go unanswered.

Previously, she had already infuriated him when she attended the blind date in Vivian's place.

The last time he was at the bar, he didn't confront Cecilia, but that didn't mean he wouldn't in the future.

At times, he was even more terrifying than Nathaniel.

Nathaniel never laid a hand on women. At most, he would resort to cold indifference,

Yet when it came to women, Zachary didn't hold back at all.

She remembered there was one time when she accidentally bumped into Zachary. A month later, she found herself dragged to the outskirts, left to fend for herself.

Upon thinking about all that, Cecilia couldn't help but feel fear.

Meanwhile, Zachary pushed open Nathaniel's office door without hesitation.

"Nathaniel, I heard from Mason that you're recruiting an acting CEO?" Zachary asked straightforwardly as soon as he entered.

Nathaniel frowned, his voice a bit hoarse. "From now on, knock before entering."

Zachary was taken aback because he never needed to knock before.

However, Nathaniel seemed to be in a bad mood that day, so all he could do was agree. "All right,"

Zachary and Nathaniel's relationship had evolved beyond mere friendship in the eyes of outsiders. They had become as close as brothers.

That said, he couldn't understand Nathaniel's decision, "Can you really be at ease handing over the position of acting CEO to someone else? Everyone else in the Rainsworth family has their eyes set covetously on this position." It had been in the past, Nathaniel probably would have some reservations, but not now....

Nathaniel scoffed dismissively. "Who among them would dare?"

Upon observing Nathaniel's confident demeanor, Zachary suddenly remembered something. The present Orion Corporation and Rainsworth Group were all under Nathaniel's control.

Aside from a certain someone, it was likely that no one else would dare to challenge Nathaniel.

However, that person wouldn't compete with him.

Zachary casually made himself comfortable on the couch in Nathaniel's office, leaning back with a relaxed air.

Zachary case. No one dares to cover this position now. Oh, by the way, I ran into Cecilia

earlier. What was she doing here to see you?"

For reasons unknown, he didn't want Nathaniel to notice the shift in his attitude toward Cecilia.

He had no intention of telling Nathaniel that Cecilia had saved him once before.

Secretly, he wished that Nathaniel would always give Cecilia the cold shoulder.

He himself didn't know why such a thought crossed his mind.

Nathaniel noticed that Zachary had always paid special attention to Cecilia, whether in the past or the present

That attention didn't seem to be solely out of distaste.

Many years later, Nathaniel realized that Zachary's attention was directed toward Cecilia out of affection, not disdain.

It was to catch Cecilia's attention!

At that moment, Zachary was reminiscent of a young boy freshly in love. In other words, the more he liked a gal, the more he enjoyed teasing her.

"She asked me to accompany her to visit the disabled children we sponsor," said Nathaniel.

Zachary knew how much Nathaniel detested attending such events. Without hesitation, he offered, "Let me go in your place."

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Chapter 95 Promised Her

Nathaniel cast him a profound glance. "No need. I've already promised her."

A glimmer of disappointment flickered in Zachary's eyes. He couldn't help but probe, "Don't you dislike being in such situations the most?"

Nathaniel keenly noticed something was off with Zachary and said lightly. "There's an exception to everything!"

Zachary didn't stay there for long before he left.

When he stepped out into the open-air corridor, he saw Cecilia engaged in lively conversation and laughter with the company's employees.

That sort of smile on her was something he had never seen before.

Arnold approached Zachary, "Old Mr. Rainsworth requests your return, Mr. Zachary."

"Understood," replied Zachary,

During the afternoon, Cecilia was in the newly opened music classroom at the school for the special. She sat at the piano, teaching children with disabilities how to play.

Nathaniel was standing outside the door, surrounded by a group of bodyguards.

It was his first time witnessing Cecilia play the piano. The clear and melodious sound of the piano. was akin to a gently flowing stream, refreshing to the soul.

Nathaniel focused on the faint smile on Cecilia's face, a sight he rarely saw.

"Ms. Smith, you're truly impressive."

