

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 130

Chapter 130 Sore Spot.

Stella’s words hit a sore spot for Nathaniel, as Stella and Calvin already had a child.

As soon as Nathaniel stepped away, he saw Cecilia and Darren engaged in conversation.

Upon seeing Darren depart, Nathaniel swiftly strode toward Cecilia.

“Are you done with your work? Shall we head home now?” Cecilia’s words were quite ordinary, but when they reached Nathaniel’s ears, they took on a different meaning.

Nathaniel felt as if his abdomen was on fire, yet he managed to stay lucid. “All right.”

He cast an inquisitive glance at Cecilia. “When did you start talking to Darren?”

Darren was a reserved character. Whenever he was hanging out with a few friends, he barely spoke.

Aside from his wife, Nathaniel had never seen Darren conversing with any other woman.

“He was the one who spoke to me first. I didn’t really say much to him,” answered Cecilia.

After listening to everything, Nathaniel didn’t ask any more questions.

He boarded his car after Cecilia did.

Cecilia was perplexed. How is he still lucid after drinking so much spiked wine?

Only Nathaniel knew just how awful he felt at that moment while trying to suppress his urge.

Impatiently, he adjusted his tie and leaned back against the chair. From where he sat, he could faintly catch the subtle fragrance that wafted from Cecilia.

Gradually, Cecilia began to notice that something was off with him. She realized that the effects of the drug were kicking in. Seeing a sharp turn ahead, she threw herself directly at Nathaniel, her whole body landing on him.

That made Nathaniel let out a stifled grunt.

“I’m sorry. It wasn’t on purpose,” apologized Cecilia, purposefully taking her time to get up.

As the driver picked up a bit of speed, she feigned instability and dropped on his body again.

Nathaniel’s eyes narrowed slightly as he gazed at the woman who had fallen onto his lap. His throat felt dry and scratchy. “It wasn’t on purpose this time either?”

Pretending to have just noticed, Cecilia quickly sat straight up, her cheeks flushing.

She knew she couldn’t rush things that time, so she said, “Well, my hand was still worn out, and I accidentally touched it just now. That’s why...”

She paused for a moment, quickly averting her gaze. “I’m sorry.”

As Nathaniel observed her shyness, he suddenly felt an urge to ask the driver to leave the car.

However, he held himself back.

He was in no rush to figure out Cecilia’s intentions, especially when he had already waited for her for five years.

At last, they had arrived at Daltonia Villa.

Nathaniel left the car swiftly and proceeded to walk ahead.

Cecilia watched his still-composed figure, unable to help but admire him. Despite his body clearly reaching its limits, he surprisingly remained unaffected by her advances.

However, she didn’t believe he could resist for a whole night.

Cecilia quickened her pace, and as soon as she entered the door, she reached out and grabbed. hold of Nathaniel’s sleeve from behind. “Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel looked back at her with a serious gaze.

Cecilia slowly placed her hands on his arms, gently rising on her tiptoes, intending to kiss him. However, in the next moment, Nathaniel gradually pulled away from her.

“Do you remember what you said to me after you returned? Please, respect yourself.” After he finished speaking, he quickly ascended the stairs.

Before long, Cecilia heard the pitter-patter of water coming from the bathroom in Nathaniel’s room.

When Cecilia ascended the stairs, intending to enter his room, she was surprised to discover that his room door was locked from the inside.

She stood, stunned, at the doorway, unable to move her feet.

Then, she remembered what Elliot's attending physician said about how it would be best for her to conceive within the year.

Otherwise, the situation with Elliot would not be promising.

However, Nathaniel seemed to have discovered something, always keeping her at arm's length. Even if she wanted to approach him, there was nothing she could do about it.

The more Cecilia thought, the more agitated she became.

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Chapter 131 At The Bar

Overwhelmed with emotions, Cecilia went to a bar. She ordered a few drinks, finding solace at the bottom of the glass. Only when she was drunk could she momentarily forget her troubles.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel spent over an hour in a cold shower before the effects of the drug started to subside.

When he stepped out in his bathrobe, he realized that Cecilia was no longer at home.

Upon querying the bodyguard, he learned Cecilia had gone to a bar alone.

Inside the bar, Cecilia was sipping her drink alone when a tall figure suddenly blocked the light in front of her.

Dazed, she lifted her gaze and saw Nathaniel's handsome face.

“Why are you here?” When Cecilia spoke, her breath was always laced with the sharp tang of alcohol.

