

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 121

Chapter 121 I Want To Marry You

Finished

Nathaniel moved downstairs step by step, his long legs carrying him toward Cecilia. Upon reaching her, he noticed tear-streaks on her face. Her hands were clenched tightly into fists, and she was sleeping defensively, curled up on the couch.

The air conditioning inside the room was turned down low. He reached out, covering Cecilia with a blanket. Just as he was about to make a call to have breakfast delivered, the front door opened from the outside. Stella walked in, high heels clicking, breakfast in hand.

“Nathaniel, I’ve brought you breakfast. Isn’t today the company’s anniversary? Later, let’s go. together-” Before she could even finish, her gaze fell upon Cecilia, who was sleeping on the couch. Stella was completely frozen in place, unable to believe what was happening.

How did Cecilia end up sleeping here? Did the two of them spend the entire night together?

Nathaniel looked at her groggily, confusion evident in his voice, “How did you get in?”

She had arrived so silently, bypassing the security at the entrance. This could only mean she had used either a fingerprint password or facial recognition.

Stella tightly clutched the bag in her hand, her face paling slightly. “Mdm. Elena arranged this. She wanted to make it easier for me to take care of you in the future.”

Previously, Elena had made special arrangements for Stella to be able to conceive Nathaniel’s child. She had someone add Stella’s information to the identification system at the entrance of Daltonia Villa, thus granting her unrestricted access to the property. Stella only found some free time to come over today.

She had intended to contact Cecille yesterday, but unfortunately, she couldn’t get through on the phone. Her gaze lingered on Cecilia before she finally looked away. Lowering her voice, she asked, “Nathaniel, what’s going on?”

“Let’s talk outside.”

Last night, Cecilia didn’t sleep well. After she rested, she didn’t put on her hearing aid, so she wasn’t disturbed by their conversation.

Stella followed Nathaniel outside, the resentment buried deep in her heart reaching its peak. "Why was Ceci sleeping on the couch?"

Nathaniel took a drag from his cigarette. "I asked her to move back in."

Stella's face stiffened. "Nathaniel, aren't you already divorced from Ceci? Isn't this a bit inappropriate?"

"We aren't married. Isn't it improper for you to casually drop by my place?" he retorted.

Stella choked up again. Nathaniel had already picked up the phone, dialing the head of security.

Stella listened in silence, a profound sense of frustration brewing deep within her. Outside the room, Stella was situated just right to see Cecilia through the window.

Stella looked toward Nathaniel again, suddenly recalling the words he had spoken a couple of days ago.

"Nathaniel, didn't you mention before that you'd give me two choices? I've made up my mind; I want to marry you," Stella declared.

Cecilia had just emerged from the house when she heard these words, and she couldn't help but halt in her tracks.

Nathaniel looked at her. "Are you sure?"

Stella nodded firmly. "I'm sure."

Even if it's a loveless marriage, what does it matter? All I want is the title!

She was afraid that Nathaniel might change his mind, so she added, "Nathaniel, you promised me. I won't let you back out now."

Nathaniel had indeed offered her a choice, but he never truly intended to repay her life-saving kindness toward his mother with his own marriage.

After all, the recompense he had provided to Stella was already quite substantial. Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of Cecilia's silhouette reflected in the floor-to-ceiling window nearby.

"All right."

Nathaniel was deep in thought, curious about how Cecilia would react.

Stella hadn't expected things to go so smoothly. Her eyes were filled with joy, and she glanced proudly at Cecilia, who was standing behind Nathaniel.

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Chapter 122 Drop The Lawsuit

“You can head back now. I'll be attending the company's anniversary celebration tonight,” Nathaniel spoke impatiently.

“All right.” After leaving breakfast behind, Stella cast a smug glance at Cecilia before departing.

When Nathaniel turned around, sure enough, Cecilia was standing right behind him. For some reason, he felt a twinge of guilt. “When did you wake up?”

Cecilia's expression was calm. “When Stella proposed to you. Congratulations to both of you.”

