

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 311

Chapter 311 Nathaniel Replaced

It was eleven in the morning, and the grand conference hall of Orion Corporation was filled to the brim with members of the Rainsworth family, alongside shareholders, senior executives, and journalists from various major media outlets.

Everyone was on edge, eagerly waiting to see who would take the reins of the Rainsworth family and lead Orion Corporation into its next chapter.

The shareholders’ meeting had been convened, and the room was abuzz with anticipation. Not only was Neil present, but Adrian and his wife had also made an appearance, along with various other relatives from the extended Rainsworth family.

Each of them was hoping to seize this opportunity to reap the maximum benefits.

The Rainsworth family was full of ambitious young talents, but none had been able to match Nathaniel’s capabilities. With Nathaniel now seemingly out of the picture, the competition was fierce, and the atmosphere was charged with tension.

As the meeting began, the room was abuzz with murmurs and debates, but there was one notable absence—Elena.

Everyone assumed that Elena, embarrassed by her son’s impending dismissal, had chosen not to attend. However, they were in for a surprise.

Ten minutes into the meeting, the main door was abruptly pushed open, and an astonishing sight greeted the attendees.

Elena entered first, exuding confidence. But it was the figure that followed her that sent shockwaves through the room—Nathaniel.

Nathaniel, dressed in a finely tailored dark Armani suit, looked every bit the powerful CEO he had always been. His trousers were impeccably pressed, and at a height of six foot two, his proportions were golden, making him look like a model straight out of a high-fashion photoshoot. His presence alone commanded attention, and everyone present felt a sudden unease.

Particularly, Adrian and Miranda were so scared that cold sweat began to form on their foreheads. They had not expected Nathaniel to show.

expected Nathaniel to show up, especially not looking as though nothing had changed.

Nathaniel stepped forward, his expression unreadable, and uttered a single phrase, “Meeting adjourned.”

The room fell silent. No one dared to voice their opinions or challenge him. The grand shareholders' meeting, which had been expected to be a turning point for the company, was abruptly forced to disperse.

One by one, the spirited and talented young men of the Rainsworth family retreated quietly, their ambitions subdued in the face of Nathaniel's unexpected return.

Meanwhile, the reporters who had been eagerly covering the event couldn't believe their luck. They reported excitedly, "Nathaniel attended the shareholders' meeting, and his eyes showed no signs of impairment!"

"The shareholder meeting of Orion Corporation was forced to a halt."

The news quickly spread, and readers were abuzz with comments: He truly lives up to being the CEO behind Orion Corporation. He's so handsome.

I want to have his child.

I had already forgotten that he was a se mbag. It seems my values really do get swayed by good looks.

Back at home, Cecilia saw the news, and her pupils contracted sharply.

Nathaniel? How could this be possible?

She immediately glanced to the side, where Nathaniel was still sitting, deeply engrossed in learning Braille, completely unaware of what was being broadcast on the television.

Her heart raced as the truth dawned on her—this wasn't Nathaniel at all. It was Nicholas, his twin brother.

Over a decade had passed since she had last seen Nicholas, and now, for the first time, she was able to distinguish between the two. If judged solely by appearances, the two were indistinguishable, with absolutely no differences.

Cecilia's heart nearly stopped, and she clenched her fists tightly. She was desperate to confront Nathaniel and demand an explanation for what was going on.

Just then, a phone call snapped Cecilia back to reality. It was Vivian on the line.

"Didn't you mention that Nathaniel was blind? Now he's living with you? Then who's that on the television?"

"It's Nicholas, his twin brother," Cecilia replied, her voice trembling slightly.

“What? He has a twin brother?” Vivian was so surprised that she nearly dropped the phone.

“Yes.”

“What about Nathaniel? Let me see him quickly,” Vivian insisted, her curiosity piqued.

Cecilia quietly took a photo of Nathaniel and sent it to Vivian. When Vivian saw Nathaniel, sitting in the living room with his handsome profile visible, she was filled with disbelief.

“So you’re saying the Rainsworth family had someone replace him?” Vivian asked.

“Yeah.”

