

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 321

Chapter 321 The Shocking Scene

After hearing Martha’s words, Nathaniel immediately left the kitchen.

On his way out, there was a sudden crash. His arm had accidentally hit the cabinet, causing the numerous bottles and jars arranged on it to shatter all over the floor. One of the bottles even smashed directly onto the back of his hand.

His beautiful hand instantly turned a shade of blue–black.

However, Nathaniel didn’t care.

Over the past few days, he had memorized the location of items around, but they could have easily moved.

When he left the room, he accidentally bumped into a few pieces of furniture before finally making it outside.

He immediately called Mason, asking the latter to drive over.

While he was waiting for Mason, he truly understood the vast difference between a normal person and a blind one.

If he could see, he would have already driven out by himself to find Cecilia. But now, he could only wait for Mason.

The place where Mason lived was not far from there, merely a five to six–minute drive away.

From a distance, he saw Nathaniel standing in the snow. He initially thought that he had been driven out into the cold by Cecilia, without even a chance to grab an umbrella. Without a second thought, he immediately ran over.

“Mr. Rainsworth, what’s wrong?”

On the phone, Nathaniel instructed him to come over immediately, without specifying what the matter was.

“Drive to the western part of town and find a ravioli restaurant.”

“Understood.”

In the western part of Sparaville, there was only one ravioli restaurant. The place was always bustling, so much so that people had to stand in line just to buy some.

After arriving there, Cecilia immediately got a queue ticket and then found a place to sit.

She hadn't been seated for long when a person in a black coat stood in front of her.
“Ceci.”

When Cecilia looked up, she found herself gazing directly into the captiuast

“Calvin, what are you doing here?”

“Didn't you ask Martha to call me and tell me that the ravioli here is really good?” Calvin asked.

Cecilia choked in response.

Only then did she realize that Martha didn't actually want ravioli. Instead, she was trying to set her up with Calvin.

She also refrained from telling Calvin that she never uttered such words.

“Right, my memory almost failed me,” Cecilia admitted, glancing at the lengthy queue.
“Just wait a bit. It's my treat.”

“Alright.”

With a gentle expression, Calvin readily agreed.

Of course he knew what Martha had in mind; he was simply going with the flow.

The ravioli restaurant was packed with people, leaving Cecilia and Calvin with no choice but to wait outside on the curb.

Rubbing her hands from the cold, Cecilia said, “I remember this place being crowded even when I was a kid. Surprisingly, after all these years, it's still just as busy.”

Calvin removed his leather gloves, then gently gripped her hands, pulling them inside his clothing.

The sudden intimacy took Cecilia by surprise, leaving her stunned. She quickly tried to pull her hand back.

However, Calvin held her hand firmly. "I remember when we were kids, you used to enjoy pressing your hands against my face when they're cold."

As he spoke, he gently lifted her hand and placed it against his cheek.

Mason had no trouble finding the ravioli restaurant while driving with Nathaniel. From a distance, he spotted the intimate gestures of the pair.

"Are we there?" Nathaniel asked, noticing that Mason had stopped the car.

"Mmm—hmm."

"Take me to Ceci."

Upon hearing these words, Mason fell silent, remaining motionless.

"What's wrong?" Nathaniel asked, his brow furrowed in concern.

Mason didn't want to deceive Nathaniel, so he said, "Cecilia is currently with Calvin."

Previously, she was addressed as "Mrs. Rainsworth," now he was calling her by her name.

Previously, Mason had briefly informed Nathaniel about Calvin.

Nathaniel had a sudden realization, his expression remaining calm.

"What are they doing?"

"Fooling around." Mason's eyes were filled with an icy glint. "Just like a young couple."

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Chapter 322 Did Not Know Better

At the entrance of the ravioli shop, Cecilia quickly pulled back her hand, which Calvin put on his face. "I didn't know better when I was young."

When she was just a few years old, she had no understanding of the differences between boys and girls.

Moreover, back then, Calvin was just a chubby little kid, not even as tall as her.

She treated him like a younger brother, and every time Martha made something delicious, she would bring some for him.

However, at that moment, he towered over her by a head's length and appeared incredibly handsome.

More importantly, he carried an air of defiant nobility around him. Hardly any young gal would dare to touch his face with their cold hand.

Calvin's eyes reflected Cecilia's polite yet distant demeanor. A hint of desolation swept across the depths of his gaze as he said, "Actually, you don't need to do that in front of me."

Calvin always remembered the winters of his childhood, when he suffered in the cold. Cecilia would secretly bring him clothes, blankets, and food. Additionally, she would always manage to cheer him up.

Had it not been for Cecilia, he would've died of hunger or cold if not at the hands of someone else.

Cecilia shook her head. "We all must learn to be sensible. Being too childish can easily annoy people."

In the past, her lack of maturity and understanding of the world led her to marry a man who didn't love her, a decision that resulted in her being disdained.

Suddenly, Calvin was filled with regret. He wished he had taken Cecilia with him when he initially left Sparaville or returned before she married.

Had he met her earlier, had he found her before she married Nathaniel, he believed she wouldn't have been as cautious as she was at that moment.