Nathaniel's heart tightened. The room felt like it froze for a few seconds. He looked at her intently with his dark eyes. “If you have any objections, say them now.”

All she had to do was tell him not to marry Stella, and he would agree. But Cecilia just shook her head and repeated, “Congratulations to both of you. I'll cooperate on the divorce proceedings. But on one condition—you give Elliot back to me.”

Nathaniel's heart sank. He realized that Cecilia didn't care about him anymore. She wasn't bothered about him being with someone else or even marrying another woman.

Nathaniel felt deeply irritated, though he couldn't quite understand why. He coughed heavily and tossed the breakfast Stella had brought him straight into the trash.

“Order whatever you want to eat,” he said. After that, he walked past Cecilia and headed to the study.

Cecilia realized how naive he was. Did he really think I'd eat what Stella sent over?

After fixing herself some breakfast in the kitchen, she finished eating and sent a quick text to Nathaniel before heading out the door: I'm heading to the office.

Nathaniel had been waiting in his study, hoping Cecilia would say something tender, but all he got was a short message from her. After reading it, his face was as dark as a storm cloud.

When he walked downstairs, he noticed Cecilia had already left early. He went into the kitchen, but it was empty—she hadn't made breakfast for him. Nathaniel felt a deep ache

in his stomach and an even worse one in his head. He asked the driver to bring some breakfast over.

At the office, Cecilia turned on her phone and saw that she'd missed a call from a strange number on her overseas card last night.

The call had come from Tudela. She didn't call back. Instead, she asked someone to look up the owner of the phone number. It didn't take long to find out it was Stella.

The previous day, the news about Stella's plagiarism scandal was still blowing up online, so it made sense that she'd be trying to reach Cecilia now.

Sure enough, the phone rang before long. Cecilia used a foreign IP address and even altered her voice before answering.

"Hello."

"Is this Ms. Cecille? I'm Stella. I want to talk to you about the song, Ray of Light in the Dark. This was a mistake by one of my employees, who unknowingly included your work. Can we discuss how to resolve this so you might consider dropping the lawsuit?" Stella's tone was exceptionally polite. If she knew Cecille was actually Cecilia, she might not be so pleasant.

"You want me to drop the lawsuit? It's simple," Cecilia replied calmly. "First, apologize to my lawyer. Then, publicly admit to the plagiarism."

"I can apologize, but I can't admit to plagiarism. How much money do you want? I'll pay whatever it takes, okay?" Stella knew that admitting to plagiarism would be the end of her career in the singing industry, and possibl

in entertainment altogether.

-Then get ready for an international lawsuit," Cecilia said, ending the call. She knew the kind of person Stella was, so there was no point in dragging out the conversation.

Stella, furious, threw her phone aside.

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Chapter 123 Is This What Care Looks Like

The assistant carefully picked up the phone. "Stella, how did it go?"

"She wants me to apologize to Vivian and publicly admit to plagiarism."

The assistant frowned. "How could she suggest something like that? If you admit to plagiarism, everything

You've worked for will be gone.

Stella decided to ignore Cecille, refusing to believe anyone would waste time, refuse money, and actually pursue an international lawsuit against her.

Right now, her top priority was handling things with Cecilia and her upcoming marriage to Nathaniel—not just for a single song.

"Tonight's the company's anniversary event; I need to be fully prepared," she said. "As for the plagiarism issue online, let's suppress it with money for now."

Stella knew her money wouldn't last forever, but as long as it got her through the wedding, it was worth it.

At the company, Cecilia soon got a call from Vivian. "Are you coming by today?" Vivian asked. It was the weekend, and she had planned to invite Cecilia and Jonathan for a camping trip.

Cecilia turned down the offer. "Nathaniel's keeping a close eye on me. He's already found out about Elliot. If he discovers Jon's true identity, it'll be a disaster."

"Let's meet again in a few days," she suggested.

Vivian agreed, finding it reasonable. "All right then, do what you need to do to fall pregnant with his kid, so we can go back to Erihal sooner."

