

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 521
Chapter 521 Remove The Trending Topic

Nathaniel spoke up. “I’ve had the trending topic removed from the internet. It won’t show up again.”

Despite that, Cecilia’s mood remained complicated.

“Okay.”

Nathaniel had initially wanted to explain that nothing had happened between him and Stella, but he was pretending to have amnesia.

He couldn’t see Cecilia’s expression at that moment and didn’t know if she was still angry.

He reached out his hand, but Cecilia instinctively dodged.

For some reason, it bothered her when she saw the photo of him and Stella lying in the same bed.

Nathaniel’s hand froze mid-air.

“I don’t really want any physical contact with you right now. Sorry,” Cecilia said, taking another step back.

Over the years, she had never had physical contact with any other man, so naturally, she was sensitive to Nathaniel’s impurity.

Nathaniel and Stella’s relationship hadn’t even lasted a year. She had thought the most they had done was kiss.

Nathaniel’s heart suddenly clenched.

What did she mean by not wanting physical contact with me? I didn’t mind that she had children with another man. Yet now she is disgusted by my past with Stella?

Nathaniel lowered his hand, frowning slightly.

“Ceci, I never once judged you for your past.

Cecilia was stunned for a moment, then understood what he meant. Her expression turned cold.

“My past? You mean my two children? You’re free to look down on me, but don’t expect me to be as magnanimous as you.”

She felt like Nathaniel hadn’t figured out who he was supposed to be.

Nathaniel got the message loud and clear.

He chuckled coldly, his handsome face suddenly darkened by a layer of frost.

“So, what do you want me to do?”

Cecilia sensed something was off in his tone but didn’t dwell on it. “Let’s just keep our distance for now. That’s enough.”

Keep our distance!

Nathaniel’s Adam’s apple moved slightly. Though he didn’t want to agree, he feared that Cecilia would get angry. “Fine.”

Cecilia was about to say something else when they heard a knock at the door. It was Elliot. “Mommy, there’s a guest.”

Who would come at this hour?

Cecilia assumed it was someone from the Rainsworth family, but when she went out, the housekeeper said it was Zachary and his fiancée.

Zachary and Vivian?

Cecilia quickly went to the nursery to tell Elliot not to come out.

If Zachary saw Elliot, he’d definitely be shocked.

“Why can’t I come out?” Elliot asked, his big eyes full of confusion.

“Well, the adults are going to talk. If you go out, you might disturb them,” Cecilia gently explained.

Actually, Elliot knew what was going on. He nodded. "Okay, I won't come out. Mommy, I'll only come out when you tell me to."

"Good boy," Cecilia said, her eyes filled with tenderness.

When she went outside, the housekeeper had already ushered Zachary and Vivian in.

Zachary glanced around, feeling odd that he didn't see any child.

"Nathaniel, Cecilia," he greeted them.

Vivian never liked Nathaniel and naturally didn't bother greeting him.

She walked straight up to Cecilia. "Ceci."

"Mm." Cecilia nodded.

The atmosphere in the room was strangely tense.

Vivian suggested, "Shall we talk outside?"

"Sure."

Cecilia knew Vivian wanted to talk privately, so she followed her out.

As the two women left, Zachary felt more at ease and slumped onto the couch.

"Nathaniel, where's the kid? Let me see him. I brought a gift for him."

Zachary was curious about what Nathaniel's son looked like.

He couldn't possibly be as extraordinary as Jonathan.

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Chapter 522 Blunt Refusal

"The child is still sleeping. You can't see him now," Nathaniel coldly rejected.

Zachary hadn't expected him to refuse so directly. "Nathaniel, this is my second time here. At least let me see him once, right? If he's sleeping, I promise not to disturb him."

“No.”

Zachary was taken aback. Nathaniel was way too protective of his son, not even letting anyone see him.

Unwilling to leave without at least a glimpse, Zachary said, “Fine, I’ll just go use the bathroom.”

If Nathaniel wouldn’t let him see the kid, he’d sneak a look instead.

In the garden outside, Cecilia and Vivian were taking a walk together.

Vivian didn’t bring up the news as she was afraid of upsetting Cecilia, so they chatted about recent events instead.

Understanding her concern, Cecilia assured her that she wouldn’t compromise herself this time. That finally put Vivian at ease.

“If you ever feel unhappy, make sure to tell me. Don’t keep it bottled up inside,” Vivian urged.

