

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 361

Chapter 361 It Was Protection

Inside a room at the hotel, two people were watching a live broadcast of what was happening downstairs.

Mason was utterly bewildered. “Why is Jonathan suddenly Vivian’s son?”

After arriving in Tudela, Nathaniel asked people to keep an eye on Cecilia.

He informed Mason that it wasn’t stalking but protection.

Thus, he had the bodyguards filmed everything that was happening downstairs.

Upon hearing what Mason had said, Nathaniel was not surprised at all. They were best friends, after all, so Vivian borrowing her son should be quite normal.

At that moment, he wondered if he should make his entrance, but he was still blind. She can borrow Cecilia’s son, but not her husband. I don’t want to be the husband of another woman.

He instructed Mason, “Go take care of this matter.” A friend of Ceci’s is a friend of mine. How can I allow my friend to be bullied?

“Understood,” replied Mason.

Although Ernest was a top-notch lawyer, there wasn’t anything that money couldn’t manipulate..

Meanwhile, back at the wedding banquet, the commotion at the entrance startled the guests. One by one, they turned to watch the spectacle.

Astonished, Ernest helped his mother up.

Greta also didn’t expect Vivian to have a son at that age, which immediately made her unwilling to accept it.

After all, her son dated Vivian, and even though her son was only just getting married, Vivian already had a child.

Greta recalled the last time they met was years 60. The boy in front of her appeared to be around four years old, so she was angry that Vivian still sought to cling to Ernest.

“The wealthiest and most influential man in Tudela? What a joke! I think your mother’s been feeding you lies,” said Greta, pointing at Jonathan. “Did your father abandon you?”

Is that why she's clinging to my son? Let me tell you, my son won't be anyone's substitute."

Greta's words were as harsh as they could possibly be.

Jonathan was feeling rather anxious. During the standoff between Cecilia and Greta, he called the young man he hired. The latter had assured him that he was on his way, yet still hadn't arrived.

At that time, Mason had already reached the ground floor. When he heard what Greta said, he felt a surge of anger. He was about to step forward to handle the situation when he suddenly

Mason immediately halted, feeling there was no longer any need for him to make his

"Am I not considered the most powerful man in Tudela?" Zachary, impeccably dressed in a dark tuxedo suit, walked in, surrounded by bodyguards. "Who said I don't want my son?"

When he came in, he spotted Cecilia, and his step faltered, almost ruining everything. Why is Cecilia here as well?

Cecilia also didn't expect Zachary to show up. Didn't he already know that Jonathan isn't his illegitimate son?

Vivian was even more dumbfounded. The man Jonathan found, who is supposedly better than Ernest, is Zachary? Why is it him?

Immediately, Ernest recognized the man standing before him.

However, his mother didn't recognize Zachary. "Who are you?"

One of her more perceptive relatives spoke up. "Isn't he Mr. Sinclair? He's the scion of the Sinclair family, which owns the largest medical institution in the entire country."

Zachary's claim of being the most powerful and influential man in Tudela was not without reason.

Upon hearing that, Greta was completely taken aback.

Zachary, however, didn't look at her. Instead, he walked straight up to Vivian and took her hand. "I told you, there's no need to attend your ex-boyfriend's wedding. Yet, you, being a big dummy, didn't get the hint. You kept going on about etiquette, saying it would be impolite not to go after receiving the invitation. People aren't showing you any courtesy now, are they?"

When Zachary held Vivian's hand, she, for some reason, suddenly gained the courage and strength to speak.

Smiling, she said, "I was ignorant. I misjudged him."

"It's never too late to learn, right, son?" Zachary said, looking at Jonathan.

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Chapter 362 Let me Take you There

Jonathan's face darkened. How on earth did this guy get ahold of the invitation I had sent?

He had the audacity to take advantage of him and now, he had no choice but to play along with him.

"Daddy, you're right about everything," he said.

At that moment, the three of them stood together, looking like a picture-perfect family.

Ernest watched the beautiful scene unfold before him. The sight was so touching that it almost brought tears to his eyes.

Outwardly, he remained composed. "Apologies, Mr. Sinclair, for the poor hospitality."

Upon hearing those words, Zachary turned to him and narrowed his eyes. His gaze was as hard as steel and as cold as ice.

He spoke slowly, "It's not just about the poor hospitality. You've also insulted my wife and son. How are we going to settle this? You're a lawyer, right? Do you have the confidence to win your own lawsuit?"

For the Sinclair family, snuffing out Ernest's life would be inconsequential.

Ernest knew where he stood. "I'm sorry. I owe you all an apology here."

Zachary refused to accept his apology. Instead, he turned to Vivian, Jonathan, and Cecilia and said, "Let's head back. There's no need for us to attend this wedding."

The crowd watched as they departed.

Ernest's handsome features were tense.