"How did you manage to do it?"

The children looked up at Cecilia with admiration.

Compared to other benefactors, they held a particular fondness for Cecilia, who wore a hearing aid. Perhaps it was because they could empathize with each other.

Cecilia conveyed to them that as long as they were willing to put in the effort, they could all become exceptional.

Nathaniel had been waiting for her outside.

In the past, he had always perceived Cecilia as a pampered young lady and a good-for-nothing. However, he realized he was wrong.

As the visit was drawing to a close, Cecilia bid farewell to each of the children one by one.

When she emerged, she noticed that Nathaniel had already dismissed his bodyguards. He stood alone under a tree, waiting for her.

His figure was upright. his profile stern and cold.

Cecilia was slowly walking toward him. "Mr. Rainsworth..."

No sooner had she spoken than she noticed that Nathaniel had extinguished the cigarette in his hand.

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback and somewhat confused. Since then had he developed such a fondness for smoking? I remember, in the past, he absolutely detested the smell of smoke.

"Are you all right: Nathaniel gazed at her serene and exquisite face. his throat tightening, his voice coming out in a rough whisper.

"Mhm. Cecilia handed Nathaniel the small bag she was holding.

Nathaniel looked puzzled. "What is this?"

The children have given you a gift. It's a painting, as a token of thanks for helping them establish a school. Cecilia stated.

Nathaniel did not reach out to take it. "You can hold onto it.

To him, that thing was nothing more than trash because he never needed any gifts.

Cecilia understood who he was, so she didn't insist.

"Then, I'm leaving. Without another word, Cecilia turned to leave.

"Wait a moment!" Nathaniel called out to stop her.

Cecilia asked, puzzled, "Is there anything else?"

"I've been waiting for you for over four hours," Nathaniel stated.

Cecilia smoothly proposed, "How about I treat you to a meal?"

"All right."

Cecilia didn't expect him to agree so readily.

Later, Nathaniel followed Cecilia back to Ninth Ville, and when he arrived, he was in a foul mood because Calvin owned the place.

He believed that if outsiders learned his wife was living in another man's place, they would think he was so stingy that he couldn't arrange a place for his wife to stay in.

Cecilia was unaware of what he was thinking and planned to add something special to the dish later, aiming to achieve her goal by the end of the night

you don't mind that I'm inviting you for some homemade food, do you?"

If they were out dining, she wouldn't have the chance to show off her cooking.

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Chapter 96 Taking Things For Granted

"I've been eating your cooking for three years. I don't mind this time either," Nathaniel replied.

Cecilia chuckled lightly. Once the vegetables arrived, she headed to the kitchen to prepare the meal.

In truth, she didn't know how to cook before. It was only after marrying Nathaniel that she gradually learned.

Nathaniel had never shown gratitude before, always taking things for granted, just as he was doing at that moment.

Nathaniel was sitting quietly in the living room, but his gaze remained fixed on Cecilia. It was as if he could never tire of looking at her, no matter how many times he did.

Cecilia served dish after dish onto the table. She also specifically added a little something extra to Nathaniel's favorite lemon butter fish.

The two of them sat down facing each other.

It had been a long while since Nathaniel shared a meal with her, yet he hadn't touched his fork.

Cecilia served him a large piece of fish, placing it on his plate. "You said you wouldn't mind."

Upon hearing that, Nathaniel picked up his fork and knife, calmly eating the fish from his plate.

Cecilia was watching him, feeling particularly anxious because she had added a sleep-inducing drug to the fish.

Cecilia was afraid that the portion might not be enough, so she placed more of the fish dish onto his plate.

Nathaniel looked at her with his deep, dark eyes. "Why aren't you eating?"

"I'm not very hungry. You should eat more," said Cecilia, nervously pinching her palm before she started eating other dishes.

Without uttering another word, Nathaniel quietly finished his meal alongside her.

After finishing the meal, he didn't feel the slightest bit of sleepiness.

Cecilia was somewhat dumbfounded. Did I put too little of the drug into the dish?