Cecilia nodded. “I know.”

Afterward, Cecilia asked, “How are things going for you at the Sinclair family?”

When the Sinclair family was mentioned, Vivian didn’t seem as resistant as before.

“Other than Zachary, everything’s been good. Honestly, it’s better than living with my own family. Old Mr. Sinclair is very open-minded. I have a lot of freedom, and he’s even supportive of me resuming my law career.”

As she mentioned George, Vivian suddenly remembered something. “Oh, by the way, Ceci, Old Mr. Sinclair knows that Jonathan isn’t Zachary’s son. But he said as long as the child is mine, that’s all that matters. He truly treats me like his own granddaughter.”

Cecilia was genuinely happy for her after hearing this.

Vivian continued, “You have no idea how much he loves Jon. Today, Zachary wanted to bring Jon over, but Old Mr. Sinclair wouldn’t let him. He insisted on keeping him with him.”

“Jon does seem to be the kind of kid that elderly figures adore.”

Cecilia could sense from Vivian’s words how much George liked Jonathan, but she didn’t pay too much attention, having never seen it herself.

As the two were having a pleasant conversation, a young voice suddenly called out. “Mommy.”

At first, Cecilia thought she misheard until she saw Elliot coming out of the room.

“Mommy, I swear I didn’t come out of the room on my own. It’s all because of this bad mister.” Elliot’s face was flushed red.

Both Cecilia and Vivian were confused.

They hurried back to the room, only to find Zachary standing there in shock. He was still holding Elliot’s jacket in his hand.

‘Mommy, it was him. He even tried to pull off my clothes.’ Elliot tattled.

Zachary was at a complete loss. “Mommy? He’s your son?”

Cecilia immediately stood protectively in front of Elliot.

Sitting on the couch, Nathaniel massaged his temples. “Zach, weren’t you going to the bathroom?”

Though he couldn’t see, Nathaniel hadn’t expected Zachary to be bold enough to sneak off and find the child.

“Can I say I got lost and wandered into the wrong room?” Zachary felt awkward.

Right now, the most important thing was to figure out who the kid was.

He quickly turned to Vivian and asked, “Don’t you think this kid looks similar to Jon?”

Vivian wanted to smack him awake. What does he mean by “similar?” They are obviously identical twins!

“Maybe a little,” she answered awkwardly.

Zachary was momentarily confused, but he wasn’t a fool.

“Nathaniel, I’m leaving the gift here. I’ve got something to take care of.”

He then dragged Vivian out the door without waiting for her agreement and left Elliot’s jacket behind.

Once they were outside, Zachary regained his serious demeanor, looking at Vivian closely.

“Okay, spill it. What’s really going on?”

There’s no way two mothers could give birth to identical children, right?

“I told you, the child isn’t yours, but you didn’t believe me.” Vivian poked at her fingers, “I borrowed the kid from Ceci to scare off the blind dates.”

Zachary's face turned grim. Turns out the kid isn't mine.

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Chapter 523 Looks Familiar

"No wonder, I was wondering why Jonathan looked so familiar. Turns out he's Nathaniel's son," Zachary said, now recalling how Nathaniel looked as a child and how similar Jonathan was to him.

Vivian felt a bit annoyed.

When did I ever say that the child was Nathaniel's?

If she explained now, Zachary would undoubtedly investigate, so she chose to remain silent, not wanting to make things worse.

"When are you planning to return the child to the rightful person?" Zachary didn't wait for Vivian's response, raising an eyebrow. "Grandpa is so fond of Jon now. If he finds out the truth, do you think he won't kick you out?"

He assumed Vivian would be scared. After all, without the Sinclair family, where else could the Kennedy family hope to latch onto another powerful household?

To his surprise, Vivian simply yawned. "That would be great, honestly. I don't want to marry your anyway."

Vivian was only concerned about George being disappointed, given how much he adored Jonathan.

Zachary was at a loss for words. Seriously?

"In any case, don't tell Grandpa for now. We'll take it slowly," Zachary said seriously.

"Mm. At least we agree on that."

At the Rainsworth Manor, Elliot had just finished getting dressed and was still a bit shaken.

What kind of friend does my sc*mbag daddy have? The guy ran into my nursery and was shocked to see me. He then mentioned Jon.

"Eli, were you scared?" Cecilia asked with concern.