Nathaniel furrowed his brows. “When did you learn to drink?”

In the past, she would get drunk with just one drink, yet he could see many empty glasses on the counter.

Cecilia didn't expect him to bring up her drinking.

She paused for a moment, then feigned nonchalance. “I believe it was two years after we got married.”

Back then, during the days when Nathaniel wasn't by her side, she could only rely on alcohol to numb herself.

A tightness gripped Nathaniel's throat.

At that moment, he realized he had never truly understood her.

He snatched the wine glass from Cecilia's hand and tossed it aside. “Let's go. We're heading home.”

Heading home... Cecilia's eyes went a little misty.

The night breeze swept over her, carrying a touch of chilliness.

She staggered to her feet, readying herself to leave.

She hadn't taken more than a few steps before Nathaniel's strong hand swept her up into his arms. Suspended in mid-air, she instinctively clung to Nathaniel's arm.

Nathaniel ignored her words. As he strode forward swiftly, he said, “You're not allowed to drink alcohol in the future.”

Cecilia was nestled in his arms. She hadn't heard clearly, nor had she asked or responded.

Nathaniel pushed her into the car and instructed the driver to get going.

At midnight, it started raining, leaving a slight chill in the air outside.

Cecilia was lightly dressed and shivering from the cold, huddled on one side. Seeing her like that, Nathaniel immediately pulled her into his arms to keep her warm. Summer hadn't even passed yet. Why does she get cold so easily!

Leaning on Nathaniel's strong shoulders, the aftertaste of the alcohol Cecilia had just consumed began to kick in, and with it, a surge of past regrets. “Nathaniel, I suddenly remembered when we got married.”

Nathaniel stiffened as he held her arm.

She murmured, “Other brides were carried off the car. Only I had to walk out on my own.”

A sudden heaviness weighed on his heart. “You seem to remember all these things quite clearly.”

Cecilia was so serene. All that remained in her eyes was self-mockery. “Perhaps people only tend to remember the bad in others...”

Nathaniel couldn't help but tighten his hold on her hand. “You're drunk.”

“I'm not drunk. I'm perfectly lucid.” Cecilia gazed up at Nathaniel's sharp jawline. “You're a remarkable man but not a great husband. I hope one day you can abandon your prejudices against me and set me free. Perhaps then we could be friends.”

Friends? Two hours earlier, she was still seducing me. Yet, after getting drunk, she said we should just be friends? I guess she's spilling the truth now that she's tipsy. A pang of inexplicable pain surged in Nathaniel's throat as he recalled the time she confessed her feelings for him during their university days.

Back then, he was the one who said they could be friends.

However, she responded, “Love is selfish. It's about possession. If you're not willing to be my boyfriend, I won't be your friend! If you can't be my man, I'd rather treat you as if you're dead.”

Nathaniel felt even worse, his gaze drifting toward the pitch-black night outside the car window. Subconsciously, his eyes reddened.

“You want to be friends with me?” he asked in a deep voice.

Cecilia nodded. “Yes.”

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Chapter 132 Let Bygones Be Bygones

“As long as you're willing to spare me and Eli, and let bygones be bygones.”

Nathaniel tightened his embrace around her ever so slightly. “No way.”

She was right. How could people who were once married possibly become friends?

Nathaniel thought to himself that if Cecilia insisted on leaving, it would only be over his dead body!

The light in Cecilia's eyes completely dimmed. She chuckled bitterly, saying, “If I had known you were such a vindictive person, I would have suggested that we part ways when we got married.”

If I had known?

As Nathaniel recalled what she had said about her regret of marrying him, his face became cold.

He didn't respond anymore.

The car raced through the night, settling into silence.

Cecilia was feeling a bit dizzy, her face flushed with color.

Nathaniel thought she had caught his cold, so he reached out to touch her forehead. But before his hand could reach her, she instinctively dodged.

His hand hung stiffly in mid-air. Then, he disregarded her evasion and once again placed his hand on her forehead. She didn't have a fever.

"Does it feel good to drink so much alcohol?"

He was asking the obvious.

Cecilia didn't pay him any attention. Instead, she asked, "When can I see Eli? He's quite timid, and I'm worried that he will be scared because he's alone in an unfamiliar place."

"That depends on your actions," Nathaniel replied.

Cecilia asked in confusion, "How should I act?"

Nathaniel reached out once more, and this time, Cecilia didn't dodge. She watched as his hand gently came to rest on her cheek.