With those thoughts in mind, Calvin leaned closer to Cecilia and suddenly said, "Ceci, how about we- Get together?"

Before he could finish his sentence, a familiar, icy voice echoed from a distance. "Darling."

Cecilia, following the direction of the voice, saw Nathaniel and Mason standing not far away.

Mason was glaring at Cecilia in anger.

Nathaniel walked straight toward her. Even though he couldn't see her, he effortlessly reached out and grasped her hand. "Darling, why is it taking you so long to buy ravioli? I was really worried. about you."

He couldn't see, so he pretended not to notice Calvin, continuing, "Why are your hands so cold? Would you like me to warm them up?"

At that moment, Cecilia felt as if all the blood in her body was boiling due to Nathaniel's actions. and provocative words.

In front of Calvin, her face turned beet red with embarrassment as she awkwardly attempted to pull her away from Nathaniel.

Nathaniel, however, refused to release her. With a strong pull, he instantly drew Cecilia into his arms. "Darling, why are you so cold? Once we get back, I'll make sure to warm you up."

Had there not been outsiders present, Cecilia would have certainly sworn at Nathaniel.

With her freed hand, she firmly pinched Nathaniel's waist. "My friend is here. Watch yourself."

Nathaniel endured the pain and did not release Cecilia.

"What friend?" His voice had grown somewhat colder.

Calvin didn't expect that Nathaniel had genuinely gone blind. It seems that the news has been spreading lies. How is he pretending so convincingly?

"Mr. Rainsworth, my name is Calvin Reese. We grew up together since childhood. In the years. when she was not by your side, she was living with me." Calvin's eyes and brows were cold as he spoke. "You should know when you still have your memories."

The tension between the two men was palpable.

Cecilia couldn't free herself from Nathaniel. Just as she was about to speak to him, he unexpectedly took the initiative and spoke harshly to Calvin.

"Usually, I remember the people and events my wife tells me about." After he finished speaking, he lowered his head and asked Cecilia, "Darling, why didn't you tell me you had such a male friend?"

He was trying to imply that Cecilia no longer cared about Calvin.

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Chapter 323 No One Will Think You Are Mute

Cecilia tightened her grip on Nathaniel’s hand even more while lowering her voice. “Even if you. don’t speak, no one will think you’re mute.”

Nathaniel seemed impervious to pain as he addressed Calvin. “Apologies, Mr. Reese. My wife and I have plans to have a couple’s time with my wife tonight, so I’m afraid we won’t be able to invite you over for dinner.”

A couple’s time... Calvin’s handsome face appeared somewhat rigid.

He knew that Nathaniel was only trying to provoke him, yet he couldn’t help but lose his composure.

At first, Mason, who was standing off to the side, was worried that his boss was being bullied. Upon seeing the situation, he finally sighed in relief.

People standing around them would occasionally glance in their direction. At first, everyone assumed that Cecilia and Calvin were a couple. It was only later that they realized that Nathaniel was, in fact, Cecilia’s husband.

Under curious gazes, Cecilia purchased ravioli.

Cecilia had promised to treat Calvin, so she bought some ravioli for him, too.

“I’ll be heading back first,” said Cecilia.

“All right, see you next time.” Calvin watched as Cecilia walked away.

A little while later, Mason was seated in his car while Cecilia and Nathaniel were together in Cecilia’s car.

The ravioli she bought were steaming hot, yet the temperature inside the car was quite low.

Cecilia didn’t start the car right away. Instead, she gently pulled away the hand that had been tightly clutching her own.

“What do you mean earlier?” she asked coldly.

Nathaniel’s hand was pulled away, yet he remained silent.

Seeing the situation, Cecilia grew even angrier. "Why did you suddenly come looking for me? Who said anything about spending a couple's time together with you?"

Nathaniel remained silent, his handsome face a picture of restraint.

"Say something! Weren't you quite talkative just now?" Cecilia continued.

The next moment, Nathaniel pulled her into his arms with a strong tug.

Nathaniel held her tightly, pressing her head firmly against his heart. "Ceci, I'm angry, and I don't want to talk."

Taken aback, Cecilia struggled to lift her head, looking toward him.

Despite the fact that he had inexplicably sought her out and said those bizarre things right in front of Calvin, he had the audacity to claim that he was angry.

Thus, Cecilia questioned, "What are you upset about?"

Nathaniel's voice choked up. "You're asking the obvious."

Ever since he woke up in the hospital, he hadn't held Cecilia that close.

Cecilia was unaware of just how intimate the two of them were in his memories.

Every night, Nathaniel found himself alone in his cramped room, her enchanting figure dominating his thoughts.

Inside the narrow car, he breathed in her familiar scent. Nathaniel was filled with such intense longing that he wished he could merge her into his very bones.

He forcefully pulled Cecilia into his embrace, and she became acutely aware of the drastic changes in his body.

Blushing, she exclaimed, "Shameless!"

In a rush, she wriggled out from Nathaniel's embrace.