After that, Zachary's wealthy acquaintances did not dare to be present at the wedding. They found excuses to leave.

Greta stopped them at the door and asked, "You haven't even eaten yet! Why are you leaving so soon?"

One of them grumbled, "You've offended the Sinclair family. Who would dare to dine at your banquet now?"

Greta understood now that she had deeply offended someone that she should not have.

On their way from the hotel, Zachary and Vivian exchanged quiet words as they walked.

"You claimed that Jon isn't my son. Tell me, did you tamper with the paternity test when I got it done?"

Zachary recalled that, during the time when the paternity test was being conducted, Vivian had

come to see Jonathan. He could not guarantee that the procedure had gone smoothly.

That boy is so clever. What if he had switched the hair used for the test?

Just a moment ago, Vivian had been feeling incredibly grateful to Zachary for helping her out of a tight spot, but now, she felt like she needed to chew him out.

"I already told you that I did no such thing," she insisted.

"Is he really Ernest's son then?" Zachary did not think they resembled each other at all.

Ernest had fine, delicate features, while Jonathan had a sharp and angular face. As he grew up, he would definitely begin to exude a masculine aura that could not be further from Ernest's pretty boy looks.

After what happened at the wedding, Vivian simply did not want to keep deceiving herself and others anymore.

"Of course not."

"So, you're still being stubborn then?" A smirk played at the corners of Zachary's mouth.

Vivian kept her lips pressed tightly together.

Following closely behind the two of them, Cecilia was feeling utterly bewildered. She was still unable to process the events that had happened earlier.

When did Zachary become such a nice guy? He's even helped Vivian out of a tight spot back there!

She was completely oblivious to Jonathan who was walking beside her and glaring at Zachary with a silent resentment.

It's just unbelievable! Why was Zachary the one who showed up?

Finally, they made it outside to where an extra-long Lincoln was parked, flanked by two black cars bearing bodyguards on either side.

After reading the note from Jonathan, Zachary understood that his role for the day was to play the supportive part.

Although he was known for his arrogant nature, it was rare for him to behave as ostentatiously as he did that day. Every inch of him had reeked money, power, and control.

"Get in the car," Zachary said to Vivian.

Then, he turned back to Cecilia, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

"Where are you going? Let me take you there." He felt a deep sense of guilt toward Cecilia. He avoided her eyes.

Cecilia knew that he was trying to engage her in a conversation, but she dismissed him coldly. Zachary choked on his reply.

He wanted to say something more, but Vivian had already taken Jonathan's hand.

"We'll leave together. There's no need to trouble you. Goodbye."

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Zachary watched as the three of them walked away from him. His handsome features drooped. "Not even a thank you."

He settled himself into the car.

Inside the luxurious car, there was an old man with a head full of gray hair. "You good-for-nothing brat," he scolded. "Don't you know how to chase after a woman if she says no the first time? Have you never heard of 'persistence'?"

The speaker was Zachary's grandfather. He had truly poured his heart and soul into arranging Zachary's marriage.

If Zachary had not casually mentioned the note written by Jonathan about looking for his father, the old man would have been none the wiser.

However, once he had heard about it, he had insisted that Zachary rush over to them. He had even threatened Zachary that if he did not do as he was told, he would not live to see tomorrow's sun rise.

That was the reason why Zachary had suddenly come to the rescue.

"Do I seem like the kind of person who doesn't know how to take a hint?" Zachary retorted.

The old man picked up his walking stick and waved it menacingly at Zachary: "Listen to me! I've set my heart on having Vivian as my granddaughter-in-law. No matter what it takes, you must marry her."

After he had first laid eyes on Vivian, he had immediately ordered his men to investigate the girl. Her background had been found to be clean and faultless.

After having her practicing certificate revoked, she had not fallen into despair. Even when she was reduced to a regular secretary, she had worked diligently.

However, the most important point was that he believed Vivian would be able to control his grandson.

Zachary could not comprehend what his grandfather saw in Vivian, but he agreed with his assessment.

At the same time, after successfully resolving the matter, Mason went back to report the results to Nathaniel.

Upon Cecilia and the others arriving home, they still could not understand how and why Zachary had shown up at the wedding ceremony.

Suddenly, Vivian recalled that Jonathan had told her last week that he would help her find a man who was even better than Ernest.

She turned to Jonathan and asked, "Jon, is Zachary the man that you were talking about?"

Jonathan hastily shook his head. "Of course not."

"So, where's this special man you've found?" Vivian asked.

Jonathan found himself at a loss for words.

Cecilia felt puzzled as she listened to the conversation between the two of them.

"What do you mean by 'special man?'"

Upon being questioned by Cecilia, the two of them were instantly too afraid to respond.

However, under Cecilia's stern gaze, they quickly confessed.

