

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 230

Chapter 230 Secret Spot

All the criticisms and harsh words Nathaniel had faced at the party earlier seemed insignificant in comparison to this moment. He didn’t have the heart to wake Cecilia, instead gently pulling her. into his arms.

It was then that he realized Cecilia’s forehead was burning hot. “You’ve got a fever!” he exclaimed, his voice laced with concern.

Cecilia stirred at his touch, her head throbbing slightly as she slowly opened her eyes. “You’re back,” she mumbled, her voice weak.

“Yes, I’m back. You have a fever. I’ll get the doctor to come check on you,” Nathaniel said as he prepared to set her down and reach for his phone.

But Cecilia clung to him tightly, refusing to let go. “I don’t want to see a doctor,” she pleaded, her voice filled with desperation. “I’ll be fine with just some cold and fever medicine.”

It had been nearly two weeks since she last visited the hospital, and she still hadn’t confirmed whether she was pregnant or not. The thought of a doctor’s examination revealing something she wasn’t ready to confront filled her with dread.

Nathaniel’s earlier bad mood began to dissipate as he felt Cecilia’s soft, warm body pressing against him. “Listen to me,” he began, but she cut him off, her grip tightening.

“Nathaniel, please, I don’t want to see a doctor,” she begged, her voice trembling. “I promise, I’m fine.”

Her soft, gentle voice had an entrancing effect on him, and he found it hard to maintain his resolve. He hadn’t lost his sanity just yet, but her behavior today was unusual, and it worried him. “What’s going on with you today?” he asked, suspicion creeping into his tone.

Cecilia buried her face in his chest, mumbling softly, “My father passed away in the hospital, and so did my child. I’m truly terrified of seeing doctors.”

The mention of her father and child made Nathaniel’s heartache, and he reluctantly decided to compromise. “I’ll go get your medicine,” he said, finally giving in.

“All right.”

Nathaniel gently let her go and rose to fetch the fever-reducing medicine. As he moved around the room, Cecilia remained on the couch, watching his tall, upright silhouette with a somewhat vacant expression.

Nathaniel quickly returned with warm water and the medicine. He handed them to her, watching as she swallowed the pills and forced a smile. "It's okay. I'll get better soon," she said, trying to reassure him.

"Sure," Nathaniel replied, but even after hearing her say she was fine, he couldn't shake the feeling of unease that had settled in his chest.

Later that night, Cecilia was still running a bit of a fever. After taking a bath and more medicine, she found herself nestled in Nathaniel's arms. Her mind was still restless, unable to shake the doubts that had been plaguing her.

"I have a question for you," she began hesitantly. "Is it true that people with disabilities are naturally inferior to others?"

When they were children, she had once asked him something similar. Back then, he had told her that everyone was like a little angel sent from heaven, and that some of those angels had been hurt on their way down. But in reality, they were all the same.

Nathaniel was taken aback by her question. "t. "Of course," he said without hesitation. "The world. itself is inherently unjust, and people have been unequal since birth."

Cecilia's throat tightened at his words. "Indeed, inequality has been present since birth," she echoed, her voice tinged with sadness.

Nathaniel noticed the shift in her mood and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "That's exactly why we need to put in the effort to create everything we desire," he said, trying to reassure her.

Cecilia clenched her hand tightly around his shirt. "Right. I understand," she murmured, though her heart felt heavy.

She told herself Nathaniel's response was simply a result of growing up, of experiencing too much, and that was why his responses differed from before.

Still unsatisfied, Cecilia continued to ask, "Nathaniel, I can't sleep. Can we go to our secret spot from when we were kids?"

Secret spot...

A hint of surprise flashed across Nathaniel's eyes. "What secret spot?" he asked, genuinely puzzled.

Cecilia's throat ached even more at his response. Could it be that he really isn't the one I've adored since childhood?

After a lengthy pause, she forced a bitter smile. "That's a small pond on the Smith family's residence. It used to be my secret spot when I was a kid. I probably never mentioned it to you. before."

Nathaniel found her behavior increasingly strange that day. She kept bringing up events from the past, things he had long forgotten. The more she spoke, the more he felt something was amiss.

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Chapter 231 A Stranger

In an effort to avoid disappointing Cecilia, Nathaniel ultimately decided to take her out that night. The rain, which had been relentless earlier, finally gave way to a brief respite, allowing the full moon to cast its serene light over the landscape.

Nathaniel drove to the location Cecilia had indicated, which turned out to be a small pond. Or rather, it used to be a small pond; now it had been transformed into a public park, with the pond itself expanded into a man-made lake.

Fortunately, given the late hour, most people had already gone home, leaving the park quiet and almost deserted.

Cecilia stepped out of the car, wrapping her coat more tightly around herself.

Although winter had not yet arrived, she was dressed much more warmly than the average. person, her frail appearance making her seem almost delicate.

Nathaniel walked beside her, his gaze scanning the surroundings. "Is this the place?"

"Yeah," Cecilia replied, her voice tinged with nostalgia. "The changes are significant."

Nathaniel, however, found himself at a loss. He had visited the Smith residence a few times during his childhood, but he had never ventured to the back mountain and had no memory of a small pond being there.