“Why do I suddenly feel so sorry for him?” Vivian muttered.

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Chapter 312 Jonathan Has A Plan

Vivian initially wanted to indulge in some gossip, but when Jonathan appeared, she quickly ended the call.

“Jon, you’re back already? Did school let out early today?” Vivian asked, surprised to see him so soon.

Jonathan had been sent back to preschool after spending some time with Vivian, but he had overheard her conversation with Cecilia. He had pieced together that his “scumbag daddy” had ended up living with his mom due to amnesia and blindness.

No wonder Mommy was so eager to send me off to Ms. Kennedy’s house.

“Yeah, the teacher said the weather was getting colder and asked us to return home early on Fridays. Didn’t she mention this in the group chat?” Jonathan replied, his tone innocent.

Vivian slapped her forehead. “I’m sorry, I forgot to check the group messages.”

With no driver available at the moment, Jonathan had to walk back on his own. Feeling guilty, Vivian tried to make it up to him.

“Come here, I owe you a kiss as an apology,” she said, leaning down.

Jonathan, however, dodged her, a look of distaste on his face. “Don’t wanna.”

Vivian pouted, disappointed. "All right then."

Seeing her reaction, Jonathan added, "Ms. Kennedy, if you're feeling guilty, why don't you take me back to Sparaville over the weekend? We can spend it together with Mommy!"

He was curious to see how his sc*mbag daddy was faring now.

"No way," Vivian immediately refused. She had promised Cecilia that she wouldn't let Jonathan come into contact with Nathaniel.

Jonathan casually said, "A few days ago, I read a news story about a five-year-old who was heading home alone and got into a car accident. There was also a six-year-old who was kidnapped by human traffickers on his way home alone..."

Vivian sighed, feeling the guilt piling on: "I promise I'll never forget to pick you up after school again," she vowed.

Jonathan, feeling victorious, said, "Then I want to visit a friend's house over the weekend."

Vivian, relieved that he wasn't pushing to go back to Sparaville, readily agreed. "All right, you can visit your friend."

She had no idea that Jonathan had already concocted a plan. Initially, he had wanted to tell Vivian that he planned to spend the weekend at a friend's house, but he feared she might disapprove.

So, he had suggested going back to Sparaville, knowing she would refuse. Now, with her agreement, he had the freedom to proceed with his true intentions.

That day, when Jonathan returned to preschool, a group of kids immediately surrounded him, bombarding him with questions about where he had been.

Jonathan casually brushed them off, offering vague answers. However, Felix discreetly pulled him aside.

"You have no idea, after you left, Grandma Elena has been constantly searching for you," Felix whispered. "She even went looking for your dad."

Jonathan's eyes widened in surprise. Did Elena somehow find out that I'm Nathaniel's son?

"Did she mention who my dad is?" Jonathan asked.

Felix shook his head. "She never said anything specific, but I've seen him. He's tall and quite handsome."

Upon hearing this, Jonathan realized Felix had made a mistake. If Felix had seen Nathaniel, he wouldn't be offering a vague description of the man.

"Did he live at your place?" Jonathan asked.

"No, but he's been visiting Grandma Elena these past few days," Felix replied.

But his curiosity was piqued. "Why would you ask such a question? Don't you know where your dad lives?" Felix asked, puzzled.

Jonathan sighed. "From the moment I was born, he abandoned my mom and me. I've never met him."

Felix's eyes softened with sympathy. "You should come to my place tomorrow. You might get to see him."

"Okay." Jonathan agreed.

The Rainsworth family estate was now on the brink of becoming someone else's. Although Jonathan didn't particularly like his scumbag daddy, he didn't want others to take away what rightfully belonged to his family.

Even if his father had passed away, the primary inheritors would still be him, his younger brother, and his mother.

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Chapter 313 They Are Back

In Sparaville, Cecilia ended her call with Vivian and turned to look at Nathaniel, who was still deeply engrossed in learning Braille. Unable to hold back her curiosity, she asked, "Did you hear the news just now?"

Nathaniel didn't lift his head as he responded, "Yes, I heard. Someone's impersonating me."