She couldn't help but say, "Nathaniel, I don't understand."

"What?"

"Have you fallen for me?" Cecilia asked, emphasizing on each word.

If he was fond of her, why wouldn't he let her touch him?

Nathaniel's hand stiffened. Then, he swiftly retracted his hand from her face and returned to his usual indifference.

"Of course not."

Cecilia knew she had been overthinking before. A man as proud as him could never possibly fall for someone like her.

No wonder he still rejected her even though she took the initiative.

She smiled relievedly. "That's great. If you suddenly realize that you're falling for me, I won't know what to do. It's better if you continue to not have feelings for me."

She wasn't really lying.

Imagine loving someone for more than ten years, but that person had never loved you back and had even hurt you. Then one day, the person suddenly confessed to you that he had fallen for you.

What should she do?

Should she choose to forgive him, to be with him again, or should she do something else?

Nathaniel didn't understand the meaning behind her words.

"What about you then?" He looked straight at Cecilia and asked, "Do you still like me?"

Cecilia stared back at him and shook her head.

As Nathaniel's face stiffened, she added, "I don't know. But what I do know is that, now, on nights without you, I can easily fall asleep finally..."

Her words were delivered so nonchalantly, yet each one pierced Nathaniel's heart like needles.

In the midst of the night, as the vehicle was moving, Cecilia failed to notice Nathaniel's slightly reddened eyes under the dim light inside the car.

Nathaniel leaned toward the window, equally oblivious to his change of mood.

After drinking, Cecilia became more talkative than usual.

Regardless of whether Nathaniel was listening or not, she continued to speak on her own accord.

"I understand the knot in your heart. It's the deception you've faced. Now, the Smith family has fallen and received the deserved retribution. Suppose that I can pay you back all the money and projects that were originally agreed upon between the Smith and Rainsworth families, will you be able to let bygones be bygones?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 133

Chapter 133 Name Your Price

Nathaniel felt as if a lump of cotton was lodged in his throat.

He had never cared about money and projects.

He simply detested being deceived!

Whether it was in the business world or elsewhere, it was the first and only time he had been deceived and toyed with in public!

Seeing that he didn't respond, Cecilia was unsure of how to untangle the knots in his heart either.

"Other than this, I really don't know how else to help you let go of the past."

Upon noticing her finally falling silent, Nathaniel turned his head toward her small figure seated in the chair.

"The agreement between the Smith and Rainsworth families has been in place for at least eight years. During these eight years, both the projects and the finances have undergone changes. How are you going to pay me back?"

"Name your price. No matter what it takes, I'll pay you back," Cecilia promptly added.

Nathaniel's eyes, deep and profound, shimmered subtly. "All right then. Once you've paid your dues, I'll let you go."

Since he was asked to set the price, he would make sure that the debt could never be fully repaid!

Cecilia let out a sigh of relief.

Now, her involvement with Nathaniel was tied to two things – their children and the initial agreement between the Smith and Rainsworth families.

She just needed to find a way to pay all the money back to Nathaniel so that she wouldn't owe him anything anymore.

At last, the car arrived at Daltonia Villa.

Once they returned to the villa, Cecilia felt waves of nausea, resulting in a bout of intense vomiting in the bathroom.

Nathaniel lingered outside and questioned the bodyguard who had been tailing Cecilia.

"Who gave you permission to let her drink?"

The bodyguard lowered his head and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Rainsworth."

"Give yourself ten minutes to gather hangover remedies and medication," Nathaniel ordered coldly.

"Yes."

The bodyguard left immediately.

When Cecilia emerged once more, she had already freshened up, but her complexion was exceptionally pale.

Nathaniel was looking at her in the living room. "Come here."

Cecilia slowly approached him, noticing that he had placed the hangover remedy and medicine on the coffee table.

"Drink it before you sleep," Nathaniel ordered.

"All right, thank you." Cecilia sat down, picked up the remedy and drank it all in one go.

After that, she took the medicine.

Once her headache had lessened considerably, she sat up straight and asked Nathaniel seriously, "How much do I owe you?"

It seemed like the effects of the alcohol hadn't completely worn off yet.

Nathaniel gave her a gentle look with his deep, dark eyes. After taking a sip of water, he said, "I can no longer recall how much dowry your father promised me initially. You can start by returning the betrothal gifts I gave to your family. The total sum of those gifts should at least amount to four to five billion. Given the inflation, the value of that money has definitely increased by now."

Four or five billion, that much?

