

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1211

Chapter 1211 A Follower

One of the kids’ mothers asked: Ladies, will your husbands be joining us?

One replied: My husband definitely won’t be attending. He’s just too busy.

Another replied: Yeah. The same goes for my husband. He spends his weekends dealing with work matters.

One more replied: It’s enough that we, as full-time moms, attend. As for our husbands, let them focus on their work.

Everyone was voicing their opinions, with the majority stating that their husbands wouldn’t be participating in the parent–child activity. Upon seeing the texts, Cecilia felt relieved.

However, when she was lying in bed that night, she received a message from Nathaniel.

Nathaniel asked: What are you up to?

Cecilia replied: I’m getting ready for bed. What’s up?

Nathaniel was still living with Darren at that time, mainly because both of their wives resided in the Smith residence. They probably had a lot to discuss, both being unfortunate men in similar situations.

Seeing Cecilia’s indifferent inquiry, he couldn’t help but feel a sense of loss. He then replied: It’s nothing. Go to sleep.

Cecilia was ready to sleep after she saw the text. However, after some thought, she realized that Nathaniel was, after all, Jonathan’s father and had every right to be informed about the parent–child activity.

Thus, she sent him a text that read: Um... Jon’s preschool is organizing a parent–child activity tomorrow. If you have time, you could attend. If not, it’s okay, I’m off to bed now

After she sent the message, she immediately lay down to sleep.

Regardless of whether Nathaniel decided to go or not, she was determined to participate in the parent- child activity with Jonathan.

The following morning, Cecilia woke up early to prepare a variety of dishes alongside the chef,

Yawning, Charlotte emerged and asked, “Boss, why are you cooking yourself? Also, why are you up so early?”

“Today, Jon’s preschool is organizing a parent–child activity. It requires mothers to participate and bring food,” Cecilia explained.

“Oh, I see.

Rubbing her eyes, Charlotte went to freshen up.

Once the three women in the house had awakened, Cecilia had already prepared an assortment of food and conveniently left a portion for each of them.

When she set off for the preschool, she received messages from Meredith and Helen. They asked: Ceci, are you coming over today?

One of them replied: That’s fantastic. It’s been a while since we’ve gathered.

Meredith then texted: However, Ceci, you ought to be careful I think something is off with Miranda today.

Meredith arrived at the preschool first and noticed Miranda having a private conversation with a group of mothers.

She understood that there was simply no compatibility between Miranda and Cecilia. They were like mortal enemies.

Upon seeing the message, Cecilia simply replied: Okay

Inside the international preschool, Miranda had managed to win over a group of mothers that day. Apart from Meredith and Helen, as well as Priscilla who had previously been known to act accordingly to the situation, the other mothers were enthusiastically chatting with Miranda.

The children were still in the classroom. Felix was once again playing with Jonathan, obediently following every word that Jonathan said.

Miranda watched as her son followed Jonathan around like a little follower, frustration bubbling within her. She called Felix aside for a private conversation.

“Why are you doing whatever Jonathan asks of you? You’re my son! Why are you acting like someone’s follower?”

Felix found himself being lectured by his mother, and he couldn’t help but feel wronged. “We’re friends. I’m not his follower.”

“You’re friends? What are you talking about? He’s going to be your adversary in the future. You’re not allowed to hang out with him. Do you understand?” Miranda said sternly.

Felix, however, tilted his head and said, “No. I want to play with Jon.”

He also had a temper.

Miranda raised her hand to strike him, but naturally, Felix wouldn’t just stand there and let her hit him. He swiftly dodged.

Upon spotting someone approaching, he immediately sought refuge behind that person.

He hadn’t gotten a clear look at that person, but Miranda did. It was Cecilia.

Bewildered, Cecilia gazed at the peculiar scene unfolding before her eyes.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1212

Chapter 1212 Isolating The Mother

“Felix, come here!” Miranda shouted at her son, completely ignoring Cecilia.

Felix clung to Cecilia, shaking his head. “I’m not going over there. If I do, you’ll hit me.”

Miranda was so furious that she could hardly contain herself. But, not wanting to give Cecilia any reason to mock her, she softened her tone and said, “Felix, I was just too angry earlier. Come over here, I promise I won’t hit you.”

Still suspicious, Felix kept his distance, his eyes fixed on her. “No way. You’re trying to trick me again.

With that, Felix dashed away like a flash. Miranda, on the verge of losing her temper, was left standing there in frustration. She stormed after him, deliberately bumping Cecilia’s shoulder as she passed by.

