

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1081

Chapter 1081 Do Not Want To Marry Nathaniel

Bailey felt a growing sense of guilt at how much Cecilia cared for her and her family’s well-being-

Overwhelmed by guilt, she stammered, struggling to articulate her thoughts. “We’re fine now... Um... They probably won’t cause us any more trouble.”

Cecilia found her response odd. “How come you’re so certain?”

Bailey had no idea how to explain. “I just... know. Ms. Smith, I’m truly grateful to you. In a few days, I’ll drop by to express my gratitude personally.”

Not just gratitude, but I’m also going to express my apology.

Bailey felt particularly guilty toward Cecilia, who could very well be Queenie’s biological daughter.

Selfishly, she had prevented the mother and daughter from reuniting.

Cecilia, noticing something was amiss, tactfully chose not to inquire further when Bailey seemed reluctant to share with her.

“No need for that. I wish you well.” Cecilia ended the phone call.

Bailey stared at her phone, telling herself, “No matter what, I must not let Ms. Smith down again. Once Dylan’s illness is cured, I’ll inform Ms. Smith about the truth.”

Meanwhile, Cecilia immersed herself in her work, not expecting any gratitude for helping Bailey. She understood the distinction between providing genuine assistance and exploiting someone’s vulnerabilities

“Boss, something seems off with the number of collections here,” an employee said as he knocked and entered the room.

Hearing that, Cecilia snapped back to reality. She took the receipt and noticed a huge discrepancy between the actual amount and the price they had agreed upon. “How could this be?” she asked.

“I don’t know. It’s almost the end of the month and we can’t trace the source of this payment. Our department might be in trouble.” The employee sighed.

“Carry on with your work for now. I’ll handle this matter,” Cecilia said.

The received payment didn't align with the amount outlined in the contract, clearly indicating tampering. Given Team Five's current sales performance, they should be ranked first; however, discrepancies in the numbers could lead to accusations of inflated results.

Cecilia didn't need to speculate about the culprit behind this; she was convinced there was a traitor within the department working with Miranda. Recently, she had also cultivated a few trusted confidants, so she discreetly instructed them to monitor those around them and to report any movements or changes to her at all times.

Meanwhile, Miranda was feeling quite pleased with her masterpiece when Jessica called her, her voice breaking, "Miranda, could you tell Grandpa Niel that I don't want to marry Nathaniel anymore?"

Miranda was puzzled. "Why?"

"Miranda, you wouldn't believe what a monster he has become," Jessica said in despair.

Last night, Jessica had been genuinely terrified. After Nathaniel fell asleep, she retired to her room next door. However, in the dead of night, Nathaniel suddenly burst into her room, gripping her throat tightly as if he intended to take her life. Overwhelmed by fear, Jessica believed she was on the brink of death and cried out for help. It was only when the butler and servants rushed in that she managed to escape the dire situation.

"Nathaniel has never laid his hand on a woman before." Miranda was surprised. "Could he possibly be sleepwalking?"

"No, he's gone mad. He's basically a fool now."

Elena and Niel had cautioned Jessica against letting outsiders know Nathaniel's current situation.

However, Jessica still ended up telling Miranda.

Miranda rose from her chair. "Really? He's a fool now?"

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Chapter 1082 Your Nicholas Will Not Allow

Jessica nodded. "Yes. He's not acting like a normal person at all right now."

The joy in Miranda's eyes was impossible to hide, yet she feigned regret. "How did this happen?"

"I heard he underwent a surgery, but it didn't go well and it messed up his brain," said Jessica.

She had once dreamed of marrying into the Rainsworth family, but that desire was shattered when Nathaniel attempted to strangle her last night. The charming image she had of him faded completely; she could no longer harbor any feelings for him. Nathaniel was now a chaotic, repulsive lunatic. The proud and distinguished man she had once admired had vanished entirely.

"Fate certainly has a way of toying with us," Miranda sighed, her words dripping with feigned sympathy as she plotted to have Niel transfer Adrian back from the branch company where he had been assigned to do menial tasks.

Jessica, oblivious to Miranda's true intentions, anxiously pressed, "Miranda, what do you think I should do now? I really don't want to marry a lunatic."