As they walked along the wooden bridge that crossed the lake, Cecilia stopped at its center and gazed up at the full moon. The soft light bathed her face, and for a moment, she felt as though she had traveled back in time to her childhood.

She remembered standing on this very spot with Nathaniel, making a wish together under the moonlight. Her wish had been simple and earnest: to marry Nathaniel one day. A wish that, in some ways, had come true.

Nathaniel stood a short distance away, watching her intently. The moonlight seemed to cast a glow around her, making her appear ethereal, as though she were a part of the night itself. The scene before him was so captivating that he found himself momentarily speechless.

Cecilia turned to look at him, her eyes searching his face. "Nathaniel, why aren't you coming over?" she called softly.

Nathaniel snapped out of his reverie and slowly began to approach her. When he reached her side, he took her hand in his, but immediately noticed how cold it was—completely devoid of warmth.

Why are your hands so cold?"

With a playful smile, Cecilia replied, "One's hands are cold because their heart is warm." The words were a gentle echo of something Nathaniel had once said to her when they were children, but now they felt almost foreign to him.

Nathaniel, who had no recollection of these past exchanges, pulled her into his embrace, tucking her hand inside his trench coat to warm it. "One more minute, then we're heading back," he said, firmly, as if trying to protect her from the chill in the air.

"Is that all?" Cecilia looked up at him, her expression hopeful, as if waiting for a flicker of recognition, some sign that he remembered the past they had shared.

But there was nothing—no hint of memory or sentimentality in his eyes. It was as if the Nathaniel she had known as a child had vanished completely, leaving only this stranger in his place.

When they returned home, Cecilia found herself unable to sleep. She lay in bed with her eyes tightly shut, but the words Miranda had spoken earlier that day echoed in her mind.

"I've always had a question that's been bothering me," Miranda said, her voice carrying an air of mystery. "Back in the day, you described Nathaniel as a gentleman—kind and gentle, didn't you?"

These thoughts kept her awake long into the early morning hours. She had initially planned to find a way to take Elliot away with her today, but now she was filled with doubts. She needed to know if she had truly misplaced her love, and she needed to find out where Nicholas had gone. Why had she never heard anything about him?

After having breakfast, Nathaniel left to attend to some business matters. Meanwhile, Cecilia decided to confront Miranda directly. She made her way to Miranda's residence, finding her sitting in the garden, basking in the rare sunshine.

Miranda seemed unsurprised by her visit, as if she had been expecting it. Removing her sunglasses, she asked, “So how was your little adventure?”

Cecilia wasted no time. “I want to ask you about Nicholas,” she said, getting straight to the point.

Miranda took a sip of her fruit juice, a faint smile playing on her lips as she spread her hands. “I’m sorry, I’m just a daughter-in-law in the Rainsworth family. There’s a lot I don’t know, and even if I did, I wouldn’t dare to spread it around.”

Cecilia wasn’t convinced. “What do you want?” she asked, her tone sharp. She was certain Miranda had an ulterior motive for bringing up Nicholas in the first place.

But this time, Cecilia guessed wrong.

Miranda wasn’t after anything tangible. She simply wanted to stir up trouble between Cecilia and Nathaniel, to see how Nathaniel would react once the truth came to light.

However, she didn’t dare reveal everything to Cecilia, fearing Nathaniel’s retaliation. Instead, she wanted Cecilia to discover the truth on her own.

“Why don’t you reach out to Elena? She knows her son better than anyone else, doesn’t she?” Miranda suggested with a sly smile.

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Chapter 232 Where His Heart Truly Lies

Cecilia returned home, frustrated and empty-handed after her encounter with Miranda. She knew better than to ask Elena for answers, realizing that she was unlikely to reveal anything of value.

Back in her room, Cecilia unlocked her phone and saw a message from Calvin: Call me back when you have a moment.

Without hesitation, she dialed his number.

The call connected almost immediately, and Calvin’s familiar voice greeted her. “How have been lately?”

“I’ve obtained a map of the place they’re keeping Eli,” Cecilia replied. “I plan to secretly whisk Eli away when I saw him.”

“Once you’ve decided on a time, let me know. I’m not comfortable with you being alone.”

Cecilia understood his concern. He was worried that if she attempted to take Eli out of Spring Forest Manor by herself, they would be caught and brought back. "Don't worry," she assured him. "I'll definitely find you when I leave."

What Cecilia didn't say aloud was that she was concerned about the possibility of a confrontation between Calvin and Nathaniel. She feared that if things escalated, Nathaniel would hold a grudge against Calvin.

"That's good," Calvin said after a brief pause. Then, as if considering something, he added, "The task you entrusted me with has been taken care of."

Cecilia remained silent as Calvin continued, "Sean understands Stella better than anyone else now. You could have him reveal the truth to Nathaniel at any time, or make Stella pay the price."

Sean had been a difficult figure to manage, repeatedly trying to escape to find Stella. The previous day, he had managed to slip away, but when he found Stella in the hospital, she treated him like a lunatic and had him shooed away.

That final humiliation confirmed his suspicions—Stella had been using him all along. If Stella wished for his downfall, Sean was determined to ensure her ruin in return.