Cecilia didn’t give Miranda any attention. Instead, she went to find Meredith and the other mothers. As soon as they spotted her, Meredith and a few of the others waved her over.

However, some of the mothers—those who had taken bribes from Miranda—pretended not to see Cecilia at all.

They had heard that Miranda’s father-in-law was about to become the second in command at Orion Corporation, and with rumors swirling that Nicholas might lose his position, they were eager to get on Miranda’s good side.

“Ceci, come sit with us,” Meredith said. “We’ll be heading to the suburbs together soon.”

“Sure,” Cecilia replied.

As she approached, Priscilla leaned in and whispered, Ms. Cecilia, I need to tell you something. Earlier, Miranda told the other mothers that if they isolate you, she’ll make sure their husbands get business deals with Orion Corporation.”

Priscilla, who had been on the fence before, had clearly made up her mind. She believed there was something special about Cecilia and was certain Miranda couldn’t compete with her.

“Forget about isolating the kids. They’re now isolating the mother,” Cecilia remarked, glancing at the group of mothers.

They had been chatting and laughing until they noticed her watching them. Then, they abruptly stopped talking and shifted further away.

“Don’t mind them,” Helen said.

People only care about themselves. The moment their own interests were threatened, they would forget all about what was right.

Just then, the teacher called out, letting everyone know it was time to board the bus for the field trip.

As Cecilia made her way onto the bus, she failed to spot Nathaniel. She thought he wasn’t going to show up and regretted even telling him about the event.

It had been a while since Jonathan had spent any real time with Cecilia. Sitting next to her brought the boy a great deal of comfort.

“Mommy, have you been taking your vitamins and calcium tablets?” Jonathan asked with a concerned look.

Cecilia replied, “Of course I have. You remind me all the time.”

“But did you take them today?” Jonathan pressed.

Realizing she hadn’t taken them yet, she reluctantly reached for them under his watchful eye.

Meredith, sitting nearby, observed the interaction between Cecilia and her son, then looked at her own stepson, Conrad, who was absorbed in his mobile game, paying no attention to her at all.

“Conrad, stop playing with your phone. It’s bad for your eyes,” Meredith said gently.

Without even looking up, Conrad replied with a cold tone, “I like it. None of your business.”

Meredith frowned. “What do you mean it’s none of my business? I’m your mother.”

Conrad finally looked up, his expression indifferent. “You’re not my mom. My mom is way prettier than you.”

Conrad’s mother had been nothing more than a mistress, and Conrad, an illegitimate child. If it weren’t for Meredith’s kindness, he would’ve been living a much tougher life with his birth mother.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1213

Chapter 1213 I Will Never Be Your Son

The bus was cramped, and Conrad’s harsh words drew amused glances from some of the other mothers.

Most of them were full-time housewives who envied Meredith, a woman still involved in her family’s business, the Seiler family. While they admired her success, they took a certain satisfaction in her struggles with Conrad.

Conrad, not finished, continued to taunt her. “My mom told me you couldn’t have kids of your own, so now you’re hoping I’ll be your son. Well, I’ll never be your son! I can’t stand you. One day, I’ll take over my dad’s business and throw you out. You’ll be an old, lonely woman, unwanted by everyone.”

Meredith’s face darkened, but she knew better than to argue with a child.

Seeing the situation, Cecilia nudged Meredith. “Meredith, why don’t you sit with me? Jon can sit with Conrad.

Jonathan, ever the polite boy, agreed. “Ms. Seiler, why don’t you let my mommy sit with you? She’d love to talk

Grateful for the gesture, Meredith moved to sit with Cecilia. As soon as Jonathan sat next to Conrad, the boy’s demeanor shifted completely. He straightened up, put away his phone, and didn’t utter another word.

Meredith smiled sheepishly at Cecilia. “I must look ridiculous to you.”

Cecilia shook her head. “You’re handling things better than most would. Don’t worry about what others think. But you should look after yourself too.”

Cecilia knew that children weren't always reliable. She believed it was even less likely Conrad, born outside of a traditional marriage.

Meredith nodded thoughtfully. "I'd love to have a child of my own, but that's a luxury I don't have right now."

Cecilia squeezed her hand. "No matter what happens, you won't be alone in the future. Not as long as I'm around."

Meredith laughed. "Then I guess we'll both live long and keep each other company when we're old."

"Deal."

Their laughter was genuine, but from a distance, Miranda watched them with envy. Though she had plenty of friends, she knew they only stayed close because of her family's influence.

Finally, they arrived at the picnic spot.

