

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 317

Chapter 317 Replacing Nathaniel

Cecelia hadn’t expected Nathaniel to finish his shopping so quickly, let alone prepare breakfast.

She glanced at the breakfast spread on the table: scrambled eggs, bread, milk, and an assortment of fruits. The table was brimming with delicious options.

Upon hearing her footsteps, Nathaniel looked over. “I prepared a bit of everything because I wasn’t sure what you liked to eat.”

“And here are the receipts,” he added.

Cecelia looked at the receipts, genuinely surprised that Nathaniel had followed through as instructed. “I thought you had lost your sight. How did you manage to buy all these things?”

Nathaniel placed a glass of milk in front of her and said, “I can communicate using voice input on my phone.”

Without any doubts, Cecelia lowered her head and drank the milk, which was still warm from being heated.

After having a few more bites of her bread, Cecelia deliberately made things difficult for him. “I’m not used to eating breakfast from the store.”

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel was taken aback. “But I don’t know how to bake or cook.”

In fact, he wanted to try making breakfast early this morning but didn’t know where to start.

Despite losing his memory, Nathaniel could still understand the office documents that Mason had given him.

However, when it came to cooking, he had no prior knowledge of it.

“But you used to know how to cook, didn’t you?” Cecelia questioned him.

She remembered the photos Stella had sent her back then, showing Nathaniel preparing some amazing dishes.

Back when Stella and Nathaniel were together, he used to cook some amazing dishes.

Nathaniel choked up. “Maybe. But I can’t recall anything about that now.”

Cecelia took another sip of her milk and murmured, "I didn't know how to cook before either of us was you who complained that the food we bought from outside was unhygienic."

"I can learn," Nathaniel immediately assured her.

"All right. I hope you can learn to cook well," she said.

Not wanting to waste food, Cecelia finished the breakfast on the table. As she got up to leave, she couldn't help but offer a reminder. "Be careful not to burn yourself when you're cooking."

Despite her casual mention, Nathaniel took it to heart, feeling deeply touched.

After spending the day learning Braille and reviewing some documents, he began to delve into cooking.

Both Martha and Cecelia were dumbstruck when they saw how engrossed Nathaniel was in watching videos to learn how to cook in the kitchen.

Meanwhile, at the Rainsworth residence. Nicholas had taken over Nathaniel's room since the day he returned.

Elena had managed to keep Nathaniel's injury a secret. Despite rumors circulating about his loss of sight, no one had verified the truth.

Thus, even people like Niel and Adrian, who knew about Nathaniel's twin brother, never suspected that the current head of Rainsworth Group was not Nathaniel.

Moreover, Nicholas had been plagued by a serious illness since childhood, which prevented him from venturing out in public.

Before he reached adulthood, his illness had become so severe that the family had to send him overseas for treatment.

No one would have imagined that someone as ill and helpless as Nicholas could recover and return to the country.

Over the past few days, Elena had been filling Nicholas in on everything that had happened with Nathaniel during his years of absence.

Nicholas sat quietly in the chair, listening intently. His face, strikingly similar to Nathaniel's, displayed an unusually gentle expression.

"Mom, are you expecting me to replace him for the rest of my life?" Nicholas asked, looking up at Elena as she spoke with excitement.

Startled, Elena maintained a calm facade but couldn't help clenching her fists. "Nicholas, the doctor said Nathaniel has lost his sight and will never regain his vision. Even if he could, the Rainsworth family would never allow a blind man to remain as the CEO of the company."

Elena didn't bother to beat around the bush.

Upon hearing this, Nicholas fell silent and stood up, ready to leave.

"Where are you going?" Elena asked, fearing that if he left now, others might notice something unusual.

"Don't worry, I'm not going far. I'll just be outside, trying to process my thoughts." Nicholas replied, gazing out at the heavy snowfall. "You know, my life has been miserable the last few years."

While strolling around the house, Nicholas bumped into the two little ones.

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Chapter 318 The Encounter

Jonathan accompanied Felix to the Rainsworth residence. Officially, it was to meet the father that Elena had found for him.

In reality, he wanted to see who it was that was attempting to take the place of his sc*mbag daddy.

Therefore, he specifically asked Felix to bring him to Nathaniel's residence.

"Jon, it seems he didn't come today. Sigh, we won't be able to meet him," Felix let out a sigh.

He was still contemplating teaching the man who abandoned his wife and child a lesson together with Jonathan.

Deep down, Jonathan didn't really care, but he pretended to say, "If you ever see him in the future, make sure to give me a call."

"Alright." Felix patted his chest, then added, "Once I become the CEO of Rainsworth Group, I'll have him dealt with."

He's still so young. At this rate, he's destined to become a tyrant when he grows up. I wonder who he learned it from.

Jonathan continued to play along, his gaze suddenly fixated on a tall man not too far away.

Nicholas, clad in a black coat, stood in the snow, a tall and imposing figure. His sharp eyes were also gazing at the two individuals.

His face and features were identical to Nathaniel's, but upon a single glance, Jonathan immediately realized he was not his sc*mbag daddy.

