

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 189

Chapter 189 The Next Step

Cecilia found herself held by him, standing rigidly in place..

After a long while, she shook her head. “I don’t hate you.”

That was the truth.

Upon hearing her words, Nathaniel held her even tighter, his large hand resting on her face, gently caressing it.

It was only now then that he could truly feel that Cecilia still belonged to him.

Cecilia knew the time was right. She lifted her gaze to Nathaniel, standing on her tiptoes. Her red lips brushed against his Adam’s apple, then moved upward, grazing his lips.

The spot where Nathaniel was kissed by her felt as if it was engulfed in flames..

Time and again, despite his incredible restraint, it proved to be insufficient.

He took hold of Cecilia’s nape with one hand and leaned in for an assertive kiss.

Regardless of her intentions at the moment, he desired her that night.

Cecilia noticed his change and seized a moment of rest to say, “I’m a bit scared; can we have a drink first?”

“Alright.”

Facing her dewy-eyed gaze, Nathaniel struggled to control himself, his voice hoarse.

Cecilia picked the strongest liquor from the cellar and discreetly slipped the medicine Vivian had acquired earlier into Nathaniel’s cup.

For her to achieve complete success, it couldn’t just be a one-time affair. She also needed to obtain Nathaniel’s sperm.

In his right mind, Nathaniel would certainly not allow it to be collected from him.

She poured the wine into the glass and handed it to him. To put him at ease, Cecilia also picked up a glass for herself.

“Cheers.”

That day, Nathaniel did not refuse Cecilia, he drank all the wine she poured for him.

Cecilia too took a sip, feeling a clear burning sensation in her throat.

“Get the tequila next time, what you’re holding now isn’t suitable for you.” Nathaniel knew with just a glance that Cecilia had chosen a bottle with the highest alcohol content.

Tequila was lower in alcohol concentration, so it was not particularly harmful to the body.

“Alright.”

Cecilia didn’t intentionally pour more wine for Nathaniel again.

She knew she needed to strike a balance and to not to rush things. Otherwise, he might become wary of her.

Besides, the amount I added earlier should have been enough, right?

Nathaniel was indeed impressive. He downed a large glass of strong liquor without batting an eyelid.

He adjusted his tie, took a deep breath, and effortlessly lifted Cecilia into his arms, carrying her to

the room.

On the way up, Cecilia nervously clutched his clothes, whispering, “I’m sorry.”

Nathaniel paused, initially assuming she was unwilling.

Unexpectedly, she said, “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have left, pretending to anything.”

Cecilia gazed deeply at him, her eyes filled with genuine affection.

In order to succeed that night, she was willing to say anything.

Nathaniel’s throat tightened.

be dead and not saying

Before he could respond, Cecilia’s hand slowly moved away, coming to rest on his slender waist. She called out a name she hadn’t uttered in a long time. “Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel's body stiffened abruptly, all his blood rushing to the spot where she held him.

"Mmm—hmm." His voice was raspy.

He laid Cecilia on the bed, his entire body leaning in toward her.

Unsure if it was the alcohol, he felt a jolt when Cecilia called out his name, as if he'd been electrocuted.

He pushed Cecilia into the corner of the bed, leaning in again.

When Cecilia found herself face to face with his handsome features, where they were so close they could hear each other's breath, a sense of fear involuntarily rose within her.

Part of it was due to past experiences, and part of it was the fear that when Nathaniel sobered up the next day, he would realize there was something off about the wine and become angry.

But now, this was an opportunity she couldn't miss.

Saving her child was all that mattered.

She simply stopped overthinking and closed her eyes.

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Chapter 190 An Old Wound

It wasn't until the latter part of the night that everything came to an end.

Before Nathaniel fully regained consciousness, he was tightly embracing Cecilia.

Cecilia glanced at the sterile cup beside him, containing something she had struggled to obtain. She knew then it was time to leave.

She wanted to pull away from Nathaniel's embrace, but he only held her tighter.

Left with no choice, she had to stealthily hide it under the bed, waiting to take it away after Nathaniel finished his work the next day.

Looking up at Nathaniel, who was soundly asleep, Cecilia was filled with guilt. Silently, she said, "When I apologized to you before, I was sincere. However, it wasn't because I faked my death and left, but for what happened this time...."

He had forcefully impregnated her with Elliot and Jonathan.

Thus, she didn't feel she betrayed him. Nevertheless, she knew that keeping the truth from him was wrong.

In spite of that, she had to do it. This was the only way she could keep her children by her side.

At dawn the next day, Nathaniel woke up with a slight headache. He looked down at Cecilia, who. was still in his arms.

He relaxed at the sight, holding her a little tighter..

It was at that moment, he noticed an old scar on Cecilia's back, resembling a knife wound.