Cecilia was lost in thought when the ringtone of another phone interrupted her. "Wait a moment," she told Calvin before picking up the other phone. To her surprise, it was a photo message from Stella.

In the photograph, Stella was holding a trophy for Best Female Singer, a sarcastic smile on her face. Nathaniel was standing not far away, his expression unreadable. It turned out that the "urgent matter" Nathaniel had mentioned today was about meeting Stella.

After the photo, Stella had sent another message: I've made up my mind. I won't compete with you for Nathaniel anymore. Because both of us know where his heart truly lies.

Just as Cecilia was about to turn off her phone, another message from Stella appeared: Oh, there's something I think I should tell you. I am planning to start trying for a baby.

The term "preparing for pregnancy" stood out like a glaring red flag. Cecilia's grip tightened on her phone as she recalled the conversation from a few days ago when Nathaniel had expressed his desire to have a child. Now it dawned on her that he wanted to have a child with Stella.

It took her a moment to regain her composure before she resumed her conversation with Calvin. "Stella recently landed a role in a major series. The kickoff ceremony should be happening soon."

A faint smile played at the corners of Calvin's mouth as he responded, "I understand."

Finally, Calvin felt Cecilia had regained some control over the situation.

Five years ago, Cecilia had discovered the kind of woman Stella truly was, but out of consideration for Nathaniel's dignity, she had kept it to herself. Now, she was ready to bring the truth to light.

As Cecilia was about to end the call, a thought suddenly occurred to her. "Could you help me look up someone?" she asked.

At the award ceremony, Nathaniel's presence was both a strategic and necessary move.

Stella had previously been involved in a plagiarism scandal that had tarnished the reputation of Central Media, a company under his banner. His attendance was meant to discuss potential collaborations with industry figures, and the discussions had gone smoothly.

As he was about to leave, Stella approached him, her expression carefully neutral. "Nathaniel, I need to talk to you. Can we step aside for a moment?" she asked, trying to keep her voice steady.

Nathaniel didn't spare her any courtesy. "Speak your mind here," he said bluntly, his tone leaving no room for negotiation.

Stella hesitated, then squeezed his hand. "I know after all these years, we haven't been together, and it might truly be impossible for us to be together again," she began, her voice filled with resignation. "I think I might accept someone else's confession of love in the future."

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Chapter 233 Do It Tonight

Stella's reasons for her bold statement to Nathaniel were twofold. First, she wanted to gauge if he would become jealous, and second, she genuinely considered seeking out other options.

After all, in Tudela, there were plenty of wealthy and powerful individuals who would be interested in her. With her looks and current status, marrying into a wealthy family wouldn't be a difficult feat. She couldn't allow herself to remain fixated on Nathaniel any longer.

"Understood," Nathaniel replied with unsettling calmness before getting straight into his car. The vehicle quickly drove away, leaving Stella standing alone, a deep sense of injustice washing over her.

From behind, her best friend Yvette hurried over, her high heels clicking on the pavement. "Stella, what happened? Did Mr. Rainsworth reject you?" she asked, concern lacing her voice.

Stella's expression soured, but she forced a lie. "He didn't say much, probably just upset."

Yvette tried to console her, saying, "It seems like Mr. Rainsworth still has feelings for weren't for that deaf girl coming back, he would have surely married you."

you. If it

Stella knew this was a lie she had told herself countless times. Despite Cecilia's absence for four to five years, Nathaniel had never once considered marrying Stella. Deep down, she knew that.

"I never really thought he would marry me," Stella admitted, her voice tinged with loss. "After all, I'm just an orphan, completely unworthy of him."

Yvette nodded sympathetically. She, too, had always thought Nathaniel's affection for Stella was unique. Perhaps his reluctance to marry her was due to the significant disparity in their social status.

"Don't think like that, Stella. You know, in our circle, you're truly exceptional. We all rely on our parents, but you—you've made it on your own. If Nathaniel doesn't marry you, there are plenty of others who would. What's the big deal if he's not in the picture?"

Stella nodded, though her heart was heavy.

At that moment, an extended Lincoln pulled up in front of them. The car window rolled down, revealing the handsome face of a man inside.

"I won't keep you any longer, my boyfriend is here to pick me up. Goodbye," Yvette said cheerfully, heading towards the luxury car."

Stella watched silently as Yvette got into the car. Then she turned to her assistant and asked, "Who's Yvette's boyfriend? Do you know him?"

"He's the third son of the Murdock family. His father runs a chain of clothing businesses," the assistant replied.

Stella took a moment to process this information before finally shifting her gaze away, her thoughts clouded with uncertainty.

Back at Rainsworth Manor, Nathaniel returned home, and Cecilia didn't bring up his encounter with Stella. She had something more pressing on her mind.

"Nathaniel, didn't you promise to take me to meet Eli today?" she asked, her tone steady.

"Let's go," Nathaniel replied, not forgetting his promise. As soon as he returned from the award ceremony, he had come to find her immediately.

"Can I go alone?" Cecilia asked, her eyes fixed on him.

