

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 210

Chapter 210 Reverse Psychology

The kid’s reverse psychology tactics were surprisingly effective on adults.

Nathaniel looked at Cecilia once more, his Adam’s apple subtly bobbing. His thin lips parted slightly as he said, “I’m sorry.”

Cecilia looked at him, momentarily stunned.

After a long while, she finally regained her composure and replied, “It’s okay.”

At last, Elliot managed to make his sc*mbag father apologize, albeit in an unconventional manner.

“Dad, it’s so boring being here all by myself every day. Can you and Mom take me out to have some fun today?”

Elliot was good at acting cute.

Nathaniel simply couldn’t refuse his request. “All right.”

After agreeing, Nathaniel had everything arranged and took Elliot to a nearby amusement park.

Due to Elliot’s physical condition, there were many activities he couldn’t participate in. Cecilia was constantly on alert, fearful of any unexpected incidents that might occur.

The family of three was particularly eye-catching at the amusement park.

After walking for a while. Elliot felt extremely worn out. He glanced at Nathaniel, who showed no intention of carrying him. He thought to himself if Nathaniel wasn’t wealthy or handsome, he probably would have a hard time finding a wife in his lifetime.

“Dad, look at other people’s father over there.” Elliot pointed out a father in the distance, who was carrying his daughter on his shoulders.

Nathaniel looked over, then turned to Elliot with disdain. “No way.”

“But Dad, I really want you to carry me,” Elliot pleaded. He fixed his gaze on Nathaniel and stopped walking.

“Don’t kick me.”

Only after issuing his warning did Nathaniel carry him.

This time, Elliot didn't cause any trouble. He obediently sat in his arms, pointing here and there..

One moment he wanted to play with this, the next he was interested in that.

"Dad, quickly get that giant panda for Mom... Dad, you're really awesome... Dad, Mommy and I want to eat that... Dad, you're the best father..."

After being embraced by Nathaniel, Elliot didn't want to let go.

Amidst the continuous praises and repeated calls of "Dad", Nathaniel completely lost himself. He almost forgot that Elliot was Calvin's son.

Nathaniel had held Elliot in his arms from the afternoon until dusk. It was only when Cecilia fell asleep on his back that he finally ended the game.

"Can I carry him?" Cecilia extended her arms.

That afternoon, she had tried to hold Elliot several times, but each attempt was met with rejection.

Perhaps due to their father-son blood ties, Elliot seemed to be partially attached to Nathaniel

What she didn't realize was that Elliot was intentionally trying to wear down Nathaniel and make

"There's no need, Nathaniel firmly rejected her.

Cecilia was hung frozen mid-air for a moment before she finally withdrew them. It's been hard can you. Thank you for indulging him in such a childish game."

Nathaniel was walking ahead when he suddenly halted. The last rays of the setting sun fell on him, making him appear even more imposing than before.

"Do you think if our child were still with us, he would be like him?"

Cecilia's gaze quivered for a moment as she hurriedly avoided his stare. "Perhaps," she replied.

Nathaniel thought she was upset, so he didn't continue the conversation on that topic

After sending Elliot back to the estate, Nathaniel gave instructions to the housekeepers to take good care of him. Then, Nathaniel and Cecilia took a car ride back to Daltonia Villa..

The weather in Tudela was cele. Just a few days ago, the temperature was still hovering around thirty degrees. But now, in bad dropped to the teens. On the way home, the cold wind was howling.

Once they arrived at Daltonia Villa, Cecilia stepped out of the car. However, she was almost knocked over by a gust of wind.

Nathaniel swiftly strode forward with his long legs. He walked up to her side and shielded her from the side wind.

‘Cecilia.’

Cecilia paused and looked at him with a puzzled expression.

“I want a child.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 211

Chapter 211 Being Framed

The surroundings were so quiet that it seemed like the only sounds were those of the wind and. rustling leaves.

Cecilia stared at Nathaniel’s familiar face, unsure of how to begin. In the end, all she could muster was, “I’m sorry, sorry, I...”

Before she could even finish her sentence, Nathaniel interrupted her abruptly.

“Not with you.”

Cecilia’s pupils constricted abruptly. Then, Nathaniel continued in a harsh tone, “Do you think a man will choose to have children with a woman who betrayed him and bore someone else’s child?”

Without waiting for her response, Nathaniel quickly strode toward the room.

Once he reached his room, he tossed his coat aside in frustration.

When he expressed his desire for a child just a moment ago, it was only upon hearing her imminent refusal that he realized how ridiculous he had been. It was then that he truly understood the absurdity of his actions that day.

He couldn’t believe he had agreed to play the role of that child’s father for a day...

Just how desperate was he for a child of his own that he was willing to become a father to someone else’s child?