Nathaniel had also become aware of his own changes. He didn't try to explain himself. Instead, his large hand once again grasped Cecilia's. His voice was hoarse as he said, "I'm a man. It's quite normal for this to happen."

Growing tired of their conversation, Cecilia started up the car.

Throughout the journey, Cecilia never spoke to him again.

When Martha saw the couple return together with sullen expressions, she knew that her actions. that day weren't wrong.

Martha specifically addressed Nathaniel, "Mr. Rainsworth, advised you not to seek Ceci, yet you insisted. Now, you even need her to take care of you and bring you back. Was it really necessary?"

"Martha, don't mind him. Let's go have some ravioli." Cecilia supported Martha toward the dining room.

"All right."

The sound of their footsteps faded into the distance.

Nathaniel felt that Martha appeared gentle on the surface but seemed to harbor significant animosity toward him.

He pinched the bridge of his nose, then returned to the couch.

As he sat there, he recalled what Mason had told him in the car earlier, which was that Cecilia betrayed him once after marrying him and had twin sons with Calvin.

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Chapter 324 Old Habits

Late at night, after ensuring Martha was resting, Cecilia went to her room and lay down. She hadn't been asleep for long when suddenly, she felt a hand wrap around her from behind. "Ceci," a voice whispered.

Nathaniel had somehow entered her room. One hand held her firmly, while the other rested on her lower abdomen.

"Nathaniel, what are you doing!"

De losing his memory, Nathaniel hadn't lost his old habits, especially his tendency to slip

into other people's rooms uninvited—a habit he clearly hadn't forgotten.

Nathaniel hadn't planned on touching her, particularly considering her early pregnancy, made any such action unthinkable.

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But as he remembered the clandestine meeting between Calvin and Cecilia, and Mason's words, Nathaniel's thin lips found their way to the back of her ear.

His hot breath sent a shiver down Cecilia's spine. "Nathaniel, you wouldn't dare!" she protested, trying to sound firm.

The man paused, his breath still against her ear, before earnestly whispering something. The words made Cecilia's eyes widen in shock.

Within moments, her face flushed a deep red, her cheeks burning like a ripe apple. "I don't need that!" she snapped, quickly covering her mouth with her hand, worried that Martha might overhear from the next room.

The room was completely dark, and yet, under the faint light reflecting off the snow outside, Cecilia could just make out Nathaniel's broad, muscular upper body. She realized with a jolt that he wasn't wearing any clothes..

"Get out... now," she stammered, her voice trembling with fear and urgency.

Nathaniel paused again, leaning even closer to her ear. "If you ever need something, tell me in private. Don't go looking for other men," he whispered, his tone possessive.

"Get out of here, now!" Cecilia demanded, pulling the blanket tighter around herself and curling up under it.

As Nathaniel finally left, she noticed the fading bruise on his waist, a mark she had left on him—a reminder of how she had once thought that the amnesiac, blind Nathaniel was at her mercy. But now, she realized that dealing with Nathaniel after his memory loss was proving to be far more challenging than she had anticipated.

Before his amnesia, Nathaniel had been rebellious and untamed, always exuding an air of superiority as if he were doing others a favor just by being present. Now, without his memories, he was utterly shameless.

Fearing he might return, Cecilia took extra precautions before going back to sleep, locking the door from the inside and barricading it with a cabinet. But sleep did not come easily; every time she closed her eyes, Nathaniel's words echoed in her mind.

After finally drifting off. Cecilia dreamed of herself as a small boat adrift in the vast ocean, tossed helplessly by the waves. When she awoke, she found her forehead damp with sweat.

She glanced at her phone—ten o'clock already. Thankfully, Martha had been waking up. day, giving her some time.

As she was about to get out of bed, a message from Calvin caught her eye: Are you free this afternoon? Want to come with me to see Eli? He texted me saying he wants to meet.

Thinking of Elliot, Cecilia replied without hesitation: All right, see you at the hospital.

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Elliot was in the hospital, and despite having a caregiver, Cecilia made it a point to visit him every day. She quickly changed her clothes and freshened up before heading downstairs.

In the dining room, the breakfast was still warm. Cecilia glanced over at Nathaniel, who was sitting off to the side, absorbed in a book, his expression indifferent. "I need to go out for a bit. I'll be back by evening. Could you please take care of Martha?"

Had Martha not been around, Cecilia might have treated Nathaniel the same way he used to treat her—by not coming home at night.

"Where are you going?" Nathaniel suddenly asked.

"This doesn't concern you. Don't follow me again, or I'll ask you to leave my house," Cecilia shot back, realizing that she had been too lenient with him the day before. He seemed to have no grasp of the situation he was in.

Now, both the Rainsworth family and Elena had rejected him. Cecilia had even called Elena, primarily to ask about Nicholas, but Elena had refused to reveal anything.

She had simply advised. Take good care of Nathaniel, keep him out of sight, and I won't shortchange you. But if you plan on exposing him, don't blame me for being the bad guy."

At that moment, Cecilia realized that, just like her, Nathaniel wasn't the only child of his biological mother.

