

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 811

Chapter 811 Go Back To Being Friends

Mason was dumbfounded. He hadn’t anticipated that his meeting with Jessica would be spotted by Lucille, let alone having a picture taken.

He texted: Lucy, let me explain.

However, Lucille had blocked him.

Mason felt a chill in his heart. He immediately set off toward Lucille’s company.

Inside the office, Lucille’s expression was grim. She was so frustrated with Mason that she felt like punching him a few times. Why wouldn’t he just tell the truth even now?

Since the company Lucille worked for wasn’t particularly large and lacked any significant security, Mason was able to march straight into the office, swiftly taking Lucille’s hand in his own.

“Lucy, let me explain.”

Lucille was filled with surprise.

The surrounding coworkers all looked over.

Lucille had no option but to follow Mason out.

Once they found themselves in a secluded spot, Mason immediately apologized to her, “Lucy, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have lied. I was afraid you’d be upset. I didn’t dare tell you the truth.”

Afraid I’d be upset?

Lucille was even more upset now.

“So, if I were afraid you’d be upset and sought the e company of other men outside, would you find that acceptable?”

Mason had thought he wasn’t in the upon hearing Lucille’s words, he couldn’t help but feel guilty.

“Of course not,” he said weakly.

Long. But

Lucille's face flushed red with anger. "Isn't this the same thing? What do you mean you were afraid to tell me because I might get upset? What if I spent the late hours with another man, cuddling and hugging him, and didn't tell you? What would you do?"

Mason fell silent.

He reckoned he would take that man down.

However, the issue at hand wasn't this assumption.

"I'm sorry, Lucy. I really messed up this time."

Mason had thought that having a meal with Jessica was no big deal. However, after hearing Lucille's perspective, he started to feel that he was in the wrong.

"Trust me, I absolutely didn't embrace her. She caught me off guard when she suddenly hugged me. I couldn't react in time."

"Really?" Lucille was still deeply disappointed in him. He couldn't react in time? What does that even mean?

She lowered her gaze. "Do you think Ms. Quill is much better than me?" –

"How do you know her last name is Quill?" Mason asked in confusion.

Lucille didn't respond. Instead, she produced the recorded conversation she had with Jessica from that evening.

"I knew Mason's woman was no good. Now that I see her, it's true." Jessica's voice could be heard first.

"So in your opinion, do you think you and Mason are a better match?" Lucille asked.

"Of course, we're definitely a better match than you and Mason. You're so petty, playing these tracking games. If Mason knew about it, wouldn't he despise you? Well, I guess he wouldn't despise you because he never liked you in the first place. Do you know why I arranged a private meeting with Mason today? I want to seduce him. What can you possibly do about it?"

The recording ended at this point.

Mason was utterly shocked.

"I can't believe she's that type of woman."

He had always held preconceived notions, believing that Jessica was kind and naive. Little did he know she had the audacity to provoke Lucille.

At that moment, he realized he had made a grave mistake.

“Lucy, I...”

This time, he didn't even know how to begin apologizing.

Lucille simply looked at him coldly. He's Nathaniel's chief personal assistant, yet surprisingly, he's interested in such a woman.

“Mason, I'm really disappointed in you. Let's just go back to being friends from now on. I'll be moving out, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't come looking for me at my office anymore. Otherwise, we won't even be able to remain friends.”

Mason stared at her, dumbfounded. “You want to break up with me?”

When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 812

Chapter 812 Let Me Take You There

In affairs of the heart, Mason remained a bit clumsy. He failed to notice that Lucille was offering him an opportunity.

Lucille, too weary to respond further, got up and returned to the office.

Mason was about to follow, but Lucille turned around and reprimanded him, “Do you not even want to be friends with me?”

Mason obediently halted his steps.

“No.”

He now truly realized his mistake, understanding just how outrageous it was..

Lucille didn't want to forgive him just like that. Otherwise, many other women might just pop up next time.

Upon returning to her office, Lucille was particularly gloomy, not knowing who to confide in.

After her blind date with Mason, he had brought her to this city where she essentially had no friends.

She had declared a breakup and her intention to move out. But where was she supposed to find a place to live?

Suddenly, she found herself thinking about Cecilia. Feeling a bit embarrassed, she sent her a message: Cecilia, do you know where I can rent a house?

After sending the message, she regretted it.

Cecilia had been the wealthy heiress of a prominent family, and now, she was the wife of a rich man. How would she know anything about renting a house?

She was about to withdraw the message when Cecilia replied: Did Mason make you move out? What a jerk!