Cecilia stood alone in the wind outside the mansion with Nathaniel's words echoing in her mind.

Do you think a man will choose to have children with a woman who betrayed him and bore someone else's child?

With a calm expression, she steadily made her way into the living room.

She was alone in the living room, which felt exceptionally empty. This situation inevitably brought back memories from five years ago.

She didn't fancy being alone in such a vast space, so she returned to her room.

She pulled out her mobile phone and started playing soft music, which brought calm to her turmoil-filled heart.

A sudden clap of thunder sounded outside the window while a streak of lightning flashed across the sky.

Before long, the rain was pouring heavily with no intention to stop.

Cecilia was lost in her thoughts as she stared at the rain outside, oblivious to the passage of time. Just as she was about to drift off to sleep, the sound of a car engine broke the silence. Shortly after, the doorbell rang.

Who would possibly come at this hour?

Cecilia didn't know whether Nathaniel had fallen asleep. When she opened the door, she saw Stella standing at the doorway in a patient's gown with a bandage wrapped around her neck. She was drenched from the rain, and her face was pale.

Stella didn't anticipate Cecilia to open the door. Stunned, it took her a while before she demanded, "Where's Nathaniel?"

"I don't know,"

Cecilia didn't feel obligated to tell her, so she shifted away, ready to leave.

At that moment, Stella saw Nathaniel walking toward them. She abruptly grabbed Cecilia's hand, then leaned back and tumbled down the staircase at the entrance.

At the entrance, and on the stairs laid with marble slabs, there was a loud "boom". It sounded like bones shattering.

Before Cecilia could react, she was abruptly pulled away by Nathaniel who had approached her from behind..

Nathaniel quickly stepped forward.

Stella could be seen lying on the ground, the fresh blood from her head mixing with the rain.

Nathaniel immediately dialed the emergency hotline.

After being shoved by Nathaniel, Cecilia stumbled a few steps before regaining her balance. When she looked at Stella again, she saw that her face was pale. "Cecilia, why did you push me?" Stella asked weakly.

Stella never grew tired of this method of framing others.

More importantly, it seemed to Nathaniel that Cecilia had pushed Stella.

After Nathaniel called the ambulance and heard Stella's words, he glared at Cecilia. "Didn't I tell you that I don't want her to die in Tudela?"

At that moment, Cecilia had no way to prove her innocence.

However, she didn't want to shoulder the blame just like that.

"I didn't push her. If you don't believe me, then so be it."

All she wanted was to speak the truth, but she didn't want to explain herself to someone who didn't love her.

Clutching her injured head, Stella staggered to her feet and looked at Nathaniel.

"Nathaniel, is this how you protect me? She has bullied me over and over again. Do I really have to be on my deathbed before you decide to help me?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 212

Chapter 212 No Need For Your Tricks

Bullied over and over again?

Cecilia sneered inwardly. Why didn't she mention the numerous times she had falsely accused others?

Stella's hands were stained red with fresh blood. After Nathaniel helped her into the car, he drove away.

As they were leaving, Stella shot a triumphant glance at Cecilia.

See? Between you and me, Nathaniel will only choose me.

Cecilia wasn't distressed at all. On the contrary, she hoped that Stella would quickly end up with Nathaniel. She hoped that Stella would be the reason Nathaniel spare Elliot and herself.

In the ambulance, Nathaniel's handsome face was unreadable and devoid of any discernible emotion. "What brings you to Daltonia Villa at this hour?"

"I was scared and alone in the hospital. I wanted to see you."

After enduring such severe wounds, she still couldn't hold onto Nathaniel.

She was terrified that Nathaniel would really stop caring about her.

That day's events only deepened her suspicions.

Nathaniel's brows furrowed deeper.

"Don't come to Daltonia Villa in the future."

Stella choked. "Why? Is it because of Cecilia? A woman like her is not worth your..."

Nathaniel abruptly interrupted her, "Cecilia is my wife!"

Stella's heart sank instantly, her face pale and devoid of color.

"What about me? Over the years, I've given so much for you. I've waited for you for eight years."

"I will make it up to you."

With an emotionless expression, Nathaniel made a call to a renowned director. In front of Stella, he secured her the lead role in a drama series.

"As long as I'm around, you'll never lose your fame. There's no need for those petty tricks."

At that moment, Stella realized that Nathaniel had seen through her tricks long ago.

Fear was evident in her eyes, and she dared not bring up the matter of asking Nathaniel to marry her again.

Previously, there was a major uproar online due to Stella's plagiarism of foreign songs.

However, due to her connection with Nathaniel, this minor issue was resolved swiftly.

Endorsement offers from various big brands were still pouring in for Stella, and her popularity remained unaffected.

That night, Nathaniel did not return to Daltonia Villa.