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Chapter 325 Can He Be My Dad

Before leaving, Cecilia gave Nathaniel a stern lecture. Nathaniel, in his current state, allowed her to scold him without the slightest hint of anger. His dark, obsidian eyes simply looked at her with an innocent gaze.

Even though she knew he couldn't see her, Cecilia couldn't help but feel a pang of anxiety.

At the hospital, Elliot learned from his brother that their father was now living at home. A few days ago, he had been in a car accident, gone blind, and, to top it all off, someone had even stolen his identity.

"He had it coming," Elliot declared, his voice filled with righteous indignation.

Jonathan, on the phone call, echoed the sentiment, "Yes, he deserves this."

"It's just a pity we weren't the ones who got to him first," Elliot sighed.

Suddenly, an idea struck him, and he said to Jonathan with excitement, "Jon, Mr. Reese and Mommy are coming to visit me today. I want them to be together. What do you think?"

Both brothers knew well how Calvin treated their mother, especially when they were abroad. Calvin was nothing like their sc*mbag daddy—he didn't have any ex-girlfriends, and he and their mom were childhood sweethearts. It seemed like a perfect match.

Elliot also knew that Martha had a soft spot for Calvin.

Jonathan, however, fell silent on the other end of the line. After a moment, he finally asked, "Would Mommy agree?"

"Mommy definitely likes Mr. Reese, she's just too shy to admit it. Don't worry, I'll break the ice between them today," Elliot said with confidence.

"All right."

After hanging up the phone, Elliot lay back on the hospital bed, waiting impatiently for Cecilia and Calvin to arrive.

Around noon, Calvin and Cecilia arrived, one after the other, and Elliot immediately turned on the charm. "Mommy, why won't you let me stay with you at home? I feel so lonely here all by myself. I miss you, Jon, and Grandma Martha..."

Looking into Elliot's teary eyes, Cecilia's heart melted. She felt an overwhelming sense of pity for him.

"I'm sorry, Sweetie," she said, her voice full of regret.

The doctor had recommended that, due to Elliot's frail condition, it would be best to keep him in the hospital, where he could be under constant observation and have his illness managed until surgery.

Elliot reached out to embrace her. "Mommy, can you and Mr. Reese take me out to play today?" he asked, his voice pleading.

Cecilia couldn't bring herself to say no. She glanced over at Calvin, who stood nearby. "Calvin, are you busy this afternoon?" she asked.

"I'm not busy. I can spend time with Eli," Calvin replied without hesitation.

"Thank you. I appreciate your help," Cecilia said, relieved.

After speaking with the nurse, Cecilia changed Elliot into a fresh set of clothes and took him by the hand as they prepared to leave.

As they were leaving the hospital, Elliot suddenly stopped, his gaze fixed on a family of three not far away—a father holding his daughter while his wife walked beside him, the three of them sharing a tender moment.

"Mommy..."

"What's wrong?" Cecilia asked, crouching down to meet his eyes.

"I want a dad too," Elliot said softly, his voice filled with longing.

Cecilia's throat tightened, and she felt a sudden wave of helplessness wash over her. She didn't know how to respond. The two children had rarely, if ever, expressed such a desire to her, and hearing it now made her heart ache in a way she hadn't expected.

Before she could think of what to say, Elliot suddenly reached out and grabbed Calvin's hand. "Mommy," he pleaded, "can you let Mr. Reese be my dad?"

Cecilia's heart raced, shifting from sorrow to embarrassment in an instant. "Eli, we can't do this..." she began, but before she could finish, Calvin scooped Elliot up into his arms with a natural, fatherly warmth.

"Let's not upset him today. It's rare that we get to spend time together," Calvin said gently, trying to diffuse the tension.

Elliot noticed how understanding Calvin was and immediately cried out, "Daddy, I miss you so much! I finally have a dad..."

"I'm sorry I was late," Calvin replied, playing along with a smile.

As Cecilia walked beside them, hearing those words made her feel a deep, unsettling sorrow. She couldn't shake the guilt—she felt as if she had deprived her children of even the smallest semblance of paternal love all these years.

Holding tightly onto Calvin, Elliot continued to shout "Daddy!" while urging, "Daddy, you should quickly hold Mommy's hand, so neither Mommy nor I will get lost."

Taken aback, Calvin glanced toward Cecilia, her face flushed a deep shade of red. But fearful that she might reject the gesture, he seized the opportunity, taking Cecilia's hand firmly in his own.

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Chapter 326 Like A Family

The three of them walked through the snow, their figures blending together in a way that made them look remarkably like a family.

As Calvin led Cecilia by the hand, she could feel her palm growing slick with nervous sweat. It wasn't long before they arrived at the restaurant, where they were finally seated to eat. Only then did Calvin let go of her hand, leaving Cecilia with a mixture of relief and an odd sense of loss.

Elliot, ever perceptive, took the chance to give the two some privacy. He excused himself to the restroom, guided by a waiter. As soon as he was out of sight, Cecilia turned to Calvin with an apologetic look.