Cecilia knew that the two were about to get married and were now living together.

She had instinctively thought that Mason was truly a scoundrel. Now that the truth was out, he wanted to drive Lucille away.

Lucille: No, it's my own decision to move out. Otherwise, living with him all the time makes it seem like I lack ambition.

Reading that, Cecilia finally felt at ease.

Cecilia: I have a vacant house. If you don't mind, you're welcome to stay there.

The Smith residence was now largely uninhabited, save for the occasional visit from a cleaner. If Lucille were to move in, it would certainly breathe some life back into the house.

Lucille: Really? All right, I'll give you the rent.

Cecilia: Sure, you can calculate it based on the average rental price in Tudela

It wasn't that Cecilia lacked the rent money, but rather, she wanted Lucille to have a peaceful place to live.

If Cecilia didn't charge rent, Lucille would certainly feel uncomfortable.

Lucille: All right.

After looking up the approximate rental prices in Tudela, Lucille sent the rent money to Cecilia.

Cecilia received it, then provided Lucille with the address and the code to the residence.

Once she finished work, Lucille promptly began packing, ready to move house.

Mason kept following her. "Lucy, where are you moving to?"

"You don't need to worry about it."

"Can we stop this, please? I genuinely realize my mistake, and I promise it won't happen in the future." Mason panicked.

He had finally gotten engaged to Lucille and even persuaded her to move to Tudela. Now, before they were even married, she was already planning to leave.

"Let's discuss the future when it comes, but for now, I need to move out. I'd appreciate it if you could make some room, Mr. Sanders."

Lucille had already packed her bags, one in each hand, ready to leave the house.

Immediately, Mason stepped forward to offer her assistance. "Lucy, let me take you there."

Nevertheless, his primary concern was Lucille's safety. It was late at night, and he wondered where she could possibly go.

"No thanks, you should focus more on Ms. Quill instead."

Lucille grabbed her suitcase and swiftly made her way outside. She hailed a taxi in no time, told the driver her destination, and left without looking back.

Mason was about to follow in his car immediately, but as he reached the traffic light intersection, a phone call came through.

He pulled out his phone, only to find that it was a call from Jessica.

The moment Mason thought about the words Jessica had said in Lucille's recording, he immediately hung up.

Jessica was unyielding and relentless. She continued to call.

When Mason was distracted, he realized that the taxi had already merged into the multitude of cars. He had no choice but to randomly follow one..

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 813

Chapter 813 This Is The Place

However, when the taxi finally pulled over, Mason discovered that the person inside was not the one he was looking for.

“Darn it!”

Jessica was still calling.

He answered the phone with a hint of impatience. “Ms. Quill, what’s the matter?”

Jessica felt that Mason’s tone was rather unpleasant that day.

She thought she must have misheard but didn’t dwell on it. “Mason, are you asleep?”

“No.”

Thanks to you, I won’t be getting any sleep tonight.

“I’m a bit scared. Last night, there seemed to be some strange noises in the mansion. Could you ask Nathaniel if I can stay at his place?”

Mason’s voice turned cold.

“I’m not in a position to decide on this matter. You should probably give Mr. Rainsworth a call. If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up now.”

Jessica stared at the disconnected call, her face a mask of confusion.

Suddenly, she thought back to the night before last when she had seen Lucille.

Did she complain to Mason?

Why didn’t I complain to Mason first? Fortunately, she had taken a photo of her face after Lucille had hit her that day.

Mason was about to call Lucille to check if she had reached her destination when Jessica sent another message.

It was a picture of her face, marked with a vivid handprint.

Mason suspected Cecilia might be behind it. If that were the case, it would be too much.

Soon after, Jessica sent a text message. It read: There’s something I haven’t told you. The other night, after we had dinner, I ran into your girlfriend. Your girlfriend seems to have misunderstood something about us, and then she hit

Mason was shocked to discover that it was Lucille who had delivered the slap.

If he hadn't heard the recorded conversation between them, he might have believed that Lucille was rude

and had hit someone without cause.

Now, he knew that Jessica was not a good person at all.

When Jessica saw the message from Mason, her eyes were filled with surprise.

Jessica: Mason, she's your fiancée. Aren't you going to stand up for her?

Mason was extremely annoyed with Jessica at that moment.

He had only said that because he knew for certain that Jessica would never call the police, especially given the lack of evidence.

