

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 421

Chapter 421 When Did He Come Back

Vivian soon realized that the change Martha referred to was solely because of Cecilia.

Nonetheless, there was indeed a noticeable improvement in the way Nathaniel spoke to Martha.

After the team of specialists arrived, they brought along an array of sophisticated medical equipment.

Vivian was amazed. “Ceci, did you find these specialists and medical equipment on your own?”

“Nathaniel helped source them,” Cecilia admitted.

She remained unaware of whether Nathaniel’s involvement was the reason she had managed to secure this team of specialists.

Although Martha was aware, Nathaniel had urged her not to disclose it to Cecilia.

He didn’t want Cecilia to stay in a relationship with him out of a sense of obligation. He didn’t want her to feel indebted to him.

That was also why Martha believed Nathaniel had changed.

The specialists then spent the entire morning examining and treating her.

Once finished, one of the specialists turned to Cecilia and said, “Ms. Smith, while age-related diseases cannot be fully cured, we can extend a person’s lifespan through surgery.”

“Understood. When can we schedule the surgery?”

“First, she needs to take the medication for a while. We’ll arrange the surgery appointment afterward,” the specialist replied.

After a final round of discussion with the specialists, Cecilia escorted them out.

Returning to Martha, she offered reassurance. “The specialists said surgery will significantly improve your health.”

Martha, aware of her condition, didn’t want Cecilia to fret. With a warm smile, she replied, “That’s good to hear. I just want to spend more time with all of you.”

Cecilia hummed in response.

Vivian continued to console Martha, and the atmosphere at home was particularly harmonious that day.

Nathaniel had to head to the office. Once the specialist had left, he also departed from the house.

On the road, he called Mason. "Did you figure out what happened yesterday?"

"It's Nicholas,"

"How about the projects I told you to secure?"

"Everything went according to plan, Mr. Rainsworth," Mason assured. He was confident that it wouldn't be long before Nathaniel regained control of the company, well before the end of the year.

Nathaniel then ended the call.

Meanwhile, Vivian accompanied Cecilia to visit Elliot.

At that moment, Elliot lay on the bed in the hospital, gazing out the window with an icy expression.

A nurse approached and said gently, "Eli, your mommy's here to see you, and she brought a friend along."

Elliot's usual enthusiasm lit up his face. "Really? Yay!"

Vivian entered the ward ahead of Cecilia and found Elliot lying there, his resemblance to Jonathan striking, though his face was somewhat pale. Unable to resist, she reached out to caress his cheek. "Eli, sweetie, do you remember me?"

Elliot gently avoided her touch and replied playfully, "Ms. Kennedy, I might have forgotten you if you hadn't come to see me soon."

His words warmed Vivian's heart. "I'm sorry, Eli. Would it be all right if I visit you more often in the future?"

"Okay..." After speaking, Elliot turned his attention to Cecilia. To avoid being constantly petted by Vivian, he quickly stood up and went over to Cecilia. "Mommy, you're here."

Cecilia crouched down beside him and asked gently, "How have you been feeling lately?"

“I’m feeling great. It doesn’t hurt at all now.”

Cecilia didn’t expect him to put on a tough front. It’s leukemia. How could it possibly not hurt at all?

“Would it be all right if Vivian and I take you out to play today?” Cecilia asked.

Elliot immediately agreed. “Okay.”

Cecilia helped Elliot change his clothes, and the three of them left the hospital for a day out, exploring different areas of the zoo.

Unbeknownst to them, someone was discreetly capturing their moments on camera and recording their outing.

The photos and videos were then sent to Elena.

Upon receiving them, Elena looked at the images and footage with a furrowed brow. “Isn’t Jon still in Tudela? When did he come back?”

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Chapter 422 The Blind Date

The secretary shook her head. “I’m not entirely sure. The photos were taken by someone we sent, but because there were people trailing them from behind, our agent couldn’t get close.”

Ever since Nathaniel discovered the individual dispatched to investigate Cecilia and Jonathan, Elena had become exceedingly cautious. Consequently, the people she sent were now too wary to approach their residence.

Upon examining the photo, Elena realized how much remained undiscovered. “Continue with the investigation. I want to uncover all of Cecilia’s secrets.”

“Got it.”

Meanwhile, Cecilia and Vivian spent several hours playing with Elliot, However, they had to cut their outing short since Elliot couldn’t handle being out all day.

They had agreed to bring Elliot home a few days before the New Year’s celebration.

As they drove away from the hospital, Vivian reassured Cecilia, “Once the baby is born, we can use the umbilical cord blood for Elliot’s surgery. After that, he’ll be just like Jon.”

Cecilia nodded.

She gently rubbed her belly. "I wonder if it's a boy or a girl this time."

"It would be wonderful if it's a girl. You'd have the perfect pair of a son and a daughter. I'm sure Elliot and Jon would be thrilled with a little sister," Vivian mused.

Cecilia, too, hoped for a daughter but cherished the thought of loving either a son or a daughter. equally.