“I’m truly sorry, Eli has never experienced a father’s love, and that’s why he acts like this,” she said, her voice tinged with guilt. She understood that Calvin, being unmarried, might find it uncomfortable to play the role of a father figure to someone else’s child.

But Calvin didn't seem bothered at all. “Actually, I quite like him like this,” he replied, his tone reassuring.

Cecilia felt a weight lift off her shoulders. They discussed a few more matters concerning Elliot, but then Calvin, unable to suppress his curiosity, brought up something that had been on his mind.

“Why didn't you tell me about living with Nathaniel?” he asked, the question slipping out before he could stop himself. The moment the words left his mouth, he regretted them.

What right do I have to ask her such a thing?

Cecilia didn't seem to mind his question. Without hesitation, she revealed everything—how she had gone to extremes to force a divorce from Nathaniel, even to the point of threatening him with her supposed infidelity. She also mentioned the incident where Elena had threatened her, leaving nothing unsaid.

“Cheated with who?” Calvin caught onto the key detail in her words.

Cecilia felt a burning sensation in her ears, her face flushing red. “I didn't mention any names, but Nathaniel assumed it was about you,” she confessed, her embarrassment palpable.

As she spoke, she tightened her grip on the edge of the table, her palm pressing down nervously. Calvin, unaware of her discomfort, simply smiled. He took a sip of water, his eyes sparkling with a hint of amusement.

“That’s perfect,” he said, a teasing tone in his voice. “Today, I can properly embrace this title.”

Feeling too awkward to continue the conversation, Cecilia stood up abruptly. “Why hasn’t Eli come back from the restroom yet? I’ll go check on him,” she said, eager for an excuse to leave.

Unbeknownst to her, Elliot had been hiding near the entrance, watching the two of them closely. Seeing that their conversation had ended, he made his way back to the table, pretending he had just returned from the restroom.

“Daddy, Mommy, I’m back,” he announced cheerfully.

With Elliot’s return, the atmosphere lightened considerably. They finished their meal, and Elliot, full of energy, insisted that Cecilia and Calvin take him to the arcade,

The arcade was buzzing with activity—young couples, parents with their children, all immersed in the lively atmosphere. As soon as they arrived, Elliot’s eyes lit up at the sight of an event happening nearby. It was a couples’ competition, and the prize was an enormous plush toy.

“Mommy, Daddy, I want that one!” Elliot exclaimed, pointing excitedly at the plush.

Cecilia looked back at Calvin, memories of past competitions flashing through her mind. She handed Elliot over to Calvin and said, “All right, I will go and ask.”

“Okay!” Elliot nodded eagerly, his eyes never leaving the plush toy.

Cecilia approached the staff and inquired, “Do you sell the bear plushies?”

“Sorry, miss, this is for competition use only. It’s not for sale,” the staff member replied politely.

Undeterred, Cecilia pulled out a card and handed it to him. “Ten thousand for it, is that all right?” she offered.

The staff member’s eyes widened as he took the card. “I’ll go ask the owner,” he said, hurrying off.

Meanwhile, Elliot watched the exchange with wide eyes. His mother was certainly resourceful, but he knew he couldn’t let her have her way too easily.

“Mr. Reese, do you want to win my mommy’s heart?” Elliot asked, turning to Calvin with a mischievous grin.

Calvin understood immediately. With one arm around Elliot, he pulled out his phone with his free hand and made a quick call.

“Acquire the underground arcade in Sparaville as quickly as possible, and make sure to redirect. the owner’s phone calls to me,” he instructed calmly.

A short while later, an employee emerged from the back office, scratching his head as he dialed a number. The call went straight to Calvin.

With an unwavering expression, Calvin answered, “Even she offered a billion, I wouldn’t sell. Tell her she must win the competition.”

When Cecilia returned, she looked a bit dejected. She cast a guilty glance at Elliot. “Eli, there are lots of stuffed toys available online. Would it be all right if I bought one for you from there?” she asked, hoping to placate him.

Immediately, Elliot began to sniffle. “Mommy, you don’t love me anymore. Other parents help their kids win prizes, but you... I knew it, I’m not your real child. Only Jon is your real child,” he sobbed.

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Chapter 327 It Is Time You Returned It All

Cecilia knew that while Elliot enjoyed being pampered, he rarely threw unreasonable tantrums. His illness already caused him so much pain, and after finally taking a liking to something, he was heartbroken that he couldn’t have it

“Don’t cry, Eli,” she pleaded, her heart aching, “I’ll think of another way, okay?”

At that moment, Calvin stepped in. “Eli, how about I team up with your mom right now to help you win that plush toy, okay?” he suggested, his voice warm and reassuring.

Elliot immediately stopped crying, his large eyes filled with hope as he looked at Calvin. “Okay,” he agreed, before turning to Cecilia. “Mommy, Daddy, good luck!”

Faced with such determination, Cecilia couldn’t bring herself to say no. The three of them headed to the event registration desk together. Once the quota of ten couples was filled, the staff explained the rules of the game.

The rules were simple. The men and women stood facing each other and were blindfolded. The staff would then drop various items, like apples or pieces of paper, and

the couples had to use their bodies to catch and secure them—all without using their hands.