Cecilia was awake then. Just as she was about to get up, she heard Nathaniel ask, "What's the story behind the injury on your back?"

Cecilia was taken aback.

She looked at Nathaniel, filled with sadness and resentment. "You don't remember?"

This injury is from when I had shielded him in the past, yet he has actually forgotten?

Cecilia felt that Nathaniel and Zachary were truly best friends, both equally ungrateful.

Nathaniel, however, genuinely didn't remember this incident. "When did this happen?"

Cecilia's voice turned hoarse. "When I was seventeen."

It was when Nathaniel first took charge of Rainsworth Group.

Back then, it was unclear whether he was being targeted by a fringe faction of the Rainsworth family or by individuals from a rival company. He was on the brink of being attacked, but she blocked it, saving him.

Many people in the Rainsworth family are aware of this, yet he has forgotten....

Nathaniel's hand fell on the wound on her back, his gaze somewhat gloomy. "Who did this?"

Cecilia shook her head.

"I'm not sure. We didn't manage to catch the perpetrator."

After a moment of silence, Nathaniel lowered his head and gently kissed Cecilia.

He never really understood how to comfort others; this was the only way he knew how to.

But as his kiss was about to land, it was deftly dodged by Cecilia.

“It’s getting late, you should head to the office,” Cecilia suggested.

She had already gotten what she wanted and had no desire to continue being intimate with him.

The sudden indifference caused Nathaniel’s brows to furrow slightly.

Just last night, she was brimming with passion.

Nathaniel held her tightly and wouldn’t let go. “I’m not going to the office.”

He savored the beauty of that moment and attempted to kiss Cecilia again on her cheeks, nose, lips...

Like a lion, his desires were insatiable....

However, Cecilia had already gotten what she wanted. Completely indifferent, she turned her face away.

Every move she made didn’t escape Nathaniel. Although he didn’t understand why her mood fluctuated so dramatically, he had been holding back for far too many years.

Soon, the sunlight filtered in, indicating it was already midday.

Cecilia held back Nathaniel. “I’m hungry. I want to eat.”

Only then did he give it a rest, holding her in his arms.

“Sure, I’ll have some food delivered over.”

Caressing Cecilia’s hair, Nathaniel was gentler than he had ever been before. “Let me hold you a little longer.”

Cecilia found him very peculiar. In the past, the person he despised the most was her. Just a few days ago, he even claimed to dislike her. But now, he was acting as if he was quite fond of her.

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Chapter 191 Lies Again

In disbelief, Cecilia looked up at Nathaniel.

He wasn't angry. Instead, he looked at her and questioned, "Now, tell me, what do you want?"

The two were close, nearly within arm's reach. Cecilia faced his complex gaze and lied, "I just feel indignant and want to have you just once."

Another lie!

Nathaniel gently pressed her head into his chest, a soft chuckle escaped his lips, yet the laughter was seemingly tinged with tears. "Now that you've got me, what's next? Are you planning to leave

me?"

Cecilia felt her body firmly pinned under his large hand. Her shoulder felt like it was about to shatter.

Before she could say anything, Nathaniel interrupted her assertively, "Did you actually believe that without my permission, you can leave Tudela?"

Cecilia's body trembled slightly. "I promised you, didn't I? That I'd repay the money I owe. Besides, Eli is still here, isn't he?"

"Where did you get so much money from?" Nathaniel asked seriously.

before I

Although he was aware that she was a renowned composer abroad, the amount he proposed was simply unattainable for her.

"I'll earn it my own way, slowly but surely." Cecilia paused, lifting her head from his chest to look at him. "I promise I won't take advantage of you."

Nathaniel, however, grew even more irritated, tightening his grip.

Cecilia frowned. "You're hurting me."

It was then that he instantly let go.

Adjusting her blanket, Cecilia shifted under his blanket, "I'll get up first."

She had intended to find some clothes to wear but realized that the garments on the ground were either torn to shreds or mixed up with Nathaniel's clothes in a chaotic mess.

She could only wrap herself in the thin blanket, ready to get up, but before she could take half a step, she was once again enveloped in Nathaniel's embrace.

"What's the rush?"

His Adam's apple subtly bobbed. "Didn't you once express a desire to be my true wife? Holding hands, embracing, kissing..."

Cecilia didn't know why he suddenly brought this up..

Back then. I was so naïve,

He was her first love, her secret crush, and ultimately the man she married.

Namely, she yearned to do everything that couples did to experience the intimacies shared between husband and wife. She even dreamt about having children together and growing old side by side...

But now having been through so much, she had long given up.

"I dare not hope for such things." she responded.

It wasn't that she didn't dare to hope, she simply didn't want to..