It was then that Cecilia discovered that Jonathan had often visited the Elite Club, a place frequented by the wealthy young elites. Zachary, too, frequented the club.

"Perhaps Zachary saw Jon and intercepted him when Jon was at the Elite Club," Cecilia analyzed.

After speaking, her face turned serious. "Jon, Vivian, how could you two go behind my back like this? What if you ended up with a conman?"

Vivian and Jonathan listened in silence, not daring to utter a word.

Cecilia was terrifying when she got angry.

Vivian was touched when she thought about how Cecilia had angrily confronted Greta on her behalf earlier that day.

She wrapped her arms around Cecilia's waist: "Ceci, what would I have done without you?"

Cecilia had wanted to nag them some more, but as Vivian embraced her, she could not bear to scold her any longer.

"You silly goose."

Friendship, to her, was all about mutual support. She firmly believed that if she ever found herself in trouble, Vivian would undoubtedly stand up for her as well,

Jonathan, the clever boy, quickly seized the opportunity to chime in and say, "Mommy, I can't live without you either! I'll listen to your words from now on."

Cecilia's heart had softened. All her anger at the two of them melted away immediately.

Secretly, Jonathan made a note to himself to learn how to act cute and charming from Elliot for situations like this.

That night, Cecilia and Jonathan slept over at Vivian's home.

Over at the Rainsworth residence, Elena, who had sent her people to congratulate Ernest on his wedding, just learnt about the commotion that had occurred at the ceremony.

“So, you’re saying that Vivian took Jonathan with her and claimed him to be Zachary’s son?”

Elena clearly remembered Zachary telling her that there had been a mistake and that the child. was not his.

So, she had assumed that Jonathan Ernest and Vivian’s son.

It doesn’t make sense! If the child was Ernest’s or Zachary’s, why would his surname be Smith?

The secretary went on to say, “Ms. Smith was there as well, and she really chewed out Greta.”

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Chapter 364 When Did You Arrive

The Ms. Smith referred to by the secretary was naturally Cecilia.

“Cecilia?”

Elena looked at her secretary, her mind filled with various conjectures, but she never thought that Jonathan would turn out to be Cecilia’s son.

“Could it be possible that Jon’s father is Cecilia’s relative?”

The secretary also thought it was possible. “It seems that Cecilia’s mother and younger brother recently returned to Tudela.”

Elena’s expression instantly turned cold when she heard that Paula had returned.

“They wouldn’t be thinking of leeching off the Rainsworth family again, would they?”

The secretary informed Elena that Paula had married a wealthy businessman overseas with the surname Evans and was now financially comfortable.

Elena had an even lower opinion of Paula, seeing her as nothing more than a useless woman who could only survive by relying on men.

After their conversation veered off course, Elena simply forgot about the matter concerning Jonathan.

“By the way, how is Nathaniel doing now?”

“Mr. Nathaniel hardly ever left the house. He spent his days indoors.”

The secretary couldn't help but feel sympathy as she thought about the once mighty and proud Nathaniel, who had surprisingly fallen so far from grace.

Elena let out a sigh. "It's all because he didn't listen to me. If he had a child earlier, I wouldn't have ended up leaving him in that remote place."

Additionally, she was afraid that Nathaniel would expose Nicholas' falsified identity.

By then, there would be no place for Elena in the Rainsworth family.

"Tomorrow is Blue Christmas, right? Does the company have any new plans?"

The secretary handed over the recent event plans to Elena for review.

"Mdm. Elena, I've noticed that the renowned foreign composer, Ms. Cecille, has recently released a new piece that has made it to the trending list. If Central Media could acquire this song, it would significantly boost the popularity of our artists, whether it's for a new drama or for our singers."

Due to the previous incident with Stella, Central Media's reputation had taken quite a hit.

"Sure."

Early the next morning, Cecilia first dropped off Jonathan at the preschool. Afterward, she returned to Sparaville.

She was exceptionally tired from all the traveling.

Unexpectedly, Charlotte brought more good news. "Boss, did you know? Orion Corporation also wants your song-

"Orion Corporation? Not Central Media?"

Central Media was merely a small subsidiary under the vast umbrella of Orion Corporation.

"Yes, it's Orion Corporation that wants your new song. I've already filled out the contact person's phone number for you. Oh, and do you remember that mysterious big shot from before? The one who said he'd pay a fortune for your song? He also promised not to buy them outright. Also, Cassandra has returned to the country. If you're interested in collaborating with the Evans family, you could arrange a meeting with her."

Charlotte meticulously planned every detail, ensuring Cecilia's itinerary was fully organized in advance.

First, she would have a conversation with Orion Corporation, followed by a discussion with the mysterious big shot, and finally, a meeting with Cassandra.

It was clear as day who among them had more money.