Cecilia and Calvin stepped onto the stage, joining the other couples who were ready for the challenge. The first item brought out was a large balloon. It was tethered by a string, making it relatively easy to catch just by leaning forward.

As the host gave the signal to start, everyone leaned forward, and the balloon was easily caught between them.

Elliot cheered from the sidelines, “Go Mommy, go Daddy!”

Cecilia, determined to win the plush toy for Elliot, focused intently on the game. They successfully caught several large items in succession, though it required more contact than the rules allowed.

In the end, only two teams remained. The staff member announced the final challenge, “Now, you’ll have to catch a piece of paper!”

As the signal sounded, Cecilia moved forward again, feeling the light touch of a sheet of paper against her face. But before she could react, she found herself wrapped in Calvin’s arms.

The man, with a smooth motion, lowered his head across the paper, pressing his lips gently against hers.

For a brief moment, the world seemed to stop. All Cecilia could hear was the staff member’s voice announcing, “Congratulations, you’ve won.”

Elliot held Calvin’s phone, capturing a picture of the two of them in that tender moment.

Applause erupted around them, causing Cecilia’s cheeks to blindfold, it took her a long time to muster the courage to look at Calvin.

flush with heat. As she removed her

On the way back to the hospital, Elliot clung to the giant plush toy, his face beaming with joy. “Mommy,” he said softly, “can you and Daddy come play with me here again next time?”

Still dazed by the day’s events, Cecilia nodded. “All right,” she agreed.

After taking Elliot back to the hospital, Cecilia declined Calvin’s offer to drive her home. “I drove here too, you know. It’s inconvenient for me to leave my car here if you take me back,” she explained, her gaze avoiding his.

Calvin nodded, understanding her reluctance. “All right, but let me know when you’re free. We can come together to visit Eli,” he said, his tone gentle.

“I’m not sure yet. A few days ago, I promised Vivian I’d visit her,” Cecilia replied, using the excuse to sidestep the invitation.

Calvin knew she wasn’t ready yet, and he wasn’t in a hurry. “Whenever you have time, just let me know,” he said.

“Okay.” Cecilia nodded quickly before leaving.

As Calvin watched her go, he pulled out his phone and looked at the picture Elliot had taken. A smile spread across his face, one he couldn’t suppress.

Suddenly, his phone rang with a call from an unknown number.

“Mr. Reese, I’m Mr. Rainsworth’s assistant. I’m warning you to stop seducing Cecilia. Mrs. Rainsworth is not yet divorced; she’s still married,” the voice on the other end said sternly.

Mason had been working near the underground arcade. When he emerged from his workplace,. he coincidentally caught sight of Calvin and Cecilia.

Calvin’s expression didn’t change, but his voice held a note of challenge. “Is that so? Then please. convey to Mr. Rainsworth that I have a peculiar fondness for what belongs to others.”

His tone grew colder as he added, “And it’s not just about the women. Rainsworth Group’s projects -I want those back too. What you took from me in the past, it’s time you returned it all.”

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Chapter 328 So Cold

When Calvin returned this time, it wasn’t just for Cecilia—he was also here to reclaim the industries he had been forced to yield to Nathaniel in the past.

He knew that the current person running Rainsworth Group wasn’t the real Nathaniel, so he had little to worry about.

Mason, on the other hand, never anticipated that Calvin would be so audacious. But with Nathaniel’s memory loss, Mason naturally wouldn’t relay to him the sharp words Calvin had spoken.

However, Calvin was determined to make Nathaniel face reality, and he wasn't going to back down.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel sat at home, busily working on his Braille computer, anxiously waiting for Cecilia to return. It was already eight in the evening, and yet she still hadn't come back. Normally, she would have been home by now.

Just then, a message alert chimed on his phone. He quickly picked it up, and the message automatically played aloud, "Mr. Rainsworth, it's Calvin. Just letting you know, Ceci has been with me all day, so she'll be coming home a bit late."

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel's expression darkened. He no longer had the heart to continue working and abruptly left the room.

Outside, the wind and snow were fierce. Nathaniel stood there, his brow furrowed as the cold wind bit at his skin. He pulled out a phone designed for the visually impaired and dialed Cecilia's number a number he had secretly saved without her knowing.

On the other side, Cecilia was still driving home after a long day spent with Elliot. The snow was falling heavily, making the road slippery and difficult to see. She was forced to drive slowly, mindful of the treacherous conditions.

Just then, her phone rang. Without checking the caller ID, she answered, "Hello."

"Where are you?" Nathaniel's icy voice echoed through the phone.

Cecilia didn't notice anything strange about his tone and replied, "I'm on the road."

But no sooner had the words left her mouth than her car suddenly skidded. Unable to see clearly through the snowfall, she accidentally steered the car toward the side of the road.

With a loud crash, the car slammed into a tree, causing the airbags to deploy instantly. Cecilia was jolted, nearly knocked senseless as her phone slipped from her grasp and fell under the car seat.

Fortunately, since she had been driving slowly, she wasn't injured, but the car was temporarily out of commission. She had no choice but to turn on the hazard lights.

