

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 101

Chapter 101 Nathaniel, Marry me

“Stella, what’s your plan now? Did Mr. Rainsworth mention when you two are getting married?” Yvette continued through gritted teeth, “If all else fail, I’ll expose Cecilia online and let her undergo social death.”

Stella stood up, proceeding to trim the flowers placed nearby.

“Don’t.” After a pause, she explained, “This would affect Nathaniel.”

Only then did Yvette give up.

After seeing Yvette off, Stella snipped off a perfect rose, and it fell to the ground.

Be it the past or present, Nathaniel never once mentioned marrying me. Sometimes, one has to admit that love is evident to the naked eye. Nathaniel never seemed to have ever truly loved me. From the beginning when I returned to the country brimming with confidence and declaring my pursuit of Nathaniel, to now bearing the title of his girlfriend in name only, I’m just a joke.

With those thoughts in mind, she swept the vase off the table.

The vase shattered, scattering its fragments and the fresh flowers all over the ground.

Her hand was cut, and blood began to seep out.

A thought struck her as she stared at the cut. She picked up a shard from the ground and ruthlessly slashed it across her wrist.

Then, she sent Nathaniel a photo and message.

She texted: Nathaniel, it hurts so much, and I want to see you so badly. Can you come and visit me?

Half an hour later, when Nathaniel rushed to Polaris Condominium, he found Stella sitting on the ground, clad in thin clothes. Blood dripped from her wrist onto the floor.

His brows knitted together. “What are you doing?” he asked.

Stella staggered to her feet when she saw him approaching and threw herself into his arms

“Nathaniel, take me, please! Even if you don’t marry me, just take me! I beg you!” she pleaded.

Disgust filled Nathaniel's eyes as he forcefully pushed her away. "Have you forgotten everything I've told you?" he exclaimed.

Stella's cheeks flushed from being rejected in such a manner, yet she remained persistent. "I haven't forgotten. You said that since I saved your mom, you'll treat me well and give me anything I ask. Nathaniel, wasn't everything great when we were together in the past? Everyone said we were a perfect match. Why are you unwilling to move forward with me now? Is it truly because of Cecilia? Didn't you say you didn't like her?"

The mention of Cecilia appeared to have hit Nathaniel's nerve, for the temperature around him seemed to drop a notch.

Stella once saved my mom's life by giving her a blood transfusion, but her demands kept increasing and going too far.

His last shred of patience had finally run out.

"You have two choices," he said. "One, you can become Mrs. Rainsworth in name only, just like Cecilia in the past, and I won't offer you any help anymore. Two, stop asking for marriage, and whatever job resources you need, I will provide."

He knew Stella had always been coveting the position of Mrs. Rainsworth.

Stella hesitated. Before returning to the country, she had already investigated Cecilia. As Mrs. Rainsworth, Cecilia was more like a maid of the Rainsworth family.

Stella was afraid to become the second Cecilia, but she was also not content with maintaining their existing relationship.

Stella remained silent for a long time.

Nathaniel looked at her wrist again, noting that the cut wasn't deep. Realizing she was putting on a show for him, he prepared to leave.

However, Stella embraced him again from behind, pleading, "Nathaniel, I don't want to choose. Please don't leave. I beg you. Could you stay with me tonight, please? I'm so scared to be alone. You have no idea how many people are talking about me online now. They say I'm a fool, and that you don't like me at all, never and ever."

Listening to her voice choked with emotion, Nathaniel felt no sympathy, only annoyance.

He pulled away from Stella's grasp.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 102

Chapter 102 Who Is Your Daddy

“Given that you chose to be a celebrity, you should be aware of the amount of gossip and rumors. You’d have to face,” Nathaniel said, his voice frosty.

Upon hearing those words, Stella couldn’t help but feel disappointed. Nathaniel is just like a stone, completely heartless.

“Nathaniel, could you stay and keep me company, please? I’m begging you,” she pleaded.

She didn’t expect Nathaniel to expose her directly, saying, “I’m aware my mom wants you to have my child. Don’t entertain this idea.”

Stella was taken aback.

He continued, “Knowing your place is better than anything else.”

Having said that, he quickly walked away.

Stella watched his retreating figure, puzzled. She couldn’t understand why he was this type of man. His father fools around everywhere. Yet, he manages to remain unswayed by temptation. Elena desperately wants a grandson, but I have no opportunity to conceive.

Stella called for a doctor to treat the injury on her hand.

After leaving Polaris Condominium, Nathaniel dialed Mason’s number. “Well?” he asked.

Mason replied, “The arrangements have already been made, and some unconventional methods have been utilized. They should be able to bring the child back without you having to go there!”