"Ms. Quill, I apologize, but I'm already exhausted from a full day of work. It would be best if you didn't seek me out, whether you have a matter to discuss or not. If you're looking to get in touch with Mr. Rainsworth, I'd appreciate it if you could find him yourself."

After saying all that, he deleted Jessica from his life.

A woman with such devious intentions could potentially harm him if he continued to stay in contact with her.

Then, he immediately got in touch with Lucille.

"Lucy, have you arrived?"

"I'm here now. Get lost."

Lucille had arrived. She was so taken aback that she didn't even know how to scold Mason. After responding to him, she ended the call.

Mason tried calling again, only to discover that she was already on another call.

Lucille stood outside a massive mansion. She even took a picture, specifically asking Cecilia, "Cecilia, am I at the right place?"

Cecilia replied, "Yes, this is the place. You can enter by typing in the code. I've already spoken to the security."

"But the money I gave you is not enough for—"

She felt that the money she had couldn't even cover the cost of a corner of this mansion.

"The mansion has been vacant for a while. No one's been living there," Cecilia interrupted her. "Now that you're here, you could do me a favor and check if there's anything broken or in need of repair"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 814

Chapter 814 Follow My Instructions

Lucille sincerely thanked Cecilia.

Cecilia also felt that she had done a good deed for someone.

After she hung up the phone, she saw Jessica, looking rather unwell, walk past her.

Suddenly, Jessica halted, turning to look at Cecilia. "Cecilia, I have a question for you."

"What?"

"Do you know Mason's fiancée?" Jessica had never felt this devastated.

She was certain it had something to do with Lucille. She had no idea what the woman might have said to Mason, but whatever it was had led him to cut her off completely.

Cecilia didn't respond to her. "What's wrong? Are you looking for something from Mason's fiancée?"

Jessica sat down and replied, "Cecilia, you wouldn't believe it, but I ran into his fiancée a few days ago. She was incredibly arrogant and domineering."

Jessica started to give Cecilia a negative impression of Lucille.

Pretending to be intrigued, Cecilia asked, "Oh? How so?"

"She spoke poorly of you to me," Jessica said, vividly recounting the conversation. "She claimed you weren't worthy of Nathaniel. She also mentioned that Mason often criticized you behind your back, calling you incompetent and unworthy of the title of Mrs. Rainsworth."

Had it not been for Cecilia's knowledge of what kind of person she was, she might have believed her.

“They can say whatever they want as long as we have a clear conscience.” After expressing this with great magnanimity, Cecilia stood up. “I’m going to rest now. You should also go to sleep soon.”

At the mention of sleep, Jessica felt a bit uneasy.

Even though she had switched rooms, she still feared that peculiar

“Cecilia, could you possibly sleep with me? I’m scared.”

“Sorry, but I’m not fond of sharing a bed with strangers.

Jessica cast a cold glance at Cecilia, then finally pulled Elliot’s nanny to accompany her to bed.

The nanny thought of Jessica as a good person, and so, she agreed.

After finishing the recording of his new song, Eric reached out to meet with Cecilia.

Cecilia requested leave from her company and was supposed to meet with Eric. However, Jessica persistently tagged along with her just like a shadow.

“Cecilia, where are you headed? You’re pregnant. It’s best not to roam around too much.”

“It’s all right. We’re all girls here.”

Jessica was certain that Cecilia did not plan to meet her best friend.

Cecilia was left speechless and chose not to continue the conversation. Once she got into the car, she didn’t invite Jessica in and simply told Sven to drive off.

Jessica wanted to chase after her, but it was already too late.

Unable to bear it, she approached Nathaniel’s driver, who was staying at the villa.

“Could you please drive me? I’m really worried about Cecilia.”

The driver, finding her charming and pretty with a knack for acting coy, agreed without giving it much thought.

However, their departure was slow, and with Sven driving, the driver simply couldn’t keep up.

Cecilia arrived at the place she had agreed to meet with Eric.

She found that Eric had been waiting for her in the private room for quite some time.

“Ms. Ceci, you’re finally here. Take a listen and tell me what you think of my singing.”
Eric handed over the recorded song to Cecilia.

Cecilia believed him and sat down to listen to the song.

“Pretty good.”

“It’s all thanks to your excellent teaching.”

Cecilia couldn’t help but chuckle. “All right, enough with the flattery. I plan to use this song for a competition first. I intend to participate under my own name.”

She no longer wanted to use her other name, Cecille.

Hearing that, Eric didn’t ask further. “Sure, you can do whatever you want. I’m here to support you.”

What he said was the truth.

“Thank you.”