"Doesn't that bother you?" Cecilia probed further, surprised by his calmness.

Nathaniel finally looked up, his gaze steady. "All I want is to live a good life with you, to master Braille, so I can take better care of you and our unborn child."

Child..

Cecilia's heart skipped a beat, and her hand instinctively fell to her stomach. "What child?"

"My mother told me you're pregnant, Nathaniel replied, his voice soft yet firm. "Don't worry, even if I can't see, I won't let you or our child suffer."

Cecilia hadn't expected Elena to reveal her pregnancy to Nathaniel, especially considering his current state of amnesia. Trying to maintain her composure, she responded coldly, "The child I'm carrying isn't yours."

Nathaniel's expression faltered. Cecilia braced herself for an outburst, but to her surprise, it never came. Instead, Nathaniel gripped the book in his hand tightly, his voice calm but strained. "Whose is it then?"

"It doesn't matter whose it is," Cecilia replied, attempting to hide her turmoil. She turned to leave, but Nathaniel reached out, grasping her hand firmly.

"If it's not clear who the father is, then it's my responsibility," Nathaniel said, his voice full of conviction. "I'll take care of you both."

Cecilia was stunned, unable to comprehend his response. She had merely stated that the child wasn't his, but she hadn't said she didn't know who the father was. His earnestness left her at a loss for words.

Seeing her hesitation, Nathaniel continued, "Don't worry. If I could run a multinational corporation before my memory loss, then even if I'm blind now, I won't let you or our child down."

Cecilia pulled her hand away, too exhausted to argue further. "There's no need for that. Just take care of yourself."

Without another word, Cecilia hurried upstairs, retreating to her room to resume composing music. Even though she had a substantial amount of money at her disposal, she knew there were no guarantees for the future. The Smith family's fortune had once been vast, only to be squandered away in a blink.

As she focused on her work, her phone rang again. She picked it up to find it was Norman on the line.

"Mr. Jenkins."

"Ms. Smith, I've been trying to reach you," Norman said, his tone heavy with concern. After making inquiries through various sources, he had finally managed to contact her.

Cecilia had forgotten she instructed Norman to return the money to Nathaniel. "Sorry, I forgot to get in touch with you, Mr. Jenkins."

“No, I should be the one apologizing.” Norman said with a sigh.

“Is something wrong?” Cecilia asked, sensing an urgency in his voice.

Norman began, sighing deeply. “I tried returning the money to Nathaniel, but he refused to accept it. I thought I’d find you to hand it over, but.. a few days ago, your mother and your younger brother returned to Tudela. They somehow found out that I had a large sum of money and sued me, claiming I embezzled your father’s wealth. Now, all eight billion is frozen.”

Cecilia’s heart sank as she processed his words. The people Norman referred to were none other than her biological mother, Paula, and her younger brother, Magnus. She hadn’t expected them to return after so many years, let alone make such a move.

If they won the lawsuit, Norman might end up in jail for embezzlement.

“Mr. Jenkins, don’t worry,” Cecilia reassured him. “I have a record of the transaction. They won’t win this case.”

Reflecting back, Cecilia realized that a significant portion of the money had come from an investment made by an unfamiliar benefactor, whose identity remained a mystery to her. But right now, she needed to focus on clearing Norman’s name.

Norman’s voice was filled with worry as he continued, “Ms. Smith, your mother and brother seem different from before. You need to be careful, and do not let them mistreat you.”

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Chapter 314 Better If She Did Not Exist At All

“Don’t worry, Mr. Jenkins,” Cecilia assured him. “I won’t let them step all over me anymore.”

After finishing her conversation with Norman, Cecilia immediately contacted the overseas company that had facilitated the transaction, requesting a detailed bank statement.

Once she received it, she forwarded it to Norman, knowing he would handle the legal battle with the same diligence that had earned him his reputation as the chief legal advisor of Smith Corporation.

Despite her proactive steps, Cecilia was left with a whirlwind of emotions. She found it hard to calm down as memories of her past flooded back—memories of her strained relations to with her mother, Paula.

Five years ago, Cecilia had severed ties with Paula, vowing to never be manipulated by her again. Now, Paula had returned, and Cecilia feared the worst.