The moment the bus stopped, parents began bustling around, eager to help their children off. Under the guidance of the teacher, everyone started settling in, finding a place to rest.

The area had been prepared ahead of time. Sunshades had been strategically placed across the lawn, and blankets were spread out, offering a comfortable place for everyone to sit. The children, however, were far too excited to rest. As soon as they hopped off the bus, they scattered, running around wildly and laughing. with pure joy.

The teacher called out, "Let's take a short break, everyone. After that, we'll divide into four teams for a three-legged relay race. The winning team will get a prize, and there'll be a small penalty for the losing team."

The three-legged race was a classic game where two people were tied at the leg and had to move in sync, leaning on each other for balance as they raced,

For now, though, everyone settled down for a brief rest before the activity began.

Soon enough, the teacher asked everyone to start forming their own teams. In total, there were over forty children, so each of the four teams would have around ten members.

But as parents and children paired up, a clear pattern emerged—no one approached Cecilia, Meredith, Priscilla, or Helen.

It became glaringly obvious that Miranda's scheme to isolate them was working.

Cecilia and her small group of mothers stood awkwardly to the side, clearly set apart from the others.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1214

Chapter 1214 Sit Out

The teacher, noticing their isolation, walked over, her expression confused. “Ms. Cecilia, why are you standing here all by yourself? You should join the others and form a team.

Cecilia, however, wasn’t embarrassed. She met the teacher’s gaze calmly. “They don’t want to team up with she said plainly.

The teacher hesitated, unsure of what to do. She turned to the rest of the groups, addressing the other parents.

Some of the mothers, avoiding eye contact, pretended not to hear, while one woman spoke up, “Our Groups already full”

anwhile, a few fathers, eager to stay in Miranda’s good graces, chimed in, “Teacher, if there’s extra eople, we don’t need them in the game, right?”

“Yeah, we’ve got enough participants already,” another added quickly.

One man glancing at Cecilia’s pregnant belly, gestured toward her and said, “You ladies should just sit this ope out and get some rest. Besides, you’re pregnant. It wouldn’t be safe for you to participate anyway.

Celia gave him a sharp look. “I might not be able to participate, but what about the other mothers here? They’re perfectly fine. How can you say they shouldn’t be in the game?”

The man shrugged, uninterested. “It’s just a game. What does it matter if you don’t join in?”

Some of the other mothers muttered in agreement. “Yeah, yeah, let’s just start already.”

Off to the side. Miranda was watching the whole scene unfold, a smug smile tugging at her lips. She was enjoying every minute of Cecilia and her group being pushed aside.

The teacher, feeling stuck, suggested, “How about we add one more person to each team? That way, everyone gets to participate.”

But one of the mothers shot back. “How can it work out perfectly? Cecilia’s pregnant, and anyone who teams up with her will lose for sure!”

The woman’s sharp voice rang out, and others quickly agreed with her.

Cecilia, Meredith, and the other two mothers stood out painfully as they remained alone, apart from the groups. Jonathan seemed unfazed, but the other three children were visibly upset,

“Mommy Dorothy tugged on her mom’s clothes, her eyes filling with tears.

Meredith, growing increasingly frustrated, sighed. “Cea, forget it. It’s just a game. Let’s just sit it out and watch them play. It’s not worth the fuss.”

But Conrad was stubborn. “No, I want to play! Why can’t I join? My dad’s Zeke Turner, you know! If he finds out you’re picking on me, you’ll regret it!”

Zeke, though influential, couldn’t quite compare to the power of Orion Corporation, but Conrad clearly thought his name carried weight.

Conrad glared at her. “This is all your fault. When my mom was here, no one ever treated me like this!”

Meredith fell silent, struggling to respond.

Nearby, Dorothy had already started crying. “Mommy, they don’t want to play with us,” she sobbed.

Priscilla, feeling helpless, did her best to comfort her, but it was clear the other parents weren’t paying any attention. They were too focused on urging the teacher to start the game.

Cecilia clenched her fists at her sides, feeling an overwhelming sense of helplessness.

Jonathan, noticing his mother’s tension, squeezed her hand gently. “Mommy, it’s okay. I don’t care about these silly games anyway,” he said softly.

Cecilia, touched by his maturity, smiled at him. “Thank you, Sweetie.”

Just as the teacher was about to officially start the race, the low hum of engines interrupted the moment. Everyone turned their heads as a fleet of luxury cars pulled up not far away. The crowd watched in confusion and curiosity as the first car came to a stop.