"By the way, Vivian, what's your plan?" Cecilia asked unexpectedly.

"What do you mean?"

"Your dad. How are you going to handle him?" Cecilia asked, sensing that her best friend might still be hung up on her first love, Ernest.

Leaning against the chair, Vivian gazed out the window. "I'm not sure. Seeing you with Nathaniel, and spending time with Elliot and Jon, I can't help but think maybe I should just follow advice and get married."

my dad's

"Vivian, don't marry just for the sake of it," Cecilia advised.

"Isn't that just how things work?" Vivian sighed. "Ceci, do you regret getting married?"

Cecilia took a moment to reflect before answering. "I regret marrying Nathaniel, but I have no regrets about having Elliot and Jon. So, I hope you won't take your marriage lightly."

"Oh well, I can't be bothered anymore." Vivian sighed, shaking her head. "Even marrying the one you love can lead to regrets. Marrying someone we don't love will probably end the same way. At least I won't be as heartbroken."

Cecilia understood that Vivian had made up her mind, and it wasn't her place to dissuade her any further. Everyone has their own path to follow. I just have to accept this as part of Vivian's journey in life.

After returning home and sharing a meal, Vivian prepared to leave.

As she said her goodbyes, Vivian gave Cecilia a warm hug. "I hope we both find happiness in our lives."

"I'm sure we will." Cecilia patted her shoulder.

Vivian then left reluctantly.

Once she got in the car, Vivian picked up her phone and called Roland. “Dad, I’ve made up my mind. Go ahead and set up that blind date for me.”

Vivian struggled to make sense of her father’s words on the other end of the line. With a vague understanding, she ended the call, rolled down the car window, and let the cold wind wash over her. Yet, it did little to clear her mind. There’s a saying I read online that feels true now—Reality inevitably turns us into the kind of people we despise the most.

Vivian didn’t cry; she just felt numb about the situation she found herself in.

Meanwhile, the heavy snow in Sparaville continued to fall relentlessly.

Cecilia stood on the balcony, watching Vivian’s departing figure, feeling a deep sense of desolation.

Nathaniel had entered quietly at some point, his awareness attuned to the cold wind and Cecilia’s faint breaths.

He made his judgment based on the incoming cold wind and the woman’s faint breaths.

Although he couldn’t see her clearly, his other senses were sharply tuned.

As Cecilia snapped back to reality and turned to face him, she simply said, “I wanted to watch the snowfall.”

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Chapter 423 Building Snowmen

All of a sudden, Nathaniel asked, “Do you want to build a snowman?”

He recalled how she used to love the snow even in summer, delighting in building snowmen as if she were a child. At the time, he had often found her childish antics a bit irritating.

Cecilia hadn’t anticipated his suggestion to build a snowman. A fleeting glint of nostalgia crossed her eyes. “No, it’s too cold outside. Besides, it feels too childish to play with snow.”

Words caught in Nathaniel’s throat when he heard that.

“I need to rest now. You should go,” Cecilia said as she walked back in from the balcony.

She had expected Nathaniel to resist leaving, just as he had the previous night. To her surprise, he left quietly and without fuss.

Relieved that she didn't have to force him out, Cecilia locked the door behind him and barricaded it with whatever was handy.

Once she settled into bed, she quickly drifted off to sleep.

When Cecilia woke up the next morning, the snowfall had lessened considerably, and sunlight streamed through the window.

As she drew back the curtains and prepared to freshen up, she was met with a delightful surprise: countless charming little snowmen scattered across the snowy landscape.

Cecilia, with wide eyes, opened the floor-to-ceiling window and stepped out onto the balcony. Below, she was stunned to see Nathaniel in the midst of building a snowman.

Her emotions were a swirl of surprise and curiosity as she descended the stairs and walked through the snow. "What's all this about?"

"Building snowmen," Nathaniel replied, his lips barely moving as though this was the most ordinary thing in the world.

Cecilia knew well that the man he used to be would have absolutely despised this.

Just as she was about to respond, a black Lincoln appeared in the distance.

She recognized the license plate; it belonged to Rainsworth Manor.

The car came to a halt, and the door swung open. Elena's secretary stepped out, momentarily taken aback by the sight of the yard filled with snowmen.

Regaining her composure, she scanned the surroundings before her eyes settled on Cecilia and Nathaniel. To her surprise, she saw Nathaniel still engrossed in building another snowman, which left her visibly shocked.

However, maintaining her usual professionalism, she quickly averted her gaze.

"Ms. Smith, Mr. Nathaniel," the secretary greeted as she trudged through the snow to approach them. "Mdm. Elena has sent me to bring you home. We need to start preparations for Mr. Nicholas' engagement party in the coming days. Mdm. Elena insists that you must not miss the event."

Despite her professional tone, the secretary's demeanor clearly indicated that she did not view Cecilia as a member of the Rainsworth family.