Miranda couldn't care less about who she married.

"You promised Grandpa. Don't you think it's inappropriate for you to back out now?" she said.

"Could you possibly put in a good word for me with Grandpa Niel? I'm still young. I don't want my life to be ruined like this." Jessica was on the verge of tears.

Had she known the situation would turn out like this, she definitely wouldn't have agreed to Niel's proposal.

"Sorry. I can't get involved in this. You should talk to him yourself. I'm hanging up now." After Miranda finished speaking, she instantly hung up the phone.

In that moment, Jessica realized that Miranda had no intention of helping her at all. She dared not voice her regrets to Elena and Niel, leaving her with no choice but to put up with Nathaniel.

However, whenever Nathaniel woke up, she found herself as the primary target for his outbursts. The housekeepers couldn't help but notice the oddity of it all: Nathaniel was blind, yet somehow, every object he hurled or shattered seemed to find its way to Jessica. They wondered why.

"Perhaps she's just super unlucky," one of them said.

"Let's keep our distance from her, or else we might get caught up in the crossfire."

At Orion Corporation, Miranda called Adrian, asking him to come back.

After that, she went to find Cecilia, who was still working.

Miranda barged in without even knocking. “Your husband—no, your ex—husband—is now a fool, and you’re still in the mood to work?”

Cecilia was taken aback that Miranda was aware of the situation, but she didn’t bother to look up. “You said it yourself—he’s my ex—husband. Whatever he’s become is no longer my concern. I need to earn a living to support my child. Even if I’m not in the best mood, I still have to focus on my work, right?”

Upon seeing how indifferent Cecilia was, Miranda thought she was heartless.

“Cecilia, did you hook up with another man? How could you be so cold now? Weren’t you always fond of Nathaniel?” she asked.

Cecilia looked up at her and said, “Ms. Miranda, if you don’t have any other business, please leave.”

Miranda had originally come with the intention of insulting and humiliating Cecilia. However, she was the one left feeling awkward.

She frowned. “Keep pretending then.”

Cecilia continued with her work, paying her no further attention.

Frustrated, Miranda stormed out of her office, only to bump into Cassandra who had just arrived.

“What’s wrong?” Cassandra couldn’t help but ask, seeing the fury written all over her face.

Miranda glanced back in Cecilia’s direction, her voice tinged with annoyance. “What else? As long as she’s around, I can’t find a moment’s peace.”

Cassandra couldn’t help chuckling. “Then you should find a way to get rid of her. You can’t force yourself to put up with her every day.”

She made it sound so easy, and Miranda, frustrated, jabbed at her. “I want to, but your Nicholas won’t allow it. What can I do?”

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Chapter 1083 Mason Called

Cassandra’s expression soured the moment Nicholas’ kindness toward Cecilia was mentioned.

“Don’t spout nonsense. Nicholas has made it clear that it was Mom’s decision to let Cecilia stay. He can’t go against her wishes.” Despite saying so, even she couldn’t convince herself.

Miranda chuckled disdainfully. “If only that were true.”

Miranda, in her high heels, brushed past Cassandra.

After finally calming down from Cassina’s issue, Cassandra found herself feeling exasperated again.

I must get rid of Cecilia, or Miranda will think Cecilia’s more important to Nicholas than me.

After some reflection, Cassandra devised a quick solution: to capitalize on the collaboration between the Jamieson and Rainsworth families. This partnership was crucial, not only influencing a major shareholder but also determining the future of Orion Corporation and Nicholas. If Cecilia were to make a misstep in this matter, she would be forced to leave no matter what.

With this realization in mind, Cassandra headed to Cecilia’s office. “It’s time to coordinate,” she said.

At first, Cecilia expected Cassandra to stir up trouble again. However, to her surprise, today’s coordination went exceptionally well. By the time the evening rolled around, a significant portion of the tasks had been completed.

Cassandra stood up and said, “Let’s pick this up tomorrow. We need to finalize our collaboration as soon as possible to avoid wasting each other’s time.”

“All right.”

Cecilia didn’t say much but grew cautious.

After Cassandra left, she began to meticulously review the contract and other details of the collaboration between the two companies.