The door opened, and Nathaniel stepped out, dressed in a tailored lugrean suit that emphasized his strikingly handsome features. His aloof, elegant demeanor caught the attention of every mother present. leaving many of them staring-

Two other men followed him out—Zachary and Darren, both well-known figures.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1215

Chapter 1215 Which One Of You Is His Father

Nathaniel's presence caused a stir among the parents. Many didn't recognize him, but Zachary, a notorious rich brat, was instantly familiar to nearly everyone.

"Isn't that Zachary

"And the other guy is Darren!"

"Who's the man leading them, though? He looks so familiar,"

Miranda's breath caught in her throat when she saw Nathaniel,

What is he doing here? And why are Zachary and Darren with him?

Zachary strolled confidently toward Jonathan, reaching out to ruffle his hair. But Jonathan quickly dodged, frowning.

"What, can't I pat your head, kid?" Zachary teased. "And why didn't you tell me and Ms. Kennedy about this parent-child activity?"

Jonathan had his reasons. Only two guardians were allowed for each child, and if he told Vivian and Zachary, he'd have a harder time spending time with his mom.

Hearing Zachary's words made a few fathers in the crowd sweat nervously.

Is Zachary his father? That kid is Zachary's illegitimate child? Did we just pick on the wrong people because of Miranda's influence?

Cecilia hadn't expected Nathaniel to show up, much less with Darren and Zachary in tow. She was a bit startled when Nathaniel finally reached her side.

"We're late because these two insisted on tagging along. Nathaniel said.

Zachary grinned, looking slightly offended. "Hey, Vivian and I have been looking after Jonathan for a long time. Of course, I had to be here for this event."

Nathaniel didn't respond.

Darren, on the other hand, had his own reasons for coming. It had been weeks since Madeline left with their daughter, and he wanted to check in on them, so he decided to join the group.

"I just wanted to stop by and see how you were doing, Darren explained.

Neither Zachary nor Nathaniel exposed his true intentions.

The teacher, completely taken aback by the arrival of three such strikingly handsome men, stammered, “Uh, which one of you is Jonathan’s father?”

Nathaniel gave her a look. “Is that even a question?”

It was then the teacher realized that Jonathan and Nathaniel were nearly identical. Embarrassed, she chuckled nervously. “My apologies, Mr. Rainsworth. I didn’t get a good look earlier.”

to breathe easier.

At least we didn’t cross Zachary. The other guy looks familiar, but he probably isn’t someone important.

The teacher, trying to keep things on track, suggested, “Well, now that Jonathan’s father is here, he can join in the race. It’ll work out perfectly.”

However, some of the fathers still objected. “No way, we’ve already formed our teams. What’s the point of adding more people now?”

“Yeah, our team’s full,” another parent added.

“Ours too!”

It was clear they weren’t

King Nathaniel seriously. Although they didn’t speak as harshly as before, they were clearly still not willing to let Cecilia’s group join, despite Nathaniel’s presence.

But it was clear that their slightly more polite tone was out of respect for Zachary. Everyone knew better than to cross him.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1216

Chapter 1216 Do You Know Who You Are Messing With

Zachary, known for his blunt nature, had already noticed the deliberate attempts to target Jonathan. Although he didn’t say anything outright, he was ready to sit back and watch how things played out.

What were they thinking, daring to go after Nathaniel’s wife and kid? Aren’t they asking for trouble?

Nathaniel, having quickly assessed the scene upon his arrival, immediately picked Miranda out of the crowd. It didn't take him long to realize that she was behind the brewing tension.

His gaze shifted to the group of people who had spoken up earlier, calling them out by name without hesitation

"Ashwin Reyes from Bright Enterprise, Stanley Edwards from Armor Softwares, Donald Guerrero from Mind Media, and Lochlan Everett from Rise Enterprise, Nathaniel listed, his voice calm but authoritati

The four individuals were visibly startled, looking at Nathaniel in confusion. "Do you know us?" they asked, clearly puzzled.

Nathaniel didn't bother answering them. Instead, he turned to Mason, who stood quietly beside him, and asked, "Did you get their names?"

Yes, Mason replied without missing a beat.

Nathaniel, with his remarkable photographic memory, didn't need to inquire about them or make any extra effort to remember their details.

The names had likely crossed his desk at some point, and that was all he needed. Mason, on the other hand, relied on Nathaniel's cues and quickly noted down the information

"What's going on?" The four men exchanged puzzled looks, clearly not grasping what was happening on why Nathaniel had singled them out.

Zachary, watching the scene unfold, couldn't help but smirk. He knew the real drama was about to begi

Oblivious to their impending fate, some of the men approached Zachary, trying to make small talk. One even handed him a business card, attempting to network. "Mr. Sinclair, it's an honor to meet you. Here's my card, I've heard so much about you."