"Got it," Nathaniel responded, his voice cold. He seemed annoyed, as though the secretary had disrupted the special moment he was sharing with Cecilia.

“Please, get in the car.” The secretary gestured politely.

Cecilia wanted to decline the offer, as she still had Martha at home to care for.

Suddenly, Nathaniel raised his voice. “Get out! We’ll go there ourselves!”

Sensing his anger, the secretary hastily nodded and quickly got into the car, driving away.

As she departed, she couldn’t resist snapping photos of the snowmen scattered across the yard. and sending them to Elena.

Elena was somewhat perplexed when she saw the text from the secretary: Mr. Nathaniel built all these snowmen.

Elena was in the midst of her meal when she saw the message. Building snowmen?

She couldn’t believe what she was seeing. She hadn’t expected her son, whom she had always been so proud of, to change so drastically after losing his memory. He was now doing things he would have never deigned to do before.

Meanwhile, at Rainsworth Manor, Nicholas and Cassandra sat across from each other at the dining table.

Nicholas wiped his hands with a handkerchief before asking, “Mom, have Nathaniel and Cecilia agreed to come over?”

Today, he had brought Cassandra for a meal and had asked Elena to invite Nathaniel and Cecilia to help with the engagement party preparations.

After composing herself, Elena nodded. “Yes, they’ve agreed. They’ll be here shortly.”

Cassandra then asked, “Mdm. Elena, Nathaniel’s wife is Cecilia Smith, right?”

The mention of Cecilia caused Elena’s face to turn grim, casting a shadow over the atmosphere at the dining table.

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Chapter 424 Returning To Rainsworth Manor

The room fell silent for a moment.

After a long pause, Elena finally spoke. “Yes. It’s her.”

Cassandra's lips curled into a faint smirk. "Funny, isn't it? She's my stepsister, yet I haven't seen her once since I came back."

Elena, cunning as an old fox, had done everything to ensure she maintained control over the situation.

She only allowed Cassandra to marry into the family after conducting a thorough investigation of her background. It wasn't until she confirmed that Paula wouldn't take advantage of her and fully understood the influence of Cassandra's mother, Queen, that she agreed to the union.

Family vacation packages

She certainly didn't want another daughter-in-law who was as useless as Cecilia.

"There will be plenty of opportunities for you to meet her in the future. Let's eat," Elena said, forcing a smile that barely masked her reluctance to talk about Cecilia.

Cassandra had been subtly testing her future mother-in-law, gauging Elena's attitude toward her eldest daughter-in-law. From what she observed, it was clear that once she married into the Rainsworth family, she would likely have no trouble taking control of the family's financial resources.

After they finished their meal, Cassandra accompanied Nicholas for a walk.

Elena insisted that Cassandra stay the night, and Cassandra agreed, eager to satisfy her curiosity about the woman Nathaniel had married.

As they settled in, she remarked to Nicholas, "You know, it's such a shame. Cecilia really isn't worthy of Nathaniel."

Nicholas stopped in his tracks, his expression deadpan as he fixed his gaze on Cassandra. "You seem to know Cecilia quite well, huh?"

His sarcasm did not stop the arrogant Cassandra from continuing the conversation. "I recall my stepmother mentioning her. As the daughter of the Smith family, Cecilia was born with a hearing impairment. She was inept in everything she did, had no talent for business, and lacked any special skills. She's really just a loser."

Nicholas hadn't anticipated hearing such harsh words from his fiancée. Inept at running a company? Lacking any particular skill?

What Cassandra didn't realize was that Cecilia, whom she deemed a "loser," had effortlessly composed melodies that Cassandra had struggled to obtain.

Furthermore, Cecilia had surpassed Cassandra in business acumen by successfully starting her company, while Cassandra still relied on her father's support.

Nicholas' thin lips parted slightly, his voice maintaining its usual gentle warmth but laced with an almost imperceptible chill. "Cassandra, please refrain from speaking ill of others behind their backs, especially when they're our seniors. I don't appreciate it."

Cassandra was about to continue disparaging Cecilia, but her expression shifted when she heard Nicholas' words. Did he find me irritating? Senior? Why would he acknowledge Cecilia as his senior?

Cassandra, accustomed to being spoiled and indulged, was unwilling to relent. "Everything I said. is true, but if you don't want to hear it, fine, I'll keep my mouth shut."

With that, she turned and walked away, clearly annoyed.

Nicholas didn't bother to go after her either.

Jocelyn, who had been trailing a few dozen meters behind the pair, quickly stepped forward and handed a coat to Nicholas. "Mr. Nicholas, what's wrong with Ms. Evans? She seems upset."

Nicholas took the coat and put it on and nonchalantly replied, "Jocelyn, I need you to fetch something for me. I'll send you the address later."

"All right." Without asking any questions, Jocelyn went to fetch the items once she was given clear instructions.