“Ceci...”

As Cecilia sat lost in thought, she was unaware that Martha had quietly approached her room. When Cecilia turned around, she saw Martha standing at the doorway, concern etched across her aging face.

The latter’s silver hair and the deep wrinkles on her face only accentuated the passage of time and the weariness of her spirit.

“Martha, what are you doing up?” Cecilia asked, immediately moving to support her.

“I’ve slept too much. Now, I can’t seem to fall asleep,” Martha said with a gentle smile.

“Shall we go for a walk together?” Cecilia suggested.

“Sure.”

Just moments earlier, Martha had overheard bits of Cecilia’s phone conversation near the entrance. Though the words were muffled, she caught fragments about someone’s return and a warning directed at Cecilia from the other end. However, out of respect for Cecilia’s privacy, Martha chose not to pry.

Martha knew all too well that Cecilia had grown up, no longer the little girl who clung to her. She had become a strong, independent woman. After helping Martha put on a warm coat, Cecilia exchanged a few brief words with Nathaniel before leading Martha outside for a walk.

The roads were deserted, the world hushed under a thick blanket of freshly fallen snow. The path before them was covered in over a foot of snow, untouched and pristine. As they walked, the only sound was the soft crunch of their footsteps against the snow.

“When you were a child, I remember how much you loved the snow,” Martha murmured, her voice tinged with nostalgia.

Cecilia smiled softly, linking her arm with Martha’s. “Yeah, because after it snowed, it meant the New Year was coming. And with the New Year came new clothes and delicious food.”

Martha never revealed to Cecilia that she had grown to dislike the New Year. It reminded her of the year when Cecilia had been taken back to her biological family and hadn’t returned. It was a memory she carried silently, a pain she had learned to live with.

As they continued walking, Martha's gaze drifted into the distance, and she took a deep, steadying breath. "When you were younger, all I wanted was to see someone take care of you before I go," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Cecilia stopped abruptly, turning to face Martha. She pulled her into a tight embrace, her eyes filling with unshed tears. "Don't talk like that," she pleaded, her voice trembling. "You're not going anywhere, you can't..."

But even as she spoke, Cecilia couldn't shake the words Calvin had shared with her. The doctor had said that Martha might not make it through the New Year. The thought was unbearable, yet she couldn't deny it.

Martha gently patted Cecilia's hand, choosing not to confront the truth of her own mortality. "I understand, my dear. I still want to see Jon and Eli grow up. But before that, I hope to see someone who truly loves you come into your life," Martha said softly.

She glanced back toward their home. "Nathaniel isn't the one destined for you. His current affection is because of his amnesia. He's blind to the reality of who he was. Once he regains his memory, once his sight is restored, he'll revert to his old ways."

"I know." Cecilia nodded, her voice resolute. "I won't let myself be soft."

Martha squeezed her hand gently. "That boy, Calvin, he's a good one. I can see that he cares for you deeply. If it's possible..."

But Cecilia shook her head, cutting Martha off. "Martha, I don't want to be with anyone right now. Calvin is a great person, but I don't love him. I can't marry someone I don't love. It wouldn't be fair to him."

A lump formed in Martha's throat, making it difficult for her to speak. Cecilia was strong and steadfast, but she was also incredibly straightforward. Once she made up her mind about something or someone, she rarely changed her opinion. And she didn't seem to understand the concept of being selfish, not even once.

After walking for a short while, Martha started to feel tired, and Cecilia supported her as they made their way back home. Neither of them noticed the figure standing in the distance, observing them intently.

A beautifully dressed woman, elegant and poised, stood at the edge of the path. A young male assistant hovered behind her, waiting for instructions.

"Mdm. Paula, would you like me to invite Ms. Smith out?" the assistant asked, his voice low and respectful.

Paula cloudy thank her head her gaze fived on Carilis "No need

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Chapter 315 A Lesson He Once Taught Her

Cecilia had no idea that her biological mother, Paula, had made a special trip to Sparaville that day. Nor did she know that Paula had seen her living in a rundown house and had left without making contact.