Nathaniel stared at her intently, feeling as if something was stuck in his throat

"But now I want to give us a shot."

Cecilia was taken aback, looking at him in surprise.

He continued, "Let's be husband and wife for a month. If you agree, I'll let you live with me a month if you so wish. All that happened in the past will be water under the bridge"

He couldn't believe that Cecilia truly didn't love him anymore. not even a little..

In the past, she could only manage to stay angry for about a week.

"Really? You're not deceiving me, are you?"

Cecilia was weighing her options. A month was just about the right amount of time to decide whether or not she was pregnant. If she was, she would leave; if not, she could still figure out a way to stay.

For reasons unknown, a vague discomfort stirred deep within Nathaniel upon hearing her question.

“Yeah, I’m not lying to you”

Cecilia knew well that such verbal promises held little credibility.

However, she had no other options..

“I trust you, so don’t deceive me.”

The turmoil within Nathaniel’s heart grew even more intense, certain of her intention to leave.

Suddenly, he was overcome with an urge—temporarily by his side, not allowing her to go

This thought was quickly suppressed by him.

It’s not like I can’t live without her! I might just be keeping her around out of spite.

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Chapter 192 Playing Husband And Wife

Ever since she chose to divorce, Cecilia never once considered the possibility of becoming a real married couple with Nathaniel.

Nathaniel gently brushed away her stray fringes. “Say my name.”

Cecilia’s lips parted slightly. “Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel had initially intended to kiss her, but unfortunately, the ringing doorbell shattered the beautiful moment.

It was the food delivery.

An hour later, the two had tidied up and eaten their meal.

“Don’t you have to go to the office today?” Cecilia probed.

Nathaniel noticed that she really wanted him to leave.

“No, I’ve already delegated most of the work to others.”

In truth, he should have done that a long time ago. As the head of the corporation, he had too much on his plate. It was about time he delegated some responsibilities.

Cecilia couldn’t help but worry. If he didn’t leave, she couldn’t go back to the room to retrieve the bottle of sperm.

Nathaniel looked at her intently. "Do you really want me to go to the office?"

Cecilia shook her head, "No, I was just asking out of curiosity."

"This month, I'll set aside all my work, and we can spend quality time together," Nathaniel said earnestly.

Set aside his work...

Cecilia was somewhat incredulous, yet she nodded. "Good idea."

"Didn't you mention before that you want to return to Sparaville?" Nathaniel asked casually.

Cecilia's hand tightened around the water cup she was holding.

When they had just gotten married, she would often bring up the small county town where she grew up in conversations with Nathaniel.

After all, being in love with someone meant wanting to share everything about oneself with them.

"Indeed, I did mention it before."

"Pack up after this. We'll drive there this afternoon."

They had agreed to play husband and wife for a month.

When he first decided to become Cecilia's husband, he had no idea how to go about it.

Reflecting on what others had mentioned about honeymoon trips, he figured this was it.

It took a while for Cecilia to regain her composure, then she responded, "Alright, I'll pack right away."

With that, she returned to her own room.

Just as Cecilia picked up her phone, she noticed a missed call from Vivian.

She called back, and the call connected swiftly.

"How did it go?" Vivian was eager to know the answer.

"It was a success."

Cecilia felt that there was a high chance she could be pregnant this time.

“That’s great, so can we take Eli with us and leave?” Vivian asked.

“I’m not entirely sure if I’m pregnant yet. I’d like to confirm it through a test before we leave.”

Cecilia informed her about the matter of pretending to be Nathaniel’s wife for a month, as well as the plan to head to Sparaville that very afternoon.

Vivian was somewhat bewildered. “What’s this jerk up to now?”

“No matter what it is, we still have to wait for a month.”

Cecilia’s hand rested on her lower abdomen, thinking that even if she were pregnant, it wouldn’t happen so quickly. After all, carrying a child takes about ten months and doesn’t happen overnight.

“Alright then.”

Afraid of Nathaniel coming in, Cecilia quickly ended her call..

Subsequently, she simply packed a suitcase.

When the cleaning lady came to tidy up the room, she found an excuse to head to the master bedroom. There, she covertly wrapped the bottle in a blanket and snuck it out.

After putting it away, Cecilia changed into casual attire and descended the stairs, pulling her suitcase behind her.

“Are we leaving now?”

Nathaniel was engrossed in a book, seated comfortably on the couch. He looked up at her, and

Playing Husband And Wife

“Sure.”

He rose, effortlessly carrying Cecilia’s suitcase, and headed out the door.

Bewildered, Cecilia trailed behind him, her surprise intensifying.

After placing the suitcase in the trunk and getting into the car, it was only then that Cecilia realized that Nathaniel would be driving there himself.