Nathaniel studied her closely, sensing that something was amiss. Her behavior since the day before had been unsettlingly similar to how she acted five years ago, just before she asked for a divorce.

"No." Nathaniel responded firmly, rejecting the request outright. He couldn't let her;

her alone; too much was at stake. He knew that the primary reason she was still with him was because of Elliot.

After a pause, Cecilia pressed on, "After we go together, can I be alone with him? I don't want to be constantly watched."

Nathaniel remained silent, his expression unreadable as he considered her request. Eventually, the two of them left the house together.

At Spring Forest Manor, Elliot was on a call with his older brother, Jonathan, discussing their ongoing schemes.

"Jon, did you really get over seven billion from him?" Elliot asked.

"Yeah, I just haven't figured out how to link up with the overseas account yet," Jonathan replied.

If Jonathan moved the money now, it would undoubtedly expose their actions.

Their father had some tricks up his sleeve; he hadn't called the police or continued the investigation. He simply wanted Jonathan to walk right into a trap.

Suddenly, Elliot had an idea. "You could use my address," he suggested.

Surprise briefly flashed across Jonathan's eyes, quickly replaced by a grin of delight. "Why didn't it occur to me to have scumbag daddy investigate himself?"

“We’ll do it tonight,” Jonathan agreed, the plan solidifying between the two brothers.

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Chapter 234 Transferring The Assets Back To Her

At Spring Forest Manor, Cecilia and Elliot walked together in a secluded area, careful to avoid the surveillance cameras that Elliot had warned her about. When they reached a quiet spot, Cecilia crouched down to speak to him.

“Eli, there’s something I need to tell you,” she began softly.

“Okay.”

“I’m planning to take you home in a few days. During this time, you need to get ready, okay?” she explained, gently ruffling his hair.

Elliot nodded. “Got it.”

Cecilia smiled, ruffling her son’s hair.

“However, this has to be a secret between the two of us. You can’t tell anyone, including the housekeepers and Mr. Rainsworth. Let’s make a pact,” she said, raising her pinky finger.

Elliot hooked his pinky around hers. “We’ll make a pinky promise. It’s a pact that can’t be broken for a hundred years.”

Cecilia smiled warmly but felt a twinge of unease. She knew that Elliot was still young, but if she didn’t prepare him now, something unforeseen could happen on the day they were supposed to leave.

Elliot was well aware of Cecilia’s concerns. He leaned in closer, whispering, “Mommy, I know Uncle Nathaniel brought me here for money. I’m not naive.”

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback, then found herself smiling in disbelief. She hadn’t expected him to be so perceptive. It was difficult to explain the complexities of the situation, so she decided to let the misunderstanding continue.

“Right, so when you’re here by yourself, Eli, you must take good care of yourself, okay?” she said, her voice tinged with both pride and concern.

“Don’t worry, Mommy,” Elliot replied, lightly patting his chest with his hand, a gesture of reassurance.

At that moment, Cecilia took out a miniature communication device and attached it to the inside of his clothing. "Sweetie, before I leave, I'll use this to contact you. Can you make sure no one else discovers it?"

"Sure, I promise to complete the mission," Elliot said, his eyes curving into a smile.

Before leaving, Cecilia embraced him tightly, reluctant to let go.

From the second floor of the manor, Nathaniel watched the two figures—one large, one small- from a distance. His deep-set eyes were filled with a complex mix of emotions as he observed their interaction.

Mason entered the room and knocked on the door. "Mr. Rainsworth, the transfer agreements for all the businesses previously owned by the Smith family that you asked me to arrange have been handled by the legal department," he reported..

Nathaniel nodded. "Understood."

"Should I inform Ms. Smith now?" Mason asked, but before he could receive an answer,

Nathaniel turned around to look for Cecilia and Elliot. Suddenly, he realized they had vanished from his sight.

Without responding to Mason, Nathaniel hastily descended the stairs and exited the building. His heart pounded with a mix of fear and relief when he saw Cecilia standing at the door with Elliot. by her side.

They hadn't run away.

Only then did his tense heart begin to relax.

Elliot, particularly well-behaved, called out, "Mr. Rainsworth."

"Hey."

Cecilia then sent Elliot back to the housekeeper's care. The child hugged his mother tightly. before leaving. "Mommy, I will miss you. Until we meet again next time."

On the drive back, Cecilia and Nathaniel sat in silence, with Mason joining them. As they drove,

Cecilia noticed they weren't heading toward Rainsworth Manor. "Where are we going?" she asked, breaking the silence.

"To the company," Nathaniel replied curtly.

Over an hour later, they arrived at Rainsworth Group's headquarters. In the CEO's office, Mason handed Cecilia a set of documents. Confused, Cecilia took them and began to read. The words "Transfer Agreement" immediately caught her eye.

As she flipped through the pages, she found records of the Smith family's former branch companies, as well as some ongoing projects. It became clear that Nathaniel intended to transfer all these assets back to her.

"After you've read it and if there are no issues, go ahead and sign it," Nathaniel said gravely, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Back in the day, when Nathaniel had agreed to marry Cecilia, everyone assumed it was for power and money. They believed he was seeking a strong alliance to protect his position as CEO from other members of the Rainsworth family.