After she left, Nicholas picked up his cell phone, scanning through the medicine list sent by the pharmacist and the accompanying messages: Mr. Rainsworth, this medicine is highly effective. I hope you and your fiancée have a wonderful evening.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had arranged for Martha and Elliot's care and informed Vivian and Jonathan about her upcoming trip to Tudela.

She and Nathaniel then returned to Rainsworth Manor in Tudela.

As she recalled Nicholas' words from their last meeting, Cecilia felt a sense of unease.

Nathaniel, sensing her unease, grasped her hand firmly.

Cecilia looked at him but didn't withdraw her hand.

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Chapter 425 One Glass To Knock Her Out

By the time they reached the Rainsworth residence, night had already fallen.

A housekeeper came to open the door. "Mr. Nathaniel, Ms. Smith, dinner is ready and waiting for

With a stoic expression, Nathaniel asked the housekeeper, "What did you call my wife?"

He could remember informing all the housekeepers to address Cecilia as Mrs. Rainsworth before he lost his memory.

Upon hearing this, the housekeeper lowered her head and immediately corrected herself, "Mrs. Rainsworth."

It wasn't that she had forgotten Nathaniel's order; it was just that Nicholas was in charge now. Besides that, she had grown accustomed to being at odds with Cecilia in the past.

Cecilia hadn't expected Nathaniel to stand up for her. While surprised, her perception of him changed slightly for the better.

After they both got out of the car, they headed toward the dining room.

Nicholas and Cassandra had arrived here quite early. Due to the events of the day, Cassandra was subtly upset.

Swiftly, her gaze landed on the couple, Cecilia in particular.

Previously, Cassandra had only conducted a simple investigation into Cecilia, so she didn't know what the latter looked like..

The person standing before her bore a striking resemblance to herself, though Cecilia's eyes were notably more captivating. They were like a clear spring, unforgettable at first glance.

Only after seeing Cecilia wearing hearing aids did a hint of Cassandra's jealousy case.

She rose to her feet. "Nathaniel, Cecilia."

Cecilia gave a slight nod, putting on a good show.

The moment she stepped in, she had also paid attention to Cassandra. Indeed, the latter was exactly like what she had seen in the videos, and the aura she exuded was strikingly similar to Paula's.

At that moment, Nicholas approached the two of them, calling out to Nathaniel, "Nathaniel."

Nathaniel's handsome face was impassive as he responded with a non-committal hum.

After Cecilia helped Nathaniel to sit down, the atmosphere in the dining room became somewhat strange.

Elena was still in her room, calling Wren to ask him to come back.

Wren hardly ever returned here unless there was something of importance..

After ending the call, Elena made her way to the dining room.

Upon spotting the four individuals in the dining room, she pulled out a chair and sat down. "Let's eat.

During the meal, since Nathaniel couldn't see, a housekeeper came over to serve him food.

Seeing this, Elena felt a hint of displeasure in her heart. "Cecilia, I'm not trying to scold you, but Nathaniel is your husband. Since he can't see, can't you feed him first and only eat after he's finished?"

Before Cecilia could even voice a rebuttal, Nathaniel had already spoken.

"Ceci is my wife, not a servant."

Elena was instantly rendered speechless.

This bout of amnesia had unexpectedly changed her son's nature.

Cassandra silently watched as Nathaniel defended Cecilia, feeling a surge of jealousy welling up within her.

She glanced toward Nicholas, who was sitting next to her, and placed a serving of vegetables on his plate. "Here, Nicholas, eat more."

Nicholas glanced at the extra vegetables on his plate, a trace of coolness flashing in his eyes, yet he replied gently, "All right. Make sure you eat more too."

As he was speaking, his gaze subtly shifted toward Cecilia, and then he subtly signaled to the housekeeper who was attending to them at the side.

The housekeeper swiftly came over to pour some red wine.

As the meal progressed, everyone was lost in their own thoughts.

Cecilia realized something was off that day. She wouldn't say she was the best drinker, but it was unlikely that a single glass of red wine could knock her out. Yet, now her head was spinning.

She assumed it was due to the long car ride she had taken that day and didn't give it much thought.

Nathaniel was drinking the same wine as her. Having always been a fixture in the business world, he was naturally accustomed to all kinds of strategies.

He stealthily poured away the wine..

After finishing their meal, Cecilia stood up, ready to leave with Nathaniel.

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Chapter 426 Return What Is Rightfully Mine

Cassandra stood up, intending to follow, but was stopped by Nicholas, who said, “Cassandra, wait here for me to return.”

His voice was gentle and, with Elena present, Cassandra wasn't in the position to refuse.

However, she felt a deep sense of injustice in her heart. She was on the verge of becoming his fiancée, after all. If anyone was to be escorted back to their room, it should have been her first.

After Nicholas left, she clenched her fingers tightly, her nails digging into her palms.

Outside, the night was pitch black, with the wind and snow indeed falling heavily.

Cecilia initially thought that Nicholas would only see them to the door, so she didn't refuse his offer. Clinging onto the edge of Nathaniel's clothing, she moved forward. For some reason, her vision started to blur increasingly, to the point where she could barely make out the path ahead.