“What do you mean by ‘should?’” Nathaniel asked, clearly displeased.

Mason cautiously spoke. “Calvin seems to be on guard. Recently, more people have been around the local hospital than usual. Dealing with those individuals might take some time, and during this period, they can’t guarantee that Calvin won’t notice.”

After hearing everything, Nathaniel fell into deep thought for a moment. “Arrange a private jet to Erihal immediately,” he instructed. “I’ll personally go and pick him up.”

“Understood.”

After hanging up the phone, Nathaniel drove straight to the airport. Had it not been for Stella's sudden self-harm, I would've been on a plane by now. Bringing the child back would eliminate any reason for Cecilia to leave, and Mother would stop pressuring me for a grandchild.

Late at night, four bodyguards stood guard outside the VIP ward of a hospital in Erihal.

They patrolled back and forth, ensuring no strangers approached Elliot's ward.

Before they could even react, a group of well-trained bodyguards swooped in, swiftly muffling their screams and knocking them out before dragging their unconscious bodies away.

The series of actions only took one minute.

The hospital's surveillance had been destroyed, and by the time the lights flickered back on, Nathaniel already had someone carry the boy on the bed away.

In a black presidential limousine, Nathaniel observed the boy lying on the bed, struggling with sleep and occasionally furrowing their brow.

He lifted his hand, resting it on the boy's forehead.

Just then. Elliot gradually opened his eyes. His obsidian-like pupils were strikingly identical to those of Nathaniel.

Upon seeing the man, Elliot didn't exhibit a shred of panic. Instead, he glanced around, only then realizing that he had been sleeping in the car. Without a doubt, I've been kidnapped by sc*mbag daddy.

Yet he didn't show it, opting to stare at Nathaniel with a perplexed expression.

"Mister, where are you taking me? Elliot asked softly.

Mister? A flicker of displeasure passed through Nathaniel's eyes. "We're going back to the country." he replied, seeing no issue in sharing this information with a four-year-old child.

Elliot blinked, his eyelashes fluttering, a clear sign of grogginess from sleep. "Mister, please take me back quickly. Otherwise, my daddy will get upset," he said.

"Daddy?" Nathaniel stared at Elliot's pale face, his voice deep as he asked, "Who is your daddy?"

A sly twinkle flashed in Elliot's eyes. "Mister, don't you know? My daddy is the most powerful. man around here. His name is Calvin Reese."

Nathaniel's expression instantly darkened.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 103

Chapter 103 Do You Really Not Love Us

Elliot pouted, continuing to provoke Nathaniel. “Mister, did you kidnap me for money? I’ll have you know, my daddy is anything but short of money. He loves me the most. You got it right by kidnapping me.”

Nathaniel was rendered speechless.

“Your daddy is so rich and powerful, yet he couldn’t protect you from getting kidnapped by me?”

Elliot choked up.

He hadn’t expected that Nathaniel would be so good at talking back.

It seems like he’s not completely incompetent.

Elliot didn’t respond. Instead, he suddenly clutched his stomach, his brows furrowed tightly.

Nathaniel sensed something was off with him. “What’s wrong?”

“My stomach hurts.” Elliot’s voice was feeble.

Fortunately, Nathaniel had brought along his personal doctor when he came.

He summoned the doctor to this car to do a check-up on Elliot.

However, when the doctor arrived, he couldn’t find. any issues.

“Mr. Rainsworth, I’ve thoroughly examined this young boy’s abdomen. There doesn’t seem to be any problem.”

Elliot clutched his stomach, rolling around on the bed.

“It hurts so much. I feel like I’m going to die... Boohoo...”

The doctor was at a loss for words.

Nathaniel looked at Elliot, whose face was ghastly white it didn’t seem like he was pretending to be sick.

“Is it because there isn’t any medical equipment here, so you can’t figure out the issue?”

“That’s possible,” the doctor cautiously replied.

Nathaniel’s eyes were filled with a chilling intensity.

“Didn’t you say there’s no problem with him? Why are you saying that there’s a possibility now. that I ask you again?”

At this moment, Elliot stepped in to defuse the situation.

“Mister, don’t blame him. I often have stomachaches. Daddy always presses his warm face against my tummy, and I won’t feel any pain anymore. How about you rest your face on my tummy, too?”

Nathaniel fell silent.

What kind of treatment is that? Pressing one’s warm face against his tummy?

There was unmistakable disdain in his eyes.

Tears welled up in Elliot’s eyes. “Mister, you wouldn’t want me to die of pain, would you?”

Nathaniel turned to the doctor. “Bring over some warm water.”

“Understood.”

The doctor hurriedly fetched a bottle filled with hot water, intending to use it as a warm compress to soothe Elliot’s stomach.