Cecilia realized that if it hadn’t been for Nathaniel teaching her how to handle the work at Orion Corporation, she might not have been able to cope with such work and volume so swiftly.

Reflecting on how Nathaniel had taught her and Elliot all sorts of things before his surgery, Cecilia knew just how deeply he cared and how much effort he had put in.

Alas, it was now difficult for Cecilia to even visit Nathaniel.

When she returned in the evening, she instructed, the driver to head toward the manor.

This time, without Nicholas' company, the car couldn't even get close to the manor's gate before they were chased away by the guards.

Cecilia couldn't comprehend why the security here was so stringent. Is it to protect Nathaniel?

She instructed the driver to park the car a bit further away, from where the entrance of the mansion could be clearly seen distance.

Such security measures didn't seem like they were meant for protection, but rather to monitor those inside.

After such a possibility surfaced in Cecilia's mind, she was startled by the idea that Nicholas might be confining Nathaniel.

Nicholas and Nathaniel are blood brothers. He won't harm Nathaniel, right?

"I want to go home! Let me go home!" A man's voice rang out.

Just as Cecilia was about to instruct the driver to leave, she saw Nathaniel, disheveled and covered in grime, bolting out from the house.

She was completely stunned.

What happened to him?

Nathaniel had barely taken two steps outside when the bodyguards outside restrained him, promptly escorting him back inside.

As Cecilia observed this scene, she was increasingly convinced that these bodyguards were there to keep an eye on Nathaniel, not protect him. Why do they need to keep an eye on him, given his current state?

"Let's go." Unable to discern the situation inside, all Cecilia could do was instruct the driver to start the car and leave.

While she was on the road, a call from Mason came through.

As soon as she answered it, Mason asked eagerly, "Mrs. Rainsworth, have you met Mr. Rainsworth?"

He was calling me "Ms. Smith" just a few days ago, and now he's calling me "Mrs. Rainsworth" again?

“Yes, I’ve seen him twice,” responded Cecilia.

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Chapter 1084 Save Nathaniel

“How’s he doing now?” Mason asked again.

Cecilia didn’t respond, instead, she countered, “I should be the one asking you, Mr. Sanders. You told me not to interfere. After all, I’m already divorced from Nathaniel.”

Mason only said that because Nathaniel had instructed him to. Nathaniel had told Mason that, if he became mentally challenged, he didn’t want to burden Cecilia or cause her worry.

However, recently, Mason became concerned about Nathaniel’s well-being. Upon further investigation, he found that Nathaniel had been confined by Nicholas, his movements heavily restricted, and living in conditions that were far from humane.

Driven by a desire to rescue Nathaniel, Mason realized that the estate’s security system was far too formidable for a straightforward rescue attempt. Recognizing Nicholas’ special feelings for Cecilia, he decided to approach her for assistance.

“Mrs. Rainsworth, by now you should understand Mr. Rainsworth’s efforts, don’t you? An examination revealed that a shard of glass is pressing against his optic nerve in his head. Once it’s removed, there’s a strong possibility that his eyesight could be restored, and he would no longer experience those episodes of memory loss, which could prevent further dangers.” Mason spoke carefully, emphasizing each word. “The reason he wanted to divorce you in advance was out of fear that his surgery might fail. He confessed to having offended many people throughout his life. The only way he saw to protect you and the child from the Rainsworths, as well as those who oppose him, was for you two to divorce while ensuring the children remained with you. He also entrusted Mr. Sinclair and me with the responsibility of safeguarding you and the kids at all costs.”

Previously, Mason had been solely dedicated to carrying out Nathaniel’s orders. But now, his only concern was Nathaniel’s well-being. After all, Nathaniel was no longer in his right mind and had no idea that Mason revealed all this to Cecilia.

After hearing everything, Cecilia did not say a word.

When Nathaniel suddenly requested a divorce, she found it odd but couldn’t figure out why. Later, after learning that his surgery had failed, the pieces began to fall into place. Mason’s explanation confirmed her suspicions, and with it came a deep pang of sorrow.

“Why did you only tell me all of this now?”