The following day, Cecilia saw the news online and discovered that Stella had once again landed the leading role for a renowned director. She had also secured endorsements from three to four major brands.

When Vivian called Cecilia, she was so frustrated.

“What kind of luck is she riding on? How does she keep getting those high-profile endorsements despite the plagiarism scandal? Not to mention that Wade Wailstorm is a renowned filmmaker both domestically and internationally. Why on earth would he choose Stella, a woman with no acting skills, as his lead actress?”

She came to Daltonia Villa last night to put on a pitiful show, and she had already landed so many endorsements and a lead role the next day.

Was there still something that Cecilia didn't understand?.

“Vivian, do you know Nathaniel has always believed that it was Stella who saved his mother and Zachary back in the day?”

Vivian was completely baffled.

“How could this be?”

“After I had saved Elena back then, I passed out. At that time, only Stella was with me, so I was replaced by her.”

Cecilia briefly told Vivian everything.

Vivian couldn't believe it. “How could Stella be so shameless? Have both Zachary and Nathaniel been deceived by her? Ceci, you need to clarify things with Nathaniel quickly!”

Cecilia gazed out the window at the light drizzle calmly. “I brought it up with him once, but he didn't believe me at all. Besides, it's been over a decade, and I have no proof. Additionally, I'm sure if Nathaniel's kindness toward her is merely out of gratitude.”

Vivian understood as well. “Stella's ability to have the best of both worlds must certainly be due to Nathaniel's influence. She was his first love, and a man never forgets his first love. Let's just drop it. Once you're pregnant, we'll leave, regardless of whether Nathaniel has been deceived or not.”

Vivian thought it would serve Nathaniel right to be deceived. Ideally, at the peak of his pride, he would realize he had been played by a woman, leaving him in confusion and regret.

After the conversation, Cecilia freshened up and was ready to head out. However, she noticed a Maybach parked at the entrance.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 213

Chapter 213 Rainsworth Manor

Inside the car, Nathaniel was seated quietly in the back.

Last night, he had spent the entire night sitting in the car, yet he didn’t receive a single call from Cecilia.

Seeing Cecilia emerge, he lowered the car window, his face etched with exhaustion.

“Get in the car.”

Cecilia thought he had just returned and was specifically there to confront her, so she decided not to approach him.

“Whatever you have to say, say it here.”

A weariness shrouded Nathaniel’s eyes and brows. “We have half a month left, let’s keep going.”

A flicker of surprise flashed in Cecilia’s eyes as she got into the car.

Nathaniel did not bring up the matter about Stella from last night, and Cecilia didn’t ask him why he had only returned now.

As the driver started the car, Nathaniel stated solemnly, “Today, we’re returning to Rainsworth Manor.”

Cecilia was confused. “What are we going to Rainsworth Manor for?”

“It will be Thanksgiving in a few days.” Nathaniel paused before adding, “Didn’t you always mention wanting to live in Rainsworth Manor with me?”

For a moment, Cecilia fell silent.

She wanted to tell him that her desire to live in Rainsworth Manor in the past wasn’t about the house itself, but about wanting to be with Nathaniel.

But so much time had passed, and she no longer cared about all that.

The two of them was impossible...

Last night, she spent a long time thinking.

Even if she hadn't conceived this time, she had already obtained Nathaniel's sperm. There were plenty of opportunities to get pregnant.

As for Elliot, she had already learned the layout of Spring Forest Manor. She had a plan to guide him out.

Her only worry was that Nathaniel wouldn't accept defeat. Even if she and Elliot ran away, he would still try to bring her back.

So, all she could do was to agree with him and nod. "Okay."

Not a single person at Rainsworth Manor held any respect for Cecilia.

Nathaniel had no idea that the place he was heading to was the one Cecilia detested the most.

In the midst of a gentle drizzle, it seemed as though the entire world was shrouded in a thin veil of mist.

Cecilia followed Nathaniel out of the car, her gaze falling upon the seemingly endless Rainsworth Manor. She couldn't help but feel a sense of oppression.

Seventeen days remained....

With her bodyguard holding a black umbrella by her side, she followed Nathaniel into the building, her high heels clicking on the pavement.

Liam, the butler of Rainsworth Manor had been waiting from early on along with the maids. Ever since he sent fresh flowers to Daltonia Villa last time, his impression of Cecilia had worsened, yet he maintained a respectful demeanor on the surface.

Standing beside him was a beautifully dressed maid, who was none other than his daughter, Lily.

From just one glance, Cecilia could tell that the woman's adoration for Nathaniel was something she couldn't easily conceal.

"Mr. Rainsworth, your room is ready. During this period, Lily will be taking care of both you Ms. Smith."

and

After giving his instructions, Liam took a moment to advise his daughter, Lily, before he went on to do his tasks.

Lily stepped forward, cautiously observing Nathaniel.