“It would take at least five to six hours to get to Sparaville. Should we ask the driver to take us?” Cecilia asked, worried he might not be aware.

“No need.”

Nathaniel wasn't fond of having outsiders around on such personal trips.

Before he left, he had told Mason not to call him unless it was something important.

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Chapter 193 The Journey There

On the way to Sparaville, the rain was pouring.

Cecilia was sitting in the passenger seat when she unintentionally caught a glimpse of Nathaniel's strikingly handsome profile. Her breath hitched for a moment before she quickly regained composure, turning her gaze out the car window.

In truth, before she got to know Nathaniel, she always felt that he was unapproachable.

But now, she had touched every inch of him.

She reminded a saying that even the most aloof man would change when physical intimacy was involved. It simply altered the dynamics between two people.

Nathaniel had also noticed her gaze on him. During their break in the rest area, he took her hand into his own.

“I'm not used to you being this quiet.”

Cecilia looked at him and heard him say, “You used to always have endless things to say.”

Upon hearing these words, Cecilia put on a wry smile.

“Then you surely don't remember when you told me that you didn't like my chattiness.”

Nathaniel was taken aback.

The atmosphere inside the car suddenly turned somber.

Cecilia thought she had said something she shouldn't have, causing him to be upset. Consequently, she made a conscious effort to change the topic.

“After we passed this rest area, there is a forest of maple trees up ahead. At this time of the year, there's a lot of autumn foliage, and it is quite beautiful,”

By then, early autumn had arrived. Darkness fell quicker, and the weather had gradually cooled down, especially when it was raining.

As their car passed through the maple forest, it was already evening. The impending darkness was particularly intense due to the rain, yet one could still see a flurry of maple leaves falling.

It was at that moment Nathaniel saw a rare smile on Cecilia's face.

He felt as if he had been transported back to the past, to the time when he first met her.

She was a charming and adorable young girl back then.

Once they passed the maple forest, the scenery outside was essentially obscured.

Cecilia wanted to use her phone but found that its battery was dead. With no other option, she had to charge it in the car.

At that moment, Nathaniel handed her his cell phone.

"Use this. There's no password."

Cecilia hesitated for a moment before finally taking the phone.

Nathaniel's phone was decidedly minimalistic. Other than the necessary office applications and communication tools, there were no superfluous items, not even a music player.

Cecilia glanced around, eventually opening his browser, curious to catch up on the recent news.

Upon opening it, she immediately saw the sixth trending topic: Stella Ross publicly apologizes for plagiarism.

Her eyes were filled with nothing but disbelief.

Just a couple of days ago, Nathaniel was trying to persuade Vivian not to pursue the matter further, so why has Stella suddenly issued a public apology? Nathaniel had never allowed her to suffer.

Just as Cecilia was confused about the matter, the car arrived at the town.

Nathaniel had made hotel reservations in advance.

"Let's just rest for today," he said as he stepped out of the car.

When the two of them entered the hotel together, Cecilia couldn't help but mention, "I just saw the news; Stella has publicly apologized."

Not only did she publicly apologize, but the song was also pulled, resulting in a hefty compensation imposed on her.

Nathaniel was not surprised at all.

After all, he had arranged for Mason to get Stella to do all that. If the latter was unwilling, she would then have to leave Central Media.

"You were right about what you said last time, plagiarism should come with a price."

Nathaniel did not expose her as Cecille when he spoke.

Cecilia realized that he had truly changed a lot.

Upon arriving at the hotel, Cecilia realized Nathaniel had only booked one room.

"Are we sleeping together?"

"What else then?" Nathaniel retorted with a question.

Without giving Cecilia the chance to refuse, he took her by the wrist and led her toward the

The bellhop had already placed the luggage in the couple's room well in advance.

Nathaniel walked briskly, leaving Cecilia with no choice but to hurry along to keep up with his pace.

No sooner had they reached the room door than Nathaniel swept her off her feet without warning. Her body hung in the air momentarily before she found herself gently laid on a large bed, strewn with fresh flowers.

Nathaniel leaned forward and said, "From this point forward, feel free to tell me whatever you need, and I'll provide it for you."

He was determined to prove, within a month, that he was better than Calvin.

Cecilia had once faked her own death to leave, and now, he wanted to make her regret leaving him again.

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Chapter 194 Their First Embrace

Under the gentle light. Cecilia gazed at the all too familiar face before her, at a loss for words.

Nathaniel lowered his head, planting a kiss on her forehead.

Cecilia's hand, lying on the blanket, subtly clenched.

"I was a bit tired today. I don't feel like it."

Nathaniel paused for a moment, holding her tightly and remaining silent.

Cecilia leaned into his embrace, where she could hear the strong rhythm of his heartbeat.

