

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 541

Chapter 541 Search For All The Hotels

Cecilia cast her mind back on the photo Nicholas showed her.

In the photo, Nathaniel was unsteady on his feet, not only needing Stella to support him but also another bodyguard in black on his other side. He rarely allows himself to get drunk, let alone to the point of being plastered. I tried to get him drunk back then, but I never succeeded.

“Eli, I suddenly remembered that there’s something I need to do. Go and sleep first. Don’t wait up for me.”

Elliot nodded. “Okay.”

As Cecilia left in a hurry, Elliot muttered to himself, “It’s not that I want to help you, sc*mbag daddy. I just don’t want to see you kick the bucket prematurely. I still want you to amass more wealth for me and Jon.”

Aside from Jonathan, no one knew that Elliot possessed an extraordinary talent—he could discern many things unknown to others through people’s conversations, facial expressions, and the like.

Most importantly, about seventy to eighty percent of it was accurate.

It was akin to a psychologist, but his intuition was particularly strong.

Earlier, he overheard Cecilia on the phone with Mason and had a rough understanding of what had transpired.

After leaving the house, Cecilia went to the underground parking and got into a different car. Then, she closed her eyes, recalling the hotel in the photo Nicholas sent her.

The hotel gave her a sense of familiarity. It was as if she had seen it somewhere before.

With no time to ponder further, Cecilia started the car and headed toward the city. Using the navigation system, she searched for all the hotels and set out for them one by one.

She still wanted to give Nathaniel and herself one last chance. She also wanted to look for him and ask about his amnesia and pretense of being poor.

At long last, she saw an entrance that was identical to that of the hotel in the photo.

Putting on a mask, she stepped out of the car. Once she was right outside the hotel, she sent a photo of it and the location to Mason. Then, she walked in. “I need a room.”

“Sure.”

The receptionist immediately arranged a room for her.

“Here you go. It’s on the sixth floor.”

The hotel had a total of eight floors. Taking the key card, Cecilia decided to search on her own first.

“Thank you.”

The lobby of the hotel wasn’t much different from any others. But despite the late hour, there were still two security guards patrolling near the stairways on both sides.

A security guard noticed her and cautioned, “The eighth floor has been reserved, so don’t go there.”

The other security guard promptly nudged him, whispering, “How redundant! The elevator can’t go up to the eighth floor. What’s there to warn her about?”

The somewhat straightforward security guard scratched his head. “I was just worried that we might get scolded if someone irrelevant were to go up there again.”

Cecilia listened to the conversation between the two men. There must be something fishy on the eighth floor!

Wary of arousing suspicion, she first took the elevator to the sixth floor before getting out and taking the stairs.

She had only reached the seventh floor when she spotted a few men patrolling near the stairway entrance, grumbling, “How annoying. Do we have to keep watch all night? Don’t the people inside ever sleep?”

“Didn’t you hear the sound of the shower? I reckon the dosage was too strong, so a few rounds weren’t enough to relieve the itch.”

“It’s said that this blind guy used to be a CEO of a multinational company? What a privileged life, with women practically throwing themselves at him.”

“Even if he’s highly capable, he still needs to rely on medication! Haha...”

The men upstairs presumed that no one would be coming at that late hour, so they started to recklessly talk dirty.

Blind guy, CEO of a multinational corporation, and medication...

Right then, Cecilia was convinced that Nathaniel was indeed there. However, the men were undoubtedly not the professional bodyguards by his side.

She had met his bodyguards once, and they were all particularly shy, so much so that they couldn't even let their guard down during the blind date in Sparaville.

It was said they weren't allowed to date during their training back then. Moreover, without Nathaniel's approval, they were silent most of the time.

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Chapter 542 Stella Bound And Gagged

If Nathaniel were to hear outsiders say that he needed medication, he might just wipe them all out.

Having ascertained that Nathaniel was there, Cecilia texted Mason.

Mason immediately replied: We are on our way.

Though he was puzzled as to why Cecilia had suddenly changed again, he knew he had to focus on the matter at hand.

Before long, he led a group of men over and surrounded the entire hotel. It was only after he had restrained everyone keeping watch upstairs that Cecilia went upstairs.

Upon learning Nathaniel's room number, the bodyguards broke the door down.

Cecilia was the first to enter the room. She immediately spotted Nathaniel, who stepped out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel.