However, Elliot refused.

“My daddy always uses his face to do it. What is that you’re holding? Keep it away from me. I don’t want it.”

“Boohoo... I’m going to die... Daddy, what do I do without you...”

Inside the luxury car, the sound of the boy’s loud sobs filled the air.

Reluctantly, Nathaniel rested his hand on Elliot’s stomach.

“Is this okay?”

Elliot was relentless, sobbing, “My daddy only uses his face...”

Nathaniel was losing his patience. "If you keep crying, I'll throw you out of the car right now. You could end up dead."

Elliot immediately fell silent.

Jerk! Is it even appropriate to use such harsh words when talking to a child? This se*mbag daddy of ours really has not a shred of patience.

Elliot was torn. On one hand, he was afraid that he might really be thrown out of the car. On the other hand, he was too weak, unable to endure any more turmoil..

Before long, he fell asleep once again.

Nathaniel sat beside him. Observing closely, he noticed a certain resemblance between the boy and Cecilia.

Cecilia is so quiet. How did she give birth to a son who loves to cry and cause a fuss so much?

Those thoughts occupied Nathaniel's mind, yet there wasn't a hint of displeasure on his face. He rested his hand on the boy's tummy without leaving its position.

In a state of semi-consciousness, Elliot opened his eyes once again, finding himself on a private jet.

He gazed at the large, warm hand still resting on his stomach, feeling somewhat bewildered, silently questioning, Do you really not love us?

[When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 104](#)
Chapter 104 A Domineering Last Name.

At that moment, Nathaniel was lying on his side next to Elliot,

Noticing that the former had seemingly fallen asleep, the boy discreetly grabbed his phone watch, planning to contact Calvin after the plane had landed.

But when he touched his wrist, he found it empty.

Upon looking down, he realized that his clothes had been changed.

His watch had a tracking device installed. With the watch gone, the tracker was gone as well.

Elliot let out a sigh.

Beside him. Nathaniel opened his eyes. "Does it still hurt?"

It was beyond Elliot's expectation that the man would be so easily roused from his sleep.

"It doesn't hurt anymore. Thank you, Mister."

The way Elliot addressed him left a bitter taste in his mouth.

He gazed intently at the boy before him and asked, "What's your name?"

Without contemplation, Elliot answered, "Elliot Reese."

Elliot Reese... His last name is Reese....

Nathaniel's expression darkened even further.

Elliot knew Nathaniel kidnapping him must've been because he'd unearthed some information. regarding him and Cecilia.

Nevertheless, he was certain that Nathaniel hadn't finished going through all the information just yet.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have asked him for his name.

After all, Calvin had always kept his identity, as well as that of Jonathan and Cecilia, deeply concealed.

Seeing Nathaniel stay silent, Elliot innocently asked, "Mister, my name is quite lovely, isn't it? My daddy was the one who named me, you know. 'Reese' sounds like a pretty domineering last name, right?"

Which part of it is domineering?

Nathaniel realized that the boy was starting to get on his nerves again as soon as he was feeling better.

He stood up. "Do you know why you have a stomachache?"

Elliot was puzzled. Could it be that he knows about my illness?

“It’s because you talk too much. Kids who talk too much can get a tummy ache.”

Nathaniel left the break room after saying that.

Outside, Mason stepped forward. “Mr. Rainsworth, you’re up?”

“Mhm.” After Nathaniel settled down, Mason had breakfast sent over.

Instead of digging in, Nathaniel asked Mason, “Have you found out? How old is he exactly?”

“He’s three years and nine months old.”

Three years and nine months old...

Nathaniel’s expression turned gloomy. If he’s my child, then he should at least be over four years old. How is it possible that he’s not yet four?

Judging from the time when he got intimate with Cecilia for the first time back in August, he figured the child should’ve been around four years and a couple of months old now.

Nathaniel turned to look back inside at Elliot, who had fallen asleep again. He really looks no older than four:

“Find a place to settle him down after we return.”

After leaving that remark, he headed over to the lounge on the other side.

Regardless of who Elliot’s biological parent was, all Nathaniel desired was to use the boy as a means to bind Cecilia, preventing her from running away again.

But at that moment, he was inexplicably frustrated deep within his heart.

Calvin Reese... Elliot Reese...

As Nathaniel murmured to himself, his throat felt a little scratchy, and he couldn’t help coughing heavily.

As the first ray of morning sunlight touched Tudela, the airplane also touched down at the airport.

After ensuring that Elliot was safely escorted to a secluded location, Nathaniel then instructed his driver to return to Daltonia Villa.

All that was left to do was to wait for Cecilia to take the initiative to seek him out.