"Nathaniel..."

"Hmm?."

"Do you still remember our first embrace?" Cecilia suddenly asked.

Upon hearing the question, Nathaniel was reminded of the first time she held him. It was their wedding night.

Her father had just passed away, yet he pulled her away.

He wasn't sure why Cecilia suddenly asked about it, so he thought she was blaming him. "What happened in the past, won't happen again."

He seldom apologized, so this was his way of admitting a mistake.

Cecilia looked up at him in confusion, not understanding what he meant by his words.

Their first embrace occurred when she was still in school. He had braved the rain in the dead of night to come to her rescue when she was being bullied...

How can he say it won't happen again?

In a low, introspective tone, Cecilia admitted, "I think it was then that I started to fall for you deeply, so very deeply..."

Despite her telling him of her feelings for him, Nathaniel sensed that something was amiss.

When they got married, he was absolutely

sure that Cecilia loved him.

Why did she say that she had just started to fall in love with me then?

His confusion remained unresolved when Cecilia continued, "I thought you were truly amazing back then. I've always felt I wasn't good enough for you, never once imagining that I could become your wife one day."

Nathaniel's Adam's apple subtly moved.

1/3

Chapter 194 Their First Embrace

He too never thought he would end up marrying her.

+5 Pearls

When he first saw her, she was only ten years old, petite and slender. Yet, she had the most

smile.

"We can start over now," Nathaniel suggested, as if compelled by some unseen force.

Cecilia gazed at him deeply. "Can we really start over?"

During her time abroad, she would often dream. In these dreams, Nathaniel would be filled with regret, begging her to come home and promising to treat her better. But each time she woke up, she would realize it was nothing more than a fleeting dream.

Before she could get a response from Nathaniel, the doorbell rang. It was room service with their dinner.

During dinner, the two of them unknowingly changed topics.

At night, they lay together. After the lights were turned off. Nathaniel naturally pulled her into his embrace and softly called out, "Ceci."

Cecilia had removed her hearing aid, unable to clearly hear his voice.

After she had fallen asleep, she had a peculiar dream. In the dream, she felt like a small boat, adrift on the waves, uncertain of her destination. When she opened her eyes, Nathaniel was no longer by her side. Outside, the day was bright, and the wind gently swayed the white curtains.

After changing her clothes, Cecilia picked up her phone and saw a message from Vivian. The text was about Stella's apology.

Cecilia had seen the message sent by the foreign assistant, stating that they were already arranging for compensation.

After shutting off her cell phone, Cecilia stepped outside. She saw Nathaniel, clad in a black trench coat, standing under a large banyan tree. His towering figure was striking, and he was carrying something in his hand as he walked toward her.

As she approached, Cecilia noticed what he was holding in his hands—two simple breakfasts.

This was a specialty of Sparaville—spaghetti bread.

These were the things that Nathaniel wouldn't have even spared a glance at in the past.

"You're finally awake. I've bought us breakfast," Nathaniel said, gazing at her with a gentle look in

eyes. "Didn't you

you mention that you enjoy the breakfast here?"

his

The reason he remembered was during the four or five years he spent searching for Cecilia, he would occasionally revisit their past chat logs.

He saw her going from being quite talkative at the beginning to only sharing simple things in the end.

It took a while for Cecilia to regain her composure, nodding. "Yeah."

When the two of them returned to the room, Nathaniel suddenly halted in his tracks, looking at her. "Is there something you haven't done yet?"

Cecilia looked at him, her expression filled with confusion.

He said, "We're now husband and wife. You used to say that we should hold hands, hug, and kiss every day."

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Chapter 195 The Room

Upon hearing this, Cecilia lifted her hand to gently pull Nathaniel closer. She then embraced him, planting a tender kiss on his lips.

She had thought that would be the end of it, but Nathaniel set down his breakfast, his hand finding the back of her head as he deepened their kiss.

For reasons unknown, even though they were engaged in the most intimate act, he couldn't detect any hint of emotion in Cecilia's eyes.

Consequently, he bit down on her lip in indignance.

In pain, Cecilia furrowed her brows tightly. She wanted to push him away, but he firmly held her hand.

In retaliation, she bit back at Nathaniel, only ceasing when her mouth was filled with a metallic

taste.

Nathaniel was breathing heavily, his large hand cradling her face. "Look at me," he implored, "say my name again."

When Cecilia looked up, she saw his bitten lip, seductively red.

"Nathaniel."

Her eyes were calm and undisturbed, no longer reflecting the passion she once had for him.

A pang of emotion seized Nathaniel, with a hint of redness surfacing in his eyes. Without hesitation, he swept Cecilia off her feet.

Despite her resistance, he placed her on the couch.

"Say my name!"