Nathaniel's brows furrowed slightly. "Who's there?"

Cecilia thought that he had already been intimate with Stella and had just finished showering. Her hand hanging by her sides clenched lightly.

Not in the mood to engage in conversation with him, she stood there silently, leaving him anxious.

Nathaniel walked straight toward the door, his gaze directed elsewhere. "Nicholas?"

Seeing his employer in such a state, Mason initially wanted to say something but dared not do so.

Is Mr. Rainsworth dressed such because something really happened between him and Stella?

Since Nathaniel was unharmed, he instructed the bodyguards to step out so as not to interfere with the couple's quarrel.

To be honest, if his girlfriend had been drugged and ended up being intimate with another man, he would undoubtedly find it hard to accept it for a while.

Cecilia closed the door behind them.

As she remained silent, coupled with the sound of the door slamming shut, Nathaniel presumed that it was indeed Nicholas.

"Do you think that by doing all this, Cecilia would leave me? Let me tell you this—even if she were dead, I wouldn't allow her to leave my side."

Stunned, Cecilia halted in her tracks.

At that moment Nathaniel approached as he caught a whiff of the faint and familiar scent of her; his expression changed instantly. His voice also turned slightly hoarse. "Ceci."

Cecilia couldn't help but feel puzzled. "How did you know it was me?"

Upon hearing her voice, Nathaniel embraced her right away.

"Ceci... Ceci..." he called out repeatedly.

Hugging her supple body, the desire he had painstakingly doused with cold water within him sparked to life once again.

Cecilia, however, was very much perturbed by his current state. "Let go of me."

With her there and himself under the influence of medication, there was no way Nathaniel would possibly let her go.

Nonetheless, he dared not act recklessly. He merely held her tightly in his arms to quench his desire.

"Stay still, Ceci."

He had evidently forgotten about Stella, whom he had tied up on the bed in the bedroom.

When Stella heard voices from the living room, her eyes blazed scarlet. Whimpering, she threw herself against the wall, creating a resonant thud.

The instant Cecilia heard it, her expression went cold.

“Why are you still hugging me when you already have a beauty in your bed?”

Only then did Nathaniel remember that he still had Stella tied up. “You misunderstood, Ceci.”

He led Cecilia to the bedroom by the hand. It was only when Cecilia reached the doorway that she saw Stella, who was bound and gagged.

“What’s this about?”

“She wanted to set me up. At dawn, the media and reporters would flock here and expose the scandal. I was drugged and had no other choice but to tie her up,” Nathaniel explained succinctly.

At that, Cecilia generally understood the situation.

“Don’t worry. Mason has already taken care of the men outside.”

Upon hearing that, Nathaniel had Mason enter the room to drag Stella away and lock her up.

He still had something to ask the latter and also needed her to tell Cecilia the truth.

Mason took Stella, who was fully dressed, away, only then realizing how incredibly strong his employer was to have held out until then.

Cecilia also wanted to follow him out. “Come, let’s head to the hospital.”

However, Nathaniel grabbed her hand and shut the door behind Mason.

“I’m not going to the hospital.”

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Chapter 543 Can We Start Over

“How can we not go to the hospital? Aren’t you... Hmm!”

Before Cecilia could finish speaking, Nathaniel had already silenced her with a kiss, impatiently undressing her.

He was certain that the effects of the medicine weren't the cause at that moment.

"Nathaniel, don't..." Seizing a sliver of opportunity, Cecilia was about to retaliate.

Nathaniel steadied her once more. When Cecilia noticed the metallic taste of blood in his mouth, she was taken aback. "Your mouth."

"I could not control myself, so I bit my tongue." A lump formed in Nathaniel's throat.

While Cecilia was caught off guard, she was abruptly lifted into Nathaniel's arms.

As his bathrobe fell away, she saw the aftermath of his cold shower; his skin was tinged with red from the chill.

At that sight, Cecilia was momentarily stunned.

Taking advantage of the moment, Nathaniel pinned her beneath him.

After a night had passed, Cecilia slowly opened her eyes, immediately noticing the scattered clothes on the floor.

She turned her head, finding herself completely enveloped in Nathaniel's embrace.

Last night, despite her repeated refusals, Nathaniel simply wouldn't take no for an answer. He acted as if he was possessed.

Fortunately, despite the long night, the child was unharmed.