She pinched her own hand, which brought her somewhat back to reality.

Nathaniel knew that Nicholas was following them. He reached out and took hold of Cecilia's hand.

His hand was incredibly warm, snapping Cecilia out of her daze. She attempted to pull her hand away, but Nathaniel held on even tighter. Then, he addressed Nicholas, who was behind them.

“You don’t have to see us off any further. Here is fine. Instead of putting effort into such matters. it would be better to focus on running the company properly.”

Nicholas paused in his stride, instantly understanding the unspoken message in his brother’s words.

Nathaniel had discovered that Nicholas had tried to drug them.

No wonder Nathaniel hadn’t shown any reaction yet. Unwilling to show weakness, Nicholas retorted, “Nathaniel, you’ve got it wrong. What’s wrong with me putting effort into something that should have rightfully been mine?”

The atmosphere between the two was tense.

Cecilia, due to her somewhat muddled state, didn’t notice.

She was simply too tired, her eyelids fighting to stay open. Eventually, she couldn’t hold up any longer and found herself leaning on Nathaniel.

Without hesitation, Nathaniel abruptly lifted her up into his arms.

Leaning against his broad chest, Cecilia found herself unable to resist sleep any longer. In her dreams, she felt as if her entire body was being consumed by fire, causing her unbearable.

Nicholas noticed that Cecilia had fallen asleep, so he decided to be straightforward with

Nathaniel. “Nathaniel, it’s time you returned what belongs to its rightful owner. The person she’s in love with isn’t even you.”

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel couldn’t help but chuckle. “What does it matter if she doesn’t love me? I’m her legal husband, after all. If you have anyone to blame, it should be yourself for trying. to impersonate me in the first place.”

Before he left, he issued a stern warning to Nicholas, “If you resort to such underhanded tactics again, don’t blame me for retaliating.”

Nicholas watched him carry away Cecilia, all traces of warmth vanished from his eyes.

He was just about to return to the house when he noticed Cassandra, who had somehow. appeared not too far behind him.

Nicholas’ gaze changed instantly. “Cassandra, have you been here all this time?”

Cassandra was a bit puzzled. “No, I just got here. Is something wrong?”

Nicholas didn't press further, merely saying indifferently, "It's nothing. Come, I'll take
Unexpectedly, Cassandra suddenly embraced him from the front.

"Nicholas, we're nearly engaged, so can I sleep with you tonight?"
you home."

Nicholas gently pried her arms from around him. "Cassandra, I want to save the best for
our wedding night."

Cassandra hadn't expected to encounter such a traditional man in this day and age. Her
hand fell stiffly, yet deep down she was elated. "All right," she said.

Meanwhile, Cecilia felt heat coursing through her entire body.

She was usually very sensitive to the cold, so what was going on tonight?

"It's so hot," Cecilia muttered as she gently clutched onto Nathaniel's clothes.

At that moment, Nathaniel had already brought her into the car and was en route to the
hospital.

He deliberately teased her, "Did you catch a cold?"

He reached out to touch Cecilia's forehead, which wasn't scorching hot, but it was
warm.

Moving downward, his slender hand came to rest on Cecilia's cheek, which was
exceptionally

warm.

Shaking her head, Cecilia leaned her face into his hand, finding some relief in the not
sure. Let's head back soon; I'm really tired."

"Okay."

gesture. "I'm

Nathaniel's voice was somewhat hoarse.

She was pregnant, and everyone knew that alcohol was off-limits during pregnancy.
Nathaniel had no idea what Nicholas had added into the wine, and he blamed himself
for forgetting to stop Cecilia from drinking it.

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Chapter 427 How Should I Address You

In the car, Cecilia was feeling extremely uncomfortable. The doctor had assured her that a small glass of fruit wine wouldn’t cause any harm. However, that day, she felt particularly unwell, overcome by fatigue and heat.

“Nathaniel, where are we going? I think I’m getting carsick.”

“Just lean on me and take a nap. You won’t feel dizzy anymore,” Nathaniel gently coaxed her.

Cecilia leaned against his shoulder, closing her eyes.

The two were incredibly close, so close that Nathaniel could catch the faint fragrance wafting from her.

His Adam’s apple bobbed slightly as he swallowed, forcefully suppressing the stirrings within his heart.

Finally, the car arrived at the hospital.

Nathaniel carried Cecilia straight to a private examination room.

For the next hour, they underwent an examination together. Fortunately, the substance added to the alcohol didn’t inflict any harm on their bodies. All they needed to do was wait for the effects of the drug to wear off, and they would be fine..

Zachary rushed into the hospital room. “Nathaniel, what happened?”

At this point, Cecilia had already fallen into a deep sleep.

After motioning for him to quiet down, Nathaniel and Zachary moved outside the sickroom.

“Nathaniel, why did Cecilia come to the hospital?”