Cecilia couldn't figure out what was going on with him. He was gentle one moment, and behaving otherwise in the next. His mood was truly unpredictable.

"Nathaniel!"

A single, indifferent utterance, devoid of
any emotion.

Nathaniel listened, his heart feeling as though there was a knot in it.

He didn't say anything else. Instead, he just picked her up and carried her back to the room.

Once the deed was done, their breakfast had turned cold.

Nathaniel initially wanted to send someone to buy it again but was stopped by Cecilia.

The room had a microwave. After heating up breakfast, the pair ate their meal and noticed the flavors had changed.

Suddenly, Cecilia understood what Nathaniel had previously meant by starting over.

Just like this breakfast, once it had cooled down, even if it was reheated, it no longer tasted the same as before.

After having breakfast, Nathaniel drove Cecilia back to the place where she had spent her Childhood, doing it as if he knew the way like the back of his hand.

The surroundings of the dilapidated brick house had been meticulously tidied up. Devoid of any weeds or fallen leaves, it looked as if it was inhabited.

While Cecilia was taken aback, a neighbor noticed their car.

As she stepped out of the car, her neighbor couldn't help but express her surprise. "Ceci! Aren't you supposed to be dead?"

Before Cecilia could react, Nathaniel had already exited the car from the other side, addressing the neighbor.

"It was all a misunderstanding."

Having said that, he took the lead and headed toward the house.

Cecilia was somewhat curious about how he got to know the neighbors there.

She offered a polite smile to the lady neighbor, then followed Nathaniel inside, where everything was tidy and spotless.

"You seem to know this place well?" she asked.

Nathaniel paused, turning his head to look at her. "Because I knew you would return."

Unbeknownst to Cecilia, during the days of her absence, Nathaniel would often drive alone to this place, hoping to see her again.

Over time, he had arranged for someone to come over and clean up.

Cecilia gazed at his stern profile. “Why? What if I had really died?”

Nathaniel’s thin lips were tightly pressed together, and after a long silence, he finally spoke.

“Didn’t you say you felt indignant? How could you bear to die?”

How could I bear to die?

A bitter laugh echoed in Cecilia’s mind. She stepped forward, murmuring under her breath, “You’re really confident.”

She felt that her past self was too submissive, which gave Nathaniel the wrong idea, making him

At first, Nathaniel indeed thought so, but now his certainty was wavering, which was why he brought Cecilia there.

“Let me show you something,” he said.

Nathaniel led her toward a bedroom. As they reached the door, he pushed it open.

When everything within the room came into view, Cecilia’s eyes welled up with tears.

She stood there for a long time, filled with disbelief.

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Chapter 196 The Painting Left Behind By Regas

Surprisingly, the bedroom was filled with Regas’ things. Among them was a painting of Cecilia by Regas.

After Regas’ death, Paula and Magnus struggled to manage the family business. Eventually, they were forced to auction off all of their valuable possessions at home.

This time, after returning to her homeland, Cecilia tried her best to search for her father’s belongings, especially this painting.

In the painting, Cecilia was barely over ten, perched on the balcony in a white dress, cradling a large bouquet of fresh flowers, beaming.

Cecilia slowly approached, looking at the painting that reminded her of her aged father and the loving expression he wore when he painted her portrait.

Cecilia ran her fingers over the painting, her voice choked. "I thought I would never find this painting again."

She never expected Nathaniel to actually find it since it held no monetary value.

Observing Cecilia's reaction, Nathaniel knew he had chosen the right gift this time.

He approached her step by step. "You can take all these things back to Daltonia Villa."

By emphasizing the words "back to Daltonia Villa," he wanted to make Cecilia stay.

Cecilia gathered her emotions, turning to look at Nathaniel. Her eyes brimmed with gratitude. "Thank you."

"Don't make a fuss in the future. Whatever you want, I'll give it to you," Nathaniel firmly stated.

Make a fuss?

Cecilia's gaze dimmed as she nodded half-heartedly.

Nathaniel produced a black card, offering it to her. "Feel free to use this card."

He had always arranged for Mason to provide Cecilia with living expenses after she married him.

However, it wasn't until Cecilia left that he discovered she didn't spend a single penny of the money Mason gave her.

Cecilia looked at the card apathetically, shaking her head. "No need. I have money."

Nathaniel's hand froze mid-air. After a moment of silence, he tried to explain, "We're married now, aren't we? This is my payroll card."

He wasn't sure if, as a husband, this was what he was supposed to do.

Cecilia had no choice but to accept it, reasoning that once this month was over, they would be even.

After agreeing to play the role of Nathaniel's wife for a month, she noticed a startling change in him. He was no longer distant; instead, he constantly sought her affection, wanting her to hold him, kiss him, and intertwine their hands. It felt as though they had truly stepped into matrimony, blurring the line between their pretend marriage and something real.