Most importantly, everyone knew that Magnus, the only son of the Smith family, was considered useless. Marrying Cecilia would have given Nathaniel control over the Smith family's assets.

Everything that followed seemed to confirm these suspicions. To the outside world, it appeared

Yet Cecilia knew the truth. Nathaniel didn't gain control of the Smith family through his status as her husband. He did it through his own merit, through his relentless drive and determination.

She handed the document back to him, her expression unreadable.

"What do you mean by this?" Nathaniel was puzzled.

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Chapter 235 Return To The Past

Nathaniel's brows furrowed slightly as he studied Cecilia. "Isn't this what you wanted?" he asked, genuinely perplexed by her reaction.

Beyond this, he truly couldn't fathom why Cecilia had suddenly returned to the country if not to reclaim what was rightfully hers.

Cecilia was taken aback by his words.

"After all these years, any resentment should have been vented by now. Sign the dwell on the past," Nathaniel added, his voice calm and almost dismissive..

papers, let's not

Hearing these words, Cecilia suddenly found Nathaniel's demeanor to be darkly amusing. They had reached this point—this painful, heart-wrenching point—and yet, he seemed to believe that simply returning the Smith family's assets would somehow erase the past.

Without a word, Cecilia clenched the contract in her hand and walked over to the shredder at the side of the room. Without hesitation, she fed the contract into it, watching as the papers transformed into a pile of shredded bits.

"I'm telling you this with utmost seriousness," she said, her voice steady and resolute, "It's not about letting bygones be bygones. I simply don't want to be with you anymore."

Even though she had clearly given up, she still had to keep up an act. But pretending any longer, pretending that everything could somehow be fixed, was just too exhausting.

At that moment, Cecilia felt a desperate need to whisk Elliot away, to disappear forever from Tudela and escape this twisted cycle of manipulation and control.

Mason, who had been standing quietly to the side, was visibly stunned by Cecilia's actions. He didn't dare to stay in the room any longer and promptly left the office, thoughtfully closing the door behind him to give the two of them privacy.

Nathaniel had initially thought that by generously returning the Smith family's assets to her, she would undoubtedly be overjoyed and grateful. He had expected a moment of reconciliation, perhaps even a softening of her heart toward him.

But he hadn't expected it to end up like this.

His eyes, deep and now filled with icy mockery, locked onto Cecilia's as he challenged her, "Say it again!"

Cecilia met his gaze without flinching. "No matter what, it's all the same now. There are still eleven days left." She paused for a moment, her voice growing colder. "In eleven days, I hope you can keep your promise."

That promise was to let Elliot and herself go, to finally set them free.

All of Nathaniel's patience had completely evaporated in that moment. His voice was laced with a mix of anger and frustration as he spat out, "Great, just great!"

He moved closer to Cecilia, his presence overwhelming as he cornered her. Without warning, he lifted her up into his arms, his grip firm and unyielding.

"Since we only have eleven days left, can I enjoy our final moments as a couple?" he hissed, his tone dripping with a cold fury.

Cecilia found herself suspended in mid-air, her entire being dependent on him to keep from falling. She struggled against him, her voice trembling as she protested, "We're in the office!"

Nathaniel's throat tightened, and his voice turned even darker. "Weren't you the one who used to flirt with me at the office?" he taunted. "Let's try something different today. I wonder if you've been here with Calvin before!"

At first, Cecilia didn't understand what he was insinuating. But as she surveyed the surroundings, noticing that all the curtains had been drawn shut and only a single dim light remained in the room, the realization hit her like a wave. Her entire body began to tremble, and she struggled desperately to push him away..

Nathaniel lowered his head to kiss her, his actions driven by a mix of anger and desperation.

But just as their lips were about to meet, Cecilia suddenly felt a wave of discomfort in her stomach. An intense urge to throw up overwhelmed her. Struggling, she pushed Nathaniel away and ran toward the restroom, where she proceeded to vomit profusely.

Nathaniel remained outside, his expression darkening as he listened to the sounds of her retching from the bathroom. His mind raced with bitter thoughts.

Is she really that repulsed by me?

He lit one cigarette after another, only to snuff them out in irritation before he could even take a drag.

Just as he was about to storm into the restroom to demand an explanation from Cecilia—demand to know what exactly about him she found so distasteful—a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," Nathaniel barked.

Mason walked in, clearly uncomfortable as he observed Nathaniel's tense posture and the dark look on his face—a clear picture of unfulfilled desires and simmering rage.

"Mr. Rainsworth, these are the documents that required your signature recently," Mason said.

"Leave it," Nathaniel replied curtly, his patience worn thin.

Before leaving, Mason hesitated, glancing toward the direction of the restroom. "Mr. Rainsworth, could it be that your approach isn't quite right? Maybe you should tell Ms. Smith that you're already in the process of rebuilding Smith Corporation's headquarters?"

Tearing down and rebuilding the Smith family's headquarters—it seemed that Nathaniel was the only person in the world who believed that such grand gestures could fix the deep, emotional rifts between them.

But who could blame him for thinking that way? He had the resources, the power, the wealth. He wanted to win Cecilia's heart back, but he simply didn't know how to express himself in any way other than through dominance and control.