Not wanting her to worry, Elliot quickly shook his head. “No, but that man was really weird.”

“I’m glad you’re fine. Don’t worry about him. Just avoid him if you see him in the future.”
Cecilia still felt a lingering sense of fear.

She was truly afraid that Zachary might do something rash after noticing how much alike the two children looked.

After getting Elliot dressed and tidying up, Cecilia told Nathaniel to head back to Daltonia Villa.

Before they left, Elena was reluctant to let Elliot go and loaded the car with gifts.

“Eli, come visit Grandma in a few days.”

Looking at her kind face. Elliot knew there was no harm in being polite and forced himself to s
“If Mommy comes, then I come”

Elena’s face instantly became a bit awkward.

She glanced at Cecilia and said relemantly. “Take good care of the child and be mindful of your pregnancy.”

“Mm,” Cecilia responded lightly

Elena watched them drive off, disappearing from her sight. She then turned to her secretary and asked. “The DNA test results still aren’t?”

She was growing impatient

If both children truly were Nathaniel’s, there was no way she would let Cecilia raise them on her OWN.

The secretary shook her head. “Not yet”

“Tell them to hurry up.

“Yes.”

When Cecilia’s family returned to Daltonia Villa, the security guard informed them that someone had visited yesterday.

“Who was it?”

“A tall, thin young man who said he was your younger brother, Mrs. Rainsworth,” the security guard replied.

Since Cecilia had blocked Magnus several times, he couldn’t call her and had to show up in person.

After hearing this, Elliot asked, “Mommy, is your younger brother Cecilia nodded. “Yes.”

She didn’t want to acknowledge it, but blood ties were undeniable..

She asked the security guard what Magnus had wanted.

The guard said that Magnus had just loitered around the entrance and left after confirming she wasn’t home.

Looking at her small son standing by her leg, Cecilia worried that her so-called brother might try to involve the children in the future, so she decided it was time to meet with Magnus

He answered quickly.

“Cecilia, I thought you’d never speak to me again.”

“Pick a place. Let’s meet,” Cecilia said coolly.

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Chapter 524 Meeting Up With Magnus.

At the café, Magnus stirred his coffee.

He had been waiting here for a while.

When he finally saw Cecilia walk in, he stood up immediately, forcing a smile. “Cecilia, have a scat.”

Cecilia ignored his attempt to be nice.

“I heard from the security guard that you came looking for me. What’s the matter?”

“Mom has been diagnosed with late-stage cancer,” Magnus said, staring at her, enunciating every word.

Cecilia was stunned, disbelief evident in her eyes. “What did you say?”

“The police called me yesterday. Mom collapsed in jail. They took her to the hospital, did some tests, and found out she has a late-stage brain tumor,” Magnus continued.

Cecilia looked at him seriously, then scoffed, “Are you asking me to write a settlement agreement? To spare her life?”

Paula had been pampered all her life. How could she possibly be diagnosed with cancer, let alone a brain tumor?

Martha had no relatives, and Cecilia could be considered her foster daughter.

If Cecilia wrote a settlement agreement, Paula could get a lighter sentence.

“Cecilia, are you heartless? She’s our mother! Are you really going to watch her die? She already told me that the housekeeper committed suicide,” Magnus said, glaring at her with hatred.

Cecilia’s face turned cold. “Suicide? My mother was killed by Paula.”

“Who do you recognize as your mother? She was just a housekeeper, a lowly commoner...”

Slap!

Before Magnus could finish, Cecilia raised her hand and slapped him across the face.

He looked at her in disbelief. “You’re hitting me over a housekeeper?”

“Martha wasn’t just a housekeeper to me. She was more of a mother than Paula ever was. So, watch your mouth!”

Magnus’s cheek burned. The insults he had been ready to hurl were swallowed by Cecilia’s fierce glare.

For some reason an inexplicable fear of his sister suddenly washed over him.

“Fine, let’s not talk about her. Let’s talk about our actual mother. No matter how wrong you shouldn’t have driven her to prison, right?”

Driven to prison?

she was,

Cecilia let out a bitter laugh. “Was it me who drove her there? All Martha and I wanted was a peaceful life. It was her who kept coming after us, again and again! She’s the one who wouldn’t

leave us alone! If I had a choice, I would have rather never been born than be her daughter! Tell her, faking illness won't work. Even if she really does have cancer, I won't let her off that easily!"