After three days in Sparaville, they returned to Tudela. That evening, at eight sharp. Nathaniel drove her to the riverside to watch the fireworks. Right on cue, the night sky lit up with dazzling

bursts of color.

Amidst small groups of people, Cecilia and Nathaniel stood side by side. their presence together especially captivating. To those watching, they looked every bit like a married couple. As Cecilia gazed at the fireworks blooming across the sky, a powerful urge welled up inside her—she wanted. to tell Nathaniel the truth, to reveal that Elliot was his child

However, just as Cecilia was about to speak. Nathaniel's phone rang—it was Stella. Cecilia couldn't hear what was said, but she noticed the sudden urgency in Nathaniel's demeanor as he prepared to leave.

She stepped in front of him, stopping him in his tracks. "Didn't you promise that no one would interrupt our time together?"

"We'll talk when I get back Nathaniel replied gravely.

Cecilia tightened her grip on his sleeve, her voice firm. "Think carefully—if you walk away now, I won't keep my promise."

I will no longer keep my promise of being your wife for a month.

Nathaniel gently pried her hand away. "Something happened to Stella. She's in the emergency room. I'll have someone take you back."

With that, he got into the car and drove away, leaving Cecilia standing alone.

As she watched the car disappear into the distance, she didn't feel sad—she felt foolish. She had nearly convinced herself that he had changed, almost revealing the truth about Elliot. Thankfully. she hadn't.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 197

Chapter 197 I Regret It

Boom! A brilliant firework burst in the sky, fading as quickly as it appeared.

Nearby, a girl squeezed her boyfriend's hand and whispered, "Let's be together forever."

As Cecilia watched them walk away, a deep longing stirred within her—a desire to experience a romance of her own. Since falling for Nathaniel, she had turned away

every suitor, never allowing herself to be in a real relationship. She had married him without ever knowing the true taste of love. Even now, that feeling remained elusive.

Tears blurred Cecilia's vision as she gazed up at the pitch-black sky. In the silence, she whispered, "Dad, I regret it."

She regretted marrying Nathaniel, regretted choosing someone who never loved her.

By half-past eight, the fireworks had ended, and the crowd had dispersed.

When Mason arrived to pick Cecilia up, he found her standing alone by the river, her silhouette drenched in loneliness.

He recalled his fiancée's words from a few days ago. Loving someone means giving them a sense of security. How could he allow another woman to disrupt their relationship?

At that moment, he found himself feeling a twinge of sympathy for Cecilia.

He pulled the car over and stepped out, approaching her with measured steps. "Ms. Smith, I'm here to take you home."

It took Cecilia a moment to gather herself. When she finally looked at him, she masked the disappointment in her eyes and replied politely, "Thank you."

Once they were in the car, Mason deliberately turned up the heat a bit.

Although Cecilia's health had improved over the years abroad, she was still noticeably more fragile than most. The cold wind had drained the color from her face, leaving her looking so pale and delicate that it seemed she might collapse at any moment.

As Mason glanced at her in the rearview mirror, he offered an explanation for Nathaniel's abrupt departure. "Ms. Ross was nearly killed by an obsessive fan last night. She's still in critical condition at the hospital and expressed a wish to see Mr. Rainsworth one last time."

Obsessive fan, huh?

Cecilia couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh. If Nathaniel had taken even a moment to look into it, he'd realize that wasn't true. Besides, knowing Stella, I doubt she's in any real danger. And with Sean still under Calvin's control, how could he have possibly harmed her? No, she's likely orchestrating this entire scenario herself.

Cecilia responded with a soft hum and, after a moment's pause, said, "I know. He told me."

Mason let out a sigh of relief. Having worked for Nathaniel for so long, he understood that his boss was genuinely in love with Cecilia. Otherwise, Nathaniel wouldn't have spent years searching for her or put his work on hold for her. He even went so far as to purchase Cecilia's late father's belongings.

It was just that Nathaniel struggled to express his emotions. If his love was an intensity of eight out of ten, he would only show a fraction of that—just a mere tenth.

The streetlights cast a dappled glow on the road as Cecilia gazed absently out of the car window.

When they finally arrived at Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel had not yet returned. After freshening up, Cecilia lay down in bed and called Vivian and Jonathan.

"How have the past few days been for you?" Vivian asked when Cecilia called. They hadn't had a chance to catch up, as Cecilia had been with Nathaniel these few days.

Cecilia briefly updated Vivian on her day, omitting the part about Nathaniel leaving her alone by the riverside due to Stella. She then inquired about Jonathan's whereabouts.

"Jon's been going to bed early these days. Do you want to see him? I can call him now."