“Don’t worry. We still have two days until Christmas.” After some thought, Cecilia asked, “Lottie, do you think we need to change our approach?”

“What approach?” Charlotte was somewhat bewildered.

“I’m thinking of releasing my own music. What do you think?”

Cecilia had already secured the funds, which were the eight billion that Nathaniel did not want.

“That’s a great idea. We used to do it all for the money.”

“Right, so first we release it. If they need to discuss copyright cooperation later, we can talk then.”

“All right.”

After hanging up the phone, Cecilia heavily sank into the couch, closing her eyes to rest.

Suddenly, a large hand scooped her up from the couch. As she opened her eyes, she found herself gazing at Nathaniel’s magnified handsome face.

“Go back to your room to sleep. Sleeping here could easily give you a cold.”

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Nathaniel was a little upset. He’d been there for quite a while, even heard her words, yet she had no idea when he’d arrived.

She still doesn’t care much about me.

“I just got here,” he lied.

“Oh.” Cecilia brushed his hand away.

“I’ll just rest on the couch for a while. You don’t need to worry about me.”

Nathaniel, however, swiftly pulled her into his embrace.

They hadn’t seen each other for two days.

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Chapter 365 You Are Free To Leave

“What are you doing? Let go.”

Cecilia was about to push him away, but he only held her tighter and gently grasped Cecilia’s small hand with his other hand.

“Don’t move. We wouldn’t want to harm our child.”

After he finished speaking, another thought came to him. “By my calculations, it should be almost three months now, right? Let’s go for a prenatal checkup today.”

Cecilia frowned. He just remembered?

“I went for a checkup a while ago. The child is very healthy. And let me repeat, the child is not yours.

Nathaniel was unfazed. He picked up Cecilia and headed upstairs.

“Nathaniel, put me down. I’m not going back to the room,” Cecilia demanded, gripping his arm tightly.

Nathaniel, seemingly impervious to pain, refused to let go.

Cecilia realized that he had been overstepping his bounds these days.

After carrying her into the room, Nathaniel gently closed the door behind him and carefully placed her on the bed..

“Listen to me.”

Cecilia was somewhat speechless. She hadn’t expected that even with his blindness, she was still no match for him physically.

She was truly tired. She couldn’t be bothered to deal with Nathaniel anymore and unknowingly drifted off to sleep.

Nathaniel listened to the woman’s steady breathing, ensuring she was sound asleep before he left the room.

Mason had been waiting outside for quite some time.

Upon seeing him emerge, he immediately opened the car door.

The car pulled into the most luxurious building in Sparaville.

The country's finest psychiatrists were present, and the place was filled with an array of equipment.

Lying on a piece of equipment, Nathaniel continued his treatment. Recently, it seemed that his memory was becoming increasingly clear.

For reasons unknown, the clearer things became, the more he felt enveloped by loneliness.

Most of his childhood memories had resurfaced, and images of his past with Cecilia began to emerge in his mind.

Images of their wedding moment surfaced, along with the realization of being played. The countless mocking gazes and words directed at him were vivid in his memory.

Suddenly, Nathaniel opened his eyes. His face was filled with a chilling aura.

"Mr. Rainsworth, are you okay?" the doctor asked in a hurry, having just noticed that Nathaniel's heartbeat was erratic and his brainwaves were weak.

Nathaniel tightly clenched his hand, his forehead slick with a sheen of perspiration. "I'm fine," he assured.

"That's it for today's treatment," the doctor immediately stated.

If things were to continue in this manner, he feared that Nathaniel would not be able to cope for a while.

Nathaniel did not persist with his request.

On the journey back home by car, he remained silent throughout.

His sight was shrouded in darkness. He was unable to see at all. It seemed to perfectly mirror the intentions of certain individuals.

"Mr. Rainsworth, we've arrived," said Mason.

"Okay."

Nathaniel stepped out of the car.

Mason watched him return to the house.

Cecilia had awakened. She was assisting the chef in the kitchen.

Seeing Nathaniel return, she asked, “How’s your memory recovery going?”

Even though he recalled the humiliating memories of the past, when he heard Cecilia’s voice, his breath hitched as if he had done something wrong. He avoided her gaze.

“The doctor said my memory can’t be restored,” Nathaniel replied in a muted tone, “but the physical injuries have mostly healed.”

When he lost his memory, he assured Cecilia that he would definitely find a way to regain his memories.

But now that some of his memories had returned, he didn’t dare to tell her.

Nathaniel approached, a serious look on his face. “So, you really want me to regain my memory?”

“Of course, once you’ve regained your memory, you’re free to leave,” Cecilia promptly replied.

So this was the plan all along?

Nathaniel’s lips curled into a self-mocking smirk.

Cecilia hadn’t noticed his change. “Come over here and serve the dishes. Why are you just standing there like a fool? I don’t keep those who eat for free.”