"Of course." Without realizing it, Cecilia rubbed her belly. For some reason, since she'd come back, Nathaniel seemed to be even more vigilant. It felt like getting pregnant this time was going to be a bit more difficult.

Just then, a knock came at the door. Through the clear glass, she saw Mason standing at the entrance, so she quickly ended her call.

"Mr. Sanders, is there something you need?" Cecilia asked as Mason walked in.

"Ms. Smith, Mr. Rainsworth would like to see you in his office."

Cecilia hadn't expected Nathaniel to come to the office today. Although she was reluctant, she had no choice—Elliot was still in his hands.

"All right."

After she agreed, Mason didn't leave. Instead, he escorted her to the CEO's office.

Over the years, Mr. Rainsworth has been looking for you. From what I've seen, he really does care about you."

Cecilia paused for a moment. Mason stopped walking too, watching her as she gave him a faint smile. "Do you really think this is what care looks like?"

Mason was caught off guard, confusion spreading across his refined face beneath the gold-rimmed glasses.

Cecilia spoke again. "Mr. Sanders, do you remember how things used to be? How you treated me back then? I called Nathaniel all the time, but you were usually the one who answered. You'd always tell me he was busy, that he had more important things to do. You even hung up on me quite a few times, didn't you? And tell me, have you ever once called me 'Mrs. Rainsworth?'"

Mason, clearly taken aback, soon composed himself and replied seriously, "That was due to my own reasons. It has nothing to do with whether or not Mr. Rainsworth cares about you.

"Really?" Cecilia shot back. "The way the employer acts influences how the employee behaves. I'm not insulting you; I'm just stating the truth. Back when I was with the Rainsworths, it wasn't just you—even the cats and dogs they raised give different treatment to different people."

Mason's expression changed rapidly. He couldn't argue with Cecilia's words. It was true—if Nathaniel hadn't been indifferent to Cecilia, how could their subordinates have dared to treat her with disrespect?

Just like now, he hadn't even realized that his attitude toward Cecilia had softened considerably compared to before. He could feel it—Nathaniel's feelings for Cecilia weren't as simple as they seemed.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 124

Chapter 124 Her Real Motive

After escorting Cecilia to the entrance of Nathaniel's office, Mason left.

The door was not closed, and Cecilia gently pushed it open.

Nathaniel was seated in his chair, engrossed in reading a document.

Cecilia couldn't deny that there was something incredibly attractive about a handsome man when he was deeply engrossed in his work.

She thought back and realized that she must have been deceived by his handsome face initially.

Nathaniel knew she had arrived, yet he didn't lift his head. "Come here."

Cecilia walked over, asking, "Is there something you need?"

"From now on, you won't have to work downstairs."

Nathaniel put down his documents, looking at her. "This will be

Cecilia asked in confusion, "Why?"

"No particular reason. This is the company's arrangement."

your office."

To say it was the company's arrangement, one might as well say that it was Nathaniel's.

Nevertheless, Cecilia knew she was in no place to refuse.

"Alright."

This is for the better anyway, as it offers me more opportunities to get closer to him.

Cecilia analyzed that the possibility of getting pregnant from their encounter the night before was extremely low.

"I'll bring up my computer," said Cecilia.

Before she could leave, her personal belongings, including her computer, had already been

delivered to the office. The movers had even gone to the extent of moving her desk in as well.

Nathaniel rose and made his way to her side, observing her office supplies.

"I'm curious. What have you been so busy with at the office these past few days?"

Back when Cecilia used to be a housewife, she had never ventured out to work and all she did was take care of his needs.

Cecilia turned to look at him. "Do you want to know? I can show you."

Otherwise, there was no reason for him to endure the day before.

As expected, Nathaniel showed interest. "Alright."

Under his intense gaze, Cecilia settled into her seat and opened her laptop.

She showed him the work she did when she was bored.

When Nathaniel cast a glance, he was somewhat taken aback, as there were quite a few collaborative project files on Cecilia's computer.

When did she learn to write these?