“Mr. Rainsworth left strict instructions—if the surgery failed, I was not to reveal the truth, no matter how much you pressed,” Mason explained. “But seeing him now, it’s unbearable. He may have lost his former brilliance, but he’s still human. He doesn’t deserve to be caged and treated like a prisoner by Nicholas.”

Cecilia, having seen Nathaniel’s deteriorated state firsthand, asked, “So, what’s your plan?”

“I need your help. Find a way to lower Nicholas’ guard. Once you do, I’ll handle the rest and arrange for Mr. Rainsworth’s escape,” Mason said.

Upon hearing this, Cecilia fell silent for a brief moment.

She then began, “Nicholas told me that it was you and Zachary who caused Nathaniel’s surgery to fail.”

At that moment, Cecilia wasn’t sure whom she could trust. On one side was Nathaniel’s younger brother, Nicholas, on the other his friend and long-time cubarjinate Zachary and Macon

One was Nathaniel’s younger brother, while the other two were his friend and subordinate.

“The surgery indeed had its risks, but Mr. Sinclair would never harm Mr. Rainsworth,” Mason said, surprised that Nicholas tried to sow discord.

Weighing her options, she made a decision. “I’ll find a way to get him out myself,” she said, her tone firm. She thought that instead of relying on either party, it was safer to believe in herself.

Mason was about to say something else, but Cecilia had already hung up the phone.

On the way back, Cecilia closed her eyes, pondering on what to do next.

In the end, she decided to seek help from Elena.

“Mom.”

“What’s the matter, Ceci?”

Elena was exceptionally attentive toward Cecilia since she was pregnant.

“I’m already aware of what happened to Nathaniel. I plan to take care of him during my free time.”

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Chapter 1085 Asking To Take Care Of Nathaniel

Elena was surprised.

After all, it was Nathaniel who had initiated the divorce from Cecilia, abandoning her and their children. Despite so, Cecilia was still willing to look after him now that he was in this state.

Elena thought about Nathaniel's current violent state. "Nathaniel is not just mentally challenged now; he also has violent tendencies. The servants and housekeepers taking care of him often get injured. What would you do if he were to lose control?"

Her greatest concern was the babies in Cecilia's womb.

"Mom, Nathaniel and I were married for many years. I'm not afraid of him. If he wakes up and has an episode, I'll have someone else take care of him. What do you think?" Cecilia's tone sounded sincere and heartfelt.

Elena couldn't find another reason to refuse.

However, she added, "You might not be aware, but Old Mr. Rainsworth has arranged for Jessica to take care of Nathaniel. He even promised to let Jessica marry Nathaniel in a month."

Only then did Cecilia understand why Jessica was strutting around proudly two days earlier. But is she still willing to marry him now that he's like this? If she's willing, then she must really love him a lot.

"Mom, if Jessica truly cares for Nathaniel, I wouldn't object to them being together. But now, since they aren't married yet, as Nathaniel's ex-wife and the mother of his children, I should still take care of him," Cecilia said.

Elena noticed Cecilia had become sensible.

All Cecilia wanted now was to visit Nathaniel and take care of him herself. She finally understood how much he had truly cared for her, how sincere his love had always been. As for Jessica, if she treated Nathaniel with kindness, Cecilia would accept it. But if Jessica mistreated Nathaniel, Cecilia wouldn't hesitate to make her pay.

"All right, I'll let Nicholas know that you wish to take care of Nathaniel. You can go whenever you're ready."

"Okay." Cecilia nodded.

She believed that with Elena's intervention, Nicholas wouldn't be able to find a good reason to refuse.

It didn't take long before Elena informed Nicholas about the matter. Though Nicholas initially resisted, Elena's persistent persuasion eventually wore him down, and he reluctantly agreed.

Nathaniel had recently undergone a medical evaluation, and the doctor confirmed his diagnosis of intellectual impairments, with little chance of any unexpected changes.

Shortly after, Cecilia received a call from Nicholas, granting her permission to visit Nathaniel at her convenience. She quickly informed Elliot that she had plans for the night and wouldn't be home, reassuring him that she would return the following day.

Elliot grabbed her hand and asked, "Mommy, are you in love?"

"I saw on TV that people only stay out all night when they're in love," Elliot expressed, a hint of worry creeping into his voice. He was afraid that Cecilia might have been deceived by some jerk of a man.