Cecilia placed her hands on her thighs and nodded. "As it should be."

Her sweet and innocent demeanor made Nathaniel suddenly feel a bit guilty about taking advantage of her drunken state.

"Haven't you already paid me a hundred million before? I won't let you suffer a loss. You can start by returning eight billion, deducting that one hundred million, which makes it seven point nine billion. As for the dowry, I shouldn't ask for it since you've returned all the betrothal gifts. However, the project your father promised to collaborate with me

before his death, which was ultimately ruined by your brother and mother, still needs calculation to decide the loss. Is that okay?"

Seven point nine billion...

Though Cecilia had made some money over the past years, it probably wasn't even close to nine hundred million when added up.

She had invested in charity, contributing a total of two hundred million.

She resolved to compose more music and to earn more money. Besides, she decided not to

"Of course. After you've calculated the cost, I'll reimburse you."

However, when facing such a compliant Cecilia, Nathaniel couldn't feel happy. She was truly willing to pay an enormous sum just to leave him for good.

Nathaniel seemed to be lost in thought before he spoke again. "I must make this clear, until the debt is fully paid, you should stay put at Daltonia Villa."

"All right."

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Chapter 134 Child Support

Half an hour later, Cecilia returned to her room to rest.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel was still in the study.

When Vivian called Cecilia, she was stunned to hear that she had to return a betrothal gift worth a whopping seven point nine billion.

"How can you possibly repay such a large sum of money? Besides, it was your brother and mother who swindled it. Why should you be the one to pay it back?"

Cecilia sat on the balcony, letting the breeze awaken her senses.

"I had a long talk with him today. He had never agreed to let bygones be bygones. This time, as long as I pay him back, he promised that he wouldn't bring up the fraudulent marriage again..."

Vivian couldn't help but find it odd.

“Ceci, why do I always get the feeling that he’s trying to trick you? He’s the CEO of Rainsworth Group. How can he be short of that amount of money? If you must know, I did a bit of research. Just the rent collected from Rainsworth Group’s properties nationwide is no less than sixty billion a year. Not to mention Rainsworth Group’s other real estates, internet, and a series of other projects... Didn’t you hear what people from abroad say? They claim that Nathaniel’s wealth surpasses that of some nations.”

In fact, Cecilia had never looked into how much wealth Nathaniel possessed,

Before marriage, all she had heard from her father was that he was a highly capable man, wouldn’t be shortchanged by marrying him. However, she was worried that he might feel shortchanged by marrying her.

and she

Thus, her father had promised to entrust all of the Smith family’s resources to Nathaniel, all for the sake of ensuring she was well taken care of...

But eventually, Nathaniel ended up with nothing.

Back then, Cecilia thought he was in dire need of money. Hence, she would secretly use her own savings to take care of some minor projects under Rainsworth Group.

Later, she noticed that Nathaniel started frequenting places even her father couldn’t access. That was when she gradually realized that he didn’t need her help at all...

Back then, she merely thought that Nathaniel’s company was doing well. She was completely unaware of just how formidable he really was.

It wasn’t until she heard Vivian speak of him that she finally understood why Nathaniel had said that he couldn’t bear to part with her, his cash cow in the past...

When Vivian saw that Cecilia didn’t respond for a long time, she asked again, “Even if he’s not

“I’ve managed to save some money over the past few years. Give me a few more years, and I should be able to pay it all off,” Cecilia replied after contemplating for a while.

Vivian sighed. “He’s such a jerk. Why does he insist on you paying back such a huge amount before he leaves you and Eli alone? Has he forgotten how he mistreated you after your marriage? You should demand mental damage compensation fee and child support from him!”

Cecilia was amused by her comment. “If I ask for child support, won’t he find out about the child?”

“You’re right. He’s got us cornered. Right now, all we can do is work hard to earn money and aim to produce a chart–topping hit!”

“Yes.”

A thought occurred to Vivian, prompting her to ask, “Ceci, actually, can’t you ask Mr. Reese for help? To him, seven point nine billion won’t be a big deal, right?”

Without a second thought, Cecilia immediately rejected her.

“Calvin has already done so much for me. Even though we are friends, I don’t want to keep accepting his help unilaterally.”

“All right then.”

“Don’t worry, I believe I can earn this money.”

During her years abroad, although Calvin initially provided her with much assistance, she gradually built up her own life and career. After her depression improved, she worked hard to establish herself in the company and in composing music. Everything she achieved was the result of her own efforts.