As Nathaniel reflected on the disdainful look in Cecilia's eyes earlier, and the sound of her retching, his frustration reached a boiling point.

"Shut up! Get out!" he snapped.

"All right," Mason replied quickly, exiting the room without another word.

After Mason left, the sound of running water in the restroom ceased. A moment later, Cecilia emerged, her face pale, her eyes still red from the strain of vomiting.

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Nathaniel unconsciously snubbed the cigarette in his hand..

He initially thought that Cecilia would burst into tears and throw a tantrum or slap him as she did. in the past when she came out of the bathroom.

However, none of that happened. Instead, she was extraordinarily calm.

"I'm going out for a stroll."

Cecilia's voice was hoarse, and she left the office right after saying that without waiting for Nathaniel's approval.

For some inexplicable reason, she sensed multiple odd gazes fixed on her as she did so though there were hardly any people there.

By the time she stepped out of the building, the sky was somewhat overcast. At some point in time, a drizzle had begun again.

She stood in the rain with a hint of desolation in her eyes..

As she walked down the street, she was oblivious to an unassuming black car quietly trailing behind her.

Utter worry was reflected in the eyes of the person in the car.

"Pull over."

“Understood.”

Soon, the car came to a halt.

In the car, Calvin snagged an umbrella and jacket before he alighted from the vehicle, standing tall.

Holding an umbrella in one hand, he quickly walked up to Cecilia.

The umbrella blocked the rain. As soon as Cecilia turned her head, she was greeted by the sight of Calvin’s strikingly handsome face.

Calvin handed her the jacket. “Put this on.”

Right then, Cecilia’s clothes were wet from the rain.

She took the jacket, draping it over her shoulders. “Thank you.”

Then, she asked, “Why are you here?”

Calvin came specifically to seek her out, but fearing that it might pressure her, he fibbed, “I just happened to wrap up some business nearby and ran into you.”

“How did it go?” Cecilia asked.

“Very smoothly.”

Calvin flashed her a tender smile.

He proceeded to offer, “To celebrate, how about I take you out for dinner?”

Cecilia quickly shook her head. “Nathaniel sent a bodyguard to tail me. If he were to find out that we went out to eat, he would undoubtedly get mad.”

For some reason, a sense of bitterness stung Calvin’s throat.

“Do you not trust me, Ceci?”

Cecilia looked at him in puzzlement, only to hear him continue, “I’m not afraid of Nathaniel. Now that your plan has been completed, we can go back. You don’t have to restrain yourself because of him.”

Cecilia didn’t know how to respond to that.

It wasn’t that she didn’t trust Calvin or feel that he was inferior to Nathaniel. She simply felt that she had caused him too much trouble despite being mere friends.

At her silence, understanding dawned upon Calvin.

Aside from the one time five years ago when Cecilia went abroad that she sought his help, she had never voluntarily asked him for assistance whenever she encountered any difficulties overseas.

Even when she was picked on by the foreign men, she only chose only to make a police report without confiding in anyone.

Had it not been for Martha failing to locate her, he would have remained oblivious to the fact that she almost got assaulted on the way to work.

That day, Martha sought him out privately and said, “Ceci has always been stubborn since young. Apart from her father, she only ever turned to Nathaniel for help whenever something happened. She told me it was because Nathaniel was her husband, one of the few family members she had left. I believe that when you become her boyfriend and marry her, she will rely on you with peace. of mind.”

Recalling those words, Calvin was just about to take out the item he had been carrying with him. ever since he returned from his pocket when Cecilia relented, “Alright, then. Let’s go and have dinner together.”

She forced a smile, then added, “It just so happens that I have something to discuss with you.”

After so many years of interaction, coupled with their friendship since young, she had come to regard him as a brotherly figure.

When it came down to it, he was still daunted, afraid that giving voice to his feelings would lead to him losing her as even a friend.

He knew Cecilia all too well and was aware that she had no romantic feelings for him because she was very obvious about it when she loved someone and would never hide it.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 237

Chapter 237 To Leave In Five Days.

Cecilia and Calvin went to a nearby restaurant for dinner on foot.

Cecilia wasn’t afraid that the bodyguard tailing her would report the matter to Nathaniel. Her relationship with Calvin was platonic, so she had nothing to fear.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel had already received the photos sent by the bodyguard he arranged to tail Cecili

He clutched his phone, the blazing fury in his eyes undisguised.

No wonder she wanted to go out. It turns out that she has gone on a date.

A deep sense of moroseness swamped him, yet he couldn't quite put his finger on the reason.

At just that moment, a call came through. It was from Elena.

Tears of joy streamed down her face as she said, "Nathaniel, there's an update from Lushtopia. They said he might wake up."

In an instant, Nathaniel grip on his phone tightened.

"Got it." Right after saying that, he ended the call.

At the restaurant, Cecilia gazed at the array of exquisite dishes before her.

Unfortunately, she had no appetite, her stomach churning.

She wasn't sure if it was because of Nathaniel or the possibility that she might be pregnant.

It wouldn't be wise for her to have it verified at the local hospital or purchase a pregnancy test herself. Ultimately, it was safer to wait until she was abroad.