Sensing that Cecilia had awakened, Nathaniel slowly opened his eyes. Although he couldn't see her, he felt she was much closer to him.

"Ceci, Ceci..." His Adam's apple bobbed slightly as he repeatedly called out her name.

Thinking back to the previous day's events and Nicholas' words, Cecilia couldn't help but ask, "Nathaniel, be honest with me now. Have your memories returned? Was all that about owing a lot of money just a lie to deceive me?"

Nathaniel was momentarily taken aback. "Who told you that?"

"Don't worry about who told me. Tell me. Is it true?"

At that point, Nathaniel was not foolish enough to continue lying. "Yes, it's true."

In an instant, Cecilia was filled with anger..

Originally, after taking in Nathaniel's demeanor and his mention of Stella being sent over by Nicholas, she assumed Nicholas was lying to her.

Unexpectedly, it turned out to be true.

"Why did you deceive me?"

"Would you have stayed if I hadn't lied to you?" Nathaniel asked, holding her tightly. "If I were only blind but still had my memories and wealth, would you be willing to take care of me?"

Cecilia fell silent.

Nathaniel's eyes were tinged with red. He was fearful that she might bring up divorce again. "Can we not get a divorce, please?"

Cecilia didn't know how to respond to him.

Not receiving a reply, Nathaniel felt an involuntary fear gripping his heart. He tightened his hold on her hand. "Even though I've regained my memory, the words I've spoken still hold true. Let's pretend I've lost my memory and start over. I promise not to harm Eli and Jon. I had someone look into Calvin's matter. He's fine. He won't die."

Silently, Cecilia listened, her eyes filled with complex emotion. "Can we truly start over?"

"Of course." Nathaniel lowered his head to kiss her.

Cecilia still found it somewhat hard to believe him.

People who had been hurt would always be cautious as they feared repeating past mistakes.

"Can I take some more time to think about it?"

"Okay," Nathaniel agreed to her request.

However, in his view, no matter what, and that was to stay by his side Cecilia pondered, there was only one choice she could make. For a moment, Cecilia struggled to process the onslaught of sudden news. She pushed his arm away and got up.

Normally, the media would be around at this time, but due to Mason's arrangements, they didn't dare to show up.

In the early morning, Nicholas hadn't checked the news. He only received a message from Mason: Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Rainsworth asked me to tell you that he spent last night with his wife. He expressed his gratitude for your understanding.

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Chapter 544 Tell Me What Happened

Nicholas stared at the text message, his expression icy.

Before this, he already knew that Stella had failed.

The people he had stationed outside the hotel were all dealt with by those brought by Mason. None of the media representatives went to the hotel either.

Nicholas set down his phone, coughing violently.

“Mr. Nicholas, should we call for a doctor?” a subordinate asked.

Nicholas shook his head. “No need.”

After he finished speaking, he picked up his phone again and searched for Cecilia’s contact. He lingered there for a long while before finally closing the screen.

Meanwhile, Cecilia heard from Nathaniel that everything that had happened the previous night was orchestrated by Nicholas.

She found it somewhat hard to believe. After all, just last night, Nicholas had specifically sent someone to look for Nathaniel.

Had it not been for the photograph shown to her by Nicholas, she would have been unable to find Nathaniel.

“I wish to meet with Stella.”

“Okay.”

Trapped in a dark basement, Stella was terrified. Who can save me this time?

Suddenly, the basement door was pushed open from the outside, allowing light to filter in.

Instinctively, Stella shielded her eyes from the intense light. It took a while for her eyes to adjust, and when they did, her gaze fell on Cecilia.

Stella was momentarily taken aback.

Observing Stella’s miserable state, her hair disheveled, as she was abandoned in that filthy place, Cecilia did not feel a hint of pity.

“Stella, it’s been a while,” Cecilia said.

The scene unfolding at that moment was as if they were taken back to the time when they first met.

Cecilia had followed Regas to the orphanage to offer support. Among the crowd of orphans, Stella in her tattered clothe neacanted a stark contract to Cecilia a young lady of a wealthu household.

Stella had initially believed she had transformed her life, no longer the pauper she once was. Yet, everything had returned to the way it began..

Life is so unfair to me! Stella's eyes were filled with envy and resentment. "Why? Why are you still able to carry yourself with such an air of superiority?"

Cecilia remained unfazed as she listened to Stella's resentful words. "I came here to ask you about last night. Was it really arranged by Nicholas?"