“Mr. Rainsworth, is there anything else you require?”

“There’s nothing more. You may leave now.”

The thing that Nathaniel disliked the most about Rainsworth Manor was the abundance of servants. This was precisely why he moved out of the place quite early on and chose to live alone instead.

Lily left, feeling somewhat awkward.

After she left, Cecilia and Nathaniel quickly arrived at his room. The interior was uniformly monochromatic, just like Nathaniel himself – meticulous and devoid of any unnecessary colors.

Upon entering, Cecilia changed her shoes and reached out to brush off the water droplets on her coat.

Nathaniel’s tall figure suddenly blocked her view. Before she could react, Nathaniel had already

“Did you forget something today?”

The two were as close as they could be. Cecilia could faintly detect the scent of tobacco emanating from him.

She knew he had started smoking, but these past days, she hardly noticed it.

Was it last night or in the early morning when he smoked?

Seeing that Cecilia was lost in thought and unresponsive, Nathaniel could no longer contain himself. He firmly grasped the back of her head and passionately kissed her.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 214

Chapter 214 Do You Feel Pain

Breathing became difficult for Cecilia.

The thought that Nathaniel might have kissed Stella last night made her feel sick.

She leaned against the cold wall and forcefully pushed him away.

Nathaniel felt a restless itch in his heart, as if a cat were scratching at it. Then, he immediately took off his jacket.

“No...”

Cecilia knew what he was about to do and quickly refused.

Nathaniel was under the impression that she was playing hard to get. He didn't stop his advances and began to undress her.

Cecilia was at a loss, her anxious eyes tinged with a hint of red.

She opened her mouth and bit directly toward Nathaniel.

Grunting, he stopped in his tracks and looked at her in disbelief.

“What was that?”

“Put me down!” Cecilia's eyes were slightly reddened.

Nathaniel gently rested her hand on her face. “No.”

Cecilia discovered that he hadn't taken her words seriously at all. He was still kissing her..

Involuntarily, her mind drifted back to the previous night. Perhaps Nathaniel did the same thing. to Stella too. At the thought of it, she began to dig her fingertips into his shoulders harshly.

However, he seemed as if he couldn't feel any pain.

“Nathaniel, put me down now!”

Nathaniel was simply not willing,

For reasons unknown, these past few days, the more defiant and indifferent Cecilia behaved, the more he yearned to get close to her.

The temperature within the room had risen.

Cecilia could only passively endure.

Suddenly, at that moment, there was a knock at the door.

Nathaniel halted, his eyes filled with displeasure. "Who?"

... voices from within, her face was a deep

vy and jealousy.

"Sir, Old Mr. Rainsworth has asked for you to see him."

She rubbed her heated cheeks and coa

"Okay."

Nathaniel glanced at Cecilia, now limp and drained of energy in his arms. After carefully wrapping her in his clothing, he gently placed her on the large bed aside.

"Get some rest."

One could only wonder how she managed to survive overseas these past few years. Her health was still as poor as ever.

Cecilia tugged the blanket around herself, her complexion slightly pale. "Yes."

After changing into a fresh set of clothes, Nathaniel did not leave. He approached Cecilia and showed her the bite marks left by her on his shoulders, as well as the streaks of blood on his back.

It seemed as if he genuinely didn't feel pain. His hand rested on Cecilia's face, his face devoid of anger as he said, "I'm leaving, shouldn't you show some sort of reaction?"

This technique was learned from Elliot.

Baffled, Cecilia looked at him. Hadn't this guy had enough of being bitten?

As Nathaniel locked his gaze with hers, his Adam's apple bobbed slightly. Unable to restrain himself, he leaned in for a kiss.

Once again, Cecilia bit him. He bit back in return as if he had learned how to react. However, he didn't do it as fiercely or as forcefully as she did.

Cecilia hurriedly dodged.

Nathaniel lifted his hand gently and traced her lips. "It hurts, doesn't it? You know, I can feel pain 100."

He didn't say much else and got up to leave.

Cecilia watched as his silhouette faded away. Then, she slowly closed her eyes and whispered to herself, “Do you really feel pain too?”

In the three years following their marriage, the pain she endured was merely the tip of the iceberg.

Cecilia lifted her hand and stared at her fingertips in a daze. They were stained with specks of fresh blood.

At that moment, the door was pushed open from the outside. Upon walking in and seeing the clothes scattered all over the room, Lily’s eyes were filled with jealousy.

When Lily saw that the one sleeping on Nathaniel’s bed was that deaf woman who was even less competent than herself, her resentment grew even stronger.

“Ms. Smith, seems like your time abroad wasn’t wasted. You’ve certainly learned a thing or two about captivating men, haven’t you?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 215

Chapter 215 I Will Leave

Lily’s mocking tone snapped Cecilia back to reality. Her gaze drifted toward Lily.