Nathaniel’s throat tightened once again.

Though he was reluctant to heed Cecilia’s words, his legs had acted before his mind, carrying him in front of the woman. Without thinking, he reached out his hand.

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Chapter 366 If They Are Ugly

Given that Nathaniel was being so cooperative now, it wasn’t fair for Cecilia to keep giving him a hard time. She simply tasked him with things that were within his capabilities.

Sometimes, those matters were secretly handled by Mason.

During dinner that night, Nathaniel suddenly said, “I’ve found a job. From now on, I’ll take care of the household expenses.

After saying that, he returned the living expense card that Cecilia had given him.

A vague recollection had already formed in his mind. Naturally, he knew this card was not something Cecilia had given him because she was worried about him..

Cecilia looked at the bank card he handed over to her, puzzled by the job he mentioned.

Jonathan voiced the question that had been bothering Cecilia. "Mr. Rainsworth, what kind of job have you found?"

Nathaniel's new company had already been established. He would always use the excuse of going out for treatment to visit the office.

"Charitable aid for the disabled," replied Nathaniel solemnly.

Now that he was blind, he had no choice but to use this excuse.

Astonishment filled the eyes of everyone else seated at the dining table.

Cecilia understood Nathaniel's past better than anyone. She knew that his philanthropy was never genuine, but rather a strategy for the company's reputation.

It was beyond belief that he would work in disability aid now.

Since things had already changed and he was wholeheartedly striving for goodness, Cecilia decided to gradually alter her perception of him.

"How much could your job possibly pay? Just use my card."

The everyday expenses were now manageable for her. She was no longer the jobless housewife she once was,

"It's fine."

Nathaniel left the card on the table, not touching any food before he departed.

Cecilia didn't really mind. After all, they were living together as a family, and he too had to shoulder a part of the living expenses.

Having understood this principle, Cecilia decided to take back the bank card.

However, she neglected to check the card's balance. Had she done so, she would have seen that not a single penny had been spent.

The next day was Christmas Day..

Cecilia had already discussed with Charlotte, deciding that the premiere of the song would take place domestically.

Once the song was released, they would see its result.

That night, Cecilia had a good sleep. She woke up early the next morning.

She hadn't expected Nathaniel to rise earlier than herself. By the time she descended the stairs, the man was already on his way out.

"Can

SUIL.

you manage to go out on your own?" Cecilia casually asked, eyeing him in his neatly dressed

Nathaniel stopped in his tracks. "Someone from the company will come to pick me up."

Cecilia was once again taken aback. For the average person, not only would they not be picked up by a company car for a job, but they would also get their salary deducted if they were late. Yet, he was surprisingly given the luxury of a private car service.

After watching Nathaniel depart, Cecilia went to prepare breakfast for Jonathan and Sven.

Because the preschool where Jonathan attended was simply too far away, Cecilia had no choice but to ask Sven for help.

Sven didn't refuse either. His duty was to protect Cecilia, who was his boss.

Nathaniel walked out. Both the driver and Mason were waiting on the roadside.

After getting in the car, Nathaniel asked Mason in a serious tone. "What does Cecilia's bodyguard look like?"

Back when they were abroad, Nathaniel had asked Mason to investigate Sven, but the information they had gathered was minimal.

Nathaniel's memory hadn't fully recovered. He couldn't recall what Sven looked like.

Upon hearing his sudden question, Mason vividly described, "He appears to be of mixed heritage, with strikingly defined features, and a tall, imposing stature."

To put it in one word, he was simply handsome.

Nathaniel's face looked rather grim. "Pick out a few reliable bodyguards for me."

“We have quite a few options at our disposal. Which reliable one would you prefer?” Mason. asked. someone with an average appearance. It’s better if they’re ugly.”

“Huh?” Mason was dumbfounded for a while.

Nathaniel added. “It’s safer if they’re ugly.”

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Chapter 367 Be Content

It would be dangerous if they were too handsome.

Nathaniel found his thoughts drifting toward Calvin. He turned to Mason and asked, “Is Calvin still alive?”

“He was seriously injured and was rescued by his subordinates. Now he’s receiving treatment abroad,” Mason replied.

Nathaniel furrowed his brow deeply.

He didn’t die. He truly has a strong will to live.

The release of Cecilia’s new song shot straight up to the fifth spot on the trending list. Numerous collaborators sought to work with her, and there was no shortage of people specifically requesting her songwriting talents.

While Charlotte was responding to the business partners, she simultaneously dialed Cecilia’s number. “Boss, we just got word from Cassandra. She’s listened to the song and she absolutely loves it. She wants to buy it to be her exclusive piece.”

Cecilia couldn’t help but recall the dance video she had seen of Cassandra a few days ago. Indeed, her ballet was a perfect match for her song.