Stella's expression subtly shifted after she heard that. Then, she lied, saying, "Did Nathaniel tell you that?"

Cecilia was taken aback.

"Nathaniel was probably worried you'd blame him. He was the one who got drunk and took me back to the room. Upon hearing of your arrival, he bound me and pretended as if he had never laid a hand on me." As Stella spoke, she simultaneously observed the shifts in Cecilia's expressions.

Since she couldn't have her way, she also wanted Cecilia to suffer.

Regrettably, Stella couldn't discern a hint of emotional fluctuation on Cecilia's face.

Does she take me for an easily deceived fool? If Nathaniel had intended to take her back to the hotel after getting drunk, why were there so many people guarding outside? Cecilia found a chair and sat down. "If you tell the truth, I'll ask Nathaniel to let you go."

Cecilia paused before continuing, "Stella, I know Nathaniel has never been involved with you. I also know that your claims of him cooking for you when you were ill and feeding you medicine are all fabrications. You might not realize, but people like Nathaniel, who are born with a golden spoon in his mouth, simply aren't accustomed to serving others."

Having her lowly schemes exposed, Stella clenched her fists, staying silent.

Cecilia knew that her guess had been correct.

In In the past, she had assumed that Nathaniel had treated Stella differently, but in reality, that wasn't the case.

When Stella fell silent, Cecilia spoke again. “You were right about what you said before. There’s no real bad blood between us. It’s all just over a guy. Tell me everything about what happened yesterday, and I assure you you’ll be free to go.”

After hearing that, Stella hesitated. I want to live. I don’t want to die.

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Chapter 545 See Your True Colors

Stella admitted that it was Nicholas who had asked her to attend to Nathaniel, but she didn’t divulge the detailed sequence of events to Cecilia.

Disappointment surged within Cecilia. She truly hadn’t expected Nicholas to resort to such measures.

Subsequently, she kept her promise and let Stella go.

Stella hastily emerged from the basement. Once she was free, she immediately booked a plane ticket to leave Tudela.

She knew that if she didn’t leave now, neither Zachary nor Nicholas would let her off the hook.

Nathaniel didn’t pursue the matter further after learning Cecilia had allowed Stella to go

After all, a person like Stella posed no threat to him. If it hadn’t been for Nicholas and the Murdock family scheming together, she would never have been able to get close to him free.

Cecilia thought the same. Stella’s greatest skill is hurting others with her words. Why should I sully my own hands dealing with people like her, only to end up with the label of a criminal? She’s bound to cross paths with someone ruthless eventually.

A heavy snowfall was swirling about when Cecilia stepped out of the building.

Nathaniel asked, “Have you clarified everything?”

Cecilia nodded. “Yes.”

“Give me your phone,” Nathaniel added.

Cecilia was confused. Still, she handed her phone to Nathaniel.

Upon receiving her phone, Nathaniel realized he couldn’t see. He lowered his voice and said, “Delete Nicholas’ contact information.”

“What?” Cecilia was puzzled by his unusual request.

“If a woman pursuing me were to deliver you to another man’s bed and even take photos to publicize it to the world, do you think I should still keep her contact?” Nathaniel had learned from his months spent with Cecilia after his amnesia, that he shouldn’t command her, but rather explain the reasons.

Upon hearing that, Cecilia instantly gained clarity.

However, she held a different perspective. “If we were to start over, you should indeed not have that person’s contact information. However, if we aren’t together, you having their contact information seems perfectly normal to me.”

They were all adults, and as adults, their primary pursuit was to maximize their own benefits.

If two people were no longer husband and wife, neither of them could prevent the other from pursuing happiness.

Nathaniel’s heart sank. Only then did he remember what Cecilia had said about reconsidering things. “So, you’re considering Nicholas as a backup?”

Cecilia’s gaze shifted after she heard that. “Of course not.”

Putting aside the fact that she already had two children and was carrying Nathaniel’s child in her womb, the reality that Nathaniel and Nicholas were brothers was something she could no longer accept.

The tension in Nathaniel’s heart eased a bit.

Cecilia then added, “I’m planning to give him a call and clear things up.”

Nathaniel frowned. “Suit yourself.”

Cecilia made a phone call to Nicholas.

The call was quickly connected on the other end.

“Ceci, how are you? Has Nathaniel returned?” Nicholas continued to feign ignorance.