Cecilia got up and headed toward the kitchen. "I'll pour a cup of water for you."

Nathaniel, however, firmly grasped her wrist.

She was exceptionally attentive that day, but he recalled she said she didn't like him.

Thus, he wondered if everything she did before was just an act, and only at that moment was she revealing her true intentions.

Startled, Cecilia thought he had discovered something.

However, he asked, "Isn't there water in the living room? Why do you need to go to the kitchen?"

Cecilia exhaled in relief. "I wanted to grab a bottled water."

"No need," Nathaniel murmured. His gaze was locked on Cecilia's stunning amber eye as his Adam's Apple bobbed slightly. "I'm not thirsty."

His grip did not loosen. Instead, he held her even tighter.

"Cecilia, be honest. Do you still have feelings for me?" He suddenly blurted out.

Before Cecilia could gather her thoughts, Nathaniel spoke again, explaining, "You mentioned that you've lost your memory, right? I want to know, after losing your memory, do you still have feelings for me?"

In that moment, it seemed as if the air itself had frozen.

Cecilia was at a loss for how to respond to him.

To be honest, after she divorced Nathaniel and left, she no longer held any expectations toward their relationship.

She gradually pried open Nathaniel's tightly clasped hand. "Mr. Rainsworth, to be completely honest, you're exceptional. I can never reach the heights you've achieved, but I still greatly admire you."

Admire, but not like, huh? Nathaniel could still recall what Cecilia said when she confessed in the past, "Nathaniel, I like you, and it's not just because you're exceptional. No matter who you become, I will still like you."

Back then, Cecilia stood at the entrance of Rainsworth Group like an idiot.

At that moment, Nathaniel's throat tightened. "So, are you saying that you have no feelings for me anymore?"

He rose to his feet, cornering Cecilia against the wall, and leaned in close to her, his head lowered.

The two were so close they could hear each other's breath.

"Who do you like then? Is it Calvin? Why didn't he come back with you?" Nathaniel persistently asked.

Cecilia panicked as she exclaimed in her mind. Why hasn't Nathaniel fallen asleep yet? What is going on? "Mr. Rainsworth, you might have misunderstood something."

Nathaniel was unhappy as he touched her slightly burning cheeks. "You didn't use to wear

I don't like it, huh? The corners of Cecilia's eyes were slightly red, and she smiled bitterly. "Have you ever considered that it's not that I dislike wearing makeup, nor that I don't enjoy dressing up in beautiful clothes?"

Nathaniel choked up.

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Chapter 97 All Women Love Beauty

Cecilia continued, "There isn't a woman who doesn't love to look beautiful. Perhaps the person I used to be was too humble, always hiding my own likes and preferences."

Nathaniel felt a tightness in his chest as he listened to all that. "Are you saying that everything you did in the past was for me?"

Cecilia looked up and met his gaze. "I told you, I don't remember. However, I can tell you that I love makeup, and I adore vibrant, beautiful clothes. I also have a thing for gold, silver, and jewelry."

In the past, Cecilia chose to wear grey clothes and refrained from wearing makeup because she was afraid of making Nathaniel angry.

Her family deceived Nathaniel, so she didn't want to be all dolled up, drawing attention and potentially causing him distress.

Once, she merely put on a red dress and hummed a song while watering the flowers outside, only to be met with his mockery. "You folks from the Smith family sure are impressive. To think you all can sleep well, dress up fancily, and have a great time after lying to people."

Since then, at home, she dared not be happy, dared not laugh, and certainly dared not dress too well.

Nathaniel had no idea about all those and even mistakenly thought it was because she didn't like those things!

What a joke. Cecilia tightened her grip, her fingertips digging deeply into her palm to the point she was bleeding, but she didn't stop.

Nathaniel simply

creeping in. "The "hed against her, inhaling her pleasant scent, feeling a hint of drowsiness

why didn't

Cecilia was taken aback.

you tell me?"

He wrapped his arm around her slender waist and rested his chin on her slender shoulder. "Why do I get the feeling that you hate me?"