Once Eric agreed, Cecilia handed over competition organizers.

Cecilia told her to use her real name the song to Charlotte, instructing her to pass it on to the

Charlotte was somewhat puzzled. “Why are you doing this? You could easily win if you competed as Cecille.”

“Just follow my instructions.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 815

Chapter 815 Do You Know

Cecilia thought that it would make things fairer if she entered the competition under an ordinary identity.

Charlotte roughly understood. “Boss, you’re being too nice. Some people would kill to get first place handed to them directly.”

The registration for the competition was completed.

Unbeknownst to Cecilia, Cassandra had been keeping a close eye behind the scenes of this competition, intending to find a professional composer to collaborate with.

To support Cassandra, Queenie even invested in this music composition competition.

When Cassandra got hold of the participant list and glanced through it, her gaze was locked on the name “Cecilia”.

“Cecilia?” She immediately summoned her assistant. “Go find out about the information on this person called Cecilia from the organizers.”

Could it be a case of sharing the same name?

Cassandra knew Cecilia had a hearing impairment, but she was unaware that the latter could actually compose music.

The assistant returned shortly, informing, “Ms. Evans, the organizers say that Cecilia was recommended by a veteran composer. Apart from her personal details, there isn’t any other information.”

“Is there a photo?”

The assistant shook her head.

Cassandra’s face was etched with anger when she realized that her assistant hadn’t obtained any information. “What’s the point of having you around if you can’t find out anything?”

Faced with the young lady who was pampered since childhood, the assistant was annoyed but dared not voice her displeasure.

“Keep a close eye on her,” Cassandra added.

“Understood.”

If it’s really Cecilia, things will get interesting.

“By the way, any news from Paula?”

“It seems like Cecilia has given the caregiver money. She’s still taking care of Paula as usual,” the assistant answered.

Cassandra was somewhat worried, as Queenie had only given her one month.

If this continues, how could I possibly sever ties with her within a month?

Cassandra sighed, caressing her belly. My belly’s getting bigger. I wonder when Nicholas will marry me.

She figured she had to marry into the Rainsworth family as soon as possible, as things would become increasingly unfavorable the more she delayed.

After all, the child was not actually Nicholas'.

Suddenly, a phone call came in. Cassandra picked up her phone and was surprised to find it was from Miranda.

Miranda and Jonathan were at odds with each other, like oil and water, always on the brink of a clash.

Cassandra was unsure why Miranda would suddenly call her. Picking up the phone, she asked, "Hello, what is it?"

"Where are you now?" asked Miranda.

"I'm at the opera house."

"Do you know Cecilia is now working at Orion Corporation, serving as secretary for Nicholas?"

Cassandra's mind went blank, her slender fingers clutching her phone tightly.

"When did this happen?"

"Just a couple of days ago."

I was still wondering how formidable she'd be. But as it turns out, she isn't all that impressive. She doesn't even know that her love rival is working as a secretary for her fiancé.

Before Cassandra could utter a word, Miranda quickly added, "Cassandra, did I ever tell you that Cecilia and Nicholas were childhood friends? Later on, Nicholas went abroad due to an illness. Cecilia even caused a snafu because of this, mistaking Nathaniel for Nicholas and ending up marrying Nathaniel."

Those words were like a knife being thrust into the depths of Cassandra's heart.

Nonetheless, she tried to play it cool. "That's all in the past. Nicholas has already told me about it. It's nothing."

Cassandra didn't even know how she ended the call, but she was feeling down in the dumps thereafter.

She walked out of the opera house, instructing the driver to head to Orion Corporation.

I shall see for myself how audacious Cecilia, that shameless woman, is that she'd go to Nicholas again.

When Cassandra arrived at Orion Corporation, Cecilia had just come over. She was seated next to Nicholas, diligently taking notes at the senior management meeting.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 816

Chapter 816 Have You Done Something Guilty

Cassandra attempted to barge in, but Jocelyn blocked her way.

"Ms. Evans, have you made up your mind? Do you really want to go in? If Mr. Nicholas loses his temper, you'll have to handle it yourself."

Upon hearing Jocelyn's words, Cassandra had no choice but to leave, deciding to wait in the CEO's office for Nicholas to finish his meeting.

Jocelyn didn't bother with her anymore and headed to inform Nicholas about her arrival discreetly.

Nicholas' brows furrowed slightly. "I got it. You can get back to work. Don't bother about her."

"Understood."

As Cecilia was seated not too far from Nicholas, she roughly heard Jocelyn's words.