Lily was dressed in a classic business suit, cleverly revealing a hint of her cleavage. Her oval face was framed by slightly furrowed brows, and her gaze was filled with unmistakable jealousy.

In the past, Cecilia had seen her a few times.

Despite being a butler’s daughter, she carried herself as if she were the prominent young lady of the Rainsworth family.

Upon noticing Cecilia’s lack of response, Lily assumed she wasn’t wearing her hearing aid. She nudged the pile of dirty clothes on the floor aside with her foot while continuing to hurl insults at Cecilia. “How shameless. She’s just a cripple, yet she’s resorting to these seductive tactics. She used to feign innocence, but what on earth is she wearing now?”

Lily gazed at the luxurious, high-end clothes scattered on the floor. With Cecilia watching, she fiercely stomped on them.

She was confident that Cecilia wouldn’t dare to retaliate.

That was because things had always been like that. Once she dismissed everyone else, she could bully Cecilia.

She had no idea Cecilia was no longer the same as before, willing to endure anything for Nathaniel.

Cecilia draped a coat over her shoulders and got out of bed, gradually making her way toward Lily.

Lily looked up at Cecilia, noticing the hearing aid in the latter's ear, and couldn't help but scoff. "Ah, so you can hear? I thought you were completely deaf.

No sooner had she finished speaking than Cecilia raised her hand and delivered a loud slap across Lily's face.

Lily was instantly taken aback, feeling a burning and throbbing sensation in her cheeks. "How dare you hit me?"

Cecilia's hand ached a little from the exertion. "That's right. I hit you. What are you going to do about it?"

Enraged, Lily was about to strike back. With her quick reflexes, Cecilia caught Lily's wrist and harshly slapped Lily's cheek once again.

Lily had never anticipated that Cecilia, once a pushover who was bullied by everyone, would transform into such a formidable figure.

She was wearing high heels when she got hit for the second time, causing her to stumble and fall to the ground.

She gritted her teeth as she stood up. "Cecilia, get out. You're not welcome here."

Cecilia burst into laughter. "You're just the Rainsworth family's housekeeper, yet you consider yourself the lady of the house?"

Lily was seething, her eyes rimmed with red. "Even as a mere housekeeper, I managed to drive you away once. You haven't forgotten what happened on New Year's Eve that year, have you?"

Liam had been working for the Rainsworth family for decades, and Lily had grown up in Rainsworth Manor since childhood. Hence, Niel was very fond of her.

All she had to do was shed a few tears in front of Niel, and she would get to determine whether Cecilia could stay.

Of course, Cecilia hadn't forgotten.

A year after their marriage, she was driven out of Rainsworth Manor by Lily's mere few tears on New Year's Eve. She stood in the snow alone and nearly froze to death.

To Niel, Cecilia, who lacked a distinguished background and support from her maternal family and was disabled, could not compare to Lily, who had grown up under his watch.

“You don’t need to cry in front of Old Mr. Rainsworth. I’m leaving right now.” After calmly finishing her words, Cecilia changed into a clean set of clothes and left right before Lily’s eyes.

She held her back straight as she walked out of the room, not showing a hint of hesitation or reluctance.

Lily watched Cecilia’s retreating figure, the surprise in her eyes lingering for a long while.

She hadn’t anticipated that Cecilia would actually leave after the brief exchange of words.

Assuming that Cecilia might’ve yielded to her, Lily felt her anger subsided.

Following Cecilia’s departure, Lily had someone throw Cecilia’s clothes into the trash bin.

Rainsworth Manor was both grand and spacious..

Cecilia chose to take the less crowded path. Upon reaching the main gate, she took out her phone. and dialed Sven’s number.

The call connected quickly on the other end. “Ms. Smith, I’m near Rainsworth Manor.”

Ever since the incident where Sean almost killed Cecilia, Sven immediately returned to look after her.

“Okay. I’ll need to trouble you to chauffer me.”

“Understood.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 216

Chapter 216 Everything Had Changed

Braving the biting wind, Cecilia felt cold despite being bundled up in a heavy coat.

Sven was mindful of the surrounding surveillance cameras as he drove, eventually parking at the location closest to her.

Before long, he saw the slender figure of a woman approaching.

He immediately got out of the car and opened the door.

"Thank you," said Cecilia as she stepped forward.

Upon getting into the car, Sven considerately turned on the car's heater.

Ever since Cecilia traveled abroad, she had spent much time under Sven's protection, so he knew Cecilia was afraid of cold.

"Where should we go now?"

Leaning back in her chair, Cecilia pondered for a moment before replying, "Let's go back to Daltonia Villa." Nathaniel will learn of my departure soon, and I'm sure he'll find fault against me again.