“She just ate something she shouldn’t have. It’s not a big deal.”

Initially, Nathaniel was quite worried, which is why he asked Zachary to come over.

After all, he himself couldn’t see.

The events of the day had only served to increase his frustration with his current self. If only he could see, he believed that things wouldn’t have turned out this way.

“It’s good that she’s okay.”

Zachary’s tightly wound nerves slightly relaxed.

Cecilia was once his savior, and he hadn’t even had the chance to repay her. He couldn’t allow anything else to happen to her.

Zachary initially wanted to wait with Nathaniel for Cecilia to wake up. However, not long after, he was asked to leave.

Left with no choice, he had to depart.

Nathaniel then returned home with Cecilia.

As the latter half of the night fell, Cecilia slowly opened her eyes, only then feeling a bit more clear-headed, as she took in everything within the room.

She shifted slightly, her hand unexpectedly brushing against something warm. Puzzled, she gave it a squeeze. It was unusually firm.

When Cecilia turned around, she found herself face to face with Nathaniel’s handsome and stern face. It was then she realized that the arm she had just pinched belonged to Nathaniel.

She quickly let go of her hold and sat up.

Nathaniel realized she was awake and spoke up, his voice slightly hoarse. “Still tired?”

Cecilia’s cheeks were burning hot as she replied, “No. Perhaps the car ride today exhausted me more than I expected.”

Nathaniel listened to her explanation without exposing her. “Remember to be a bit more careful with what you eat in the future.”

He was blind, so he wouldn’t know if Cecilia did certain things.

“Yeah.”

Cecilia never even considered the possibility that there might be something wrong with the wine.

While drinking today, she had even inquired with the housekeeper, who mentioned that it was simply a low-alcohol content fruit wine, suitable for pregnant women.

“All right, go back to sleep,” he said. The latter half of the night was still ahead.

Cecilia glanced around the room, noting only a single bed present. The couch that had previously been outside was also missing. She didn't need to think twice to know who was responsible.

Fortunately, the bed was quite large. It would be fine if Cecilia simply slept on the edge.

"Okay."

Curling up in the corner, Cecilia once again allowed herself to fall into dreamland.

The following morning, she was roused by her alarm clock. Opening her eyes, she realized that she had unknowingly rolled back into Nathaniel's arms at some point.

prepare Nicholas'

Dawn had broken. Cecilia, recalling she still had to prepare not to dwell on it. She quickly got ready and slipped out of bed.

engagement party, decided

For the older generation in Tudela, the engagement process was steeped in many traditions, with numerous tasks requiring personal involvement.

Although Cecilia didn't harbor much affection for the Rainsworth family, Nicholas was very kind to her, so she wanted to help prepare for the engagement party.

Nathaniel had been awake for a while. Seeing her rise stealthily, he didn't want to embarrass her, so he waited until she had tidied up and gone downstairs before he sat up.

As soon as Cecilia arrived downstairs, she saw Cassandra approaching to ask, "I didn't ask last night, but should I address you as my younger sister or as my sister-in-law?"

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Chapter 428 Who Is Your Real Daughter

Cassandra's eyes were filled with arrogance as she added, "After all, my stepmother is your biological mother."

Upon hearing this, Cecilia responded immediately. "If you aspire to be Nicholas' wife, it's only natural that you should address me as your sister-in-law."

In an instant, Cassandra was rendered speechless.

For reasons she couldn't quite pinpoint, ever since she saw Nicholas sending Cecilia off the previous night, her womanly instincts had developed a strong dislike for Cecilia.

"Since I haven't married into the Rainsworth family yet, I think I'll treat you like my younger sister for now."

After finishing her sentence, Cassandra stepped forward. "So, dear sister, I hate to impose, but I need you to accompany me today to buy the necessary items for the engagement."

If it wasn't for Nicholas, Cecilia would not have bothered with her at all.

"All right, give me ten minutes."

and get

With that, Cecilia left Cassandra alone in the living room, heading off to freshen up and ready.

Cassandra casually looked around, taking in her surroundings. As expected of the Rainsworth family, the most prominent family in Tudela, their prestige was reflected in the understated elegance of Nathaniel's residence. Despite its subtle appearance, it radiated luxury from every corner.

Comparatively, the place where Nicholas lived was much more modest.

Cassandra felt a pang of resentment. Why should Nathaniel, who was blind, still have the privilege of living in such a luxurious place?

After getting ready, Cecilia informed Nathaniel of her plan before leaving with Cassandra.

When they arrived at the entrance of the old mansion, they saw an extended Lincoln parked there.

The car door swung open. As Cecilia was about to get in, she noticed a familiar figure already seated inside. Cassandra broke the silence first. "Mom, you're here."

After speaking, she turned back to look at Cecilia. "Hey sis, why aren't you greeting Mom?"

Despite addressing Cecilia as "sister," Cassandra's eyes were filled with mockery.