“I knew about everything that happened last night,” said Cecilia.

She had always felt indebted to Nicholas because she was unable to distinguish him from Nathaniel.

Nicholas fell silent for a moment before saying, “I’m sorry to hav

Cecilia felt a lump forming in her throat disappointed you.”

Nicholas gazed out the window. “I never intended to disrupt the bond between you and Nathaniel. However, I just feel like it’s not worth it for you to be with him. Why would choose someone who has hurt you before? You’re such a wonderful person, and you deserve someone even better, don’t you think?”

Nathaniel, with his exceptional hearing, could no longer bear it and snatched the phone away. “So, you’re implying that you’re the better person?”

Knowing that Nathaniel was beside Cecilia, Nicholas curled his lips. “Nathaniel, am I wrong? You two have been married for three years, and Ceci has been taking the medicine to prepare to conceive for the same amount of time. Because of this, she even fell into depression. Someone like you simply doesn’t deserve to be with her. I only want her to see your true colors. If you truly care about her, you should let her go. Also, have you told Ceci about the return of your memory?”

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Chapter 546 As Friends

Every single word from Nicholas struck Nathaniel’s sore spot.

He fell silent.

Nicholas became even more smug. “Nathaniel, do you really think Ceci loves you? All she did was shift her love for me onto you. If it weren’t for me, she wouldn’t have been with you at all. Do you know? She used to always cling to my arm, expressing her desire to be with me every moment of every day.”

Cecilia couldn’t make out what Nicholas was saying. She only noticed his grim expression. After a long while, he finally handed her phone back.

“What did you two talk about?” Cecilia asked, puzzled.

Nathaniel lifted his hand and drew her into his embrace, his voice unexpectedly a bit hoarse as he spoke. “It’s nothing.”

Cecilia pushed him away. “Let go. People are watching us, and I’ve already told him I needed time to think. I don’t want to jump back into a relationship with him.

Yet, Nathaniel didn’t care.

The bodyguards surrounding them turned around.

Nathaniel lowered his voice. “Cecilia, were the things you wrote in the letters you left for me in the past true?”

Once, Cecilia wrote to him, stating that she had never harbored any feelings for him and had been mistaken about him all along.

Cecilia was stunned.

She didn't know why he brought up the matter of the letter, but she didn't deny it. "Yes."

"What about last night?"

"Weren't you drugged?" Cecilia retorted.

If it weren't for the fact that he was drugged, she wouldn't have wanted any of those things to happen.

A bitter taste surged within Nathaniel's throat. "In that case, upon your return to the country, why did you repeatedly..."

"Didn't I make myself clear?" Cecilia responded. "I simply wanted to have you. After all, I never had you before. I've been with you for three years, so I can't just let it go."

Cecilia had been contemplating that since Nathaniel had now regained his memory it was time for her to leave.

They were never people from the same circle.

"Now that you've got me, you're leaving and taking my children with you?" Nathaniel enunciated.

After a pause, Cecilia realized he was referring to the two children inside her belly.

She knew that denying the children were Nathaniel's was pointless. While she conceived the children, she and Nathaniel were practically inseparable every day.

"After the children are born, you can come to visit them frequently."

Cecille was determined to take back the Smith family's assets, so she had no plans to leave Tudela for the time being.

Nathaniel's anger completely dissipated because of her words. "Are you implying that you've made up your mind, that you don't want to be with me?"

"Yes." Cecilia nodded.

She now had her own company, was wealthy, and didn't need to rely on anyone. She had no desire to return to the days when she was the Rainsworth family's daughter-in-law.

“So, you were just placating me all this time? Talking about starting over, as long as I didn’t hurt the two kids?” Nathaniel’s eyes had turned red.

He couldn’t see, and at that moment, he was particularly curious about what kind of expression Cecilia wore. How can she keep going back and forth like this?

Cecilia clenched her fists. “We’re the same. Didn’t you also deceive me about your amnesia?”

Nathaniel realized that he was truly at a loss with her at that time.

Cecilia had another compromise in mind. “If you don’t want a divorce because you’re afraid of public scrutiny, we don’t have to separate. However, we won’t live as a married couple but as friends.”

She contemplated that she might never marry again in this lifetime.

Not living as a married couple but as? How is that possible? “What’s the difference between this and divorce?” Nathaniel asked.