"All right." Sven chose a scenic route for his journey back to Daltonia Villa.

Cecilia gazed at the scenery outside the car window and asked him, "The last time you rushed home, did something happen?"

Sven tightened his grip on the steering wheel, casually responding, "My fiancée called off our engagement."

Cecilia couldn't help but be taken aback.

As a bodyguard, Sven rarely discussed personal matters with Cecilia. That was the first time Cecilia heard about Sven's fiancée. Unexpectedly, the engagement was called off.

"Is it because of your job?" Cecilia asked, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

Guards as dedicated as Sven were truly rare. Basically, as long as Cecilia sought him out, he would be there, even if it was late into the night.

Sven narrowed his eyes and fell silent for a brief moment. "She's in love with someone else."

A brief silence ensued within the car after he finished the sentence.

Cecilia didn't know how to comfort him. "I'm sorry. I didn't know-

Before she could finish her sentence, her phone rang urgently.

She picked it up and saw it was a call from Nathaniel.

Recalling the attitude of the housekeeper at his house toward her, Cecilia didn't pick up. Instead, she silenced her phone.

Through the rearview mirror, Sven looked at her and asked, "Do you want to go back?"

"No need. Let's continue back to Daltonia Villa."

Cecilia no longer wanted to keep compromising herself. Why should I have to go back just because of a call from Nathaniel? Lily is considered part of his family, right? If it weren't for his cold treatment toward me, would Lily ever dare to treat me so poorly?

Meanwhile, Nathaniel listened to the automated female voice on the phone. "I'm sorry. The number you have dialed is currently unavailable..."

He dialed Cecilia's number again, but just like before, no one answered.

Nathaniel's patience had worn thin as he turned his gaze toward Lily and the other housekeepers standing before him. "Why did she suddenly leave?"

One by one, the housekeepers looked at Lily, not daring to respond.

Lily blatantly distorted the truth, explaining, "Sir, after you went to see Old Mr. Rainsworth, I was cleaning up your rooms. However, Ms. Smith jumped to a conclusion and slapped me twice. I was upset and wanted to seek you for justice, but she left."

As she spoke, she covered her reddened face with tears streaming down her cheeks.

Cecilia slapped her? After some thought, Nathaniel realized Cecilia didn't hit anyone else aside from himself.

He narrowed his gaze. "Is that all?"

Lily timidly looked at Nathaniel. "When Ms. Smith wanted to leave, I tried to her, but she said she could come and go from Rainsworth Manor as she pleased and told me to mind my own business."

Listening to all this, Nathaniel rose to his feet. Before leaving, he uttered, "You better not be lying to me."

A shiver ran down Lily's spine, but she forced herself to stay composed.

After Nathaniel left, he immediately called his subordinate, who was assigned to track Cecilia. "Where's Cecilia right now?"

Lily and the others listened from behind. Nathaniel sounded urgent, which was unlike him.

Previously, when Nathaniel could not find Cecilia, he wouldn't bother searching for her at all.

But now, it seemed like everything had changed.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 217

Chapter 217 Difficult To Understand Her

The bodyguard had been following Cecilia. As Sven’s car was a taxi, he didn’t give that matter much thought and responded truthfully, “Ms. Smith just took a taxi. It seems like she’s headed. toward Daltonia Villa.”

The tension in Nathaniel’s heart eased slightly after he learned Cecilia was still in Tudela.

Yet, he couldn’t comprehend why Cecilia had suddenly returned to Daltonia Villa. “Do you know why she went back?”

“I don’t know.” The bodyguard was stationed outside, oblivious to what had happened within the house.

Nathaniel ended the call, instructing someone to arrange a car, intending to return to Daltonia Villa immediately.

On the road, Nathaniel dialed Cecilia’s number again.

Still, no one answered.

He instructed the driver to return as quickly as possible.

At the same time, Cecilia had already arrived at Daltonia Villa. After bidding farewell to Sven, she stood at the entrance of the villa, not stepping inside.

A fine mist of rain settled on her shoulders. Braving the cold wind, she stood rooted in her spot with a look of confusion in her eyes.

She wasn’t sure how much time had passed when the sound of a car engine came from behind her. She turned her head to look and saw a Range Rover driving toward her.

Before she had a chance to react, Nathaniel had already rushed out of the car, swiftly pulling her into his arms. “Why didn’t you answer the phone?”

“Are you here to find fault against me?” Cecilia asked with evident disappointment in her eyes.

Nathaniel was somewhat baffled. She was the one who left without a word, wasn’t she? And wasn’t she also the one who didn’t answer the phone, so why couldn’t I find fault against her?

Cecilia pushed him away, braving the rain as she made her way into the mansion. “We only have half a month left. I think we shouldn’t waste our time anymore.”