Once he returned to the familiarity of his home, he couldn't help but light up a cigarette again only stood on the balcony for a short while before a relentless cough seized him, leaving his head feeling somewhat dizzy.

He returned to the living room, sinking into the couch where he used to lounge with Cecilia, seeking a moment of rest.

At that moment, a phone call came through.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 105

Chapter 105 I Stopped Loving Him Long Ago.

Thinking it was Cecilia, Nathaniel reached for his phone quickly. But when he looked at the screen, he realized it was Stella.

He answered the call with a hint of impatience. From the other end, Stella's voice came through, sounding choked with tears, “Nathaniel, you have to help me. Those news on the internet are all malicious rumors spread by someone.”

Those news on the internet?

Nathaniel recalled the news about Stella's plagiarism scandal at the birthday banquet.

“Someone sent me and my company a lawyer's letter today, accusing my new song ‘Ray of Light in the Dark’ of plagiarism. There's also a lawyer spreading rumors online that I built my career on plagiarism. I honestly don't know what to do now.”

Upon hearing that, Nathaniel couldn't help but frown.

“I got it.”

After hanging up the phone, Nathaniel promptly sent a message to the legal department. The gist of it was to deal with the rumor-mongers.

He didn't bother checking the articles online, nor did he have any interest in doing so.

As such, he was unaware that the online narrative depicted how Stella managed to secure resources through sponsorships since birth, and how she later climbed the

social ladder abroad by relying on wealthy men. It also described how she plagiarized and exploited one plagiarist after another.

Neither did he know that the lawyer Stella mentioned was none other than Cecilia's friend, Vivian.

Vivian personally penned the rise-to-success story of Stella, which quickly skyrocketed to the top of the trending list.

She simply wanted to stand up for her best friend.

However, in less than half an hour, all the trending topics regarding the issue had been taken. down.

An hour later, Cecilia was just about to head to the office when she received a call from the police, asking her to bail out Vivian.

She rushed to the police station, still unaware of what had transpired.

The first thing that met her eyes was the nicely dressed Stella, sitting in the waiting area, with her friend, Yvette.

When Stella saw Cecilia approaching, she took a pre-emptive strike by standing up and positioning herself in front of the latter.

"Ceci, I know you hate me, but how can you let your friend spread rumors and slander me online? Do you have any idea how hard it's been for me to get to where I am now? She almost ruined me!"

Yvette quickly stepped forward. "Stella, why bother talking to someone like her who lacks morals? She deserved to have her friend rot in jail so that they'll understand the price they have to pay spreading rumors!"

Cecilia finally figured out what was going on. "If anything happens to Vivian, I swear you won't get away with it!"

She was heading toward the bail area, but having barely taken a couple of steps, Stella's voice rang out from behind again.

"Ceci, it wasn't my decision to arrest Vivian. It was Nathaniel who ordered it."

The reason why Cecilia received the call to bail Vivian was because Stella had someone make it.. She intentionally wanted the former to witness the consequences of opposing her.

Cecilia halted in her tracks momentarily, but without uttering a word, she continued forward.

An hour soon passed.

Cecilia was unable to bail out Vivian, as Nathaniel had mobilized the entire legal department.

Vivian had to be detained for at least seven days, but she played it off as if nothing happened. "It's fine. I'll consider it as experiencing life."

"I'm sorry." Cecilia didn't know what else to say, so she could only apologize.

She knew that everything Vivian posted online was made solely for her sake.

She also understood that Vivian was arrested because of her.

"Don't apologize. It's not your fault. Nathaniel is really a jerk. I've posted so much evidence online. Is he blind or what? Why is he still protecting that b*tch? I really don't understand, what's so great about her? It's as if all the men are blind. They're always on her side!"

Cecilia reached out and hugged her tenderly, unsure of what to say.

Be it in the past, when she was still married to Nathaniel, or even now, he was always standing on Stella's side, regardless of whether she was right or wrong.

Vivian knew that the one who was undoubtedly having the hardest time right now was Cecilia.

"Ceci, don't be upset. He's a sc*mbag. It's not worth it."

Cecilia found herself choking up.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 106

Chapter 106 A Clear Conscience Fears No Accusation

"Vivian, don't worry, I'll come to pick you up tomorrow."

Vivian knew Cecilia was surely going to find Nathaniel, Grasping her hand, she said, "Geci, don't force yourself. It's just staying in here for free for seven days. I'm not scared. Don't worry about me."

After Cecilia headed out, she hopped into a taxi. As she unlocked her phone, she saw the post that Stella posted on Twitter.

Six words stood out: "A clear conscience fears no accusation!"

Hah! How well written, huh?

Cecilia tightly gripped her phone, her fingertips turning slightly pale.