She had faith that if Nathaniel could successfully manage Rainsworth Group, she too could earn money and pay him back.

At that moment, there came a sudden knock at the door.

Upon hanging up the phone, Cecilia immediately opened the door, only to find Nathaniel standing at the doorway in a black robe, fresh from a bath.

“What are you doing...”

“It’s time for bed.”

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Chapter 135 Held Captive

Cecilia hadn’t expected him to be so forthright.

Recalling the past few instances where he ended up stopping halfway after she initiated contact, she didn’t express the same urgency as before. “Is this really a good idea?”

Nathaniel leaned in closer to her. “We’re still married. What’s wrong with that?”

As he spoke, he simultaneously began to undo his bathrobe.

Involuntarily, Cecilia turned her head away, refusing to look at him.

When Nathaniel observed her shyness, a slight movement in his throat betrayed his reaction.

“Don’t worry, I won’t touch you.”

Cecilia froze.

It was just as she suspected.

“If you prefer sleeping here, I’ll take the guestroom.” She then turned to leave.

Since she couldn’t have it, there was no need for her to stay.

Nathaniel swiftly grabbed her wrist and pulled her forcefully. She ended up falling heavily into his arms.

Cecilia wanted to get up, but he firmly held her in his embrace.

“Don’t move, from now on you’re sleeping here too. I can’t sleep alone.”

Since the time Cecilia left, he had been plagued with insomnia. He had consumed a plethora of medications and even consulted with a psychiatrist, but to no avail.

It was only after she returned that he could manage to fall asleep with her in his arms.

Cecilia was somewhat in disbelief when he said that.

“You better keep your promise.”

“Yes.”

Cecilia lay on one side, deliberately using a blanket to create a barrier between the two of them. After closing her eyes, she recalled the doctor’s advice before she returned to Tudela.

The doctor explained that after a man became unconscious, his awareness would essentially be completely lost. If she wanted to achieve her goal, she couldn’t allow him to lose consciousness want to see a big castle, a really big one...”

As Elliot spoke, he simultaneously used his hands to illustrate his point.

The housekeeper in her twenties was completely smitten by his adorable actions.

“All right. I will build you a castle now. Wait a moment. I saved a video tutorial of building a castle earlier. I’ll use that as a reference.”

As the young housekeeper simultaneously watched the video and learned from it, Elliot quietly watched her.

Once she was completely captivated, he quietly slipped out the door from behind her.

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Chapter 136 He Keeps Crying For His Parents

Once Elliot was outside, standing on the balcony, he noticed his surroundings were nothing but mountains and trees.

Elliot frowned. “He’s not imprisoning a child at all; it’s like he’s locking away a villain!”

After standing on the balcony for a short while, he started to feel a bit unwell.

Forcing himself to endure, he proceeded to observe other areas.

For the past few days of his confinement, he had been constantly seeking an opportunity to escape.

However, the security system here was too stringent. Even if he managed to evade the security guards, with his frail and sickly body, he wouldn’t be able to run a kilometer without fainting, or even worse, losing his life.

He had been surveying the area for quite some time when the nanny finally realized that Elliot had disappeared. She was instantly filled with panic.

“Eli! Eli, where are you?”

If anything happened to the child, the boss would certainly have her hide.

She was trembling with fear when Elliot brought in a glass of water.

“Ma’am, are you tired? Have some water.”

Upon seeing Elliot, the nanny breathed a sigh of relief.

Because the child was so sensible and adorable, she completely forgot to treat him like a three or four-year-old.

“Eli, thank you, but I’m not thirsty. In the future, make sure to let me know what you’re about to do or where you’re going. You gave me quite a scare just now.”

“Got it.” Elliot nodded seriously.

Subsequently, he seemed to recall something, and his eyes brimmed with unshed tears.

The nanny was taken aback. “Eli, what’s wrong? Why are you crying?”

Elliot sniffled, “I miss my mommy and daddy. Ma’am, can you call your boss and let him know?”

Huge tears slid down his face, and the nanny simply couldn’t bear to see him cry.

“All right, I’ll get in touch with the butler right away.”

She didn’t have Nathaniel’s contact information.

Besides that, the network connection within the estate was completely blocked. Hence, to contact the butler, the nanny had to go through the outermost security guards.

After placing Elliot under the watch of the other nannies, she went to inform a security guard. She mentioned that little Elliot had been crying non-stop and kept saying that he missed his parents.

The security guard then contacted the butler in charge of Spring Forest Manor through a specialized communication device.