“I’ll need to think it over.”

“Okay. Oh right, that mysterious big shot mentioned wanting to meet you in person to discuss. the partnership.”

That mysterious big shot is indeed persistent.

Having seen Simon’s past actions, Cecilia did not want to engage with him.

“I won’t go.”

“But he assured you that once you went, you wouldn’t regret it. He also promised to invest in our company,” Charlotte said.

“Nothing is free in this world. Lottie, it’s best for us to focus on our work earnestly.”

“All right, Boss.”

Charlotte was quite curious about why the mysterious big shot was so adamant about meeting Cecilia, especially considering they had expressed willingness to invest a whopping ten billion.

With such a substantial amount of money, it was clear that the mysterious big shot wasn’t a minor player.

But because Cecilia was unwilling, she couldn’t continue the conversation. All she could do was politely decline the other party.

However, the other party was quite extraordinary. They even purchased the copyright of the songs that Cecilia previously released.

Upon her return to the mansion, Cassandra received a message from Cecille’s company stating that exclusive copyright was not feasible.

Her attractive brows furrowed slightly. “I simply must have exclusive rights to this song.”

Paula walked up to her side.

“Cassandra, what’s wrong? Who has upset you?”

Cassandra showed her the phone. “I really wanted this song, but unfortunately, the other party wouldn’t grant me exclusive rights.”

Paula took a glance at the phone handed to her.

She murmured, “Ms. Cecille...”

“Yeah, she’s a very famous composer from abroad.”

“Could we possibly strike a deal if we manage to find her?” Paula asked.

Cassandra shook her head. “No one has ever seen Ms. Cecille’s true face.”

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Paula’s mouth.

“Leave this matter to me.”

She was once a renowned international dancer. Through her work in choreography, she had met numerous people. A little investigation should reveal who Cecille was.

Upon hearing that her mother had a solution, Cassandra was overjoyed and embraced her tightly.

“Mom, you’re the best.”

Paula’s face was filled with kindness.

When Magnus descended the stairs, the scene that unfolded before his eyes was inexplicably jarring.

“Mom, Cassandra,” he called out obediently.

Cassandra looked at him disdainfully. She merely grunted in response before retreating to her room as if she were avoiding a rodent.

Magnus noticed her disdain, feeling a discomfort in his heart. However, he couldn’t let it show.

Upon noticing his wounds had healed, Paula asked, “Is there something you need?”

“Mom, when will I get the money Dad promised to sponsor me with?” Magnus asked.

He certainly didn’t want to keep living in someone else’s home..

The Evans residence had never been his home.

At the mention of money, a subtle change came over Paula’s face, and she took a sip of her coffee.

“Magnus, listen to me. Be content with what you have now and let go of any other aspirations. Business just isn’t your forte.”

The meaning of this statement couldn’t have been clearer. There was no money to be had.

In an instant, Magnus understood. Ralph and Paula had been conspiring to deceive him all along.

But now, he found himself powerless and insignificant. He was no match for Ralph. Even Cassandra had the audacity to show him disdain.

Cecilia wouldn’t dare to treat him this way.

Magnus' thoughts naturally drifted to Nathaniel. An idea sprang to his mind in an instant. If Ralph was unwilling to lend him money, then he could always approach his brother-in-law for some.

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Chapter 368 Sven Is Capable Enough

As the CEO of Orion Corporation, Nathaniel was far from lacking in wealth.

With these thoughts in mind, Magnus took action. He promptly drove toward the towering edifice of Orion Corporation.

He was initially worried that Nathaniel wouldn't see him. However, after the receptionist at the front desk contacted the CEO's office secretary, he was surprised to be invited upstairs.

What he didn't know was that the man sitting in the CEO's office wasn't his brother-in-law, Nathaniel. It was actually Nathaniel's identical twin brother, Nicholas.

“Nathaniel.”

Magnus looked at the elegantly dressed Nicholas standing before him.

Nicholas looked up at him. “What brings you here?”

“Nathaniel, I would like to ask for your financial support. I intend to restore Smith Corporation to its former glory.”

Smith Corporation had once built their fortune from a small factory, all thanks to the efforts of Magnus' grandfather, Aston Smith. Aston had even achieved the status of being the wealthiest man in Tudela at one point, becoming a legend in the northern region.

However, once it fell into the hands of Regas, the business slowly started to decline. After he took over, it was on a fast track to bankruptcy.

Magnus was unwilling to accept it. If Aston could create legends, he could too.

Nicholas knew he came for money. His assistant, Jocelyn, had inquired about Magnus. In the past, after Cecilia married Nathaniel, he frequently sought Nathaniel's help.

It was unfortunate that Nathaniel had always despised him and was absolutely unwilling to help him.

Little did he expect him to come knocking on their door once again.