Looking up, Cecilia could clearly see the distinct features of Nathaniel's profile. She took a deep breath before slowly speaking, "You must have been quite uncomfortable last night, weren't you?"

Nathaniel's body stiffened slightly, as he lowered his gaze to meet hers, a lump forming in his throat..

Cecilia adjusted her position slightly, incidentally, bringing herself closer to his lips.

"Actually, I was quite uncomfortable too."

Nathaniel's eyes were filled with curiosity as he furrowed his brows.

It wasn't like her to say something like that.

He remembered how, after they had gotten married, even the slightest touch of her hand against his would cause her face to flush.

At that moment, even though Cecilia put on a seasoned facade, Nathaniel saw right through her.

His hand rested on her shoulder, causing her body to shudder by reflex.

Such a reaction isn't fooling anyone.

Nathaniel's defiant eyes flickered slightly. "If you're not feeling well, you should go to the hospital. I'm not a doctor; I can't cure illnesses."

Cecilia was taken aback.

Is he genuinely clueless, or is just pretending? Can he be doing this on purpose?

Since her words failed to get through, Cecilia leaned in once again, her red lips making direct contact with the corner of Nathaniel's mouth.

“What I’m referring to is this kind of discomfort...”

The scent of the woman was intoxicating.

He could sense one thing—Cecilia didn’t really want him.

What is her real motive?

Cecilia was also clumsily responding.

Within the confines of the office, the air felt somewhat stifling.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 125

Chapter 125 An Accident

After a considerable amount of time had passed, Cecilia felt that something was amiss.

Nathaniel was simply kissing her, not doing anything else.

Just as Cecilia felt her breath becoming labored, her mind going blank from the lack of oxygen, there came a knock at the door.

Nathaniel finally stopped.

It was the secretary who came to give a work report.

Cecilia quickly took a seat after meeting failure once again.

At noon, the two of them went to have lunch together.

The driver drove them all the way to the private restaurant that Nathaniel often frequented..

During their meal, Nathaniel cautiously reassured her, “Don’t worry. I won’t divorce you.”

Cecilia was taken aback.

Before she could even comprehend his intentions, she heard him say in a calm and steady voice, “If Stella desires recognition, I will give it to her. As for our marriage in the eyes of the law, rest assured, I won’t divorce you.”

Cecilia stared at him in disbelief. “Are you joking?”

“If you’re not satisfied, feel free to suggest other solutions.”

Cecilia hadn't realized that he was testing her. "We will divorce, and you will marry Stella."

Nathaniel's face darkened.

His suspicions were indeed correct, Cecilia was willing to sleep with him but not because she wanted to be with him.

"What's wrong? Isn't it enough for you to make me marry you before? Now, you're planning for me to marry someone else?"

Nathaniel immediately put down his cutlery, his expression icy cold.

Isn't he the one who wants to marry Stella?

Cecilia lost her appetite too.

On the way back, silence was all there was inside the car.

Nathaniel suddenly spoke in a cold, stern voice. "Remember, we are still legally married. I don't want you to see Calvin any more."

Cecilia was baffled. "Why is it that you can be with Stella, but I can't even see my friends?"

"Because I don't want to be made a fool of!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know exactly what I mean."

Nathaniel's voice was as cold as ice as he continued. "If you're friends, then how do you explain the matter of the child?"

Cecilia choked.

She couldn't deny having any connection with Calvin. Otherwise, it would be difficult to explain the matter concerning Elliot.

"The child was an accident. I raised him on my own. Currently, Calvin and I are not in a relationship."

No man would be indifferent to the fact that his wife had another man's child, let alone someone like Nathaniel.

Upon hearing Cecilia mention that the child was an accident, a vein began to throb incessantly on his forehead.

“Was it one accident, or two accidents, or are we talking about several accidents?”

The likelihood of getting pregnant on the first try was incredibly slim.

Cecilia understood the implications in his words.

Her hands in front of her involuntarily clenched as her complexion subtly paled.

Confronted by Nathaniel’s persistent questioning. Cecilia couldn’t help but say, “Please pull over. I’m not going to the office anymore.”