Paula’s reason for coming back wasn’t out of concern or love; it was for the eight billion in Norman’s possession.

A few days prior, Paula had received a call from Stella while she was still abroad. Stella had informed her that Cecilia was alive and back in Tudela, even collaborating with Orion Corporation.

Shocked and intrigued, Paula returned to her homeland. She had expected to find a changed, perhaps even thriving Cecilia. Instead, she found her daughter embroiled in a pitiful legal battle for divorce with Nathaniel, living in a dilapidated home, clinging to a close relationship with a nanny.

Disappointed and dismissive, Paula instructed the driver to return to Tudela. On the road back, she called her son, Magnus. “I saw Cecilia today,” she said, her voice cold. “There’s no way that eight billion belongs to her. You must find a way to secure that money.”

If she had that much money, why would she be living in a place like this?

Magnus, equally determined, replied, “Don’t worry, Mom.”

After a brief pause, Magnus asked, “Mom, when Cecilia saw you, did she say anything? Does she know about what happened between my sister and Dad?”

The “sister” Magnus referred to wasn’t Cecilia.

“Of course, she doesn’t know,” Paula replied with a touch of disdain. “I wouldn’t let Cassandra know that she has such a useless little sister.”

Cecilia might not have been living in luxury, but she was far from the pitiful state Paula imagined.

Over the years, Cecilia had composed numerous melodies, earning a substantial income.

Growing up with Martha, she had experienced firsthand the difficulties of poverty, especially when they couldn’t afford a hearing aid for her. She understood the strain such challenges could place on an ordinary family.

Every year, Cecilia set aside a portion of her earnings to help children battling the same illness. she had faced.

The reason she chose to live in the humble home in Sparaville was simple—it was Martha's home, and it was where she had spent her childhood.

These were things Paula would never understand.

That evening, after ensuring that Martha was comfortably resting, Cecilia prepared dinner for herself and Nathaniel. She deliberately made dishes he didn't like, including carrots, which she knew he despised.

Nathaniel couldn't serve himself, so he ate whatever Cecilia put on his plate. "Eat more carrots, they're good for your health," she said, watching him closely.

Nathaniel had never been able to stand carrots, but when Cecilia suggested it, he forced himself to eat, slowly chewing the vegetable. "Okay," he replied, his tone obedient.

He was unbelievably compliant now, and it made Cecilia feel a pang of guilt as she noticed the bruise on his forehead. "After you finish eating, remember to wash the dishes," she said.

"Can I buy a dishwasher?" Nathaniel suddenly asked.

Although Mason often sneaked in to help with the housework, there were times when he couldn't come.

Before Cecilia could refuse, Nathaniel added, "And maybe a robotic vacuum cleaner too. If possible, we could also hire a few part-timers."

Cecilia considered it for a moment. "Dishwashers and robotic vacuum cleaners are fine, but I draw the line at part-timers. I don't like strangers in my home."

She recalled the time when she was married to Nathaniel and living in Daltonia Villa. Back then, she had managed all the household affairs herself. During a particularly busy period, she had asked Nathaniel if they could hire part-timers.

His response had been cold and dismissive. "I don't like strangers in my home," he had said. "You're already an exception. If you can't handle Daltonia Villa's matters, then go back to the Smith residence."

Looking back, Cecilia realized it had never been about disliking strangers; it had been about making her life difficult.

If Nathaniel didn't like having housekeepers or part-timers around, how did he manage before? Did he clean up after himself?

"Okay."

Upon hearing this, Cecilia took out a card and placed it next to Nathaniel's hand. "The password is 247967," she said, watching his reaction.

Nathaniel's fingers brushed against the card, and he looked surprised. "I could have bought those things myself," he said softly.

Cecilia ignored his comment and continued, "There's one million two hundred thousand on this card. From now on, I'll transfer the same amount to your account every month. After you make purchases, remember to keep track of the expenses and report them to me."

"After all, my just grow on tree," she added.

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Chapter 316 The Amount Seems Familiar

Right after marrying Cecilia, Nathaniel instructed Mason to give her a credit card with a credit limit of approximately one million two hundred thousand.