With that, Cecilia picked up her bag and walked out.

Outside, the cold wind howled. Rain and snow hit her face, instantly stealing all the warmth from her skin.

Magnus left the café. As he watched Cecilia's retreating figure, worry clouded his eyes.

He picked up his phone and called Paula at the hospital.

"Mom, Cecilia doesn't believe you're sick. I think if she finds out you faked an illness to get bail, she definitely won't let it go."

Paula was lying in a luxurious hospital room getting a massage. Hearing his words, her brows furrowed. "That ungrateful wretch. Does she really want me dead?"

According to the law, all prisoners have the right to life, and those with cancer can apply for medical parole.

Paula had seized this loophole and came out with a fake medical report. But if it were exposed, it would be much harder to pull off again.

"Mom, Cecilia has always been soft-hearted. I think she's just talking tough. If you play weak and act a little, she definitely won't make things difficult for you."

Magnus recalled that when he was young and got into trouble, all he had to do was ask Cecilia, and she would take the blame for him.

There was even a time when he gave her one of Paula's discarded dresses, and Cecilia was overjoyed for days.

"If you just sweet-talk her a little, send her some random gift, I'm sure she'll write the settlement agreement."

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Chapter 525 Medical Parole.

After Cecilia returned, she indeed received news that Paula had been granted medical parole.

Norman called her. "Ceci, did you get the message I sent you? The hospital's report says Paula has a brain tumor, so her family secured her medical parole."

“Yes, I saw it.”

Cecilia stood outside, letting the wind and snow hit her face. “Mr. Jenkins, Paula isn’t sick. This is just a tactic she’s using to avoid punishment.”

“I thought the same. There’s no way it’s such a coincidence. She hasn’t even been in custody for a month and now suddenly has a brain tumor? Impossible.”

“Is there any way to get her back in prison?”

Cecilia didn’t want Martha’s death to be in vain.

Though Paula wasn’t the one who directly killed Martha, it was her relentless pressure that drove Martha to such a tragic end.

“Unless we can prove the hospital issued a fake report.” Norman sighed. “But if they faked the report, they won’t easily admit it.”

“Can we get other doctors to reassess her?” Cecilia asked.

“Normally, yes, but Paula definitely won’t cooperate.”

Cecilia felt a heavy weight in her chest. Am I letting Paula get away with this?

“Wait.” Norman suddenly remembered something. “Ceci, could you ask Mr. Rainsworth to help? He’s friends with Zachary, right? If Zachary steps in, the hospital wouldn’t dare falsify records.”

After all, most of Tudela’s medical resources were controlled by the Sinclair family. Even smaller hospitals relied on them for survival.

Cecilia hesitated for a moment. “I’ll think about it.”

She didn’t want to owe Zachary any favors.

After hanging up, Cecilia remained outside, reluctant to go back in.

She had no idea how long she had been standing there when she heard a loud crash from upstairs, snapping her back to reality. She rushed inside and up the stairs.

The noise had come from the study. When she entered, she saw Nathaniel had fallen to the ground.

Cecilia hurried to help him up. "Are you okay?"

Nathaniel felt her hand touch his arm and immediately pulled away. "I'm fine."

Cecilia noticed but didn't pay it much mind.

"How did you fall? You've been home long enough and should be familiar with the layout by now.

Once he became familiar with his home, aside from occasionally breaking things, he rarely stumbled.

"I forgot there was a chair there," Nathaniel replied.

"Be more careful next time. When you walk, use your hands to feel around first," Cecilia advised.

"Mhm."

As he moved forward again, Nathaniel suddenly bumped into the corner of a desk.

He lurched forward, and Cecilia instinctively reached out to catch him.

Given Nathaniel's height of one point nine meters, it was impossible for Cecilia to support him. Her arms wrapped around him.

With a loud thud, they both fell to the ground together.

Nathaniel's hand instinctively protected Cecilia's head, but his entire body ended up on top of her.

His Adam's apple bobbed slightly as he spoke in a low voice. "Weren't you the one who said we should keep our distance?"

Cecilia's face turned bright red. She tried to get up, but Nathaniel pinned her back against him. "Now that we've touched, do you despise me?"

He gently cradled the back of her head, pressing her face against his chest.

“Ceci...”

His voice deepened. “Shall we give it a try?”

Cecilia was confused. “Try what?”