The morning sun shone brightly.

Cecilia slowly opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was a sturdy arm. As she looked up, she found herself face to face with the magnified, handsome of Nathaniel.

She only then realized that Nathaniel had completely shifted to her side while sleeping.

Cecilia furrowed her brows, cautiously reaching out to push his arm away.

“Don’t move!”

Nathaniel’s voice rang out, tinged with impatience.

Exerting a little more force, he held Cecilia even tighter.

“Sleep a bit longer.”

He hadn't had a good night's sleep in a long time.

It wasn't that he lacked the time, but he simply couldn't sleep. Now that he finally managed to fall asleep, he wasn't in a rush to go to work and didn't want to get up.

“I don't want to sleep anymore,” Cecilia said, trying once again to pull away from him. However, his grip on her was so tight that she couldn't break free.

With no other option, she could only close her eyes.

Not long after, the urgent ringing of Nathaniel's phone broke the silence.

Battling his rage, he forced his eyes open. With one arm, he held Cecilia close, while the other reached for the phone on the bedside table.

“What's the matter?”

On the other end of the phone, the butler relayed Elliot's matter to him.

“I got it.” Nathaniel promptly ended the call.

I should make a rule that no one is allowed to call me before nine in the future.

“Can I get up now?” asked Cecilia.

Nathaniel originally wanted to hold her and sleep for a while longer. However, thinking of Elliot, he couldn't risk anything happening, so he let go of his hold.

“Fine. I'll be stepping out for a bit later due to some business.”

He rose from the bed in a languid manner.

Cecilia turned her head away while he was getting dressed and said, “Can we discuss something? Can you not hold me while we sleep in the future? To be precise, let's set some ground rules for how we'll interact from now on. I feel like this is really unfair to me.”

After returning to her homeland, Cecilia had done her homework. She discovered that men often craved what they couldn't have, so playing hard to get was the way to go.

Nathaniel gazed at her with half-lidded eyes.

The woman hid beneath the covers, her ink-black hair strewn messily across the bed. Her delicate face was partially concealed by the strands of hair, adding an extra layer of allure to her appearance.

“What kind of fairness are you seeking?”

“When you return, I’ll draft an agreement,” Cecilia said.

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Chapter 137 The Hardship Of Raising A Child

A lump formed in Nathaniel’s throat.

An agreement....

What kind of agreement did they need between them?

Fearful that Cecilia wouldn’t

drafting it first.”

willing to stay any longer, he reluctantly said, “You can start

If it wasn’t well-written, he wouldn’t

agree to i

After changing into a fresh set of clothes, Nathaniel settled into his car and headed toward Spring Forest Manor.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Elliot lying on the bed, his face streaked with dried tears.

“Mister, you finally came to see me. Did you tell my daddy that you took me away?”

As if Nathaniel would tell Calvin that he had kidnapped the child.

Nathaniel raised an eyebrow. “He probably found out a long time ago.”

Elliot’s nose was tinged with red, his deep black eyes brimming with unshed tears.

“Then why hasn’t he come to take me home yet? I miss home, and I miss my daddy...”

Nathaniel passed him a tissue.

“Forget about it. He doesn’t want you anymore.”

Elliot was speechless. Nonsense, how could Mr. Reese possibly not want me? How despicable indeed, to scare a child like that.

To show that he was just a little boy, Elliot started to make a fuss. "You're talking nonsense! Daddy would never abandon me. He even said that he and Mommy would give me little siblings in the future to keep me company."

Nathaniel's face darkened instantly, the room's temperature seeming to drop with it.

"Your daddy wants to have children with Cecilia?"

Upon noticing his annoyance, Elliot deliberately continued, "Yeah! Daddy mentioned wanting to give me a bunch of younger siblings as playmates."

Nathaniel fell silent.

As Elliot wept, he subtly kept an eye on the expression on Nathaniel's face.

I thought he dislikes Mommy? Why does he look so upset then?

Are all se*mbags like him, unwilling to let others have what they themselves don't want?

"Given that, why did your mommy decide to come back here?" Nathaniel was unsure if the little one would understand the complexity of the situation, but he decided to ask nonetheless.

Elliot was surprised, almost failing to respond in time..

"Maybe she returned here with Daddy to give birth to my little brother or sister."

He blinked his large eyes, his face br with

seriness.

with

Nathaniel felt increasingly upset deep down, as he had recently instructed someone to keep a constant watch on Calvin's actions.