She hurried to the company first, but only to learn from the secretary that Nathaniel had hired a new CEO and was currently resting at home.

Nathaniel is taking a break?

This was the first time she had heard of it.

Cecilia could only take another taxi and journeyed all the way to Daltonia Villa

Clearly, the security here knew she was coming and didn't put up any resistance.

The vast mansion was particularly quiet, with the surrounding scenery largely unchanged from before.

As soon as Cecilia stepped through the door, she heard a loud bang

Without thinking, she used her fingerprint to unlock the door, and it opened automatically.

It was only then she discovered her fingerprint hadn't been removed from the fingerprint lock. As she stepped into the room, scenes from her past began to play in her head

Locking past the entranceway, she saw Nathaniel lying on the ground.

The wound heard just now was him falling off the wa

When Ceria walked in, a faint scent of theco still lingered in the room.

"Mr. Kainsworth"

She approached the man, only to find him furrowing his brows deeply. His forehead was covered nadese beyer of fine vaest, his eyes shut in discomfort.

Nathan

She crouched down, placing her hand on his forehead, which was burning hot.

He's running a fever.

Cecilia's icy touch brought Nathaniel a moment of comfort. When she tried to withdraw her hand, he quickly grasped her wrist and pulled her toward him, causing her to nearly stumble.

onto him.

The two were so close to each other. In a daze, Nathaniel muttered, "You heartless creature, are you planning to run away again?"

Heartless? Who exactly is the heartless one?

Cecilia tried to pull away from his grasp, but instead, he held onto her even tighter.

She found herself pressed against Nathaniel's chest, where she could hear the steady rhythm of his powerful heartbeat.

Cecilia frowned as she watched his pained expression.

Nathaniel rarely fell ill, but when he did, it would torment him for quite a while.

Jonathan was just like him. Despite being generally healthy, even a minor cold would take at least a month to fully recover.

In the past, when Nathaniel was ill, he had quite a temper.

When he was at the company, the employees had a rough time.

When he returned home, Cecilia was the one to suffer, as he would be very picky with food and loved throwing tantrums, just like a child.

Nathaniel grunted in pain, forcibly pulling Cecilia into his arms.

"Let go of me!" She was struggling to breathe.

Nathaniel warned unclearly. "Thinking of running away again? I'm telling you, this time, even if you were to die, you must die in my arms!"

As he finished speaking, his well-defined hand fell onto the slender neck of Cecilia, and he abruptly tightened his grip.

Before she could even react, his hands had already found their way to her cheeks. Then, he passionately pressed his lips against hers..

A simple kiss, as fleeting as a feather's touch, left not a single trace.

After kissing, Nathaniel was drained of energy and collapsed heavily back onto the ground.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 107

Chapter 107 Asking For Help

By the time Cecilia came back to her senses, the person on the ground had already fallen silent.

She quickly leaned in, touching his forehead, which felt even hotter than before.

She stood up to fetch the first aid kit.

It was still in its original place, but all the medications inside had expired. Nathaniel hadn’t asked anyone to restock it.

Cecilia had no choice but to grab some ice cubes from the fridge. She wrapped them in a cloth. and used it to cool him down.

Subsequently, she ordered some medicine online to be delivered.

When she first tried to feed Nathaniel the medicine, he simply refused to open his mouth. Left with no other choice, Cecilia had to add some honey to the medicine before she could barely manage to get him to take it

No one would have guessed that the legendary Nathaniel actually had a sweet tooth.

Initially, Cecilia wanted to move him back onto the couch, but he was simply too heavy and she wasn’t strong enough. Thus, she had no choice but to let him lie on the floor.

She slightly lowered the temperature of the air conditioning in the room and draped a thin blanket over him.

In the end, she too was worn out and succumbed to sleeping on the couch.

As the rays of the setting sun fell upon his face, Nathaniel finally managed to open his heavy eyelids, only to find himself lying on the floor.

He raised his hand to rub his head, and as he got up, he saw Cecilia fast asleep on the couch. nearby.

He froze for a moment, glancing at the blanket draped over him, the damp towel set aside, and the pile of medicine nearby.

Nathaniel gently lifted the blanket, but as he rose, a wave of dizziness washed over him.

Since when did I fall terribly sick?

“You’re finally awake.” At the sound of his movements, Cecilia too woke up.

Seeing that Nathaniel had fully regained consciousness and was not seriously injured, Cecilia went straight to the point.

“Considering I took care of you today, please spare Vivian, okay? She did it all for me. I apologize to your girlfriend on her behalf. I’m sorry.”

Nathaniel had just awoken and was still somewhat groggy, unsure of what she meant.

She didn’t come here for the child?

“Who is Vivian?”