Cassandra is here? Judging from Jocelyn's expression, her arrival probably doesn't bode well.

Cecilia felt that she was quite likely the reason.

Noticing Cecilia seemingly lost in thought, Nicholas gently nudged her and lowered his voice to ask, "What's wrong?"

She immediately snapped back to reality and shook her head.

"It's nothing. I'm sorry, I just zoned out."

"Are you tired?"

Nicholas' voice deepened further.

"No."

Cecilia felt even more embarrassed.

She then continued documenting the key contents of the meeting. While listening to the others present discussing the plans, Nicholas had his attention drawn to Cecilia from time to time.

An hour later, the meeting finally came to an end.

Before Nicholas could return to his office, Cassandra had already rushed over.

“Nicholas.”

As expected, she saw Cecilia too, walking out of the conference room.

Seemingly trying to assert her authority, andra hooked her arm through Nicholas' front of

everybody and said, “Cecilia, you’ve started working too?”

At once, the crowd directed their gazes toward Cecilia.

They only knew that Nicholas had replaced his secretary with a new one, but they had no idea what the Knowing well that Cassandra had no brothers, they began speculating that Cecilia was possibly the disabled wife of Nathaniel.

Most of the senior executives here had been replaced by Nicholas, so there were very few who recognized Cecilia.

However, they had a rough idea, that the last name of Nathaniel’s wife was Smith.

Coincidentally, they remembered that the secretary before them also had the same last name!

Cecilia knew well Cassandra’s visit was nothing good. “Yeah. Mom told me to come here to learn how to manage a company’s affairs,” she responded, her tone neither servile nor overbearing.

Nicholas cast a glance at the senior executives at the back who had yet to leave.

“Why is everyone still here today? Do you all wish to work overtime?” he asked with a seemingly teasing tone.

The senior executives, who were there for the drama, responded with a chuckle and swiftly departed from the scene.

Cecilia was ready to leave with the others, but Cassandra stopped her. "Cecilia, you seem in such a hurry to leave. Have you done something guilty?"

"Guilty?" Cecilia turned to look at her. "What do I have to feel guilty about?"

Cassandra was just about to mention the matter of Cecilia becoming Nicholas' secretary when she was interrupted by the man beside her.

"Cassandra, wait for me in the office."

"Nicholas..." Cassandra refused, standing rooted to the spot. "Why won't you let me be your secretary, but allow her instead? She's your sister-in-law. Aren't you afraid of becoming the subject of rumors and gossip?"

Cecilia laughed. "Ms. Evans, don't you think there's something wrong about what you just said? What do you mean when you say he'll become the subject of rumors and gossip if I become his secretary?"

She could tell that Cassandra cared deeply for Nicholas. Yet, at the thought of her face and how Jonathan was nearly harmed, she deliberately continued provoking her.

"Being a secretary is a perfectly normal profession. Only those with impure thoughts would consider it otherwise. I know you're worried because your father is with his secretary. But rest assured, Nicholas and I aren't the people you imagine us to be," Cecilia added without holding back.

Upon hearing this, Cassandra became even more furious.

"How dare you talk about my dad?"

She raised her hand to strike Cecilia, but Nicholas swiftly seized her wrist. "That's enough! Go to my office. Don't make me repeat myself."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 817

Chapter 817 You Have Changed

Cassandra's eyes instantly welled up with tears when Nicholas yelled at her right in front of Cecilia.

She was so intimidated by Nicholas that she had to stifle her grievances and reluctantly return to her office.

Once she left, Nicholas turned his gaze toward Cecilia. "You should learn to handle things like how I did in the future. Don't let anyone bully you. Remember to fight back."

With that, he walked toward the office, leaving Cecilia bewildered.

When Cassandra saw Nicholas return to the office, her eyes were teary, and she looked extremely aggrieved. "Nicholas, why did you raise your voice at me in front of Cecilia? Do you still have feelings for her?"

Nicholas didn't respond directly. Instead, he asked, "Did you not notice the people around you just now?"

Cassandra looked at him, puzzled.

"How could you, my fiancée, act like that toward Cecilia in front of all those senior executives? What will others think of us?"

Cassandra was at a loss for words at the moment.

Nicholas added, "My mother was the one who decided to let Cecilia come to work here. The intention was for her to assist Nathaniel, who, as you know, is currently blind. There are quite a few people out there who want him dead. That's why I wanted Cecilia around to keep an eye on things and learn the ins and outs of the company."

The anger in Cassandra's heart subsided after hearing his explanation.