Firstly, the latter was still in Sparaville. Secondly, as a twin himself, Jonathan was more perceptive than most. He could discern from the man's demeanor alone that he was not Nathaniel.

Upon seeing Jonathan, Nicholas was momentarily taken aback.

This child bore some resemblance to how his brother and him in their younger days.

He briskly crossed the snow-laden path, and upon seeing him approach, Felix misinterpreted his uncle's arrival as a response to his words about taking over the family business. Thus, he immediately tensed up, standing rigidly.

"Uncle Nathaniel."

Nicholas acknowledged his greeting with a mere hum, then turned his gaze toward Jonathan.

"Who are you?"

"Hello, Mr. Rainsworth, my name is Jonathan Smith." Jonathan wore a look of innocence on his face.

His eyes mirrored the strikingly handsome face of Nicholas, devoid of any emotion.

Even though Nicholas was trying to adopt Nathaniel's way of handling matters, Jonathan could tell that the person in front of him was definitely not Nathaniel with a single glance.

Jonathan Smith... His surname is Smith!

Nicholas' pupils slightly contracted.

Before he could probe further, Jonathan looked at him innocently. "Mr. Rainsworth, have we met before?"

Nicholas did not refute it. "I forgot."

“Mr. Rainsworth, you really have a poor memory. Make sure nobody else finds out,” Jonathan said, implying something.

A flicker of surprise flashed in Nicholas’s eyes, quickly vanishing.

He figured Jonathan was just a child and couldn’t possibly have an agenda. Thus, he didn’t give it much thought.

Felix, noticing that Nicholas was ignoring him, cautiously began to explain, “Uncle Nathaniel, don’t be mad. I was just kidding earlier.”

Nicholas had no idea why he suddenly apologized. “Alright, run along now with your friend.”

“Okay.” Without wasting any time, Felix took Jonathan’s hand and they started to leave.

Before leaving, Jonathan took another look at Nicholas, firmly deciding to uncover just who this man was and what his intentions were.

It was in this simple act of turning around, that Nicholas saw the shadow of a woman.

His heart skipped a beat abruptly, an image from his youth surfacing in his mind—Cecilia had turned around to call out to him.

“Nathaniel.”

Nicholas’s lips pursed, remaining so until the two small figures vanished from his sight. Only then did he leave.

Jonathan was not ready to give up just yet. He had only just met Nicholas, and there was still plenty of time left in the day.

“Felix, didn’t you claim you’d be the future CEO of Rainsworth Group? Why are you so afraid of your uncle?”

Felix’s face flushed with embarrassment. “Nonsense, I’m not scared of him at all. My mom said that Uncle Nathaniel is incompetent. He will have to rely on me to care for him in his old age.”

Rainsworth promptly responded, “What’s there to be afraid of?”

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Chapter 319 Infiltrating The Room

The moment Felix spoke, he regretted it. However, having made such a bold claim, he found it difficult to retract his words.

And so, Felix covertly led Jonathan through a secluded alleyway, sneaking into the side entrance of the residence where Nathaniel stayed.

Upon arriving there, Felix felt tense, yet his face beamed with satisfaction.

“See? This is where Uncle Nathaniel lives.”

Jonathan looked over and noticed the room to the east. The decor was lavish, with pillars all made from wood.

Suddenly, he clutched his stomach. “Ouch, my stomach hurts. I can’t stand it, I need to use the restroom.”

After he had spoken, he didn’t wait for Felix to respond. Immediately, he darted off toward the east.

Felix grew frantic. “You can’t go there. That’s where my uncle lives.”

No sooner had he finished speaking than he drew the attention of the housekeeper.

Upon seeing that it was Felix, the housekeeper couldn’t help but scold him, “Mr. Felix, what are you doing here? Mr. Rainsworth doesn’t like children around. You should leave quickly, or I’ll have to call and tell him.”

Felix could no longer see Jonathan anywhere, and he was worried that the maid might actually call Nathaniel, so he made a hasty retreat.

As he left, he didn’t forget to stick his tongue out at the housekeeper.

“Mark my words,” he warned, “for lecturing me now, you’ll be out of a job when I grow up.”

The housekeeper simply smirked at him.

This brat is only four or five years old. By the time he has grown up, I would have long retired.

She returned to her room to continue cleaning, oblivious to the fact that another brat had stealthily entered Nathaniel’s bedroom.

The place where Nathaniel lived was dominated by a monochrome color scheme, mirroring his personality—meticulous and precise.

Jonathan entered the quarters and started rummaging around, hoping to find dirt on his sc*mbag daddy or the imposter.

In the end, he found nothing. Just as he was about to leave, footsteps echoed from downstairs.

Jonathan quickly hid behind a cabinet.

The sound of footsteps gradually drew closer, and Jonathan saw a man about to walk in, clad in his slippers.

He couldn't help but cover his mouth.

Upon returning, Nicholas glanced around the room. He noticed the slight displacement of the books on the table and seemed to have realized something.

His gaze swept toward the side of the cupboard, where a small hand was spotted.

In response, Nicholas took a step back. He didn't enter the room. Instead, he closed the bedroom door. He then turned to the housekeeper and said, "I'll be out for half an hour."