As it turned out, someone behind the scenes was keeping Calvin, who seemed like he was eager to depart from Erihal, in check.

It seemed like Calvin wanted to return to his homeland...

Returning here to have a child? It's astonishing that Cecilia could come up with such an idea.

“Stop crying,” he said. “As long as you obey, I’ll let you see Cecilia.”

He never had the knack for coddling children. Believing that this was all he needed to do, he stood up, ready to leave.

However, Elliot simply latched onto his leg, smearing the man’s dress pants with his tears and snot. Sobbing, he cried out, “I want my mommy! I want my daddy! You’re a bad, bad man, mister!”

A few days ago, he had traveled here by plane. Due to his fragile health, he didn’t have the energy to engage with Nathaniel then. But now, he was ready to give the man a hard time.

From a young age, their mother had taken care of him and his brother, while their good-for-nothing father had abandoned them. Now it was time for Nathaniel to truly understand the hardships of raising a child!

“Stop crying and let go!” Nathaniel commanded, his brows furrowed.

Yet, Elliot refused, his crying only growing louder.

“If you continue to cry, I’ll hit you,” warned Nathaniel sternly.

“Waaah, the bad man is going to hit me! It hurts so much...” Elliot sobbed, wiping his runny nose all over Nathaniel’s leg.

Nathaniel was somewhat of a clean freak, so upon witnessing this scene, he swiftly lifted Elliot into the air.

“Don’t you dare cry!”

urinating in his fear...

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Chapter 138 Stop Wasting Your Efforts

Nathaniel’s face darkened considerably as he promptly let go of Elliot.

Wasn’t this child too timid?

“Mister, please don’t hit me! I didn’t do it on purpose... I’m scared...”

Upon hearing the child’s cries from within the room, the nannies outside initially assumed that their employer had done something to him.

The nanny who had taken care of Elliot earlier even risked being fired and boldly swung the door open.

“Mr. Rainsworth, the boy is still so young, so you shouldn’t hit him!”

After she entered, only then did she notice the yellow stains on Nathaniel’s white shirt...

Realizing what it was, the nanny averted her gaze in embarrassment.

Elliot

continued to pester the silent Nathaniel, “Mister, are you mad at me? Why aren’t : speaking? When will you let me see Mommy?”

you

Nathaniel wore a somber expression, gently setting the boy back onto the bed before swiftly heading toward the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom, he scrubbed himself over and over again. The thought of that annoying brat’s face made him wish he could give Elliot a good smack on the backside.

How could such a gentle person like Cecilia have given birth to such a monster?

An hour later, Nathaniel emerged again, completely refreshed and smelling wonderful.

The nanny cautiously approached him. “Mr. Rainsworth, Eli has stopped crying. He also asked. me to apologize to you on his behalf, saying he’s sorry. He also promised to behave from now on and hopes you won’t kill him as he still wants to see his parents.”

After the nanny had said all this, she was left feeling startled.

So, Eli isn’t Mr. Rainsworth’s son or relative. And what’s up with him pleading with Mr. Rainsworth not to kill him? It feels like I know something I shouldn’t. Will I be silenced?

Nathaniel was also somewhat stunned.

Kill him? No wonder that little rascal was scared out of his wits. It turns out he misunderstood my intentions...

“Understood.”

He certainly didn’t have time to bicker with a child.

Before leaving, he reminded the nanny to take good care of Elliot.

The nanny let out a sigh of relief, but she was still puzzled by the words that Elliot had said.

Inside the room, Elliot listened to the sound of Nathaniel's car driving away, feeling incredibly satisfied.

After he and his brother were born, their mother had to deal with their accidents countless times. Was Nathaniel really unable to handle even one time?

Hmph, next time that se mbag daddy comes over, he's in for a real reckoning.

With these thoughts in mind, Elliot didn't want to leave so quickly.

It wasn't like he could have surgery at the moment anyway. During this period, he would take the opportunity to rest and recuperate, enjoying the benefits provided by his biological father – be it food or clothes. He would also gladly mess with Nathaniel.

Nathaniel sat in the car, his thoughts lingering on how he had recently been urinated on. Without realizing it, he pinched the bridge of his nose.

He asked the bodyguard, "Where is Cecilia now?"

"She's still at Daltonia Villa," the bodyguard replied.

Nathaniel took another deep sniff of himself, making sure there was nothing amiss before he finally closed his eyes.

The vehicle cruised leisurely, and after a little over an hour, it came to a halt in front of Daltonia Villa.