She lowered her head. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Nicholas enunciated each word clearly. "To me, these are insignificant matters. I just didn't realize they were so important to you. From now on, you'd better not come to the company anymore."

"Excuse me?"

"You wouldn't want to put me in a difficult position, would you?"

Though Cassandra was not a responsible daughter and often put her interests above others, she fell in love with Nicholas. Therefore, she would obey Nicholas' instructions, regardless of what they were.

"All right." After nodding, she couldn't help but ask, "Nicholas, promise you'll never hurt me, okay?"

"Don't worry," Nicholas replied with an inscrutable, deep gaze.

Only then did Cassandra feel reassured enough to leave.

After she left, Jocelyn brought over his lunch. As she placed it on the table, she said, "Mr. Nicholas, I think you've changed."

Having spent many years by Nicholas' side, she could easily discern who Nicholas was in love with.

Upon hearing those words, Nicholas stepped forward. "People change, don't they?"

Jocelyn's hand paused as she handed him the utensils.

Deep down, she wanted him to know that she had always remained the same.

While retrieving the utensils, Nicholas asked, "Where's Ceci?"

"Mrs. Rainsworth has already left the office."

Jocelyn wanted to remind Nicholas of Cecilia's status, so she always referred to Cecilia as "Mrs. Rainsworth" in front of him.

"Is she angry?" Yet, Nicholas seemed unfazed. "From now on, keep an eye on Cassandra. Don't let her barge in again."

He had gone to great lengths to secure Cecilia a position at the company. Even if their time together was limited to just three hours a day, it was more than enough for him.

"All right," Jocelyn replied, her concern deepening.

Nicholas had grown increasingly obstinate, willing to challenge the world for Cecilia.

However, the truth was that Cecilia had long forgotten him, showing no sign of affection.

As soon as Cecilia stepped out of the entrance of Orion Corporation, a black business car came to a halt right in front of her.

Before she could even react, several men emerged from the vehicle, swiftly bundling her up and dragging her into the vehicle.

Everything had happened so swiftly that she hadn't even had the chance to get in touch with Sven.

Although Sven wasn't around as he had gone to pick up Elliot, there was still the bodyguard that Nathaniel had always assigned to stay by Cecilia's side.

Cecilia wondered who had the audacity to do this to her. It wasn't until she got into the car that she finally understood what was going on.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 818

Chapter 818 I Will Not Resign

Inside the car, Nathaniel was leaning against the back seat, resting with his eyes closed.

Seeing him, Cecilia felt an inexplicable confusion. “Nathaniel, what is this about?”

Nathaniel opened his eyes only upon hearing her indignant words. “I want you to tell Nicholas that you’re resigning. Do it right in front of me.”

Cecilia hadn’t anticipated that he would go so far as to have her tied up in a car just to force her resignation.

“I won’t resign.” She refused. Why should I since I’m doing a great job?

Moreover, Cecilia had now found a way to irritate Cassandra. If I were to resign now, wouldn’t Cassandra interpret it as me being afraid of her?

Nathaniel’s handsome face grew disdainful, and he spoke with a cold, piercing tone. “You’re carrying my child now. Do you think you can rekindle your past relationship with Nicholas?”

A wave of frustration washed over Cecilia. If it weren’t for the fact that Nathaniel was suffering from amnesia, she would have given him a piece of her mind.

Her silence deepened Nathaniel’s frown, as he believed she might genuinely harbor such a thought. “Cecilia, don’t forget that you’re pregnant and already a mother to two children. It’s one thing if you don’t care about your reputation, but what about your kids? You could bring shame to the Rainsworth family.”

As soon as Nathaniel finished speaking, Cecilia’s anger erupted. She clenched her fist tightly and delivered a hard punch to his chest.

Her speed was such that her subordinates barely had time to react before the blow landed.

The shock on their faces was palpable.

Cecilia, driven by fury, landed several more punches on Nathaniel in rapid succession. It wasn’t until he caught her final punch by the wrist that she finally ceased her assault.

“What’s the matter? Did I hit a nerve and drive you mad?” Nathaniel asked, puzzled. The spot where she had hit him didn’t hurt; in fact, it felt oddly ticklish.

He was baffled by this strange sensation.

Cecilia's face flushed with anger. "Are you out of your mind? Why would you even think that your wife would cheat on you?"

Her words made her subordinates in the car struggle to stifle their laughter, each one turning away to hide

their amusement

Nathaniel tightly gripped Cecilia's wrist, his face darkening. "Stop the car."