Zachary didn't even glance at the card or acknowledge the man, leaving him standing there embarrassed The man, with no choice but to quietly take back his card, looked as though he wanted to disappear on the spot.

Ashwin, perhaps trying to save face, said, "Let's just start the competition, teacher. We shouldn't waste an more time—I have a meeting to get back to at the office

The teacher hesitated, unsure of how to navigate the situation

But just as she was about to speak, Ashwin's phone rang. Answering the call with a frustrated sigh, he muttered, "I told them I didn't want to come to this boring parent-child activity, but here I am. And now my office is calling me."

His tone was dismissive, and his wife stood by quietly, feeling guilty for dragging him there. But the call didn't last long. In under a minute, Ashwin's face drained of color, going from rosy to ashen in an instant.

"What? How is this happening? Are you kidding me?" he exclaimed, his voice shaking with disbelief. Without a word to his wife or child, he hurried off.

Similar calls were made to the other three individuals Nathaniel had mentioned. As they each answered, their confident demeanor crumbled. It became clear to everyone around them—Nathaniel was not someone to be trifled with.

Zachary chuckled. "Serves you right. Do you even know who this is? You've been messing with Nathaniel Rainsworth."

As soon as Zachary mentioned Nathaniel's name, the remaining three men on the phone froze. The realization hit them like a ton of bricks.

For a moment, they wondered why Nathaniel had looked so familiar, and then it dawned on them—he was the tyrant of Tudela.

Perhaps it was due to their company's insignificance, they had never seen Nathaniel in person. Coupled with all sorts of bizarre news online, rumors were swirling that he had gone blind and was no longer managing Orion Corporation.

"Wait.., Nathaniel? The former CEO of Orion Corporation?" one of the men asked, his voice trembling with disbelief.

After ending their calls, their arrogance vanished, and they hurried over to Nathaniel, their faces pale with fear. "Mr. Rainsworth, we didn't realize who you were. Please forgive us for our ignorance," they pleaded.

Just a moment ago, their companies had plunged into chaos.

Nathaniel's expression remained cold and indifferent. "Get lost," he said flatly.

Without needing further instruction, the men quickly scurried away, leaving in such a rush they didn't even stop to explain themselves to their families. One of them even shot a quick, apologetic glance at his wife before disappearing into the distance.

Everyone else watching understood immediately—Nathaniel was not someone to cross.

The mothers, witnessing their husbands' sudden change of behavior, swiftly shifted their attitudes. They realized now that Cecilia was not to be underestimated.

Eager to smooth things over, they approached Cecilia with nervous smiles, "Ms. Cecilia, why don't you join our team if you don't mind?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1217

Chapter 1217 Do I Not Deserve Some Gratitude.

Miranda, still within one of the teams, was seething. Her face was a mix of anger and frustration as she lowered her voice to address the other mothers around her. "What are you all so scared of? Nathaniel's broke now. He's not the CEO anymore."

But her attempt to downplay Nathaniel's influence fell flat. The other mothers weren't so sure anymore.

One of them hesitated before speaking. "If he's got nothing left, then why were those men so terrified of him? They looked like they'd seen a ghost the moment they realized who he was.

Miranda struggled to come up with an answer. She couldn't figure out how Nathaniel still had this much pull. It made no sense to her.

"Forget it, Miranda. You two are family, don't turn this into a big conflict," another mother advised quietly.

"Yes, friendliness is conducive to business success," another chimed in, eager to smooth over the tension.

Sensing the shift in loyalty, the mothers quickly distanced themselves from Miranda, and approached Cecilia's group, ready to change their alliances.

few even

"If you guys don't want to split up, let's team up again, one of them suggested with a forced smile.

"Yeah!" another mother quickly added.

Seeing how quickly the other mothers had turned on her, Miranda was furious. She had spent a small fortune earlier that day, buying gifts to curry favor with these people, only for them to drop her at the first sign of trouble.

They had no shame, but there was nothing she could do about it.

With the teams now reorganized, Cecilia, a few other mothers, and Nathaniel formed a group to participate in the three-legged race.

Nathaniel, as the father, tied his leg to Jonathan's for the competition.

"Don't slow me down," Jonathan warned seriously, a hint of competitiveness in his voice.

If I was a little older, we wouldn't have needed his help earlier!

Unfortunately, he was just a kid.

Watching his son, Nathaniel couldn't help but smile. "If you want to win, I have a little trick for you."