Cecilia suddenly felt as if her throat was clogged with a ball of cotton. I should've been the one to say this! He's clearly the one who hates me!

She choked slightly as she asked, "Can you let me go?"

Nathaniel, however, refused to release her, holding her tightly in his arms. "Cecilia, do you have any idea how long I've been searching for you? Forget it! You're nothing but a heartless creature!"

Cecilia regretted pretending to have amnesia because if she hadn't, she would've questioned him about who the heartless one really was.

Since Nathaniel, for some reason, still hadn't fallen asleep, Cecilia could only continue the conversation with him. "Mr. Rainsworth, aren't you afraid Ms. Ross will get angry if you talk to me like this?"

At that moment, Nathaniel's lips arrived beside her ear.

Cecilia shivered, and before she could react, Nathaniel's lips had already landed on hers.

As he kissed her, he simultaneously shrugged off his jacket.

Cecilia felt as though her blood had frozen.

Nathaniel casually tossed his coat aside, his large hand cradling the back of Cecilia's head, his entire body leaning toward her.

Cecilia found it increasingly difficult to breathe. She tried to push him away, but she was not match for him.

The domineering and powerful kiss only ended after a long while.

Leaning against her, Nathaniel repeatedly ran his fingers through her soft, silky hair, his eyelids feeling particularly heavy. "Cecilia, I'm so sleepy."

Cecilia lowered his hand and slowly raised hers, gently patting his shoulder. "You should sleep, then."

Nathaniel gently picked her up and placed her on the couch. He then laid down next to her, inhaling the sweet scent of her hair as he drifted off to sleep.

Only when his breathing became steady did Cecilia dare to pry his hand off and rise from the couch.

She was just about to head upstairs to fetch her precision tools, but before she could even leave, Nathaniel once again embraced her.

With his eyes closed, he asked in a languid tone, "Where are you going?"

Cecilia frowned. How is he still conscious? "I'm cleaning up the kitchen."

Once again, Nathaniel pulled her into his embrace. "I'll have someone come and clean up tomorrow. You don't need to do it."

As such, Cecilia could only lay down beside him.

During the night, Cecilia tried several times to fetch her tools.

However, every time she moved away slightly, Nathaniel would wake up.

She didn't expect him to be such a light sleeper. If she had known, she would have increased the dosage. Yet, infuriatingly, he refused to drink anything after he fell asleep.

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Chapter 98 Exceptionally Exhausted

In the end, Cecilia had no choice but to give up for the time being

Perhaps due to the prolonged struggle, she was exceptionally exhausted and eventually succumbed to sleep.

The following day, sunlight landed on their faces.

How unusual. I've never slept so well before. Nathaniel opened his eyes, looking down at Cecilia, who was curled up in his arms. His gaze, usually cold, softened remarkably at that moment.

The air conditioning was turned on inside the room. Seeing her shiver, Nathaniel quietly reached out to fetch a jacket to drape over her.

At that moment, Cecilia opened her eyes.

Upon seeing Nathaniel's gentle eyes, she blurted out, "Nathaniel."

Nathaniel was taken aback.

Regaining her senses, Cecilia suddenly tumbled out of his arms, falling heavily onto the ground.

She winced in pain, drawing in a sharp breath.

Nathaniel watched her panic, swiftly pulling her up. "What did you just call me?"

"What?" Cecilia decided to play dumb/

Seeing her like that, Nathaniel chose not to question further.

He stood up, his words laced with sarcasm. "Ms. Smith, you really do have a knack for forgetting, don't you?"

Unlike the gentle gaze he had when he first woke up, his eyes held nothing but indifference at that moment, and his expression was even colder.

Cecilia realized she had misjudged the situation as a hint of disappointment flickered in her eyes.

Ever since she started attending university, Nathaniel's demeanor drastically changed when he joined Rainsworth Group. He became particularly indifferent.

He no longer possessed the gentleness he once had and became aloof. Moreover, he certainly wouldn't go out of his way in the middle of the night to find her if she were bullied.