Nathaniel leaned down and kissed her. “Try and see if you really hate me.”

Back when they got married, she had known about his past relationship with Stella. It was only now that she seemed to care. Did it mean she didn’t love him anymore?

He needed to find out if she truly couldn’t stand being close to him.

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Chapter 526 Do You Hate It

Cecilia’s body instantly tensed as she tried to push him away, but Nathaniel wouldn’t budge. “Very funny.”

Nathaniel didn’t answer. Instead, he pressed his lips against hers.

Cecilia felt like the blood in her body was flowing in reverse, her face growing hot. She opened. her mouth and bit down on Nathaniel’s lip.

Nathaniel seemed unfazed by the pain, continuing on without pause.

Unable to do anything, Cecilia’s eyes reddened with anger. The metallic taste of blood filled her mouth.

“Do you hate me?” Nathaniel held her face in his large hand, his fingers gently brushing over her lips.

Cecilia avoided his touch and asked, “What would you do if you saw pictures of me in bed with someone else?”

He’d probably blow up.

As expected, Nathaniel went silent.

While he was quiet, Cecilia bit down on his shoulder again, right where her last bite mark was still visible.

“Why aren’t you answering?” Cecilia asked.

Nathaniel pulled her tighter. “I’ll kill him.”

Cecilia stared at him, stunned. “And what would you do to me?”

Nathaniel was taken aback. It took him a long while to regain his composure and reply, “I’ll lock you up and break your legs.”

Cecilia thought he was joking and didn’t want to continue the conversation.

“Let me get up,” she said, feeling like her waist might snap.

Only then did Nathaniel let her go and seriously ask, “What did Magnus want from you?”

“Nothing much. He just told me that Paula got bailed out by pretending to be sick,” Cecilia replied curtly.

She thought Paula was lucky to be old. If she were younger, she probably would’ve faked a pregnancy to get out.

“These days, it’s not easy to fake a medical report, but exposing it isn’t easy either,” Nathaniel said slowly. “I’ll have Zachary look into it.”

“No need,” Cecilia immediately refused. “I don’t want to owe him any favors.

“He owes you his life. This is a small matter. Even if I didn’t ask, he should still help.”

“I’ll think of another way.”

Cecilia knew that accepting Zachary’s help would mean forgiving him for what he had done to her in the past.

Nathaniel hadn’t expected her to be so stubborn. “So, what’s your plan?”

“That’s a secret for now.”

Having spent many years abroad, Cecilia had built a network of connections.

She remembered that Eric's father was a well-known neurosurgeon both locally and internationally.

Not too long ago, Charlotte had agreed to write a song for Eric after the new year.

"If there's nothing else, I'm heading out." Cecilia went to her room to contact Eric.

Alone in the study, Nathaniel grew more curious about how she planned to handle things after hearing her say it was a secret.

Inside her room, Cecilia dialed the international number, and the call was quickly answered by a deep, magnetic male voice.

"Ceci, I've been waiting for your call! Are you ready to give me my new song?" Eric was vacationing by the beach, wearing swim trunks and soaking up the sun. His tanned, muscular body caught the attention of several women nearby, despite his face being partly obscured by sunglasses.

"I've got the new song ready, but in exchange, you'll have to do me a favor this time," Cecilia said.

It was the first time Cecilia had ever asked him for a favor, and Eric immediately sat up, teasing, "You want me to be the father of Jon and Eli? Sure, no problem!"

"Be serious. I need you to ask your father to conduct a brain tumor diagnosis for me."

Eric straightened up right away. "Is someone in your family sick?"

"No."

Cecilia briefly explained Paula's situation to Eric.

Now understanding the situation, Eric said, "Oh, that's a small thing. Don't worry, my dad's an expert at spotting fake illnesses. He'll know right away if she's faking it."

"Thanks, I really appreciate it."

[When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 527](#)

Chapter 527 Become An Ordinary Person

In Tudela, snow fell thick and heavy.

After St. Patrick's Day, the snow had become even thicker.

In a rented place, Stella looked out at the dazzling city lights with a sense of deep dissatisfaction.

She could have been dazzling in the crowd herself, but it was all Cecilia's fault.

Seeing that her news had been removed from trending searches, she clenched her phone tightly.

"I've worked so hard to get here. Am I going to become an ordinary person again like before?"

At that moment, a call came in. Seeing it was Nicholas, she immediately grew nervous.