“But didn’t you treat me the same way before?” Cecilia retorted.

Nathaniel was instantly rendered speechless.

When Cecilia was about to say something, a phone call came through.

The call came from an unknown number. Upon ans, a stranger’s voice echoed from the

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Chapter 547 Who Are You

Cecilia’s eyes narrowed, and she instantly grew nervous.

“What did you say? Who are you?”

The man didn’t answer but mocked, “Your son’s been missing for a whole night, and you don’t even know. You sure are careless.” He then ended the call.

Missing for a night?

Cecilia instinctively thought of Elliot and immediately made a call.

At Daltonia Villa, Elliot had just finished the breakfast prepared by the housekeeper when he finally got a call from his mother. He was very curious. “Mommy, did you find Mr. Rainsworth?”

Elliot's voice made Cecilia's tense nerves relax instantly.

She had no idea that the one who had been taken wasn't Elliot but Jonathan, who had been staying with the Sinclair family.

"Eli, are you okay at home?"

"I'm fine, why do you ask?" Elliot replied, confused.

"It's nothing. I'm glad you're okay. Just don't leave the house and stay with the housekeeper, okay?" Cecilia reminded him.

She assumed it had just been a prank call and didn't think much of it.

After waking up in a factory, Jonathan looked around. It was an old, deserted factory, and no one was around. He could vaguely see a few people patrolling near the gate.

He overheard one of them calling Cecilia.

That was when Jonathan realized he had been kidnapped, and it wasn't because of yesterday's incident when he had pulled down someone's pants.

He furrowed his brows slightly and yelled, "I need to use the restroom."

Hearing his shout, one of the men outside, Scarface, opened the door and entered.

"What are you yelling for? Just pee your pants," Scarface said impatiently.

Jonathan recognized his voice. It was the same man who had called his mother.

"Peeing in my pants is too dirty. Besides, it's so cold outside. I'd freeze to death, and if I die, how are you going to get the ransom?"

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Seeing that he was just a kid, Scarface let down his guard and sneered, "Who said anything about ransom? Does your mother have that much money?"

They aren't after a ransom?

"My mommy doesn't have much money, but my daddy does," Jonathan replied, widening his eyes. "If you're not doing this for money, then why did you kidnap me? On TV, kidnappers always ask for money."

"Hahaha..." Scarface laughed and patted Jonathan's small shoulder. "Kid, don't blame me. Your mother offended someone, and I was hired to teach her a lesson."

Jonathan was puzzled. Mommy offended someone?

“My mommy’s a really nice person. Who did she offend?”

“You’re not trying to get information out of me, are you?” Scarface looked suspicious.

He’s only four. This shouldn’t be.

Realizing his mistake, Jonathan quickly played dumb. “Mister, what does that mean?”

Finally, Scarface dismissed his doubts. “Didn’t you need to pee? Come with me.”

Although chatting with a child didn’t seem like a big deal, Scarface was careful not to reveal too much information that might jeopardize his client’s plan.

After letting Jonathan pee outside, he tied him up again when they returned to the factory.

Time passed, and Cecilia still hadn’t received a call from Cecilia. He found it odd.

“Does she not care about her son’s life?”

His client had instructed him to teach this woman a lesson. But how could they do so when she didn’t care about her child?

Scarface looked back at the innocent, adorable boy inside the factory. Taking out a photo of the kid, he confirmed again that they hadn’t captured the wrong child, then continued waiting.

“Mister, I’m so bored. Can I play with your phone for a bit?” Jonathan’s smartwatch had been taken away by Scarface the night before.

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Chapter 548 Pretty Clever

Scarface immediately refused.

“You’re trying to use my phone to call the police, aren’t you? Kid, you’re pretty clever.”

“Mister, I just want to play a game, not make a call.”

Jonathan’s eyes were full of sincerity.

Scarface wasn’t easily fooled, though. “Shut up. Say another word, and I’ll sew your mouth shut.”

Jonathan had no choice but to give up and looked around for any chance to escape.

Yet, there wasn't any.

He was just a child, and dealing with a man like Scarface was already difficult, not to mention the other people with him.

The only option left was to try and get a message to Zachary about where he was being held.

As he hadn't returned last night, Zachary and the others were likely still looking for him.

However, with Scarface showing no mercy, it was impossible to get access to any communication devices. Jonathan had to figure out another way, perhaps through the other people involved.