Cecilia struggled to reach her phone but couldn't grasp it. Left with no other options, she decided to exit the car and look for help.

On the other end, Nathaniel heard the commotion through the phone. He tried calling her back, but there was no response. With a blizzard raging and night falling, there were no cars on the road, and Cecilia was left stranded.

She waited for a long time, shivering uncontrollably in the cold. Ever since returning to Sparaville, she hadn't encountered any real danger, so she had told Sven that there was no need for constant protection. But now, with no one around to help, she was left to fend for herself.

With no other choice, Cecilia began the long walk home, deciding to wait until morning when the snow would hopefully stop, and she could call for a tow truck.

The freezing temperature bit at her, making her journey agonizingly slow. The cold intensified. Her existing ear ailment, gradually muffling the sound of the wind to a faint whisper. She knew her hearing impairment was worsening.

After trudging for about ten minutes, Cecilia found herself surrounded by a blanket of white, unable to distinguish the path ahead. Dizzy and disoriented, she collapsed face-first into the snow. She was still conscious and instinctively protected her abdomen, but she couldn't take another step.

"It's so cold..." she muttered to herself, unaware that a tall figure was approaching her from not too far away.

Nathaniel had found her, but in her current state, she couldn't hear him calling her name. It wasn't until he enveloped her in his arms that she realized who had come to her rescue.

The house is at least a kilometer away from here. He can't see, so how did he get here?

"Nathaniel... I'm so cold..." she murmured, her voice weak and trembling. Before she could ask how he had managed to find her, given his blindness, all she could think about was how cold she felt.

Without saying a word, Nathaniel picked her up and began walking back. "You knew it was cold, yet you came back so late?" he chided, his voice filled with concern.

Cecilia, unable to hear his words clearly, clung tightly to his clothes. Her hand involuntarily slipped inside his coat, seeking warmth. "So cold..." she whispered again.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 329

Chapter 329 A Misunderstanding

The icy hand Cecilia placed against his chest sent a shiver through his body, not from the cold. But from the sensation of his blood heating up.

As they continued their trek, Cecilia's other hand accidentally brushed against his face. "Nathaniel, you have a fever," she said weakly, realizing that his skin was burning hot—a clear sign of illness.

Nathaniel's lips, as red as a ripe cherry, were pressed into a thin line. His Adam's apple bobbed slightly as he replied, "What I said last night still stands."

Cecilia could only see his lips move, but the words were lost on her. She responded with a faint "Okay," not fully comprehending.

Nathaniel quickened his pace, determined to get her home safely.

When they finally reached home, Martha was waiting for them. She noticed the snow covering both of them and quickly handed them towels. "Why are you coming back at this hour?" she asked, her voice laced with worry.

Nathaniel took over, brushing the snow off Cecilia's body. Cecilia, still feeling the effects of the cold, tried to reassure Martha. "Martha, it's late. You should rest. I came back late because the car broke down on the road."

Not wanting to cause any further concern, she didn't mention her hearing issues.

"All right, but make sure to take a hot bath," Martha advised before slowly making her way to the kitchen to prepare a warming ginger tea.

Nathaniel carried Cecilia to her room and gently set her down on the couch. He casually picked out some clean clothes for her. "I'll fill the bathtub with warm water. You can undress and

get ready. Once you're done bathing, you can change into fresh clothes."

Cecilia, watching his lips move and guessing from his actions, assumed he was just asking her to change. "All right, you should go change your clothes as well," she replied.

Nathaniel responded with a low hum, his voice rich with a magnetic resonance. Instead of changing, he grabbed a bathrobe and headed to the bathroom in Cecilia's room to take a shower.

Meanwhile, Cecilia changed into a fresh set of clothes before wrapping herself in a blanket. Before long, she felt herself drifting off to sleep. Her eyelids grew heavy, and she was on the verge of slumber when Nathaniel, now only wearing a bath towel, picked her up in his arms.

Startled, Cecilia's eyes shot open, and her hand brushed against his firm arm, instantly snapping her back to full alertness. "What are you doing? Put me down right now," she demanded.

"The bath is ready for you," Nathaniel said, his tone serious.

Cecilia couldn't hear him clearly and protested, "Let me go; you're free to leave."

Nathaniel, however, held her tightly and carried her into the bathroom. “Why didn’t you take off your clothes?” he asked, mistaking her reluctance for shyness. He began to help her undress.

In a panic, Cecilia intervened, “Nathaniel, don’t you dare!”

He chuckled softly. “Didn’t you ask for this when you came back?” he teased, his hands wandering until they brushed against the hearing aid she wore.

“What are you wearing?” he asked, confusion filling his voice.

All Cecilia wanted was to get him out of there. Without hesitation, she raised her hand and slapped him across the face. “I can’t hear you anymore. You better not provoke me!” she warned, her frustration evident.

Nathaniel’s expression stiffened, the impact of her slap leaving him momentarily stunned.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. “What happened, Ceci?” Martha called out, her voice filled with concern.