At first, Cecilia thought that his increasing temper was due to the excessive workload and tremendous pressure from his job.

However, later, she realized that his temper had always been like that. It was just that she hadn't truly understood him when they were younger.

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The following day, sunlight landed on their faces.

How unusual. I've never slept so well before. Nathaniel opened his eyes, looking down at Cecilia, who was curled up in his arms. His gaze, usually cold, softened remarkably at that moment.

The air conditioning was turned on inside the room. Seeing her shiver, Nathaniel quietly reached out to fetch a jacket to drape over her.

At that moment, Cecilia opened her eyes.

Upon seeing Nathaniel's gentle eyes, she blurted out, "Nathaniel."

Nathaniel was taken aback..

Regaining her senses, Cecilia suddenly tumbled out of his arms, falling heavily onto the ground.

She winced in pain, drawing in a sharp breath.

What Aid:

Nathaniel watched her panic, swiftly pulling her up. just call me?"

"What?" Cecilia decided to play dumb/

Seeing her like that, Nathaniel chose not to question further.

He stood up, his words laced with sarcasm. "Ms. Smith, you really do have a knack for forgetting. don't you?"

Unlike the gentle gaze he had when he first woke up, his eyes held nothing but indifference at that moment, and his expression was even colder.

Cecilia realized she had misjudged the situation as a hint of disappointment flickered in her eyes.

Ever since she started attending university, Nathaniel's demeanor drastically changed when he joined Rainsworth Group. He became particularly indifferent.

He no longer possessed the gentleness he once had and became aloof. Moreover, he certainly wouldn't go out of his way in the middle of the night to find her if she were bullied.

At first, Cecilia thought that his increasing temper was due to the excessive workload and tremendous pressure from his job..

However, later, she realized that his temper had always been like that. It was just that she hadn't truly understood him when they were younger.

"Mr. Rainsworth, I treated you to dinner yesterday, so I won't be escorting you home today," said Cecilia.

She was essentially driving Nathaniel away in a roundabout way.

Nathaniel was not without a temper. "Are you sure you want me to leave?"

Cecilia remained silent.

Nathaniel's countenance turned icy. "I'm asking you a question!"

For reasons unknown, he found himself particularly annoyed when Cecilia ignored him.

Seeing that he was upset, Cecilia spoke again. "That's not what I meant. I just think that it's about time for you to be at work. I won't be going to the office today."

Her forced justification only served to make Nathaniel even more upset.

After he left, he sat in the car, unable to find peace for a long time.

From his perspective, Cecilia seemed to have turned into a completely different person. She was no longer the woman who couldn't bear to see him upset, who treated him with such caution.

Nathaniel opened the compartment in his car, intending to grab a cigarette. However, as he reached inside, he found it was completely empty..

The cigarettes he had others prepared for him beforehand had all been used up.

Ever since Cecilia vanished, he developed that bad habit and also insomnia.

Over the past five years, he often didn't sleep until around three or four in the morning, and sometimes he even had to rely on medication.

As he consumed more and more, his body developed a resistance, necessitating increased doses. Yet, his sleep quality continued to decline.

That was also why, last night, he wasn't affected that much by the sleeping drug.

The doctor informed him that his condition might be due to excessive mental stress and that he needed to take some time to relax and rest.

However, he simply couldn't rest. The moment he did, his mind would be filled with Cecilia's nonsense words.

After sitting alone in the car for what felt like an eternity, he finally started the engine and drove off.

Meanwhile, Vivian had arranged to meet with Cecilia.

She handed over all the organized documents related to the lawsuit against Stella for Cecilia to review.

As Cecilia leafed through page after page, she noticed each piece of evidence was compellingly substantial.

Surprisingly, there was evidence that internal management staff from Central Media were helping Stella. The evidence included chat logs and recordings of them either purchasing or pirating other people's works.

"Who gave you these things?" asked Cecilia.

"Jon gave it to me, claiming that Mr. Reese had instructed him to do so," responded Vivian.