Nathaniel’s eyes suddenly grew cold. He quickly followed her, seizing her wrist in one swift motion. “What do you mean?”

Cecilia paused, looking at him through the misty drizzle. “I don’t understand why you suggested a one–month marriage. I believe the outcome will remain the same, regardless. Can you give me back Eli now? Let’s part ways, all right?”

Nathaniel looked at her incredulously. “Are you saying this because of what I did to you in Rainsworth Manor?” His hand gently grazed her cool Cecilia cheeks. “I promise I’ll respect your will next time.”

“Aren’t you here because of Lily?” There was a look of confusion in Cecilia’s eyes.

Nathaniel’s hand stiffened, finally realizing that they had misunderstood each other.

“Of course not.”

“You’re not here to find fault against me?” Cecilia asked again.

“Why would I blame you for something uncertain when I haven’t even asked you about it?” Nathaniel responded solemnly.

A flicker passed through Cecilia’s eyes as she gazed upon his familiar face as if she was transported back to the moment they first met.

She didn’t assume Nathaniel had changed just because of his remark. Instead, she took a step back.

“In that case, you should come find me only after you’ve figured things out.” With that, she quickly stepped into the room.

Feeling the lingering cold from the weather, Cecilia locked her bedroom door and headed to the bathroom. She then filled the bathtub with warm water.

Once the bathtub was filled, Cecilia immersed herself in it. Instantly, a blanket of warmth. enveloped her entire body.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Nathaniel wore a grimace, his suit soaked through by the rain.

“Make sure to ask the housekeeper who cleaned the room thoroughly why Cecilia really left,” Nathaniel instructed the bodyguard. To be precise, I want to know why she’s angry.

“Understood.”

After the bodyguard left, Nathaniel didn’t change his clothes. Instead, he listened to the sound of water coming from the bathroom.

He found it increasingly difficult to understand Cecilia.

In the past, no matter what occurred, she would always inform him right away.

But now, she had chosen to evade him and distance herself.

Half an hour later, Cecilia finally emerged from the bathroom, wrapped in her bathrobe. Immediately, her eyes fell upon Nathaniel, who had already made his way into her room. “How did you get in?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 218

Chapter 218 Infidelity During Marriage

Nathaniel had changed into a fresh set of clothes and was sitting upright on the couch with an air of elegance. His long legs seemed rather out of place.

His short hair was still damp. His facial features were chiseled, and a complicated look filled his pensive gaze.

“I dismantled the door and entered,” he replied indifferently.

Cecilia pulled her bathrobe tighter around her. “You need to leave.”

However, Nathaniel did not show any signs of leaving. Instead, he rose and positioned himself in front of her. “What exactly are you upset about?”

He hadn’t found out the reason yet and simply wished to hear it directly from Cecilia.

Cecilia, however, disregarded him. “It’s nothing. Can you please leave? I need to change my clothes.”

Nathaniel remained completely still. “It’s not like I haven’t seen your body before.”

In an instant, a blush crept over Cecilia’s face. Left with no other choice, she could only turn her back to Nathaniel as she changed her clothes.

Nathaniel had resumed his position on the couch. He fixated his gaze on Cecilia’s tense back, feeling a sudden dryness in his throat.

Soon, he realized he was experiencing some biological reaction and immediately averted his gaze, pulling out his phone to check if his bodyguard had finished the task he assigned.

Sure enough, the bodyguard sent him a message not long after: Mr. Rainsworth, we had to employ some tactics to get the housekeeper to tell the truth. They claimed it all started with Lily, Mr. Liam's daughter, who insulted Ms. Smith. She even threatened to report the incident to Old Mr. Rainsworth, demanding that Ms. Smith leave Rainsworth Manor. It was only then that Ms. Smith left.

After Nathaniel quietly read through the message, the tension in the air around him instantly intensified.

He replied: Bring her over.

After sending the message, he shut off his phone and looked back at Cecilia, who had already changed her clothes. "Why didn't you just tell me?"

He was unaware that a housekeeper hired by the Rainsworth family had the audacity to drive his wife away.

Cecilia looked at Nathaniel's face, one she was all too familiar with. "If I had told you, have believed me?"

A pang of unease settled in Nathaniel's heart.

would you

Cecilia continued calmly, "Whether you believe me now or not, I don't think you'd stand me. Would she have dared insult or threaten me if it weren't for you? It isn't just her. Who among

up for the Rainsworth family ever truly regards me as Mrs. Rainsworth? Just like you, they see me as nothing more than a fraud clinging to the powerful and a deaf person."

Cecilia enunciated, completely disregarding whether Nathaniel would get angry or not.

Regardless, she had already obtained the map of Spring Forest Manor and the sperm. The worst possible outcome would simply be a falling out.

For the sake of her two sons, she was fearless.