Jonathan's brow furrowed. "What trick?"

Nathaniel leaned down and whispered, "Hold onto my leg tightly, and I'll do all the walking. We won't

lose.

Jonathan immediately frowned. "I don

want to. Hmph!"

Nathaniel chuckled. He knew his son's personality was very much like his own-driven and determined.

Jonathan, though young, was mentally and physically strong beyond his years, just like his father. Sure

The day continued with more games, including some brainteasers, and once again, Nathaniel and Jonathan emerged as the clear winners.

Meredith, watching from the sidelines, couldn't help but feel impressed. "Cecilia, I really admire you. husband and son are so smart. What a family!" she exclaimed, a hint of envy in her voice.

Cecilia smiled, nodding in agreement.

At the end of the event, Cecilia stood with a bunch of stuffed animals in her arms, smiling at Jonathan. "Jon, I'll have Mr. Zachary take these home for you.

Jonathan shook his head. "Mommy, give them to Eli. I don't care for these things."

For him, the purpose of competing was to win, and then give the prizes to his mother and younger brother, who were fond of stuffed toys.

Cecilia blinked, surprised. "You don't want any of them: They're so cute!"

"I don't. Jonathan said firmly.

"All right then," Cecilia said with a chuckle. "I'll thank you on behalf of Eli."

Before Jonathan could react, Cecilia leaned down and kissed him softly on the cheek. Despite his usual serious nature, Jonathan's face immediately flushed a deep red.

Nathaniel, watching the interaction, felt a pang of jealousy. He cleared his throat, raising an eyebrow "Don't I deserve some gratitude too?" he teased.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1218

Chapter 1218 I Deserve A Reward

"I contributed to our win, didn't I?" Nathaniel asked, leaning a little closer to Cecilia with a mischievous smile.

Luckily for her, they were now sitting in a private car and not the crowded coach bus from earlier. Otherwise, half the parents would have seen Nathaniel teasing her so openly.

Cecilia's cheeks flushed as she tried to maintain her composure.

"You don't need any extra praise," she muttered, her voice low. "As a father, it's your job to cheer your child on and help him win."

Nathaniel, not one to give up easily, pressed further. "No. I think I deserve a reward too," he said with smirk.

A reward!

Cecilia's eyes widened as she met his playful gaze. Her heart raced, and she wasn't sure how to respond. Jonathan, however, seemed to have had enough of their back-and-forth.

"Fine." Jonathan interjected with a frown. "Next time. I just ask Mr. Zachary to join me for the parent-child activities. He won't make such a fuss about rewards."

The boy's blunt words hit Nathaniel, and he was momentarily at a loss. Jonathan, sensing his small victory, looked at him with a mix of envy and triumph. "Isn't that a better idea, Mr. Rainsworth, be added, clearly, trying to prove a point."

The tension between the two—one older, one younger—was almost palpable. Nathaniel sighed in defeat leaning back in his seat. “All right, fine. Forget it,” he said, giving in.

Cecilia exhaled in relief, thankful Jonathan had put an end to Nathaniel’s teasing. He always seemed to understand her so well.

After arriving back at the preschool, the teacher gave a few final instructions to the children, who then scattered to reunite with their parents. Darren approached them just as Cecilia was about to leave.

“Nathaniel, are you heading back with your wife? How about we grab a quick meal together?” Darren suggested.

Cecilia glanced at him and hesitated before answering. It’s not really convenient right now?

She knew about Darren’s complicated relationship with Madeline, and bringing him along would only cause trouble. Darren, sensing the rejection, looked disappointed. It was rare for him to extend an invitation, and even rarer to be turned down.

Zachary, ever the mediator, patted Darren on the shoulder with a grin. “How about we head to my place instead?”

As they made their plans, Jonathan waved goodbye to Cecilia “Mommy, be good while you’re at home. okay? Don’t forget to take your vitamins,” he reminded her with an air of seriousness beyond his years.

Cecilia smiled, waving back. “I’ll remember.”

she should have had children of her own by now. But her husband, Zeke, had never treated her with any real love or respect, let alone talked about starting a family.

“Ceci, I’m truly envious of you,” Meredith said softly. “You’ve got a wonderful husband and such an understanding son.”

Cecilia could herself sense the weight of worry in her friend’s voice. “Meredith, you should think more about yourself. You deserve to be happy too. Believe me, my life wasn’t always this great.”

Meredith nodded, her expression pensive. She had done her homework on Cecilia before they became friends, and she knew that Cecilia hadn’t had an easy past. It served as a reminder that real change could only come when one decided to take control of their own life.