Cecilia explained, “My friend, Vivian Kennedy, was the one who exposed Stella’s plagiarism online. I apologize if it upset your girlfriend, Stella. But I’m asking you to show some mercy. As for the post, I’ll take it down.”

It was only then that Nathaniel remembered. Indeed, Stella had called earlier that day, asking for his help.

“If that’s not enough, I can issue a public apology.”

Seeing Nathaniel remain silent for a long while, Cecilia felt a lump form in her throat.

“I apologized not because I admit that it was slander but out of respect for your authority. If you choose not to show mercy, that’s fine, as long as your conscience is clear.”

After she finished speaking, she walked away, ready to devise another plan.

Nathaniel, fighting off a wave of dizziness, stepped forward and firmly gripped Cecilia’s wrist.

“When did I ever say I wouldn’t help you?”

Suddenly, Cecilia felt a strong bitterness in her throat as she looked up at him in silence.

Nathaniel felt like he was almost driven to his wit’s end by her.

“I didn’t realize that person is your friend. I’ll get in touch with the legal department.”

After he finished speaking, he tightened his grip on Cecilia's hand. "Did you come here just for this matter?"

Cecilia was confused. Other than this, what else can it be?

If it hadn't been for Vivian, she wouldn't have come.

Nathaniel chuckled bitterly at himself. Just a moment ago, he had wondered if Cecilia was having a change of heart. Perhaps after learning about the child and seeing him sick, she had come to take care of him.

Unexpectedly, it was all for someone else.

When he stared at Cecilia intently, she felt utterly uncomfortable.

"Could you please get in touch with the legal department as soon as possible? I'll be heading back now."

She withdrew her hand, ready to take her leave.

Filled with disbelief, Nathaniel asked, "Is this really how you ask for someone's help?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 108

Chapter 108 Cooking For Him

Cecilia was taken aback.

Before she could react, Nathaniel had already settled back onto the couch, gazing at her. "I'm not feeling well," he said. "Stay and take care of me."

"If I take care of you, would you be willing to let my friend go?"

Nathaniel grunted in agreement, his voice hoarse yet magnetic.

"Fine," agreed Cecilia.

After all, she had planned to get closer to Nathaniel.

Nathaniel leaned back on the couch, a dull ache throbbing in his stomach. He hadn't eaten anything since he went overseas the night before.

"Ms. Smith, you haven't forgotten how to cook, have you? I'm hungry."

"I'll order some takeout for you," Cecilia said, pulling out her phone.

Just as she was about to order, Nathaniel furrowed his brows, stopping her, “I want to eat your cooking.”

“If I cook, it would take at least an hour or two,” Cecilia explained.

“I can wait.”

Nathaniel’s profound gaze was fixed intently on Cecilia’s face, not wavering for even a moment.

Cecilia consequently found it unsettling.

“I’ll go cook right now.”

Nathaniel gazed at her slender figure, feeling a stir in his throat.

The kitchen was spotlessly clean, as if it had just been renovated. However, there was not a single dish in sight.

Cecilia had no idea how Nathaniel managed to get by after she left.

She had no choice but to order the ingredients online.

At that moment, Nathaniel was lying on the living room couch. Eyes slightly closed, she was listening to the bustling sounds of Cecilia cooking in the kitchen.

It seemed as if everything had returned to how it once was.

His body was in discomfort, yet his spirits had notably lifted.

After taking a short break, he switched on his cell phone.

The person in charge of the legal department had summarized the online public opinion and informed him about it.

Nathaniel was quietly observing the public opinion about Stella, his expression calm.

He sent a message to the person in charge: Let the person go.

After that, he promptly shut off his phone.

Stella had saved his mother’s life. As for her personal life, he didn’t care.

However, Central Media was a subsidiary of Rainsworth Group. If all the online reports were accurate, he had to consider whether or not it was appropriate to keep Stella there.

Meanwhile, Cecilia was unaware that Nathaniel had already let Vivian go and was preparing his favorite meal for him.

Dish after dish was served on the table and cold medicine was also prepared.

“Time to eat.

Nathaniel arrived in the dining room, taking in the sight of the plethora of dishes on the table. They were as appealing to the eyes as they were to the nose and palate.

Why haven’t I noticed just how skilled Cecilia is at cooking?

“You used to cook for me often, even helping me pick out the fish bones.”

His nose was blocked, causing his voice to sound somewhat nasal.

Cecilia hadn’t expected him to remember all that. After she sat down across from him, she busied herself with her meal, saying, “Thankfully, I’ve forgotten.”

“What do you mean by ‘thankfully, you’ve forgotten?’” Nathaniel became upset again.

Cecilia looked at him with a faint expression. “Mr. Rainsworth, surely you don’t think that anyone would enjoy remembering themselves as a simp, do you?”