Paula said in a cold tone, "Who is she to be considered your sister, Cassandra? Hurry and get into the car; it's chilly outside."

Cassandra nodded, then turned back to give Cecilia a smug look.

“Get in the car. We still have things to pick out.”

Cecilia watched the harmonious exchange between the two before she climbed into the car.

On the road, the atmosphere within the car was rather intriguing.

Paula held Cassandra’s hand, her gaze falling on the pigeon egg–sized ring on her middle finger. She couldn’t help but praise, “Did Nicholas buy this for you? It’s really beautiful.”

“Yes, Nicholas had it custom–made for me. He insisted that if we were to have an engagement party, it had to be the best,” Cassandra said with smug satisfaction.

After she finished speaking, she turned to Cecilia and asked, “Cecilia, what kind of ring did Nathaniel buy for you when you got engaged?”

When Cecilia initially got engaged to Nathaniel, it was his secretary who bought the engagement ring, which was subsequently given to her.

Back then, she was still incredibly naive, so she had been elated for quite a while.

Looking back, I was really a fool back then.

“It’s just an ordinary diamond ring,” replied Cecilia.

From the side, Paula mocked, “Back then, Nathaniel didn’t even like her, so how could he have put in any effort for her? It’s only because he can’t see now that he’s started treating her a bit better.”

Throughout the journey, Paula and Cassandra wouldn’t stop with their incessant sarcastic remarks about Nathaniel’s current blindness.

They appeared to have forgotten how, when Nathaniel was still in good health, they used to curry favor with him.

After finally completing their shopping, Paula pulled Cecilia aside right before she was about to leave.

“Look, Ceci, I don’t mean to be harsh, but Nathaniel is blind now and practically useless. The only people you can rely on are your siblings. Magnus and Cassandra are both better than you.”

“Mdm. Paula, get to the point,” Cecilia interrupted her incessant chatter,

Seeing that, Paula didn't plan on pretending anymore. "While in the Rainsworth residence, you should be more considerate of Cassandra. Even though she married the younger brother, that doesn't change how she's now in charge of the household. In private, you should call her your older sister."

After hearing it all, Cecilia directly voiced her question, "Between Cassandra and me, just who is your real daughter?"

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Chapter 429 Did Not Know Better Back Then

Paula's expression abruptly changed. She was just about to ask if Cecilia had discovered something when the younger woman spoke again.

"Why is it that I, your own flesh and blood, am considered less than a stepdaughter? If you despise me so much, why did you bring me into this world?"

Only then did Paula's tightly wound nerves slightly relax.

your father, I

Her face, striking in its cold beauty, twisted into a mocking sneer. "If it weren't for your wouldn't have wanted you. Your very existence is a mistake!" she spat out.

Cecilia had heard this answer countless times before. She thought she had already grown indifferent to it, and yet, inexplicably, her heart still ached.

Perhaps, just like anyone else, she truly longed to experience a mother's love.

Before leaving, Cecilia shot Paula an indifferent look. "If I had a choice, I wouldn't want to be your daughter either."

After she finished speaking, she quickly walked away.

Paula watched her retreating figure, silently clenching her fingers.

At that moment, Cassandra stepped forward. "Mom, what did you guys talk about?"

Paula snapped back to reality. Her eyes no longer held the earlier indifference toward Cecilia as she gazed at Cassandra; all that was left was tenderness. "Nothing.

"Mom, you don't seem to like Cecilia very much, do you?" Cassandra asked curiously. Surely, in this world, there wouldn't be a biological mother who didn't love her own daughter, right?

Although her mother, Queenie, was busy with overseas matters, she had assured Cassandra that she would definitely return for the engagement party.

She also mentioned that she would be giving Cassandra some of the Jamieson family's business shares in the future.

"Don't even mention her. If it weren't for her, I would still be a renowned dancer, and my career wouldn't have ended," Paula said coldly.

Cassandra probably understood as well, so she didn't ask any more questions.

Cecilia returned to the Rainsworth residence first, and as soon as she stepped out of the car, she saw Nicholas standing not too far away.

His figure was tall and lean, his face unnaturally pale, and his eyes, just like Nathaniel's, were deep and tender as a serene pond.

"Have you finished buying everything? Did she give you a hard time?" Nicholas stepped forward.

Cecilia stood somewhat awkwardly in place, shaking her head as she replied, "No. Cassandra and her mother are in the car behind mine."

After all, Cassandra was to be Nicholas' future wife, so naturally, Cecilia wouldn't speak ill of her in front of him.

Upon hearing that Cassandra did not return with Cecilia, Nicholas found himself drawing even closer to her.

He lowered his voice and murmured, "Ceci, if you're having regrets now, you can still tell me."

What he meant by regret was that if Cecilia were to express her wish to be with him, he would immediately call off his engagement with Cassandra.

Cecilia's heart shuddered. Without a second thought, she immediately shook her head. "I have not regrets. You should focus on your relationship with Cassandra. She's quite exceptional-

Before Cecilia could finish her sentence, the towering figure of Nicholas wavered slightly, falling directly toward her.