Nathaniel stepped out of the car and headed straight home. He hadn't been walking long before he heard the sound of a piano playing from inside.

He followed the sound, and through the glass window, he saw Cecilia, sitting at the piano in the music room, playing a tune he had never heard before.

The woman's long hair cascaded over her shoulders as her slender fingers danced across the black and white piano keys, a sight that was particularly captivating.

Due to her hearing impairment, there were times when Cecilia had to rely on placing her foot on the flo

to grasp the rhythm.

Her hearing had improved now. During her earlier years abroad, her musical scores were often filled with errors, requiring her to listen and make corrections repeatedly.

There was no space within the company for her to lose herself in composing music, and that was when she remembered that Daltonia Villa had a music room.

She often enjoyed using this music room when she first married Nathaniel and moved in.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 139

Chapter 139 The Agreement

“You’re back?”

Cecilia raised her hand to close the piano lid before standing up.

With his tall and slender figure leaning

figure leaning against the door, Nathaniel asked, “Why did you stop playing?”

In the past, he was always consumed by work and had no idea about Cecilia’s talent for playing the piano. It was only once when Magnus came to discuss a project with him that he had the chance to hear Cecilia play.

At the time, Magnus had infuriated him, and he recalled venting his anger on her by belittling her.

From that point on, she never returned to the music room, and she never played the piano again. At that time, he didn’t think it was a big deal.

“I don’t want to bother you,” Cecilia stated, before adding, “I’ve prepared the agreement; why don’t you take a look?”

After his trip out, Nathaniel had nearly forgotten all about the agreement.

“Right.”

The two walked side by side.

Nathaniel couldn’t help but say, “You play quite well. What’s the name of that piece? How come I haven’t heard it before?”

Upon hearing these words, Cecilia was momentarily taken aback.

“You haven’t heard it before?”

This melody was one she had composed back in her school days, and she had purposefully played it for him to hear.

Nathaniel paused in his tracks, his profound gaze fixed on her as he asked meaningfully, "Should I have heard it?"

Cecilia simply thought he had forgotten and shook her head. "I was just asking casually. I wrote this piece of music back in high school, but I never released it."

Upon hearing that she was the composer, Nathaniel couldn't help but regard her with newfound respect.

It was then he realized that his wife was so incredibly talented.

Nathaniel had already started walking ahead, leaving Cecilia to stare at his retreating figure, lost in thought.

From his demeanor, it seemed as though he truly had never heard this piece of music before...

Though Cecilia found it odd, she didn't dwell on it much.

After all, Nathaniel was incredibly busy. So many years had passed since then, so how could he possibly remember one song?

Upon returning to their room, Cecilia brought out the agreement she had handwritten and placed it before him.

"Take a look. If there aren't any issues, I'll print it out, and then we can sign it."

Nathaniel took the agreement, giving it a quick glance.

Firstly, mutual respect was essential. Actions beyond those of mere acquaintances, such as embracing, were not to be done without the other's consent. If one party violated this, the other had the right to leave.

Secondly, during the contract period, Nathaniel was required to take good care of Elliot. Once Cecilia had completely repaid the money, Elliot had to be immediately returned to her. Furthermore, the two were to divorce immediately.

Thirdly...

After reading through all the terms, it essentially boiled down to the fact that the two would live together, but he was not allowed to touch her.

If he were to touch her, she had the right to leave with Elliot.

Moreover, once the debt was fully repaid, Nathaniel was obliged to return her and the child's freedom.

All in all, she was determined to leave!

Nathaniel furrowed his brows in contemplation, then turned his gaze to Cecilia. "All right."

He wanted to see if Cecilia was really going to act according to the agreement!

Cecilia hadn't expected him to agree so readily. "Then I'll go print it."

After printing out two copies of the agreement, Nathaniel signed first before Cecilia added her signature. They each kept one copy.

"I hope you keep your promise."

Upon hearing these words, Nathaniel retorted, somewhat annoyed, "Same goes for you."

"Don't worry."

She didn't really mean much with the agreement. She was simply trying to devise a new tactic to make Nathaniel yearn for something he couldn't obtain, and then desire it even more.

I wonder if this will work.

Nathaniel sat quietly in the living room. After Cecilia left, he took the agreement and tossed it directly into the shredder.

Any agreement or pact didn't matter. Only what he genuinely acknowledged counted.

He was curious to see what kind of tricks Cecilia was going to pull this time!