Upon swallowing, Nathaniel suddenly found the food in front of him tasteless.

“No one would willingly live without self-respect. I’ve come to realize that only those who treat me well are worthy of my love,”

“Is the person you mentioned, who treats you well, Calvin?” Nathaniel tightened his grip on his fork.

We were engaged for a year and married for three years. In the end, am I still not comparable to a playmate from her childhood?

“I’m full. Don’t forget to take your medicine, Mr. Rainsworth.”

Her final sentence brimmed with unsaid meaning.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 109

Chapter 109 Eli Has Been Taken

Nathaniel was no longer in the mood to continue eating, absolutely fed up with Cecilia’s attitude.

How had I not noticed how glib she was in the past?

Outside, the sky gradually darkened, and oppressive clouds loomed overhead. Following a startling clap of thunder, a bolt of lightning streaked across the sky.

Upon checking her phone, Cecilia realized that it was already eight at night.

Usually, she would call Martha and check on how Jonathan was doing at this time.

Suddenly, a towering figure blocked the light before her. Unbeknownst to her, Nathaniel had somehow come to stand behind her.

"What are you looking at?"

Immediately, Cecilia put her phone away and turned back to look at him.

The man's complexion had improved significantly. Despite it all, his eyes remained sharp and piercing.

"You're full, yes? Can I go back now?"

"Are you in such a rush to go back because Calvin contacted you?" Nathaniel asked, his tone calm and unhurried.

Cecilia sensed an underlying meaning in his words. "What are you trying to say?"

His remarks are oddly peculiar today, what with the constant mentions of Calvin.

At just that moment, Cecilia's phone rang.

She glanced at it, and sure enough, it was a call from Calvin.

She felt somewhat panicked.

Conversely, Nathaniel remained perfectly composed.

"I'll give you five minutes. Come back immediately once you finish your call."

Upon hearing that, Cecilia immediately walked out of the mansion with her phone in hand. It was only when she was sure that there was no one around and no surveillance cameras that she dared to answer the call.

"Hello"

"Eli has been taken by Nathaniel's men, Ceci."

Calvin's words hit Cecilia like a bolt of lightning, echoing in her ears. Finally, she understood the meaning behind Nathaniel's words earlier..

"What do you mean? How could that have happened? When did Nathaniel find out about Eli? And does he know about Eli's identity? Oh yes, Jon! How is Jon doing now?"

She fell apart completely.

It was too sudden, for she hadn't expected Nathaniel to discover Elliot so quickly.

"Don't worry for now. I'll come back immediately once I've sorted things out here. You need to stay calm right now. Nathaniel probably doesn't know about Eli's true identity yet. Even if he does find out that the child is his, he would never harm his blood and flesh. Don't be afraid."

However, Cecilia just couldn't calm down.

Large droplets of rain pelted her face outside.

Even when she hung up the phone, her body was still trembling.

Only after standing in the rain for a long while did she finally regain her composure.

She then headed back to the mansion.

Nathaniel stood a near distance away, his figure tall and lean, with a glass of wine in his long and slender hand.

"Didn't I say five minutes?"

He looked at Cecilia, only to notice that she was completely drenched and appeared as though she had lost her soul.

Without a doubt, Calvin must have informed her about her child being in my hands.

Downing the wine in his hand in one go, he set the glass down and snagged a towel before walking over to her.

"You didn't even know to take shelter from the rain? How on earth did you manage to survive abroad all these years?"

His eyes were dark and indecipherable. As he spoke, he towed her hair.

Even he himself found it hard to believe his own actions.

Yet, he had done just that.

Cecilia's face was pale, and her hands by her sides clenched slightly. "Where did you take my Nathaniel's thin lips parted a fraction. "A very safe place."

Cecilia broke down completely, her eyes welling up with tears. "Give him back to me!"

Nathaniel's hands stilled briefly.

"Before I give him back to you, there's a question I'd like to ask you.

There was a lump in his throat, and his eyes reddened at the corners. "Is Elliot Reese really your child with Calvin?"

Elliot Reese?

Cecilia was inexorably surprised.

While she was still lost, Nathaniel continued, "Never mind. You don't have to answer that."

He leaned over and brought his lips to her ear, his devilishly handsome face blanketed with a layer of frost at that moment.

"You remember who I am now, don't you. Ms. Smith?"

Cecilia didn't answer that.

Tossing the towel onto the floor, Nathaniel seized her wrist with a large hand and headed upstairs while dragging her along.

"What are you doing?" Cecilia panicked.

Upon arriving at the bedroom she used to occupy, Nathaniel pushed open the door with his free hand.