Cecilia felt a bit guilty..

For so many years, it was always Calvin who helped her deal with troubles.

The debt she owed him continued to grow.

"Stella has grown powerful and influential. It won't be easy to bring her down. However, I'm sure you can retrieve your work," Vivian said.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 99

Chapter 99 Hide Her Identity

“Mhm.” After mulling it over, Cecilia reminded Vivian, “Stella has no idea that I am Cecille, and I prefer to keep it that way.”

“All right,” Vivian replied.

Ever since the last time Stella revealed that she knew the whereabouts of Paula and Magnus, Cecilia decided to conceal her identity as much as possible.

Otherwise, if Paula and Magnus found Cecilia in the future, it would lead to endless complications.

Every time she thought about Paula’s relentless demands and Magnus’ betrayal, she felt utterly disheartened.

After having a thorough conversation with Vivian about the lawsuit against Stella, Cecilia was preparing to leave.

However, Vivian stopped her. “We seldom get together like this, and Jon is still in school. Let’s go for a stroll in the nearby mall.”

Cecilia couldn’t resist her and agreed.

Then, the two of them went to the largest commercial center in Tudela.

Vivian remarked, “Even though Nathaniel is a bit of a jerk, you can’t deny his prowess. Look at this place. There’s a shopping district like this in every state across the country. Imagine how much money a place like this makes over the course of a year. Then there’s the real estate, properties, and internet ventures... There are so many projects he could be responsible for. I don’t even dare to think about how much wealth he had amassed.”

Upon hearing those words, Cecilia was genuinely impressed. “It seems Nathaniel truly propelled both Rainsworth Group and Orion Corporation into a new era over the past few years.”

“Mhm. It would be even better if he was more moral,” Vivian said, holding Cecilia’s hand as they walked into the mall.

Upon arriving at a high–end clothing store, they were quickly greeted and attended to by a staff member.

Vivian went to try on clothes, leaving Cecilia waiting in the rest area. Unbeknownst to her, a customer inside the store had already noticed her.

The woman pointed at Vivian, who had just emerged in a new outfit, and declared, “I’ll take this dress.”

All the clothes there were unique designs, so Vivian couldn't help but frown. "What are you saying? I set my eyes on this dress first!"

The woman scoffed, "So what if you saw it first? Did you pay for it?"

Vivian, refusing to back down, addressed the receptionist, "I'll take this one."

After she finished speaking, she instructed the receptionist to swipe the card..

However, the woman was relentless and brought out her own card.

The receptionist was rather troubled. Meanwhile, the ongoing dispute had caught Cecilia's attention.

She stepped out and immediately recognized the woman, Yvette, who was the third daughter of the Harrison family and Stella's friend.

"Vivian, what's wrong?" Cecilia stepped forward, asking.

"This woman is deliberately causing trouble. I spotted the dress first, yet she tried to snatch it from me." Vivian didn't know Yvette, but her disdain for the latter had already reached its peak.

"I was wondering how we ended up eyeing the same dress. Turns out you're a friend of Cecilia." Yvette spoke with a cold, mocking tone. "It doesn't surprise me now, considering Cecilia's penchant for taking what others have, men included."

"What did you just say? Watch your tongue!" Vivian was instantly furious.

"Did you not hear what I said clearly? Let me repeat it, then. Cecilia has a penchant for stealing other people's men-

The surrounding customers and staff had all turned to look at the commotion.

Before Yvette could finish her sentence, Cecilia had already arrived in front of her and slapped her violently.

The sharp, burning pain on her cheek left Yvette stunned on the spot.

"Watch your mouth!" Cecilia admonished.

Yvette was not one to be trifled with. She immediately prepared to fight with Cecilia.

Vivian quickly rolled up her sleeves. "It's two against one, b*tch! You'd better not regret!"

Cecilia was speechless.

Upon hearing that, Yvette quickly stepped back, shouting at the surrounding shop assistants. “What are you all gawking at? Get them out of here now! Not anyone is allowed in here! Do you even know who I am?”