"Mr. Nicholas."

"I've given you the photos and the trending search. When are you planning to talk to Ceci?" Nicholas asked impatiently.

"Mr. Nicholas, it's not that I don't want to find Cecilia. I'm just scared."

"Scared of what?"

"I've seen Zachary frequently visiting Nathaniel. I'm afraid if Zachary sees me..."

In truth, Stella wanted safety and a strong backer.

Nicholas's plan to make her hide in a corner of the city and pretend to be dead had become -unbearable.

At first, she didn't understand why Nicholas wanted her to sabotage Cecilia and Nathaniel.

Now she knew—it was because Nicholas had feelings for Cecilia.

Since that was the case, she decided to make full use of Nicholas.

Nicholas wasn't naive. He understood her intention.

"Don't worry. With me around, even if Zachary sees you, he won't dare to do anything to you."

"Okay then, I'll start planning tomorrow."

"Good."

Nicholas ended the phone call.

Sitting in his office, he was about to call Jocelyn to bring him a cup of hot water when he remembered he had given her a few days off.

He had to call the secretary to bring him water instead.

Before long, a cup of hot water was set before Nicholas. The hand holding the cup boasted a beautifully manicured set of nails.

Nicholas looked up and saw Cassandra's pretty face. "Why are you here?"

"Mdm. Elena told me you are at the office, so I came by to keep you company," Cassandra replied.

Nicholas didn't drink the water, placing the cup aside. "No need, you should go rest."

He looked up at Cassandra again, his words gentle but piercing. "Your health still hasn't fully recovered, has it?"

Cassandra froze.

Recalling the scenes of being violated by those men, she clenched her hands and trembled.

"Nicholas. I..."

"Go rest," Nicholas said gently again.

Although he was so gentle, Cassandra felt inexplicably frightened and couldn't refuse. "Okay."

Leaving the office, Cassandra went to the restroom, feeling a sense of unprecedented defeat.

She turned on the faucet and washed her hands and neck with cold water, hoping it might make her feel a bit better.

It wasn't her first time, but being sexually assaulted by so many men made it particularly distressing.

At that moment, a female office worker emerged from the restroom, noticing her vigorously scrubbing her hands and neck to the point where her skin was nearly raw.

"Are you okay?" the employee asked kindly.

Cassandra looked up at her and snapped, "Get lost."

The female employee was so frightened that she left immediately.

Once the woman was gone, Cassandra took a photo of the purplish-red marks on her hands and sent it to her mother, Queenie.

Cassandra: Mom, I hate myself so much. If I weren't so useless. Cecilia wouldn't have seduced Nicholas.

Queenie was at the Tudela Orphanage, handling some private matters.

Upon receiving the message, she furrowed her brow slightly and politely excused herself to the restroom.

"Cassandra, I have already sent someone to investigate Cecilia. The studio you mentioned is just a shell, not a real company. Don't do anything foolish. I only have you as my daughter. If you want Nicholas, I'll make sure he likes you and won't touch Cecilia. When I have time, I'll definitely teach Cecilia a lesson!"

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Chapter 528 Already Dead

After comforting Cassandra, Queenie went out.

The director of the orphanage had a kind expression. "Mdm. Queenie, thank you for your support over the decades. I'm truly sorry I couldn't be of more help."

Queenie's disappointment was hard to hide.

"Perhaps she's already dead."

The director tried to comfort her. "If the child hasn't been found, she must still be alive in this world. Don't lose hope. If I receive any information, I'll contact you immediately."

Queenie nodded.

"Okay."

After Queenie left, a teacher beside the director commented, "Mdm. Queenie has been searching for her daughter for over twenty years. How could she have lost her child in the first place?"

The director sighed. "Mdm. Queenie had a very difficult life back then. She wasn't as wealthy and powerful as she is now. The child was taken away right after birth and left at our orphanage's door in the dead of winter. If I hadn't seen that child, she would have frozen to death."

The teacher wondered, "So why can't she find the child now?"

"The child was adopted, but the information provided by the adopters was false. They probably didn't want the biological parents to find the child," the director explained.

"Oh, I see."

After giving birth to her daughter, Queenie had severe hemorrhaging and couldn't conceive anymore.

It wasn't easy for her to escape the Jamieson family's clutches. She later underwent plastic surgery. abroad and built her business empire. Upon returning, she took over the original Jamieson Group.