"Okay."

The sound of footsteps faded into the distance, and Jonathan let out a sigh of relief.

When he emerged from beside the cupboard, his hand accidentally brushed against a book on the shelf. The book fell, and to his surprise, Jonathan discovered a photograph tucked within its pages.

Picking it up for a closer look, it seemed to be a photo of his mommy and sc*mbag daddy from their younger days.

Immediately, Jonathan whipped out his phone watch, snapped a quick photo, and tucked it back. Before leaving, he stealthily installed a miniature camera in the vase on the balcony, then slipped away from the place.

After leaving Nathaniel's house, Jonathan reunited with Felix and made a random excuse.

When the two children left, they didn't notice that inside a quietly parked car, Nicholas was leisurely watching their retreating figures.

Nicholas picked up her phone and dialed a number. "I need you to keep an eye on a kid for me." At first, it seemed like a coincidence. But when he discovered that Jonathan

had secretly entered Nathaniel's room, he felt that things were not as simple as they appeared.

An hour later, Jonathan returned to the rental apartment where Vivian was living.

Upon learning that his mother was Vivian, Nicholas approached the vase, his gaze fixed on the miniature camera embedded within. Without hesitation, he reached out and removed it.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was watching the video feed, almost letting out a curse.

"This imposter is quite impressive; he found out so quickly."

He shut down his computer, then aimlessly stared at the photo on his smartwatch, lost in thought.

Chapter 319 Infiltrating The Room

At that moment, Vivian suddenly opened the door. "Jonjon... are you asleep?"

Startled, Jonathan immediately shut off his watch.

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Chapter 320 You Should Just Go Back

"Ms. Kennedy, why don't you ever knock?" Jonathan asked, his face puffed up in annoyance..

"Ah, I'm sorry. I forgot." Vivian stepped forward. "Jonjon, do you still remember the promise your made to me?"

Jonathan let out a sigh. "Of course I remember. You want me to pretend to be your son so that you can seek vengeance on your ex-boyfriend. I'm quite adept at getting back at people. If you need, I can even find you a husband, helping myself find a father in the process."

Vivian stared at him with her eyes opened wide. "Really?"

Jonathan hadn't expected Vivian to actually believe him. For the sake of her happiness, he could only reassure her, "Of course, this person will definitely be better than your ex-boyfriend."

"How much will it cost?" Vivian asked earnestly.

She was thinking that a gigolo who was more handsome than Ernest probably wouldn't come cheap.

She was surprised that Jonathan already had such connections despite his young age. It was truly impressive.

"You don't need to worry about that. Go to sleep. Good night."

Jonathan was lying in bed, his head covered with a blanket.

Vivian let out a sigh. "My happiness is in your hands now. They're getting married next week."

She left while continuously muttering under her breath.

After she left, Jonathan was indeed somewhat troubled. He had heard Vivian mention that Ernest was very handsome. As for how handsome, he didn't know, for he had never seen the man.

However, given Vivian's hopeless romantic nature, he figured Ernest should be decent-looking at least.

It seems I need to carve out some time to conduct a thorough search.

In Sparaville, as the weather grew increasingly cold, Martha's health declined as the days went on. All Cecilia could do was to stay by her side, providing the latter company.

However, Martha was worried about her, saying suddenly, "Ceci, I craved for the ravioli from the western part of town."

"Alright, I'll order takeout right away," Cecilia said, pulling out her phone.

Nevertheless, Martha stopped her. "Sweetheart, by the time the takeout arrives, it will already be cold. Would you mind going out and getting them for me?"

Martha seldom made demands of Cecilia, so she nodded repeatedly.

"Alright, I'll go right now. If you need anything, just ask Nathaniel for help," she said without any hesitation.

"Mmm-hmm, I understand," she said.

After Cecilia left, the kindly smile on Martha's face disappeared.

She looked toward the tall figure in the kitchen and said coldly, "After all this time, you still can't cook. Mr. Rainsworth, you might as well save your energy. Ceci is not coming home for dinner. today."

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel solemnly turned off his phone and looked back.

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Rainsworth, you simply can't bring her happiness at this moment. You should just go back," she said.

Had it not been for her physical constraints, Martha would have already chased him out with a broomstick.

Nathaniel approached Martha with a solemn expression. "My respect for you is only due to Ceci, so please mind yourself. As the father of the child she carries, I assure you, I will never leave her. As for the happiness you speak of, if you're referring to money and power, there's absolutely no need to worry."

Upon hearing this, Martha wasn't upset at all. "You might not be aware, but Ceci always had someone she liked since she was a child. They've grown up together like childhood sweethearts; it's not something you can compete with."

Childhood sweethearts...

Nathaniel's fist subtly tightened.

"It can't be. If she were in love with someone else, why did she marry me?"

"If you don't believe me, head over to the ravioli restaurant in the western part of town, but you'd better take someone with you. Otherwise, as a blind man, you wouldn't be able to see."

Throughout her life, Martha had always been kind to others, never once offending anyone.

But now, she was on the brink of death. For the sake of Cecilia's her future, she wasn't afraid of offending Nathaniel.