Compared to Yvette’s disheveled appearance, Cecilia appeared much calmer.

She handed over her exclusive VIP card to the store clerk. “Escort her out.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 100

Chapter 100 Escorted Yvette Out

When the store staff took the card and saw it, they immediately contacted security, who then forcibly escorted Yvette out of the place.

Subsequently, the store manager personally attended to Vivian.

When Vivian stepped out of the store holding the clothes she fancied, she still had a bewildered expression on her face. “Doesn’t The Ivory Idea store not have any VIPs?”

“When I was in Erihal, I met a designer from The Ivory Idea who liked my music and gave me a card. He mentioned that possessing this card was akin to being a manager at their store, though I’ve never tried it out until now,” said Cecilia in a calm manner.

Vivian hugged Cecilia’s arm, admiration written all over her countenance.

“Wow, you’re amazing, Ms. Cecille. From now on, I’m sticking with you.”

Cecilia chuckled, patting her head. “You’re so sweet!”

“You’re so nice! Ms. Cecille.”

The two chatted and laughed each other all the way

Before she went home, Cecilia bought a few clothes for Jonathan and Elliot.

Vivian would deliver Jonathan’s clothes to him while the clothes for Elliot were sent via international express delivery.

“I saw so many beautiful dresses just now. Wouldn’t it be wonderful if Jonathan were a girl?” Vivian sighed. I can’t imagine how beautiful he will be if he is a girl!

Cecilia also wished to have a daughter.

In the afternoon, Cecilia got home and video-called Elliot to show him the little clothes she had. bought for him.

Elliot was particularly pale as he lay on the hospital bed, but he was still smiling.
“Mommy, you’re the best. Mwah!”

“Mwah!” A tender look filled Cecilia’s eyes.

Although weary. Elliot wanted to chat with her a bit longer. “Mommy, do you love me?”

“Of course.

Unlike his serious older brother, Elliot tended to be affectionate and cute. “Once you’re back, I want a real kiss. I’ll also wear the new clothes for you to see so that you can take a picture of me.”

“All right. I will be back as soon as possible.”

Seeing that Elliot wasn’t in good shape, Cecilia had another chat with Martha before ending the call.

Later, she opened the hidden album in her phone, flipping through photos of Jonathan and Elliot. A wave of melancholy washed over her.

The person she owed the most apologies to was Elliot. Had it not been for her past illness and the multitude of medications she had to take, Elliot would not have had to stay in an incubator immediately after birth.

Eventually, the days he spent in the hospital outnumbered those he spent at home.

However, he was exceptionally optimistic. Whether he was undergoing treatment or taking medication and injections, he never shed a tear.

Every time she tenderly kissed his forehead, he became incredibly happy. He would even comfort her by saying, “As long as I have your kisses, I’m not afraid of anything.

Cecilia repeatedly looked at the photos of her two sons, grateful that fate had brought the two angels into her life.

What she didn’t know was that Nathaniel had already made plans to go abroad and bring Elliot back home.

Meanwhile, at Polaris Condominium, where Stella resided, Yvette recounted everything that had happened earlier.

“I heard membership at The Ivory Idea is only for their own top brass. How could Cecilia have one?” Stella wondered.

Yvette sneered, “Perhaps she slept with an executive from The Ivory Idea.”

After hearing that, Stella took a sip of water and gently said, “Yvie, don’t be upset. It’s not a big deal; it’s just a piece of clothing. Whatever style you like, I’ll have my personal designer tailor- make it for you.”

“Stella, you’re so nice. This isn’t really about the clothes, though. I just can’t understand something. What right does a deaf woman like Cecilia have to take all kinds of advantages? Just because you accepted their family’s help doesn’t mean she can ask anything of you without limits! I did what I did earlier because I couldn’t stand it any longer,” Yvette expressed indignantly.

From the perspective that Stella had instilled in Yvette, Cecilia was a woman who would stop at nothing to obtain what she wanted nonchalantly.