Family vacation packages

Those who had wronged her met dreadful ends.

Sitting in the car, Queenie looked at the photos Cassandra had sent, her grip tightening on her phone.

Although Cassandra was not her biological daughter, Queenie had always considered her as such.

Cassandra was everything to her. Anyone who made her daughter suffer would pay the price.

She made a call to her subordinate. "Stop all current collaborations with the Rainsworth family."

Nicholas had just established himself with the Rainsworth family but dared to mistreat my daughter?

After giving her orders, Queenie pondered how to make Cecilia experience true suffering.

She discovered that Cecilia had two sons abroad.

At Daltonia Villa, Elliot woke up from a nap to find blood on his pillow.

He touched under his nose, feeling something sticky.

Recently, his condition had started to flare up again. He didn't want Cecilia to know, so he removed the pillowcase, tossed it in the trash, and went to the bathroom to clean up.

If Mommy finds out, she'll probably send me to the hospital for treatment. That's really painful.

Cecilia was busy composing and didn't know that Elliot's condition had worsened.

Nathaniel came out of the study and heard rustling noises from the bathroom. "Ceci?"

Elliot frowned.

"It's me, not Mommy."

"What are you doing in the bathroom?"

"I wet the bed, so I'm washing my underwear. Mr. Rainsworth, do you want to help me wash them?" Elliot thought he wouldn't be seen anyway, so he decided to lie.

Nathaniel walked in, picked him up from behind, and placed him outside. He then threw the dirty items into the trash.

"Why bother washing it? Just throw it away if it's dirty!"

Elliot was speechless. That's true.

"Is there anything else you need help with?" Nathaniel asked.

"Can you also throw away the bed sheets and duvet cover?" Elliot asked since there was some blood on them.

Without a word, Nathaniel took the bedding and threw it all into the trash.

Elliot thought to himself that if Cecilia found out, he'd just say it was Nathaniel who threw it away.

“Oh, and don’t tell Mommy. She’s quite frugal,” Elliot added.

“Okay.”

For some reason, at that moment, Elliot felt like he and his father shared a secret. The feeling seemed rather pleasant.

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Chapter 529 Do Not Scold Him

After Cecilia finished composing in the evening, she went to Elliot’s room and noticed that his bedding had been changed.

“Eli, did you change the sheets and duvet cover?”

“Mr. Rainsworth helped me change them.”

“And the dirty bedding?”

“Mr. Rainsworth said just to throw away the dirty ones,” Elliot replied.

Cecilia sighed and squatted down to explain patiently, “If the bedding gets dirty in the future, just tell me. I’ll change it for you. Don’t throw it away. It can be washed and reused. Many people in the world don’t even have bedding.”

“I told Mr. Rainsworth the same thing.” Elliot replied seriously.

Cecilia felt that she needed to have a proper talk with Nathaniel to make sure his wasteful habits didn’t influence the child.

“Okay, I understand. You should get some rest now.”

She kissed his forehead.

As she was leaving, Elliot pulled on her hand again. “Mr. Rainsworth only helped me because he’s kind. Mom, please don’t be angry and don’t scold him.”

Elliot knew it wasn’t very honorable to betray, Nathaniel like this, but it was the first time he defended him.

Cecilia nodded. “Okay, don’t worry.”

After walking out of the room, Cecilia carefully closed the door behind her.

She agreed with Elliot. Nathaniel had good intentions, and she wasn't going to blame him.

After washing up and preparing to rest, she received a message: Cecilia, you must have seen the photos online. When are you going to return Nathaniel to me? He doesn't love you. If he recovers his he won't be with you.

It was Stella.

memory,

Cecilia didn't reply, but she soon received another message from Stella.

Stella: I know you already have a child. You aren't even divorced yet, but you already have a son with someone else. Isn't that more disgusting than me? If Nathaniel regains his memory, he definitely won't let you off.

Cecilia sneered and typed a reply: If you want Nathaniel, you can come and take him directly. Stop using these tricks.

She was no longer the person who couldn't sleep just because of a few words from Stella.

There was no further response from Stella.

Cecilia went back to her room to rest. That night, she had a nightmare where Nathaniel had regained his memory and looked at her coldly.

Not only did he want to take the child away from her, but he also demanded that she abort the two babies in her womb.

"No!"