Nathaniel quickly slipped into a bathrobe and opened the door, only to be met with Martha’s icy stare. “What did you do to Ceci?” she demanded, ready to confront him.

Before he could respond, Martha suddenly swayed on her feet, nearly collapsing.

“Martha!” Cecilia cried out, quickly getting dressed and rushing to her side.

Half an hour later, braving the heavy snowfall, Mason sought out a doctor in the middle of the night to examine the elderly woman.

Outside the room, Cecilia took the medicine prescribed by the doctor, and slowly, her hearing began to return to normal.

Only then did Nathaniel realize his grave misunderstanding. Cecilia’s silence had been due to her temporary hearing loss, not because she was expecting anything to happen between them.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 330

Chapter 330 The Rift Widens

The two of them sat across from each other, the atmosphere thick with tension. Nathaniel broke the silence first, his voice tinged with frustration. “Why can’t you hear? Why didn’t you tell me what’s going on?”

Cecilia kept her head down, her eyes clouded with confusion. "I thought it would get better once I got home," she murmured.

Nathaniel raised his hand, intending to reach out and touch her, but Cecilia deftly avoided his grasp. His hand froze in mid-air, and his expression hardened. "Who were you with today, Ceci?"

Startled, Cecilia looked up at him. "Did you send someone to follow me again?" she asked, her voice sharp with suspicion. This was exactly the kind of thing Nathaniel had done before he lost his memory, and she wasn't about to let it slide.

Nathaniel's throat tightened, a flicker of confusion crossing his face.

What do you mean by 'again'? When did I ever send someone to follow you?

Before he could clarify, the door to Martha's room swung open, and the doctors emerged. He explained that the elderly lady had experienced a fit of rage, which caused some distress, but reassured them that there was no immediate danger. The doctor emphasized the importance of maintaining peace and calm during her recovery.

Mason, who had been standing quietly nearby, glanced at Cecilia. He remembered what he had witnessed that afternoon and chose to remain silent, not daring to provoke Nathaniel further.

"Mr. Rainsworth, we're heading back now," Mason said, keeping his tone neutral.

"Sure," Nathaniel replied, his attention momentarily diverted as Mason and his group departed, leaving the room quiet once more.

Now, it was just Cecilia and Nathaniel. "Thank you for bringing me home today, and for getting a doctor to treat Martha," Cecilia said, trying to maintain a polite distance. She knew that the issue of tracking her was separate from the matter at hand, but it still left a bitter taste.

"We're husband and wife; there's no need for thanks," Nathaniel stated firmly. He reached out again, this time grabbing Cecilia's elbow. "And I've never had anyone follow you!"

But Cecilia remained skeptical. She had seen this behavior from him before. "The New Year is just a month away," she began, trying to steer the conversation. "Let's get you back to Daltonia, Villa tomorrow." It was a statement, not a question.

Nathaniel tightened his grip on her, a sharp pang in his chest. "And what about you?"

"I have to take care of Martha," Cecilia replied, her tone distant,

Nathaniel felt as if a knife had been twisted in his heart, but he couldn't hold back the question that had been gnawing at him. "Ceci, did you marry me because you loved me?"

In his memories, she had loved him dearly, unable to bear the thought of causing him pain. But now, her silence spoke volumes.

At first, Cecilia had believed she loved Nathaniel. But in the end, she realized she had been infatuated with the wrong man all along.

The silence that stretched between them was unbearable. Finally, with a surge of desperation, Nathaniel pulled Cecilia into his arms. "Are you sending me back because of Calvin?" His voice had grown hoarse, the fear of losing her palpable.

No man had ever dared to blatantly steal his woman.

"No, it's just that I've always felt we were bound to part ways someday. The sooner, the better," Cecilia said, her voice steady but her heart heavy. She tried to explain further. "Nathaniel, the truth is, you never really cared for me. Before you lost your memory, you didn't love me at all. Once you regain your memory, you'll surely find everything as it is now distasteful."

Nathaniel found her words almost amusing. He might not remember the past, but he still felt the depth of his emotions for her.

If I hadn't loved Cecilia, why is she the only person I remember after losing his memory? If I didn't love her, why did I choose to stay by her side? If I didn't love her, how could I have indulged her so often?

"In that case, let's revisit this once my memory returns," Nathaniel said, his voice resolute. He had no intention of leaving her, and knowing it was impossible to force him out, Cecilia realized she would have to take things one step at a time.

After a restless night, Cecilia was rudely awakened by the ringing of her phone. She picked it up, and a voice that often haunted her nightmares resonated through the speaker.

"Ceci."

It was the voice of her biological mother, Paula.

Cecilia's heart tightened, though she kept her face calm. "Mdm. Paula, is there something you need?" she asked, keeping her tone as neutral as possible.

The mention of "Mdm. Paula" over the phone made Paula grit her teeth in frustration. "You've pocketed the eight billion your father left behind. It's time it returned to its rightful owner. Norman has already been arrested."

"Listen to me, I'm your mother," Paula continued, her voice dripping with false concern. "Turn yourself in. Your brother and I can still find a way to help you."