"I investigated Nicholas Rainsworth. He's Nathaniel's twin brother, but there's not much information on him," Calvin started.

"Is there nothing else on him? For instance, his current whereabouts?" Cecilia asked.

Calvin shook his head. "We definitely won't be able to find anything anytime soon."

After all, the Rainsworth family's measures in keeping Nicholas' information confidential were even more stringent than that of Cecilia's identity abroad.

Subsequently, he asked, "Why did you have me investigate him?"

Cecilia's grip on her fork tightened. "I feel like I might have mistaken something."

Calvin didn't understand her meaning.

However, she then added, "It's no big deal. We're leaving anyway, so just leave it at that."

In no time, Cecilia changed the subject. She told him that she had seen Elliot recently and even went on to gush about how incredibly intelligent Eli was and so on.

Despite her chatter and laughter, Calvin felt that she wasn't happy at all.

Getting back to the business, Cecilia had already decided on the day of departure. "I plan to leave with Eli in five days."

"Why five days?"

"I have an agreement with Nathaniel that after spending a month with him, he would let us go," Cecilia explained briefly. "There are eleven days left now, but I feel that even if a full month passes, he won't let me and Eli go easily."

"So, you're saying that you're deceiving him into thinking that you'll only be leaving in eleven days, but we'll depart early?" Calvin instantly grasped her meaning.

"Yes."

Cecilia then added, "Also, it's the start of Stella's new television series in five days. Since we sabotaged it, she'll certainly seek Nathaniel out. At that time, he won't have any free time to look for us."

The reason she believed that Nathaniel would seek Stella out was that she not only wanted to expose the latter's true colors but also reveal a certain truth to him—the fact of whether Stella ever saved Elena.

Her motive wasn't to make Nathaniel guilty or have Elena owe her a favor. Instead, she simply didn't want someone abhorrent to steal her merit.

At the end of the day, Nathaniel's kindness toward Stella was undoubtedly not just out of gratitude when he was the kind of person who even forgot that she took a knife for him.

Calvin was previously worried about whether Cecilia was serious about leaving. But right then, he was certain that she indeed meant it.

"Okay."

After everything had been agreed upon, Calvin drove Cecilia home.

Upon arriving back at Daltonia Villa, Cecilia pushed open the door and stepped in.

Nathaniel had long since returned. He was seated on the couch with his shirt unbuttoned, holding a glass of whiskey in hand.

His eyes, which were faintly tinged red, fell on Cecilia.

“You’ve finally deigned to come back?”

something as trivial as that, I have nothing to say.”

She was just about to ascend the stairs when a strong force yanked her into an embrace.

Nathaniel grasped her wrist tightly, his voice lowered. “Do you believe I’d take his life?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 238

Chapter 238 It Has Always Been Me You Love

At that moment, Nathaniel threw all caution to the wind.

Cecilia’s eyes widened in shock. “You’re such a b*stard!”

Nathaniel chuckled. “If so, why were you once head over heels in love with me?”

Scenting alcohol on him, Cecilia was certain that he was drunk and was making a spectacle of himself there, spouting nonsense.

“I don’t want to talk with a drunkard. Let go of me.”

“No way!” Nathaniel hugged her tightly. Leaning in, he whispered in her ear, “If I let you go, are you going to elope with Calvin? Hmm?”

Cecilia tugged at his hands.

Nonetheless, Nathaniel refused to drop his hold on her.

He enunciated, “Why did you betray me? weren’t you the one who promised to love me forever? Why didn’t you keep your promise? Do you know how I felt the first time I saw that kid? I damn well thought that he was my son! Yet, he told me that his father was Calvin! Our child hadn’t been gone for long, yes? But you were already carrying his child? How could you be so heartless?”

Having had a few too many to drink, he poured out all his frustrations.

At his questioning, Cecilia pressed her lips tightly together, offering no response.

“Who exactly is the b*stard?” Nathaniel pressed.

He grasped her chin and forced her to look at him.

As Cecilia inhaled the reek of alcohol on him, her stomach churned, making her feel particularly nauseous.

“You’d better let go of me now, Nathaniel.” She struggled to keep herself from throwing up.

“What if I don’t?” Nathaniel was genuinely drunk, completely oblivious to her discomfort.

In the very next moment, a retching sound rang out. Nathaniel’s face instantly went as black as thunder.

At that precise moment, Cecilia immediately got off him and rushed to the bathroom.

This feeling is all too familiar. I must be pregnant.

Bleugh!

She forgot to close the bathroom door, and Nathaniel walked in.

He had somewhat sobered up. With his brows furrowed, he removed his soiled shirt and tossed it aside before walking over to her.

“Do I disgust you that much?”

Not in the mood to converse with him, Cecilia geared up to leave.

However, Nathaniel grabbed her once again. Then, he lifted her with a hand around her waist.

Cecilia’s body went weightless, and her head spun. Terrified, she hastily cried out, “Put me down, Nathaniel!”

She wanted to clutch at his shirt, but in the position they were in, she simply couldn’t reach him.