Cecilia woke up with a start, her forehead covered in a cold sweat.

"What's wrong?" A familiar voice sounded beside her. Cecilia took a moment to regain her senses.

She saw Nathaniel's handsome face as she turned her head.

“How did you get in?” She was certain that she had locked the door and taken the key.

Nathaniel didn't answer. He reached out and pulled her into his arms. “Did you have a nightmare?”

Thinking about the scene from her dream, Cecilia pushed his hands away and moved farther from him..

The dreams felt particularly real right after waking up.

“Yes.”

She clenched her fists, her body subtly trembling.

Stella's messages had subtly affected her.

“What kind of dream?”

“Nothing.”

Cecilia didn't feel like talking to him and turned away.

Nathaniel didn't understand why she was upset again. He moved closer, and Cecilia shrank further into the corner.

He followed her to the corner, so they ended up squeezed together in the corner of the large bed.

Cecilia was a bit frustrated. “Can you sleep in the next room?”

“Why? Was I in your dream?” Nathaniel asked.

Nathaniel knew he had guessed right and embraced her.

“If I did something wrong in the dream, you can hit me now, or bite me to vent your anger?”

His warm breath was on Cecilia's ear.

[When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 530](#)

Chapter 530 What Did I Do

After hearing Nathaniel's words, Cecilia bit into his arm.

She didn't apply much pressure, but it still hurt a bit. Nathaniel gently patted her back.

"What did I do in my dream?"

Cecilia slowly released him, her throat feeling a bit hoarse. "You asked me to abort the children."

"Silly, that won't happen."

Although Cecilia didn't admit it outwardly, he was sure it was their children.

How could he bear to have Cecilia abort their children?

Cecilia looked up at him. "Nathaniel, you need to promise me that even if you recover your memory, you won't harm my children, okay? That includes Jon and Eli."

"Okay, I promise. If I hurt the children, I'll die a horrible death."

Nathaniel was about to tell her that he had already regained his memory, but he hesitated. What if she wants to leave after finding out?

She was currently staying out of pity for his amnesia and blindness..

With Nathaniel's promise, Cecilia felt somewhat reassured and fell back asleep in his arms.

On the other side, Stella spent the night drinking away her sorrows after receiving Cecilia's reply.

Her friend Yvette came over and saw the floor littered with empty bottles. That worried her. "Stella, why did you drink so much?"

Seeing Yvette, Stella immediately hugged her.

"Yvie, what should I do? Nathaniel doesn't like me anymore. No one likes me."

Stella had invited Yvette over primarily to attend a high-society party together.

Nathaniel and Zachary were no longer paying her any attention, and Nicholas was too dangerous. a man. She needed to find a new, powerful man to rely on.

Another reason was that Nicholas had said Nathaniel had also received an invitation to the party and might show up.

However, Nicholas hadn't given her an invitation and told her to figure it out herself.

Nicholas said if she couldn't even get an invitation, he wouldn't waste any more time on her.

Seeing Stella in such distress, Yvette felt heartbroken and comforted her.

"Stella, don't be sad. You're so outstanding. There are plenty of men who would like Nathaniel, you can find someone better."

you.

Without

Yvette never believed Stella was a bad woman.

Stella nodded. "But right now, I don't even know where to meet someone who loves me."

"There's a party tonight. I'll give you my invitation. As long as you attend, those men will definitely be unable to take their eyes off you."

Yvette was already engaged and didn't like attending such parties anymore.

Stella felt grateful and said, "Yvic, thank you so much."

"We're friends, so there's no need for formalities."

After receiving Yvette's invitation, Stella got ready early..

Mason came specially to Daltonia Villa to deliver the invitation.

“Mr. Rainsworth, this year’s party is hosted by the Murdock family. Mason Murdock, the eldest son of the Murdock family personally delivered the invitation. I think he must have bad intentions.”

The Murdock family and the Rainsworth family had always been at odds, and Mason was particularly scheming. Although he appeared amicable, he had often stabbed the Rainsworth. family in the back.

However, Mason only used despicable methods, so his growth over the years had already reached. its peak.

He had a brother, Francis Murdock, who was outwardly more pleasant but was a sleazy character. Francis was secretly involved with many female stars.

However, he was engaged, and his fiancée was Yvette.

Nathaniel had initially not planned to attend any parties, but Mason’s words piqued his interest.

“Let’s go see what he’s up to then.”