At once, a striking black and white photograph and an urn came into sight.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 110

Chapter 110 Blood Trickling Ont

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“Did you enjoy playing me for a fool? Was it Calvin who taught you?” Nathaniel enunciated, his eyes red-rimmed.

Outside, the rain poured heavily, creating a cacophony. Cecilia sensed a hint of dampness in her ears, a series of deep, rumbling noises echoing.

She no longer feigned amnesia. “I just wanted to bid farewell to the past and start a new life.”

Nathaniel chuckled, his grip on her wrist tightening as he closed the distance between them.

“Bidding farewell to the past must be done by faking your death? Did you ever consider my feelings?”

His other hand rested on her cheek, upon which he realized that she was trembling.

“You’re afraid of me?”

Cecilia bit her lip hard until the coppery taste of blood filled her mouth before she finally said, "Please give me back my child, Nathaniel. He isn't yours. He's my son with Calvin. I beg you to please return him to us."

When Nathaniel personally heard Cecilia say that the child was not his, the string stretched taut in his mind snapped.

"If I'm not mistaken, you were with him barely a month or two after we decided to divorce, yes? In such a short time, you fell for him and even faked your death for his sake? Where's my son, then?"

His eyes were red-rimmed, and he gripped Cecilia's wrists tightly with increasing force..

Cecilia felt as if her hands were about to break.

But compared to the possibility of him snatching Elliot away in the future, that paltry pain was nothing.

"Haven't I already told you? I lost it."

Cecilia took a deep breath, her voice hoarse as she continued, "Do you remember the second time you forced yourself on me? I was already pregnant then. It was you. You personally ended his life."

Cecilia admitted that she was beyond despicable, hoping that Nathaniel would return the child to her out of guilt.

Utter shock brimmed in Nathaniel's eyes.

"Say that again."

At that moment, he lost all rationality.

With a swift motion, he tossed her onto the bed and pinned her underneath him entirely.

"What are you doing?"

As the man gradually lost his sanity, Cecilia's nerves stretched taut.

Nathaniel's voice was dark and icy. "Do you think I'd believe the words of a woman who lies habitually?"

Tears escaped Cecilia's eyes.

Just moments ago, she had hoped that he would have a shred of conscience left. But right then, she realized that he had none at all.

“I despise you.”

Nathaniel stilled for a moment, but he didn't stop.

Cecilia struggled and resisted, only to have Nathaniel sneering, “Why, it's fine for Calvin to touch you, but not me? We're legally married.”

At that, Cecilia no longer struggled. She stared blankly at the ceiling.

“When have you ever admitted that I'm your wife? I find that you're truly heartless, Nathaniel...”

Nathaniel listened to her complaints quietly. His large hand rested on her cheek lightly, and he lowered his voice.

“Since you chose to run away, why did you return? And why did you deliberately invest in Rainsworth Group's project?”

By then, after an indeterminable amount of time had passed. All that remained in Cecilia's ears was a roaring sound presently. She sensed blood trickling out of her ear.

Nathaniel's fingertips brushed against something sticky. Upon closer inspection, he realized that Cecilia's right ear was stained red with blood.

“D*mn it!”

He quickly scooped her up and rushed to the underground parking.

Speeding all the way, he drove her to the hospital.

Cecilia had no idea why he was suddenly so anxious or where he was taking her. All she knew was that the surroundings were unusually quiet.

“Where are you taking me, Nathaniel?”

Before Nathaniel could answer that, she had already passed out.

In the hospital late at night, the doctor diagnosed Cecilia's condition as a recurring issue after he

He staunched the bleeding and prescribed some medicine for her.

Subsequently, he said to Nathaniel, “It's likely due to excessive physical activity. Her ears are inherently different from those of an average person, making her prone to bleeding.”

After the doctor had left, Nathaniel returned to the ward, seemingly having regained his composure.

Cecilia lay on the hospital bed, her complexion unusually pale. It seemed as if the light had faded. from her eyes.

Nathaniel walked forward, one step at a time.

“Why didn’t you tell me

tell me that your illness recurred?”

Cecilia didn’t answer that but slowly turned to him with a vacant look in her eyes.

“Where’s Eli, Nathaniel?”

“As I’ve told you, he’s at a very safe place. As long as you behave and stay at Daltonia Villa, he’ll be fine.

Nathaniel’s expression was no better either.

His fever had subsided, but his cold was still as severe as ever, his throat feeling dry and scratchy.

Upon hearing that, Cecilia lowered her gaze slightly. “I don’t understand. Don’t you dislike me? Why are you so insistent on having me stay at Daltonia Villa?”

Nathaniel’s unfathomable eyes shimmered mysteriously.

“Because it’s what you owe me!”