At Sinclair Manor, chaos broke out. When George learned that Jonathan was missing, he issued a strict order that no matter what, even if they had to turn Tudela upside down, they had to find Jonathan.

"Who dares to go against the Sinclair family? If I find out who's behind this, I'll skin them alive," George declared with a vicious glare.

Then he turned and scolded Zachary, "The kid was in the bathroom for two hours, and you didn't even bother to check on him. How careless can you be?"

Zachary was in a complete mess. Not only had he developed a bond with Jonathan, but the child was also Nathaniel's son.

If Nathaniel found out something had happened to his son, Zachary knew he'd be the one skinned alive.

"It was my oversight."

Zachary frowned. "But it's strange. If they kidnapped a child, isn't it usually for ransom? Why haven't they called for money?"

"Could it be an enemy of yours?" George asked again.

Farhan had more enemies than even Nathaniel

His expression grew darker.

If it was one of his enemies, Jonathan might already be dead.

Zachary took a visibly flustered Vivian outside. “Regardless, we should inform Nathaniel first.”

“Tell Nathaniel?” Vivian’s eyes widened in shock.

“What else can we do? It’s taking too long with just our family searching. If the Rainsworth family joins in, we’ll be able to find him, even if it’s just his body.”

His body...

Vivian’s face turned even paler.

“This is all your fault! If you hadn’t been so careless, Jon wouldn’t have been taken. I regret it so much. I should’ve gone with you guys last night. It’s all because you didn’t let me!”

Vivian had wanted to go with them last night, but Zachary had refused.

He didn’t want to attract attention by taking her along.

“How was I supposed to know something like this would happen?”

He had always been single, never fearing to offend anyone.

But now, he was scared

As he sent people to search through his old enemies, he nervously called Nathaniel.

“What’s the matter?”

“Nathaniel, I lost your son.”

Nathaniel and Cecilia had already returned home.

Hearing Zachary’s words, Nathaniel was momentarily confused. What son?

Then, seeing Elliot, he realized.

“You mean Jon?”

“Yes. Yesterday, I took him to the party with me, and while I went to the restroom, someone kidnapped him.”

Nathaniel’s expression turned serious.

So the call Cecilia had received about a missing child wasn’t about Elliot—it was about Jonathan.

“I understand. Don’t tell Cecilia just yet. I’ll send my men out immediately to search.” could lead to complications.

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Chapter 549 The Wrong Person

After Nathaniel hung up, he immediately ordered someone to track the number that had called Cecilia earlier.

He also received the video from Zachary and instructed his men to search for the men in black who had entered the restroom yesterday.

Zachary informed him, “Nathaniel, I discovered that Eli also entered the restroom yesterday. Those men went in right after him.”

“Are you saying they might’ve intended to kidnap Eli but took the wrong child?”

“I’m not sure. But if they were after me, they should have contacted me about Jon by now.”

Nathaniel thought about the call Cecilia had received earlier that morning.

“Got it.”

For some unknown reason, Cecilia felt a sense of unease throughout the day.

She thought about that phone call and then looked over at Elliot. After some time had passed, she finally remembered about Jonathan.

She patted her head. “Ever since I got pregnant, I feel like my brain’s slowing down.”

Cecilia immediately called Vivian.

“Vivian, is Jon with you?”

Zachary had already told Vivian not to inform Cecilia about Jonathan's kidnapping since she was pregnant.

Vivian had no choice but to lie. "Yes, he is. Why?"

"What's he doing right now? Can I talk to him?" Cecilia asked.

"No, he's busy playing chess with Grandpa," Vivian replied.

"Oh, okay then."

Cecilia finally felt a bit more at ease as she ended the call.

At the factory, Scarface hadn't received any return calls from Cecilia and was growing impatient.

He stood up walked out, and called Queenie.

"Mdm. Queenie, it seems like Cecilia doesn't care at all about her son's life. We took the kid last night, but she hasn't made any efforts to find him. Instead..."

"Instead, what?"

"Instead, it's the Sinclair family who's been searching for him."

Scarface was skilled and quickly noticed that someone was tracking their location. He immediately ordered his men, "Get the kid in the car."

Queenie trusted him completely.

"Don't be afraid of the Sinclair family. If Cecilia doesn't care about her son, then hang the boy off the bridge for everyone to see."

"You're really going to kill the child?" Scarface asked, incredulous.