As they parted ways, Meredith got into the car with Conrad. The boy was still fuming from earlier and wasted no time voicing his frustrations

“When we get home, I’m telling Grandpa, Grandma, and Dad how you’ve been bullying me!” Conrad shouted, his face red with anger.

Meredith, exhausted and no longer willing to cater to his tantrums, responded with an unusual calmness. “Go ahead, tell them.

Why should I raise another woman’s kid? This boy is nothing but an ingrate

Conrad blinked, momentarily taken aback by her indifference. In the past, every time he threatened to tattle on her, Meredith would go out of her way to make amends. But this time, something had changed.

“Fine!” he snapped. “Don’t blame me when I’m not nice about it!”

Meredith didn’t respond. Her gaze drifted out the car window, where the late afternoon sunlight filtered through the trees. It had been a long time since she had truly taken in the world outside.

“Say something! Are you deaf?” Conrad demanded, growing more irritated by her silence. In a burst of anger, he reached over and yanked at Meredith’s hair, his small hand tugging hard.

Conrad had grown used to behaving this way. His grandparents and father despised Meredith, so whenever they saw him acting out or hitting her, they never intervened. Sometimes, they even laughed.

But Meredith had reached her breaking point. With swift precision, she pulled Conrad’s hand away and landed a sharp smack on his bottom.

The boy stood there, stunned, his eyes wide in disbelief. After a few moments of silence, he burst into loud, uncontrollable sobs.

“Wah, wah! You’re bullying me!” Conrad wailed, his tears streaming down his face.

Meredith remained calm, ignoring his outburst.

When they finally arrived home, Conrad wasted no time rushing to his grandparents and father, eager to complain. As expected, they immediately sought out Meredith, ready to scold her.

But before they could say a word, Meredith calmly presented Zeke with a document. “Zeke,” she said, her voice steady, “I want a divorce.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1219

Chapter 1219 I Want A Divorce

Meredith had finally had enough. After years of enduring in silence, she was done with the marriage and everything that came with it.

The only reason she had stayed so long was due to pressure from her family. Her parents, worried about the lack of a male heir, had forced her into this union with Zeke, hoping it would benefit the Seiler family.

But she was done sacrificing her happiness for their expectations.

Zeke stared at the divorce agreement in disbelief. He couldn't process what was happening. "You want a divorce? You've got to be kidding."

He couldn't understand it. After all, when he had been off with other women, even fathering an illegitimate child, Meredith had never once brought up the idea of divorce.

So why now?

Meredith's eyes were cold as she looked at him. "I'm not joking. Read the agreement. If you find nothing wrong, we'll get the divorce."

She was nearing thirty, and she had spent far too many years wasted in the Turner family,

Meredith dreamed of finding someone who would truly cherish her—or maybe even raise children on her own terms, free from the chains of this loveless marriage.

"Are your parents aware of this?" Zeke asked, clearly shocked. He knew her parents were her weak spot. She had always listened to them, even when it came to her marriage.

But Meredith remained calm. "I'm an adult, Zeke. I don't need my parents' permission to decide the fate of my own marriage."

Zeke's face twisted in anger. "You—" He raised his hand, ready to strike her.

Meredith didn't flinch. She met his gaze with unshakable resolve. "Go ahead, hit me," she said. "I'll go straight to the hospital, get an examination, and then report you to the police. Let's see how well that goes for you."

Zeke hesitated, his hand trembling before he lowered it, unable to comprehend the sudden change in her.

"Fine!" he spat. "You want a divorce, we'll divorce. But you'll regret this."

Regret?

Meredith found his threat almost laughable. The only regret I have is not leaving sooner. If anything, I would be celebrating my newfound freedom.

With his pride wounded, Zeke reluctantly skimmed over the divorce agreement. Finding no issues with it, he signed his name. "We'll go to City Hall tomorrow," he muttered.

"All right," Meredith replied coolly.

Wasting no time, she called her assistant to arrange for movers to come and pack up her things.. dowry into the marriage, and now she intended to take every last bit of it back.

Zeke watched, convinced that she would soon come crawling back, apologizing to her parents for her rash decision. But this time, he was wrong.

As her belongings were packed up, Meredith made one last call to her parents. Her voice was calm but firm.

"Mom, Dad, I'm divorcing Zeke, I want a husband who values me and children of my own. Don't you want grandchildren related to us by blood? Besides, I'm fully capable of running the Seiler family business now. You don't need to worry anymore. Also, don't try to persuade me or seek out anyone from the Turner family. I've made up my mind and no one can change it

To her surprise, her parents, Brett and Anais, didn't argue as they usually did.