Jonathan had told him that Nathaniel's surgery had failed and he was now mentally challenged.

Elliot desperately wanted to tell Cecilia the truth, yet he was afraid that Cecilia would be heartbroken.

He was unaware that Cecilia had already learned about Nathaniel's surgery.

"No, Mommy's just going to work. Don't overthink." After comforting Elliot, Cecilia left.

Elliot was still worried after she left, so he went to find Sven. "Mr. Sven, let's follow Mommy. I can't stop worrying about her."

Sven also had no idea where Cecilia was headed.

Elliot pleaded earnestly, "Mr. Sven, I beg you. Can we follow Mommy and keep her safe? What do you say?"

Sven maintained a stoic expression, but deep down, his heart had melted. "Fine."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1086

Chapter 1086 Tailing Cecilia

Sven was a master of stealth, tailing his targets with precision. Cecilia and the others in the lead car remained completely unaware that they were being followed.

When Cecilia reached the manor, Sven realized she was here to visit Nathaniel.

Elliot, who had no idea, was nervous. "Does Mommy have another family?"

He had no idea that his mom owned a property like this.

Sven, sitting aside, spoke. "You must have misunderstood."

He was unsure if he should be saying so much to a child, so he simply suggested, "Let's head back."

"No way. I'm not going back." Elliot suddenly clung to Sven's arm. "Mr. Sven, do you think Mommy has another family?"

Sven was speechless. "How could that be? Don't overthink."

Elliot was flustered, deeply concerned about Cecilia's safety.. "Does Mommy have a boyfriend?"

Silently, he sent Jonathan the address of the manor.

After Cecilia entered the manor, Elliot and Sven quickly lost sight of her.

"Eli, we should head back now. It's getting late and you have school tomorrow," Sven suggested.

Elliot was not against Cecilia having a boyfriend. He was merely concerned that Cecilia might be deceived. "All right," he conceded. Fine. I think I should head back first and figure out who this manor belongs to with Jon. Upon returning home, Elliot couldn't wait to call Jonathan, who immediately began investigating.

In the manor, the butler promptly arranged a room for Cecilia as soon as she arrived.

Nicholas had explicitly ordered that Cecilia, being pregnant, was not to be harmed under any circumstances. The butler, following his instructions, ensured that her room was situated as far away from Nathaniel as possible.

At that moment, Jessica descended from the stairs, her gaze icy as she looked at Cecilia. "What are you doing here?"

Cecilia noticed Jessica's face bore more injuries than before, and her hair was disheveled.

"Can't I come?" Cecilia countered.

Jessica paused for a while and said, "Grandpa Niel and Aunt Elena have already agreed to let me take care of Nathaniel. Since you're already divorced from him, you should mind your own business."

Cecilia chuckled. "I'm here to look after the father of my children, my ex-husband. Is there a problem? Besides, my mother-in-law approved of me coming here. If you have any objections, you might want to take it up with her."

above. It landed right in front of her, sending a jolt of fear through her and causing her legs to weaken.

"Is Nathaniel awake?" she stammered. No sooner had she finished speaking than another object came crashing down. Fortunately, given Nathaniel's tendency to throw things, the housekeeper had replaced all the vases and fragile items in the house with ones made from scrap materials, ensuring no one would be harmed.

"Yes. You guys should hide." The housekeeper came down, her face covered in a sheen of sweat.

"All right." Jessica eagerly sought refuge in her room.

Cecilia, on the other hand, looked upstairs, hoping to go and check on Nathaniel, but the butler stopped her.

"Ma'am, perhaps you should stay in your room. You're now pregnant, and we couldn't bear the responsibility if anything were to happen to you or the baby," he pleaded earnestly, making it hard for Cecilia to reject and give him a hard time.

"Okay then." Cecilia returned to her room and glanced at the time, which showed nine in the evening.

The commotion from upstairs quickly subsided.

Once again, Cecilia stepped out, asking the butler, "How is he doing?"

The butler responded, "He has gone to sleep."

Cecilia strode upstairs, and the butler asked, puzzled, "What are you doing?"

"He's already asleep, so there shouldn't be any danger. I want to go check on him," Cecilia responded.