Nathaniel listened intently to her incessant accusations. Lily wronged her, so why am I in the wrong all of a sudden?

Refusing to back down, he retorted, “Are my assumptions wrong? Have you not lied to me? Are you not

Inexplicably, he caught himself before blurting out the mention of Cecilia’s hearing impairment.

If it were in the past, Nathaniel wouldn’t have held himself back.

But now, whenever he saw tears in Cecilia’s eyes, he couldn’t bring himself to hurt her.

Yet, once the words were spoken, any restraint that followed held no meaning. The corners of Cecilia’s eyes reddened. “That’s right. Your assumptions are correct. I am a fraud, and I am disabled. So, I implore you, Mr. Rainsworth, to show some mercy. Please return my son to me and let us go free.”

Once again, hearing those words, Nathaniel involuntarily clenched his fists, his knuckles cracking with the strain.

He sneered, “By the way, you forgot one thing. There’s also your infidelity during marriage.”

After he finished speaking, Nathaniel rose and positioned himself in front of Cecilia. “You treat me like this and still expect me to let you off the hook easily?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 219

Chapter 219 Too Late For Anything

“What do you take me for?” Nathaniel asked. Without waiting for Cecilia’s response, he left the bedroom immediately.

Cecilia’s lone figure stood still, contemplating the words he had spoken. Her body wavered slightly.

As she had suspected, her thinking was indeed too naive. Even if she were to spend a month playing the role of Nathaniel’s wife, he still wouldn’t let her and Elliot go.

From the looks of it, she had no other choice but to cut ties with Nathaniel and take Elliot away.

However, she couldn’t trouble Calvin anymore.

Cecilia took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down, contemplating how to leave with Elliot on her own.

Bang!

Downstairs, the sound of Nathaniel slamming the door as he left could be heard.

Cecilia sat alone on a chair, deep in thought. After a long while, she realized that only if Nathaniel allowed her to meet Elliot in private, and take Elliot out of Spring Forest Manor, could she possibly escape.

But how am I supposed to leave Tudela after taking Elliot away?

Quickly, Cecilia thought of someone. She used the phone Sven had given her and dialed at familiar number.

"Hello." The call was promptly answered, carrying the familiar voice of a middle-aged man.

"Mr. Jenkins, it's Ceci," said Cecilia.

Upon hearing Cecilia's voice, Norman was taken aback. "Miss, you really are still alive!"

"Yeah."

"Where have you been all these years?" Norman asked, filled with confusion.

"It's a long story, Mr. Jenkins. Could you possibly do me a favor?"

Norman was the lawyer whom Regas trusted the most when he was alive, and he had quite a few connections in Tudela.

"All right; what's the matter? Go ahead and tell me."

"I need two identities for going abroad, and this matter must be kept from everyone."

Cecilia could have purchased it with money, but Nathaniel would be able to trace it easily if she were to buy it herself.

Without any hesitation, Norman agreed.

"When might you need it?"

"The sooner, the better."

"Understood."

Obtaining a fake identity would take at least a week or so.

During that period, she had to devise a plan to get Elliot out.

After hanging up the phone, Cecilia immediately erased the call history. She sat in her chair, feeling her heart racing.

She knew better than anyone what the consequences of offending Nathaniel would be.

The Smith family had deceived in marriage. Throughout the three years of matrimony, Nathaniel had persistently targeted the Smith family. He seized Smith Corporation's projects in the business world, and when Smith Corporation was at its most vulnerable, he acquired the company at the lowest price.

If she were to escape, she had to ensure it was far enough that Nathaniel wouldn't be able to find her. If he did manage to locate her, there was no telling what measures he might resort to deal with her.

Nathaniel did not leave Daltonia Villa.

In the basement of Daltonia Villa, Lily was kneeling on the icy, damp floor. Her face was streaked with tears and her eyes were filled with panic. Gone was the smug arrogance she used to display when facing Cecilia.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rainsworth. My actions were all because I was too jealous of Cecilia. We grew up together since childhood, I don't think she's good enough for you," she admitted.

Nathaniel sat at the head of the table, his voice dripping with sarcasm as he asked, "Who would be worthy of me, then?"

Lily choked up.

"Is it you?" Nathaniel pressed on.

Lily's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she slowly shook her head, before proceeding to explain.

"I assumed you were indifferent toward her as you were in the past, and that's why I acted as I did.

Nathaniel's gaze turned slightly gloomy.

What does that mean? What did she mean by thinking that I didn't like her like in the past?

Seeing him remain silent, Lily was so frightened that she repeatedly bowed her head in fear.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rainsworth! I really am!"

If she had known that Nathaniel had set his sights on Cecilia, she wouldn't have dared bully Cecilia even if she had a hundred times the courage.

Now, it was too late for anything.