“Nathaniel, I know you genuinely care for my sister. If you agree to support me, I promise I’ll convince her to drop this whole divorce idea.”

He had pleaded with Nathaniel several times before but was always rejected.

The reason why he dared to come this time was due to Nathaniel’s previous act of standing up for Cecilia.

As a man, he understood all too well that only when he truly cared for a woman would he help her.

Nicholas sat quietly, his slender hand tapping rhythmically on the desk as he absorbed every word. At last, he broke his silence.

“Have your sister come and talk to me, then I’ll help you.”

Excitement filled Magnus’ eyes. “All right, I’ll go find her immediately.”

He didn’t waste time and immediately left the office.

As soon as he left, Jocelyn couldn’t help but furrow her brows. “Mr. Nicholas, are you really going to help him? According to my investigation, he’s nothing but a fool, not at all like Old Mr. Smith. Giving him money would be like throwing it into the water.”

Nathaniel was not unaware. He just wanted to see someone.

He had assumed that as soon as he returned, Cecilia would surely seek him out and inquire about everything.

But she didn’t.

Even though she now knew that he and Nathaniel were not the same person, she had never confronted him about it.

In the end, Nicholas did not respond to Jocelyn.

In Sparaville, Cecilia had listed all the potential business partners.

All of these were from within the country, but she didn’t have an agent there.

“Boss, should I fly back?” Charlotte suggested.

Since Cecilia preferred to stay out of the public eye, most collaborations were negotiated by Charlotte, with Cecilia generally operating behind the scenes.

“All right, thank you. I’ll give you a raise,” said Cecilia.

“No worries.”

Charlotte hung up the phone and immediately purchased a plane ticket.

After handling her affairs, Cecilia settled down on the couch, ready to close her eyes and take a brief rest.

The door was pushed open from the outside, and a chill swept in. As she opened her eyes, she saw Nathaniel, trailed by several bodyguards clad in suits and leather shoes.

“Who are they?”

“Bodyguards. Select one to escort Jon to school from now on. The rest can protect you,” Nathaniel said solemnly.

Cecilia’s gaze fell upon them. She wasn’t one to judge a book by its cover, but she found it hard to

“No need. Sven is capable enough to send Jon to school and protect me.”

After some contemplation, Nathaniel voiced his concern. “I’m uneasy about Sven.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 369

Chapter 369 You Are An Adult Now

It was clear that Cecilia had misunderstood Nathaniel’s expression of concern.

She promptly informed Nathaniel that Sven was exceptionally strong and capable of handling ten people on his own. He was calm and even-tempered, preferring to work hard rather than talk much.

Despite his many merits, Nathaniel increasingly felt the need to let him go.

“Ask them all to leave. I don’t like strangers,” Cecilia added.

Does she not like strangers, or she simply doesn’t like the ugly ones?

Nathaniel didn’t dare to ask. He had the bodyguards leave first..

Since Cecilia didn’t agree, Nathaniel decided to approach the matter through Sven.

Cecilia merely regarded Nathaniel’s enthusiasm as a fleeting interest. She didn’t really care about the matter at all.

Meanwhile, having learned of Cecillas,

from Paula, Magnus set off for Sparaville.

When he arrived at Cecilia's residence, it was already ten o'clock at night.

At this time, everyone was already resting.

Braving the cold wind, Magnus knocked on the door.

Cecilia hadn't yet fallen asleep. When she heard a knock at the door, she crawled out of her cozy bed to answer it.

She opened the door and saw Magnus, bundled up in a down jacket, with snowflakes settled all over him.

Without uttering another word, Magnus was about to enter the house, but he was stopped at the door by Cecilia.

"What are you doing here?"

"Let's talk inside."

It was too cold outside.

Cecilia looked at him warily, not allowing him to enter. "If there's something you want, say it

here."

If it had been in the past, Magnus would have pushed her away immediately. But now, he was in need of help and could do nothing but stand at the doorway, enduring the chilling wind.

"Sis, could you do me a favor?"

A smirk of cold mockery tugged at the corner of Cecilia's mouth. "Mr. Magnus. I'm not your sister," she reminded him. "Don't forget, you were the one who said that a deaf person like me is unworthy of being your sister."

"That's just childish talk. I never took it seriously. Why should you, right?" Magnus said, glancing

around the room.

She has a perfectly good Daltonia Villa to live in, yet she chose to stay in such a rundown place. She must be out of her mind.

Though he harbored these thoughts, he dared not say it out loud. “Sis. could you consider this as helping the Smith family? I yearn for a revival. All it requires is a small sacrifice from you, which could hardly be called a sacrifice...”

“Sacrifice? Who are you planning to sell me to this time?” Cecilia coldly stared at him. her fists clenched tightly.