Back then, Mason had said, "Here's a card with a credit limit of one million two hundred thousand, which will be your monthly living expenses provided by Mr. Rainsworth. Remember, Mr. Rainsworth's money didn't just fall from the sky. After making any purchases, be sure to keep track of your expenses."

When Cecilia agreed to live with Elena and Nathaniel, she had already resolved to repay Nathaniel for all the hardships she had endured in the Rainsworth residence.

She hoped to give him a taste of his own medicine while also helping him regain his memory.

It would be a blow to a man's dignity if a woman gave him money and required him to keep track of his spending.

Furthermore, the man in question was Nathaniel, someone particularly sensitive about preserving his pride.

Yet, to her surprise, Nathaniel showed no signs of anger when he accepted the card. In fact, he seemed pleased. "Ceci, let me know what you want to buy. I'll buy them all at once."

“That won’t be necessary.” Cecelia was taken aback. Let’s see how long you can keep up with this charad

Cecelia then retreated to her room to rest.

Not long after she left, Mason arrived, tirelessly taking on the task of cleaning up.

He also couldn’t believe it when he learned about the incident that had happened at the shareholders’ meeting.

He finally understood why Elena had dismissed him the day before yesterday, telling him that Rainsworth Group no longer required his services. How can Elena be so heartless? Mr. Rainsworth is her son!

After completing the cleaning, Mason did the dishes too.

Nathaniel called him out to the car and presented him with a card.

“Yes, Mr. Rainsworth?”

Nathaniel’s lips lifted into a faint smile. “Ceci gave me some money and told me to buy a dishwasher and a robotic vacuum cleaner.”

Mason struggled to wrap his head around it, but Nathaniel continued speaking in an unexpectedly cheerful tone. “She must’ve thought I was short on cash. I did offer her a gold card before, but she turned it down.”

When Cecelia found out he had been replaced earlier that day, she handed him the card in the evening.

He believed Cecelia was worried about him, fearing that he might be penniless due to his stolen identity.

Upon hearing his remark, Mason felt Nathaniel might have misunderstood her intention. “Mr. Rainsworth, how much money did Mrs. Rainsworth give you?”

“One million two hundred thousand,” Nathaniel replied. “She also promised to give me the same amount every month.”

That figure seemed familiar to Mason.

It took him a moment to recall why those numbers seemed so familiar. One million two hundred thousand... isn’t that the allowance I used to give to Mrs. Rainsworth on Nathaniel’s behalf? Seems like she’s getting back at Mr. Rainsworth...

Mason was relieved that Nathaniel had misinterpreted her actions. If Nathaniel had known the truth, it would have broken his heart.

“Keep this card safe and don’t simply spend the money,” Nathaniel instructed Mason. “Have someone buy a robotic vacuum and a dishwasher. And remember to keep track of the spending.

“All right, Mr. Rainsworth,” Mason responded.

He held the card in his hand, wondering if Nathaniel would be infuriated once he regained his memory.

Nathaniel then began to inquire about recent developments in the company.

By this time, Nicholas had taken over Nathaniel’s position. Mason, along with some secretaries. and assistants whom Nathaniel was familiar with, had all been dismissed.

Nathaniel’s wealth wasn’t merely the rumored hundreds of billions that the public believed. Therefore, Mason had no concerns about his employer being unable to pay his salary.

Mason shared all the details he knew, including information about Nathaniel’s influence abroad.

“That’s all I know for now, Mr. Rainsworth,” Mason admitted. “As for the rest, we’ll have to wait for you to regain your memory.”

Mason believed there was more to Nathaniel than met the eye, and he suspected there were many things even he wasn’t aware of.

“First, you need to find a job. Be careful when you visit in the future. Make sure no one tracks you down,” Nathaniel advised seriously.

“Got it. Sir.”

The following morning, as expected, Cecelia woke up to find that Nathaniel was already awake.

In addition to noticing the breakfast that had been prepared, Cecelia saw that the newly purchased robotic vacuum cleaner and dishwasher had been installed. The receipts for these items were neatly laid out on the table.