"Meredith, we've held you back all these years, they admitted, finally realizing their mistake.

For years, Brett and Anais had pushed her into a marriage with the Turner family, hoping it would save their business.

But the Turners failed to help them, and Zeke even fathered an illegitimate child, forcing their daughter to take care of the boy. As a result, Meredith had been childless until now.

If this goes on, our family's line will end!

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1220

Chapter 1220 Always Good To Be Prepared

Meredith never expected her parents to change their stance on her divorce, but their support gave her the extra confidence she needed to follow through. With their backing, she felt even more certain about her decision to leave Zeke.

Without wasting time, she sent a message to Cecilia Clia, thank you. I've finally made the right decision.

When Cecilia saw the message, she was slightly confused. She texted back: What decision?

Meredith: I'm planning on divorcing Zeke and finally living my life properly

Upon reading this. Cecilia instantly understood that Meredith had made up her mind. She was genuinely happy for her friend.

Cecilia: Congratulations on your fresh start!

No one understood better than Cecilia how some marriages were fragile and unstable, like a house of cards ready to collapse at any moment.

While her own relationship with Nathaniel had once been distant. Zeke had crossed the line in ways that were unforgivable.

He had embarrassed Meredith publicly, and worse, had burdened her with the task of raising his illegitimate child, who was allowed to treat Meredith terribly. Zeke was undeserving of a loyal and capable woman like Meredith.

Meredith, fully committed to her decision, didn't stop at simply handing Zeke the divorce agreement. She went one step further by involving the media to announce their impending separation, ensuring there would be no room for second thoughts.

She was determined to break free and start over.

As Madeline entered the room to help tidy up, she happened to catch a glimpse of Cecilia's conversation on her phone. Hesitating for a moment, she couldn't help but ask, "Cecilia. I'm sorry, I accidentally saw some of your messages. Is your friend really planning to get a divorce?"

Cecilia didn't try to hide it. "Yes, she is. Why?"

Madeline's face lit up with anticipation. "I've been thinking about divorce too. What are the procedures? she asked eagerly, her eyes filled with hope.

Cecilia was caught off guard.

While she knew Darren, she didn't fully understand the details of his relationship with Madeline. Moreover, Madeline had given birth to Darren's daughter, Amelia, so it felt inappropriate to dive into advice about such a serious matter without knowing the full context.

Maddie, you can look it up online. There are plenty of resources. Cecilia suggested gemily.

“All right, I’ll do that,” Madeline agreed, her excitement not fading in the slightest. She quickly finished tidying up and immediately pulled out her phone to start researching divorce procedures.

“Ceci, do you think I could file for divorce, even if Darren didn’t agree? Do you know any good lawyers?”

Before Cecilia could reply, Charlotte, who had overheard the conversation, jumped in “Maddie, if you’re serious about this, I know a great lawyer. She’s really good and specializes in family law. I can introduce you.”

Madeline’s eyes lit up. That would be perfect. Thank you so much, Lottie!”

It was clear that Madeline had made up her mind. No matter the cost, she was ready to separate from Darren. As soon as she got the lawyer’s contact information, she eagerly made a call to set up a consultation.

Sitting down next to Cecilia, Charlotte observed Madeline’s determination. “Boss, how desperate do you think she is to get out of this marriage? Darren must have really messed up

Cecilia didn’t want to jump to conclusions. “I’m not sure. But divorce is never easy, especially when there’s a child involved.”

She had noticed earlier that Darren had wanted to visit Madeline and Amelia, perhaps to reconcile. Worried about any emotional strain it might cause, Cecilia had tactfully declined his request

“Amy is such a sweet and beautiful child. If it were me, I wouldn’t want to lose her either.” Charlotte mused, sympathy in her voice.

At that moment. Lucille joined the conversation, sitting down beside them. “When Mason and I have kids, I’m going to make sure we have a solid agreement in place. If we ever get divorced, the kids are staying with me.”

Cecilia couldn’t help but laugh. “You two aren’t even married yet, and you’re already talking about divorce?”

Lucille grinned. “Hey, it’s always good to be prepared.”

After thinking it over, Cecilia nodded. “You’re right. Lucy, you should definitely have a prenuptial agreement. Given Mason’s position as Nathaniel’s chief personal assistant,

he has access to a lot of resources. It might be hard for you to win a legal battle with him, so it's best to get everything in writing while he's still completely devoted to you."

Cecilia couldn't help but think to herself, Mason, don't hate me for this.