"There's no need. Don't wake him if he's asleep."

"Okay," Vivian agreed, unaware that Jonathan was not actually asleep. While eavesdropping on Cecilia's call, Jonathan had been busy making money online.

"My sc*mbag of a father isn't all that bad. At least he found Granddad's belongings. But I still need to work hard and make money so that Mom can live worry-free as soon as possible." Jonathan had a remarkable talent for computers, but building billions from scratch was a daunting task, especially given his youth and humble beginnings.

As he stared at the long string of numbers on his screen, a frown crossed his face. Just a few tens of millions. How long will it take to save enough for Mommy's betrothal gift?

Suddenly, a quote flashed in his mind. Everything that can make money is written in the law.

With renewed focus, he began typing furiously. "Taking money from my old man's account shouldn't be illegal, right? I'm just collecting child support."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 198

Chapter 198 Accept It Without Regret

At Daltonia Villa, just as Cecilia finished her call with Vivian, Calvin's call came through.

She answered promptly, and Calvin said, "I arranged for Sean to meet with Stella again today." Cecilia's heart skipped a beat. Is Stella really hurt by Sean?

"Do you know?" Calvin continued. "That woman wanted him dead. If it weren't for my men, he would have nearly lost his life."

Calvin explained that he had been orchestrating events to reveal Stella's true nature to Sean. However, Sean, stubbornly refusing to believe the truth, even went so far as to find Stella's house. Initially, Stella pretended to offer comfort, but later, she shockingly slipped him a sleeping pill. Once he was unconscious, she planned to stage an accidental death by turning on the gas. Fortunately, Calvin's men intervened in time and rescued Sean, forcibly removing Stella before her plan could succeed.

Stella, in a state of panic, began to harm herself and then played the victim, claiming that an obsessed fan had broken into her home and attacked her.

Cecilia was shocked and horrified to hear that. I can't believe how cruel Stella is!

Her suspicions were confirmed—this entire situation was nothing more than a deceitful act orchestrated by Stella herself.

Calvin grew concerned when Cecilia didn't immediately respond. "Cecilia, are you all right?"

"I'm fine," Cecilia replied, snapping back to reality. "I just didn't expect her to be so ruthless."

"Given that she's come this far as an orphan, she clearly has her share of tricks," Calvin said, his gaze darkening with an inscrutable look. "You need to be cautious with someone like her."

He paused for a moment before cautiously asking, "Have you sorted out the matter of your pregnancy?"

Cecilia responded honestly, "Yes, it's taken care of."

"Good. I'll retrieve Elliot as soon as possible, and then we'll head back."

Cecilia felt a pang of worry. She had visited the place where Elliot was kept and knew the security there was extremely tight, a far cry from the hospital's. It would be a challenging task to bring him out.

"Could we wait a few more days? I'll try to find a way to persuade Nathaniel to release Eli willingly."

Cecilia was concerned that Calvin might get hurt or risk offending Nathaniel because of her. She felt deeply indebted to Calvin.

Standing on the balcony, Calvin stared into the pitch-black night, his throat tightening. In recent days, he had heard from Seven that Cecilia and Nathaniel had been inseparable and seemed very close. Although he understood Cecilia's intention to conceive, he was, after all, only human. It was painful to see the woman he cared for so deeply with another man.

"All right," Calvin said, ultimately choosing to respect Cecilia's decision.

After ending the call, he to look at Sean, who had just awoken on the hospital bed. Sean's eyes. were hollow as he murmured, "I gave up a fiancée who loved me for eight years, invested all my money, and even harmed others—all for her—and she wanted me dead!"

Calvin stepped forward, his expression cold. "So now you regret it?"

Sean looked at Calvin, his eyes filled with bitterness. "Of course! I wish I could have killed her right then and there!"

Calvin said nothing and walked out of the ward. The bodyguards stationed outside bowed. respectfully as he passed.

He stepped out of the hospital and reflected that if Cecilia ultimately chose Nathaniel, he would accept it without regret because his feelings for her were his own choice and not imposed by anyone.

He would continue to treat her kindly even if his love faded, as they would remain friends.

A luxury car pulled up, and the window rolled down to reveal the face of a handsome man. "Calvin, get in," he called.

It was Yannick, a close friend of Calvin. While Calvin was abroad, Yannick managed all the domestic business affairs.

Once Calvin got into the car, Yannick let out a sigh. "The recent projects have faltered again, all because of Nathaniel. It seems he's determined to go against you. We're financially stable for now, but if those old-timers overseas catch wind of this, we'll be in serious trouble"

Yannick had actually said all that to persuade Calvin to give up on Nathaniel's wife. Why did Calvin have to fall for a married woman, of all people?