“I just want you to meet my brother-in-law once. As long as you agree to see him, he’ll agree to help us rebuild Smith Corporation.” Magnus placed his hand on Cecilia’s shoulder, looking straight at her. “Sis, don’t you want to rebuild Smith Corporation? Are you really willing to let Grandpa and Dad’s hard work go to waste?”

Brother-in-law....

Cecilia was bewildered..

“Who is this brother-in-law you’re talking about?”

“Of course, it’s Nathaniel. I met him today at Orion Corporation. He said that if you talk to him, he can help me,” Magnus replied without hesitation.

A sudden tension gripped Cecilia’s mind.

She knew that the person at Orion Corporation was not Nathaniel, but Nicholas.

Her eyelashes drooped slightly. For a moment, she didn’t know what to say.

She had also considered meeting Nicholas to discuss past matters.

However, she was already a mother of two children and was pregnant once again. The the past. It was time to move on.

“I don’t want to see him.”

After meeting with Nicholas, what then? Rekindle old flames or reminisce about the past?

past was

Cecilia looked at Magnus’ handsome face, which bore a striking resemblance to their father’s. “Magnus, you’re an adult now. Don’t always rely on others for everything. It’s best to depend on ourselves in this world.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 370

Chapter 370 Is Someone Crying

Magnus hadn't expected that Cecilia would not only reject him but also lecture him. In response, he gripped Cecilia's shoulders tightl

"Why bother with all the chatter if you're not willing to help? I knew I couldn't rely on you. You're content with your downfall, yet you expect me to follow suit and lead a life of mediocrity? Absolutely not! I'll have you know, I am the grandson of the wealthiest man. I will restore the glory of Smith Corporation. You, on the other hand, are not worthy to be a part of the Smith family!"

After finishing his words, Magnus forcefully pushed Cecilia away.

Cecilia staggered back several steps, nearly tumbling onto the ground.

A strong arm caught her.

"Are you okay?" Nathaniel's deep voice resonated beside her ear.

Cecilia was just about to send him back to his room, but it was already too late. Magnus saw Nathaniel, his face a picture of confusion.

"Nathaniel, why... why are you here? Since you're here, why did you ask me to get my sister to discuss things with you at Orion Corporation?"

Magnus simply couldn't discern that the person before his eyes was not the same one he had encountered during the day.

Nathaniel didn't bother to explain himself.

"Scram!" came a chilly command.

Magnus completely lost his earlier arrogance, fleeing outward.

After he left, a subtle pain began to gnaw at Cecilia's stomach.

"Nathaniel, my stomach hurts."

Panic filled Cecilia's eyes as she tightly clutched onto Nathaniel's clothing.

The pain was secondary. She was terrified something might happen to her child.

Back then, she had almost miscarried Jonathan and Elliot.

Nathaniel held her tightly. "I'm taking you to the hospital right away."

"Okay."

He picked up the phone and made a call.

The driver drove the car over in less than a minute.

On the way to the hospital, Cecilia clung onto Nathaniel's clothing with one hand, while the other gently rested on her stomach.

Only those who had been pregnant would understand the kind of fear it brings.

Baby, you must hold on.

Finally, they arrived at the hospital where the doctors conducted a thorough examination on Cecilia.

Nathaniel waited outside and made a call to have someone look into Magnus' affairs.

He still remembered what Magnus had just said, that it was he himself who had sent him to find Cecilia.

Another version of myself... Isn't that Nicholas?

What does Nicholas want with Cecilia?

Why can't I remember anything?

His memory had still not fully returned.

Not long after, the investigator called back with a report. "This afternoon, Magnus visited Nicholas at Orion Corporation. It's unclear what the purpose of the visit was, but he left with a smile. After he left, he drove straight to Sparaville."

Nathaniel roughly understood the situation.

At this point, Cecilia's examination was complete. The doctor indicated that there were signs of a potential miscarriage. Fortunately, she was brought in just in time, and it was crucial for her to take good care of herself to protect the baby.

After expressing her gratitude to the doctor, Cecilia held the anti-abortion prescribed and followed Nathaniel back home.

"Thanks for today."

If it hadn't been for Nathaniel's timely intervention, she would have fallen to the ground and the consequences would have been unimaginable.

Nathaniel felt her hand constantly clutching the corner of his clothes. He reached out and held her. "You're my wife. There's no need to thank me."

His grip was firm around Cecilia's hand, exceptionally warm. She glanced at Nathaniel a few times before finally pulling her hand away.

Perhaps it was due to past trauma that caused a lingering fear.

She truly didn't dare to entrust herself to Nathaniel again.

The silence inside the car was almost eerie.

At last, they arrived home.

Cecilia helped Nathaniel out of the car. As they reached the entrance, she abruptly heard the sound of sobbing.

Is someone crying?

She swiftly walked in, turning on the light for a quick look.