Cecilia had initially thought he would kick her out of the car, but to her surprise, when the vehicle stopped, all the henchmen and the driver got out, leaving just the two of them inside.

The atmosphere in the car became stifling, and Cecilia anger continued to simmer.

She could tolerate discussions about other people and things, but she couldn't stand Nathaniel making remarks about her children.

"Let me go!" demanded Cecilia.

Not only did Nathaniel not let go, but he also gripped her wrist even tighter. "Apologize to me right now."

"Why should I apologize?" Cecilia shot back. "You're accusing me of wanting to rekindle things with Nicholas. Do you have any proof? If you don't, why are you making baseless assumptions? The one who should apologize is you, for being so misguided."

She glared at him, noticing he still hadn't loosened his hold.

His grip was painfully tight, and Cecilia resolved that she would not give in any longer.

Cecilia leaned in and bit the back of Nathaniel's hand.

A sudden pain shot through Nathaniel's hand, and he immediately released Cecilia. Not only did she dare to defy me like this, but she also had the audacity to bite me?

Once Nathaniel loosened his grip, Cecilia released her bite.

"If you're not well, you should go home and rest. Don't come looking for me until you're fully recovered. I don't want to be upset by you." With that, Cecilia opened the car door and stepped out of the vehicle.

Furious, Cecilia took deep breaths to calm herself, mindful of her pregnancy.

Nathaniel's subordinates and driver, standing by the roadside, observed her exit from the car with concern. They then cast uncertain glances back at the car, waiting to see how their boss would respond.

Ten seconds later, a deep voice from Nathaniel echoed from the car. "What are you waiting for? Get in the car."

All his men then immediately returned to the car.

The back of Nathaniel's hand still bore the marks of two rows of teeth. His handsome face was utterly grim. "Where are we now?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 819

Chapter 819 Follow Her

"Maple Street," the driver responded.

Maple Street. Nathaniel remembered it as a place with little to no traffic or people. He instructed the driver, "Follow her."

"Yes."

A few years ago, this area had been taken over by Orion Corporation and was now a commercial street, much different from how it used to be.

After Cecilia got out of the car, she thought she might as well stroll around since she had nothing to do. The season was changing, and it would be a good time to buy some new clothes for Elliot and Jonathan.

As she walked along the roadside, she noticed many people glancing her way. At first, she thought it was because of the scar on her face.

However, as time went by, she realized that the car following her from a distance was drawing attention.

The car was quite long—about seven or eight meters—and the small golden figurine on the hood caught many people's eyes.

Cecilia had assumed that Nathaniel had left in anger after their argument. She hadn't expected him to be following her all this time.

She stopped and walked toward the vehicle.

The driver panicked. "Mr. Rainsworth, Mrs. Rainsworth is coming over."

Nathaniel was surprised as well.

In the next moment, there was a knock on the car window.

The considerate driver lowered the window. Cecilia looked inside at Nathaniel. "What are you trying to do now? I'm telling you, I'm pregnant, and my emotions are all over the place. If you want to argue, you better come out here."

Nathaniel fell silent.

He had only been concerned for her safety as she was walking alone on the street, but this woman didn't appreciate it at all.

However, considering she was pregnant, he decided not to argue with her.

"Get in the car. I'll take you back to Daltonia Villa."

It was the typical carrot after stick. He'd dragged her into the car, insulted her, and now he pretended to be concerned about taking her home.

Cecilia wasn't fooled by his act. "No need. I can catch a cab back myself."

After saying that, she turned and walked toward a nearby store.

"What is she doing in the store?" Nathaniel asked.

"She's probably buying something?"

The subordinate thought, Why else would a woman go to a store? Mr. Rainsworth's question is quite funny.

"Can she get a cab here?" Nathaniel asked again.

"Of course she can. We can book cabs on our phones nowadays. It's really convenient. Don't you know that, Mr. Rainsworth?"

Realizing his slip-up, the subordinate immediately covered his mouth.

Nathaniel had always been chauffeured around. How would he know about booking cabs?

"Let's go back to Seabay Villa."

"Yes."

As the car drove away, Nathaniel absentmindedly rubbed the spot where Cecilia had bitten him, feeling an odd sensation.

By the time they returned to Seabay Villa, Mason finally realized that Nathaniel had gone out.

“Mr. Rainsworth, where did you go?”

Mason’s thoughts were already with Lucille.

Nathaniel didn’t answer him. “Haven’t you handled your business yet?”