Startled, Cecilia hastily reached out to support him.

"What's wrong with you?"

Nicholas' eyes were bloodshot, while his eyelids felt heavy. "My old ailment is acting up again. Could you support me for a while longer?"

"All right." Without a second thought, Cecilia put down her bag and reached out with both hands. to support him.

Nicholas leaned against her shoulder, the familiar scent of her bringing him a slight sense of relief.

"Do you remember? Back when I used to carry you home, you promised that when you grew up, you'd definitely marry me."

A thorn seemed to have lodged itself in Cecilia's heart.

She knew that if she gave him hope now, it would only hurt him, Consequently, she chose to distance herself even more.

"Back then, I didn't know any better."

Nicholas suppressed the bitterness welling up within him. "I understand. I won't take it to heart in the future."

He leaned against Cecilia quietly, his body arched against her soft, delicate shoulders and his lips pulled taut at the corners.

Suddenly, he spotted someone taking photos behind a nearby tree, and without hesitation, he wrapped his arms around Cecilia.

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Chapter 430 It Was To Protect You

After assisting Nicholas back to his residence, Cecilia then returned home.

As soon as she stepped into the living room, she was enveloped in a chilling temperature.

Surprisingly, despite the freezing weather, none of the indoor heating was turned on.

She tightened her coat around herself as she stepped inside the living room. There she saw Nathaniel, sitting alone on the couch, his handsome face expressionless and cold.

Ever since he lost his memories, Cecilia seldom saw him in this state.

"Why isn't the heater on? Aren't you cold?" Cecilia asked.

Nathaniel looked toward the source of the voice, his gaze landing on her. “How could I possibly be cold when I’m enveloped in fire?”

The sarcastic words only served to deepen Cecilia’s confusion. “What do you mean? What’s this about being enveloped in fire?”

Nathaniel had never expected that even at this point, Cecilia would still play dumb.

She really thought he was blind!

Without wasting time on further words, he immediately pulled out a stack of photos and tossed them toward her.

The photographs scattered all over the floor, each one featuring Cecilia and Nicholas locked in a particularly intimate embrace.

Even though Nathaniel was blind, he could still hear. As for taking pictures, it was all for Cecilia to see.

Upon seeing these photos, Cecilia was initially surprised, but several seconds later, it was swiftly replaced by full-blown indignation.

She strode purposefully in her high heels toward Nathaniel. “Did you arrange for someone to secretly photograph me?”

She had previously assumed that Nathaniel had changed, only to realize that he hadn’t changed at all.

Nathaniel’s voice hitched in his throat. “Is the point here really that I had someone secretly photograph you?”

Had it not been for the certainty that his gaze wasn’t focused on her, Cecilia might have thought he wasn’t blind.

“Nicholas is my younger brother and your brother-in-law. Out of all people, how could you get together with him?” The cold words slipped out of Nathaniel’s lips, but then he realized that wasn’t right either.

He didn’t want her to seek anyone else but him.

Smack!

A resounding slap was fiercely delivered onto his face..

Nathaniel’s face instantly burned, a testament to the strength of Cecilia’s slap.

“His old ailment flared up again, and I was merely supporting him. How does that equate to me. getting together with him? Do you enjoy being cheated on that much?” Cecilia’s voice was becoming hoarse.

At that moment, she felt an overwhelming sense of aggrievement.

Upon hearing her explanation, Nathaniel’s confidence instantly deflated.

Cecilia clenched her fists as she went on, “Even if there was anything between him and me, it should have happened earlier. Why would it happen now, right at the doorstep of the Rainsworth residence? And for you to find out?”

Nathaniel knew he was in the wrong and dared not say more.

Cecilia’s hands were still trembling due to her anger.

“Did you forget what I told you? I only took you in temporarily; we’re still going to get a divorce. What gives you the right to keep tabs on me?”

Upon hearing her words, Nathaniel’s anger dissipated even further. He realized that he had been utterly ridiculous to confront Cecilia with the photographs without properly investigating beforehand.

It was clear to him that, over the recent period, Cecilia had begun to forgive him..

Nathaniel let go of his usual aloofness, softening his voice and striving to sound gentler. “I didn’t have someone follow you to spy on you; it was simply to protect you. Mason mentioned that you’ve had a few accidents before, so I was concerned about your safety.”

Cecilia wouldn’t be so easily swayed.

“Do you need to secretly take photos to protect me? How about I have someone protect you in the same way in the future, would that be all right?”

Nathaniel was rendered speechless once again.

For reasons unknown, his wife, who used to be so easily managed, was now leaving him somewhat at a loss.

“Tonight, you’ll be sleeping downstairs alone.”

resounding bang, she shut the door behind her.

This was the first time in Nathaniel’s life that he had been kicked out of his own room in his own house.

Nonetheless, he was indeed at fault today, so he had no choice but to obediently sleep outside.

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