However, the driver didn’t dare to stop without receiving permission from Nathaniel, who didn’t take Cecilia’s words seriously.

Without any warning, she opened the car door and jumped out.

At that moment, the car had just started moving. She merely fell to the ground, her hands and legs slightly grazed.

Suddenly, a speeding motorcycle was rushing from behind. It was too late to slow down and was about to crash into her.

Without any hesitation, Nathaniel immediately got out of the car and pulled her into his arms.

Only when the motorcycle had disappeared into the distance, and he was certain that the person in his arms hadn’t been hit, did he snap, “Have you lost your mind?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 126

Chapter 126 Zachary At The Hospital

Nathaniel’s heart pounded heavily when he noticed the scrapes on Cecelia’s hands and legs. Without a second thought, he pulled her back into the car and instructed the driver to head to the hospital.

Fear washed over Cecelia once she sat in the car, starting to reflect on her impulsive actions. For the sake of Jonathan and Elliot, she couldn’t afford to let anything happen to her.

With a tense expression, Nathaniel asked, “What are you upset about?”

Cecelia felt a faint pain in her hands and legs but didn’t respond.

The car once again fell into silence.

Nathaniel hated it when Cecelia remained silent.

She used to talk a lot in the past, especially during her childhood, constantly chattering away in my ear. Yet now, she will fall silent without any apparent reason.

He snapped, "Where were you planning to go just now?"

"I just wanted to get out of the car and stretch my legs. I didn't have a particular place in mind."

Both children are in his hands. Where else can I possibly go?

The driver pulled up at the hospital's entrance, and Nathaniel helped her out of the car.

At the outpatient department consultation room, Nathaniel opened the door and entered.

"Nathaniel, what are you doing here?" A familiar voice rang out.

Zachary, clad in a doctor's robe, sat in the consultation room. Gone was his usual frivolity, replaced by a newfound seriousness.

Nathaniel didn't answer him but instead asked, "Why are you here?"

Zachary's gaze instinctively fell on Cecelia, who was behind Nathaniel, before quickly darting away.

"Old Mr. Sinclair insisted that I should come in and experience life, so here I am," he said.

He had always been disinterested in medicine but was compelled by George to study it. He also delved into law and international business.

George hoped that with more hands-on experience, Zachary would be better equipped to manage the family business in the future.

If George hadn't given him an ultimatum to either work at the hospital or propose to Vivian, he wouldn't have bothered coming.

He didn't know what George saw in Vivian for insisting on him marrying her.

Every time Vivian and that naughty child crossed his mind, he would feel his head ache.

Nathaniel didn't ask any further, instead he had Cecelia step up. "Take care of her wounds."

Zachary's gaze landed on Cecelia, noticing the scrapes on her arms and legs.

"Come and have a seat."

His demeanor was professional.

Cecelia knew that as long as Nathaniel was around, Zachary would restrain himself and not harm her.

Thus, she took a seat on the stool, allowing him to examine the injuries on her body.

After thoroughly examining, Zachary removed his disposable gloves.

"They're nothing serious and all superficial injuries."

He asked the nurse to bring some cream for the wound. After receiving it, he was about to apply it to Cecelia, but Nathaniel stopped him.

"Give it to me."

Upon seeing the situation, Zachary couldn't help but say, "It's fine, I can apply it for her."

Nathaniel's face darkened with displeasure, ready to snatch the cream.

Observing the two's dilly-dallying. Cecelia seized the cream from Zachary's hand.

"I'll apply it myself."

Cecelia began tending to the wound with a cotton swab.

The atmosphere within the room was a bit odd.

Zachary arrived by Nathaniel's side. They stood together and started a conversation.

"Nathaniel, what happened?"

Leaning against the wall, Nathaniel never took his eyes off Cecelia and explained, "It's all because someone was reckless enough to jump out of a moving car."

Zachary's heart clenched.

He didn't reveal his shock on his face, instead, he continued his conversation with Nathaniel without missing a beat.

“Wasn’t the company hosting its anniversary event today? When are you heading over?”