Mason, who didn’t have many friends, had told Nathaniel how Lucille had left in anger after an argument with Jessica.

His favorable impression of Jessica was long gone.

Nathaniel was a reasonable man. “I’ll give you three days off. Handle it properly.”

“Thanks, Mr. Rainsworth.”

Mason had always thought Nathaniel was heartless. He hadn’t expected Nathaniel to grant him time off voluntarily.

Mason wasted no time, heading straight for Lucille’s office and waiting outside for her to finish work.

Once she clocked out, he quietly followed her in his car

When they arrived at her current residence, Mason was utterly shocked.

It’s the Smith residence, the very place he had helped transfer ownership to Cecilia. Why is Lucille living here? Did Mrs. Rainsworth rent it out?

The place was massive. Technically, Lucille couldn’t afford to live there.

Mason didn’t have time to think it through. As Lucille was about to enter, he quickly drove up beside her.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 820

Chapter 820 Are You Staying Here

Lucille was startled by the car behind her. When she turned around, she saw Mason getting out of the vehicle.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

Mason looked confused. “Lucy, are you staying here?”

Lucille nodded. “Yes, why?”

“How did you manage to rent this place?”

“How I rented it is none of your business.” Lucille didn’t want to tell him that she already knew Cecilia.

Just as she was about to go inside, Mason grabbed her hand.

“Lucille, this is the Smith residence. It definitely wouldn’t be rented out. Did someone trick you?”

Mason thought it was possible that some shady individuals had somehow gotten the security codes and deceived Lucille into renting the place.

Hearing this, Lucille no longer hid the truth. “Don’t worry, I wasn’t tricked. Ceci rented it to me.”

Ceci?

Mason was even more shocked.

“Are you talking about Cecilia Smith?”

“Yes.” Lucille nodded.

Mason hadn’t yet figured out that Cecilia was behind Lucille discovering his dinner with Jessica. He assumed it was just a coincidence that Lucille had seen them on the street.

“How did you come to know her?”

“That’s none of your concern. We’re friends now,” Lucille replied.

Mason couldn’t believe it. In just a few days, his fiancée had become friends with his boss’ wife.

If it were anyone else, they would probably think this was great.

However, Mason didn’t think so because the relationship between his boss and Cecilia was too complicated.

“Lucy, Cecilia is a good person, but given our status, we shouldn’t interact with her too much.”

“And what’s wrong with our status?” Lucille now disagreed with him even more. “I never thought you had such outdated beliefs. You work for Nathaniel, you’re not his slave. We’re equals now.”

“That’s not what I meant, Lucy.”

Mason was at a loss for words.

Lucille ignored him. She walked quickly into the house and shut the door behind her.

“Leave me alone. Stop bothering me.”

Seeing her walking into the house, Mason went back to his car, feeling frustrated.

While in the car, he couldn’t shake a thought that had crossed his mind. While it was impossible for Lucille to seek out Cecilia, it would have been easy for Cecilia to find Lucille.

Did Cecilia say something to Lucille?

Frowning, Mason drove to Daltonia Villa.

Cecilia had just returned, having bought several outfits for Elliot. She had him try them on and took photos to show Jonathan.

“Jon, look. What do you think?”

The clothes Cecilia had bought were all of the cute variety.

Elliot was thrilled, but Jonathan clearly didn’t share his enthusiasm.

“Mommy, it’s fine as long as you like them,” Jonathan replied.

“Jon, how about we wear these Mickey Mouse outfits together? We’ll be twins!” Elliot grinned.

Jonathan looked at the Mickey Mouse outfit, complete with its signature red shorts and white shoes on the front. He felt like his world was falling apart.

He hesitated for a long time before finally nodding in agreement under the hopeful gaze of both his mother and Elliot.

“Okay.”

“Then, this weekend, Ms. Kennedy will bring you over, and we’ll all go for an outing,” Cecilia said.

“Sure.”

If it weren’t for the chance to see Cecilia, there was no way he would have agreed to wear something embarrassing.

Cecilia was about to continue chatting with Jonathan when the housekeeper came over to deliver a message. “Mrs. Rainsworth, Mr. Sanders is here. He says he has something to discuss with you.”

So

Before Cecilia could respond, Jessica, who had been sitting next to her enjoying fruit like she owned the place, immediately stood up.

“Cecilia, I’ll go see what Mason wants.”

Without waiting for Cecilia’s approval, she quickly rushed out.

Thinking of Lucille, Cecilia followed her. She should keep an eye on Mason.