Queenie was known for being ruthless in business, but she had never harmed a child before.

Before Queenie could respond, Cassandra, who was next to her, spoke up. "Scorpius, since you've already kidnapped her son, there's no way you can let him go. When you hurt her child, you need to give her some hope first."

Scarface was confused. "Hope?"

Cassandra's face twisted into a cruel smile. "Tell her that if she disfigures herself, you'll release her son. Of course, once she's ruined her face, throw the boy into the river."

Scarface was shocked. He couldn't believe how vicious Cassandra was.

Even Queenie was surprised.

Her original plan was just to scare Cecilia into leaving Tudela, but now her daughter wanted to ruin Cecilia's face and kill her son?

Though she felt uneasy about Cassandra's suggestion, Queenie didn't stop her. She simply told Scarface, "Do as she says, but don't let the boy suffer too much."

"Understood."

Half an hour later, news of a child being hung from the Tudela Bridge broke, quickly trending online.

At the same time, both the Rainsworth and Sinclair families, who were searching for Jonathan, received the news and immediately sent people to rescue him.

Cecilia saw it on TV right when Scarface made his second call.

[When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 550](#)

Chapter 550 Cut Your Face

Cecilia saw Jonathan's small body tied up with ropes, hanging off the bridge, looking like he could fall into the river at any second.

In an instant, she found herself unable to utter a single word.

"Ms. Smith, our client said, if you leave Tudela, we'll let the child then the boy dies."

Cecilia didn't even hesitate. "Fine, I'll leave. Just let him go."

go. But if you insist on staying,

Scarface, however, didn't release Jonathan. Instead, following Cassandra's instructions, he added, "I don't believe you.

As Cecilia rushed toward the river in her car, she asked, "Then what do you want me to do?"

"Do you have a knife on you?"

Cecilia looked around. "No."

"Then find something sharp and cut your face."

Scarface had worked under Queenie for half his life, but this was the first time he used a child to force a woman to disfigure herself.

Deep down, he sighed heavily.

He had assumed she wouldn't agree so easily, but in the next moment, he heard a shriek from the other end of the phone line.

Cecilia removed the earring she was wearing and harshly scratched her right cheek, causing blood to pour out profusely.

"I—I've done it. Please, let my son go. I'm begging you!"

She didn't know what kind of grudge these people held against her, but all she cared about now was keeping Jonathan alive.

She didn't mind disfiguring herself or even giving her life, as long as her son lived.

This was the instinct of a mother. For her child, she feared nothing.

"How do I know you really cut your face? Send me a video."

Cecilia, still driving, managed to send the video.

When Scarface opened it and saw her resolute actions, he couldn't help but admire her.

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Seeing it, Cassandra was overjoyed. "Mom, with a scar like that on her face, how's she ever going to seduce Nicholas again?"

Queenie glanced at it briefly, her heart tightening for some reason.

Maybe it reminded her of something from her own past.

"Okay, Cassandra, that's enough. Let's give her a swift end."

But Cassandra wasn't satisfied. "Her left cheek is still fine, isn't it? Scorpius, make her cut her left. cheek too."

Scarface felt that Cassandra had been completely spoiled.

He couldn't bear to see a mother suffer like this again. He glanced around, noticing that help was about to arrive on the bridge to rescue the child.

"No, I can't. The Sinclair and Rainsworth families are here," Scarface said.

Cassandra was disappointed.

"Fine then, let the boy die."

To her, other people's lives meant nothing. She could end a life with just a command.

Scarface received the order but hesitated.

Jonathan knew these people truly wanted him dead. As the boy hung there, he looked toward Scarface's hidden position, deciding to give one last attempt.

"Mister, how did you get the scar on your face? It must've hurt a lot, right?"

His words hit Scarface right in the heart, and he couldn't respond to the boy or even look at him.

He was about to order his men to cut the rope when Cecilia's call came through again.

“I did what you asked. When will you let my son go? Please, I’m begging you. I’ll do anything, just let him go. You must have children too, right? I’m begging you, please...”

Scarface’s resolve began to crumble even more.

Meanwhile, the news was streamed online.

Netizens across the country were watching with bated breath.

A comment read: Who could be so cruel as to do this to a child?

Another read: He’s such a sweet-looking kid. Please don’t let anything happen to him.

One comment read: He’s so cute and calm. He hasn’t even cried.