“Let’s talk about it later.”

Nathaniel glanced at the time and noticed it was only two in the afternoon.

Somehow, George found out that Nathaniel was at the hospital.

Upon hearing the news, George, amid his check-up, immediately had someone summon. Nathaniel over for a chat.

Before leaving, Nathaniel reminded Cecelia, “Wait for me.”

Once Nathaniel and the nurse left, Cecelia and Zachary were alone in the office.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 127

Chapter 127 His Words Are Not Trustworthy

Zachary thought she might have missed a spot, so he reached out, intending to lend her a hand.

When Cecilla saw his outstretched hand, she instinctively thought he was going to hit her and dodged reflexively. As a result, the cream ended up on the back of Zachary’s hand.

“I’m sorry.” Cecilla stood up. “I’ll leave right away.”

Zachary knew she had misunderstood and clarified, “I was just trying to help you apply the cream.

“Thanks, but you don’t have to,” Cecelia said as she prepared to leave.

Zachary didn’t want her to misunderstand him again, so he stopped her.

“Nathaniel asked you to wait for him.”

Cecelia looked at him with an indifferent gaze. “I can wait outside.”

Zachary felt particularly unsettled, seeing her demeanor.

“Don’t be afraid of me. I won’t hurt you again.”

Don’t be afraid? Won’t hurt me again?

Cecelia felt as if she had heard the biggest joke of the century. It was the same thing Zachary used. to say to get her to let her guard down in the past.

“Can you step aside?”

Regardless of whether it hurt or not, she didn’t want to deal with such a person.

Zachary stood at the doorway, blocking her. “Finish applying the medicine first, then you can go.”

Cecelia had no clue what he was up to, fearing his eccentric personality might erupt again. Believing it was better to avoid trouble than invite it, she decided to finish applying the medicine.

“Don’t be so reckless in the future. Jumping from a moving car is dangerous. Luckily, you only minor injuries this time,” Zachary said, concern evident in his eyes.

Cecelia remained silent.

She had long since seen through Zachary’s unpredictable mood swings.

She swiftly applied the medicine. “Mr. Sinclair, I’m done. Can I leave now?”

When Zachary met her clear yet distant gaze, he felt something stab his heart.

“Just stay here. I promise I won’t do anything to you, okay?”

He tried his best to soften his voice.

Cecilia’s gaze dimmed for a moment. She knew then that his words couldn’t be trusted.

However, what could she do? She was on his turf, and he was Nathaniel’s close friend. There was no doubt she couldn’t leave.

Hence, she stopped speaking and didn’t bring up her desire to leave either.

Seeing she had no intention of leaving, Zachary went to get some cream. After packing it, he handed it to her.

“Remember to apply it three times daily, and you won’t be left with any scars.”

Had it not been for his past actions, Cecelia would have certainly thought of him as a kind and competent doctor.

“Thank you.” Cecelia accepted the medicine.

Zachary noticed her guard against him had dropped and wanted to clarify his actions in the past but as the words reached the tip of his tongue, he found himself unable to voice them out.

Mistakenly identifying my savior, lashing out harshly at her and even causing undue harm... Where do I even start?

Therefore, Zachary adopted a different approach.

“Cecelia, do you still remember saving someone back when you were in university?”

How could I possibly forget? Had it not been for saving him, he wouldn’t have repaid kindness with enmity, causing lasting damage to my ears.

“I remember that. I clearly remembered he said he would repay me well,” Cecelia calmly stated.

A lump formed in Zachary’s throat.

Cecilia swiftly shifted the topic. “But, I regret it now. If I had another chance, I definitely wouldn’t save him.”

“Cecilia, I-

Zachary wanted to explain, but at that moment, Nathaniel walked over, interrupting their conversation.

“Let’s go.

Cecelia rose to her feet, trailing behind Nathaniel. Once they stepped outside, she discarded all the medicine Zachary gave into the trash bin.

I don’t know if he had tampered with the medicines.

Nathaniel asked her, “What did you throw away?”