Nathaniel carried her upstairs with one hand. Entering the bedroom, he tossed her onto the bed. and threw himself onto her.

Cecilia had never realized that he was exceedingly heavy, so much so that he robbed her of breath.

At that moment, she had no desire to engage in anything further with him. Opening her mouth, she sank her teeth into his shoulder.

The pain stilled Nathaniel. He fixed his unfathomable eyes on Cecilia, his fingers grasping her chin.

Following a slight exertion of force, Cecilia's brows furrowed deeply from the sharp pain.

Nathaniel hugged her to him tightly, reeking of alcohol. His hand traced the scar on her back. "It's always been me you love, right?"

In the past, Cecilia might have answered in the affirmation.

But right then, she wasn't so sure anymore because he was nothing like the gentle brother she remembered from her childhood. He was too cold, detached, and inapproachable.

Receiving no response from her, Nathaniel found himself unable to fall asleep, his head throbbing painfully.

Nevertheless, it was uncertain if it was due to the excessive amount of alcohol he consumed or some other reason.

Because of his drunken stupor, he missed Mason's calls and remained oblivious to the fact that over seven billion had vanished from his personal account.

Jonathan hadn't anticipated that it would be even easier to hack into Nathaniel's account that night compared to the last time. Despite the long string of figures displayed on the computer, he wasn't all that shocked.

Instead, he slowly funneled the money into Cecilia's companies abroad for investment in batches. under various pretexts.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 239

Chapter 239 No Matter What It Takes

The following day, Nathaniel roused from his slumber at noon.

His head pounded with a splitting headache. He instinctively glanced to the side, only to find that Cecilia was gone.

He immediately threw off the covers and got up.

Downstairs, Cecilia was busy refining a new piece of music she composed. When she looked up, she saw Nathaniel with his muscular upper body bare. As her gaze traveled downward, she saw that he had on slightly wrinkled suit pants. He appeared to be still groggy.

He's increasingly less concerned about his image nowadays. In the past, I never even caught a glimpse of his arms, let alone his upper body. Now, he seems to have a fetish of exposing himself

She then withdrew her gaze.

Upon seeing her, Nathaniel immediately went back to the room to shower and change.

Having had a few too many drinks and thrown up all over by Cecilia last night, he felt very uncomfortable.

Half an hour later, he finally emerged from the bathroom..

As he walked out, he snagged his phone, only then seeing the several missed calls from Mason.

He returned a call to the latter. "What is it?"

"The hacker from the previous time transferred seven point nine billion away, Mr. Rainsworth."

Nathaniel's face went as black as thunder. "Have you traced IP address yet?"

After a moment of hesitation, Mason finally replied, "Yes, but..."

"But what?"

"It was at Spring Forest Manor."

Needless to say, it was a fake IP address.

Livid, Nathaniel chuckled coldly. "Looks like it's time for a shake-up in our IT department."

The only reason he didn't lodge a police report back then was that he wanted to personally unmask the person behind the computer.

Since the person dared steal his money, the consequences would surely be far more severe than just imprisonment.

But unexpectedly, his decision ended up benefitting the person.

TVAB

"No matter what it takes, find the culprit within three days!"

Mason grasped Nathaniel's meaning. "Understood."

Given that the person knew about Spring Forest Manor, Nathaniel grew increasingly curious about who it might be.

At the kindergarten, Jonathan sneezed, feeling somewhat drowsy.

Suddenly, his gaze locked on something outside the window.

Two familiar figures were there. One was the head of the kindergarten while the other was, surprisingly Zachary,

The latter even flashed him a smile that held more than met the eye.

Jonathan hurriedly gave Vivian a call on his smartwatch.

At that moment, Vivian was being severely reprimanded by her father at the office.

“Who gave you permission to tell Old Mr. Sinclair that you object to the marriage?”

Two days ago, Zachary had asked her to bring Jonathan to meet him. However, she called George directly, informing him that she had no interest in his grandson.

Unexpectedly, her father showed up so quickly.

Just then, her phone rang. Just as she was about to answer it, Roland barked coldly, “Turn off your phone.”

Vivian could only obey and turn her phone off.

Roland was so angry that his face was flushed bright red. “You should know your place. The Sinclair family is wealthy and influential. Mr. Sinclair is not only handsome but also has a background in law. How is he not good enough for you?”

Vivian was somewhat taken aback. She hadn’t expected Zachary to have actually studied law.

“Given that he studied law, he should know the principle of freedom of marriage.”

Roland raised his hand to strike her.

But as Vivian flinched, he couldn’t bring himself to do so and dropped it down again.

“I don’t care about your so-called freedom of marriage. If you don’t marry into the Sinclair family, you’re no longer allowed to work here. I don’t have a foolish daughter like you!”

Vivian didn’t believe her father’s threat.

Ten minutes later, she was unceremoniously shown the door by Roland doors.

“You’re for real, Dad?”

The only response she received was a doll being tossed out.

Vivian was completely dumbfounded.

She took out her phone, intending to call her driver to pick her up. As soon as she unlocked it, she saw the missed call from Jonathan.

“Why would he have called at such a time?”

She returned the call, but a mechanical voice on the other end indicated that the phone was turned off.