“Just trash.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 128

Chapter 128 Saved Someone Before

After getting into the car, Nathaniel took one last look at the hospital. “What did you and Zachary talk about after I left just now?”

“He asked me if I had saved someone wh

I was in university,” Cecilia did not conceal the truth.

Saved someone? Nathaniel recalled that after Stella discovered Zachary and his own mother were in a car accident when she was still in university, she saved them both. “And then?”

“And then you came over.” Cecilia didn’t want to dwell on that matter, especially when it was getting late, and Nathaniel was set to attend the anniversary event that night.

Cecilia didn’t see the need to follow him back to the company. Gazing at the flurry of leaves outside the car window, she said, “I want to go back.”

“Join me at the anniversary event tonight,” he said,

A flicker of surprise flashed across Cecilia’s eyes.

Nathaniel didn’t offer any explanation. Instead, he instructed the driver to head to the meeting venue.

Before the anniversary event officially began, Nathaniel arranged for Cecilia to be in a quiet, private room.

She changed into a turquoise gown, exuding an ethereal purity, as though she was a celestial. being untouched by the mundane world.

Nathaniel lingered at the entrance of the private room. As he stared at her, a stunned look flashed past her eyes.

His Adam’s apple bobbed slightly. “Wait

r me here. We’ll

go

back together tonight.”

Cecilia looked up at him, nodded, and said, “All right.”

Her obedient demeanor stirred a ripple of emotions within Nathaniel’s heart.

Without uttering another word, he briskly walked away.

It was the company’s anniversary event, so Stella and Elena also arrived early.

“You’re saying Cecilia returned to Daltonia Villa?” Elena asked.

“Yeah. I’m not really sure what’s going on, but she’s probably bothering Nathaniel again. After all, they’re still technically married, and she’s a difficult person to deal with.” Stella didn’t reveal to Elena that it was Nathaniel who had arranged for Cecilia to return to Daltonia Villa.

Gently, Elena took a sip of the red wine in her hand.

At the previous birthday feast, she stumbled upon Cecilia and Nathaniel in an ambiguous

Nathaniel asked her, “What did you throw away?”

“Just trash.”

situation. Could it be that my son still has feelings for Cecilia?

A hint of worry flickered in her eyes as she faced Stella. “When will she finally let my son go?”

Once she finished speaking, her gaze shifted toward Stella, and she said, “Since Nathaniel has agreed to marry you, you should find a way to get pregnant soon. Today, I will help you once.”

Stella’s eyes were filled with gratitude. “Rest assured, I will not disappoint you.”

Elena nodded.

After the secretary informed her of Nathaniel’s arrival, she declined to converse with other wealthy women and headed straight toward Nathaniel.

Stella stood a short distance away, clutching her wine glass nervously as she watched.

As soon as Nathaniel made his appearance at the banquet, he instantly became the center of everyone’s attention.

Elena had her secretary lead him aside, then had someone bring over some wine. “Nathaniel, the company’s success today is largely thanks to you. On behalf of your father and grandfather, I pay my respects to you.”

Nathaniel found it hard to refuse.

Meanwhile, Cecilia was seated on the second floor in a private room, from which she could clearly see the view outside.

It was a one-way window; she could see outside, but those outside couldn’t see the interior.

She picked up a glass of wine, her gaze drifting over the bustling crowd outside. Instantly, she spotted Elena and Stella, as well as Nathaniel, who was surrounded by bodyguards.

Just as Cecilia was about to avert her gaze, her body suddenly froze.

Just moments ago, she noticed a waiter near Elena slip something into the wine.

Then, Elena handed that glass of wine to Nathaniel.

At the same time, Stella walked toward the two.

Even if Cecilia was stupid, she'd understood what Elena and Stella were planning to do.

She couldn't help but rise, intending to leave.

The bodyguard hastily stopped her. "Ms. Smith, Mr. Rainsworth has asked you to wait for him. here."

Cecilia winced. "Can't I even make a trip to the restroom?"

She wasn't really worried about Nathaniel being taken advantage of by his mother. Rather, She thought that, if her assumptions were correct, she wanted to seize that opportunity.

Anyway, the bodyguard couldn't exactly stop her and allowed her to leave.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 129

Chapter 129 Anniversary Event

At the anniversary event, Nathaniel watched as his mother passed him one glass of wine after another. His gaze occasionally drifted toward Stella.

He understood what was happening.

"I have work tonight. I can't drink anymore." Nathaniel gently declined the offer of more wine.

Upon noticing his slightly tipsy state, Elena shot a glance toward Stella.

Instantly, Stella moved to Nathaniel's side, offering him support. "Nathaniel, you've been drinking. Let me take you home."

No matter what, she was determined to have something happen between them that night.

Nathaniel was still conscious and about to pull out his arm when his gaze locked onto a woman in the distance. She was dressed in a stunning turquoise gown, her beauty beguiling and enchanting.

He didn't push Stella away. Instead, he gazed deeply at Cecilia.

As soon as Cecilia appeared, she attracted quite a bit of attention.

Her beauty was so extraordinary that the majority of people present failed to recognize her as the former young lady of the Smith family with hearing impairment.

Elena also glanced at her and was completely taken aback.

In the past, Cecilia didn't know how to dress up. Even though she was beautiful, she wasn't particularly eye-catching.

At that moment, she seemed like a completely different person.

Under the scrutinizing gazes of those around her, Cecilia made a beeline for Nathaniel and Stella.

"Ms. Ross, I've come to take Nathaniel home," said Cecilia.

Following that, everyone present turned their attention to her.

"Isn't that Cecilia, Mr. Rainsworth's wife?"

"Is that really Cecilia? Why did she change so much? She's gorgeous now!"

arance

"She was always beautiful, but she didn't make many public appearances before."

"She looked even better than Stella, but now that she's here, doesn't that make Stella a mistress?"

Stella also overheard those people's chatter and felt embarrassed, blushing.

At that moment, Nathaniel managed to free himself from her grasp and turned to Cecilia. "Why did you come down?"

When Cecilia looked at him, she realized the effects of the drug hadn't kicked in yet. "I noticed you've had quite a bit to drink. I was worried you might get drunk, so I came down."

The conversation between the two upset Stella even more. Does this mean that Cecilia arrived here early on?

Nathaniel grinned subconsciously. "You go ahead. I'll catch up with you."

"All right." Cecilia turned and left.

Just as she reached the doorway, a stern-looking man dressed in a suit approached. He happened upon her, and a flicker of surprise crossed the depths of his profound eyes.

"Cecilia?" He called out tentatively.

Cecilia halted in her tracks, turning to look at him. His foxy eyes and strikingly handsome features made up a face that was hard for anyone to forget.

If her memory served her right, he was the third son of the Faust family, Darren.

He was one of Nathaniel's friends and the only one who had never mistreated her after she married Nathaniel.

However, he had never assisted her either. Whenever Zachary bullied her, he always remained a mere spectator.

"You've mistaken me for someone else." Since they weren't close, Cecilia didn't want to be bothered with him.

She lowered her gaze, swiftly passing by in front of Darren.

Darren didn't expose her. Instead, he watched her leave with a seemingly profound gaze, his expression inscrutable.

Back at the party, Nathaniel subtly sensed something amiss with his body and soon understood the wine he drank was drugged.

He cast a gloomy look at Stella on the side, lowering his voice, "Regardless of what my mother told you, I don't want a repeat of this incident."

Stella was a bit dumbfounded. It took her a while to respond, "Nathaniel, don't be angry. Mdm. Elena just really wanted a grandchild."

Just as she finished her sentence, Nathaniel interrupted her. "Will you die if she asks you to drop dead?"

Stella's throat tightened.

As Nathaniel was about to leave, she clung onto the hem of his clothes, whispering in a voice only the two of them could hear, "Nathaniel, I truly love you. I'm willing to do anything for you. Cecilia is different. She was spoiled from a young age and didn't understand what love was.

As for me, I've been preserving my virginity for you."