

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 351

Chapter 351 Their Identical Actions.

Nathaniel had no such intentions.

He had brought Jonathan back with the initial intention to make Cecilia happy. It was beyond his expectation that Cecilia hardly spoke to him now.

Seeing Nathaniel stay silent, Jonathan thought he had his father wrapped around his finger.

Wanting to vent the frustration from yesterday’s loss, Jonathan continued to throw sarcastic remarks.

“If it weren’t for you, Mommy and Daddy would’ve been married by now. You better step aside. sooner rather than later. Someone once said that the one who isn’t loved is the odd one out.”

No sooner had he finished speaking, than he was thumped on the head by Nathaniel.

“I don’t want to hear such things again. You’re not allowed to browse such nonsense online from now on,” uttered Nathaniel seriously.

Of course, Jonathan knew he was being too harsh with his words, but he was trying to test Nathaniel.

It seems like sc*mbag daddy isn’t beyond redemption. At least he knows what I’ve said is wrong.

He rubbed his head. “Why don’t you ask who said that?”

“Who?”

“Stella, also known as your first crush and past love.”

It was unknown where Jonathan learned about the terms “first crush” and “past love“.

He had discovered Stella’s alternate account when he was secretly digging into her personal information in the past. It was through that account that he picked up such knowledge.

At that time, he felt exceptionally heartbroken for Cecilia.

Mommy was legally married to sc*mbag daddy, yet she somehow ended up being referred to as a third party

in Stella's narrative!

While Jonathan was brimming with anger, Nathaniel was utterly bewildered.

He had no recollection of a person named Stella.

Yet, judging by Jonathan's tone, it didn't sound like he was lying.

"Are you implying that she interfered in my relationship with Ceci?"

"Take your time to think about it. It won't do you any good if I tell you now, since you don't even remember." A thought then struck Jonathan. "If you want me to tell you, call me 'Dad' first."

"Are you sure you want me to call you that

"Yes." Jonathan looked straight at him.

Nathaniel pulled out his phone, showing Jerademt his new message page.

"I think it's necessary to inform Ceci about gear on to the nightclub."

This statement immediately caught Jonathan off guard

Though he could explain himself. he was just a child, at all. He knew Cecilia would surely be furious if she found out that he visited such places.

"I knew you're up to no good."

Bonathan clenched his fists tight. Nathaniel lifted him from behind. Do you still want me to call you Dad?"

"Hauph."

"Now, tell me, why did you go there?"

Jonatham, however, kept his lips tightly sealed, refusing to speak. "This is a secret, I can't tell you. But rest assured. I haven't done anything wrong."

Nathaniel did not continue to probe further.

Inside the kitchen, Cecilia had almost finished preparing dinner.

She stepped out and said, "Jon, ask the caregiver to take grandma downstairs for dinner.

Jonathan freed himself from Nathaniel's grasp and headed upstairs to call for Miami.

Ten minutes later

In the dining room, the atmosphere felt particularly odd.

Martha had specifically called Calvin to join them to make it clear to Nathaniel that he was superfluous.

So, with intent, she arranged for Cecilia and Calvin to sit together, while Nathaniel was seated across from them.

"Mdm. Martha, are you feeling better?" Calvin asked with familiarity.

Martha wore a kind face. "I'm feeling much better."

"That's good then."

dining table, so he kept his head down and ate his meal quickly.

Cecilia didn't forget to offer him and Nathaniel some carrots, urging. "Eat more."

The expression on Jonathan's face noticeably changed when he saw carrots.

"Mommy..."

"Eat."

"Okay..." Jonathan's pace of eating slowed down, burying the carrots into the meat.

Next to him, Nathaniel was also doing the same thing.

Calvin noticed their identical actions and was reminded of the fact that the two were father and son. That made him feel extremely uneasy. Cecilia, however, was oblivious to that and simply said, "Eat more."

"Mr. Rainsworth, do you not like carrots? Why are you burying all of it in the meat?"

In an instant, Nathaniel sensed Cecilia's icy gaze fall upon him. It was so intense that he felt a chill run down his back.

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Chapter 352 Teach Him A Lesson

Nathaniel hastily stuffed both the carrot and meat into his mouth.

Jonathan couldn't help but shudder. It tastes so bad, yet se "mbag daddy ate it all, huh?

After swallowing that mouthful of food, Nathaniel declared, "I love everything my darling cooks."

Only then did Cecilia withdraw her gaze.

Listening to Nathaniel repeatedly calling Cecilia "darling", Calvin felt utterly down in the dumps..

He picked up the serving spoon and served Nathaniel some food. "I made this carrot dish. Right, Ceci?"

"Mm, that's right." Cecilia felt somewhat awkward, but seeing Nathaniel repeatedly suffer a setback, she felt oddly satisfied.

It was a side of Nathaniel she had never seen previously.

Having said that, Cecilia once again served Nathaniel some carrots. "Eat more if you like it."

Astonishment and sympathy filled Jonathan's eyes when he saw the towering pile of carrots on Nathaniel's plate.

"Mr. Rainsworth, if you like it so much, you can have what's on my plate, too." Jonathan was wearing an innocent expression, but inside, his inner imp was snickering relentlessly. Sc*mbag daddy, don't blame me for being heartless. A man without ruthlessness isn't a true man.

As he spoke, he was about to pass all the carrots on his plate to Nathaniel. The latter glanced over and asked, "Jon, what did you learn in preschool today?"

The fork that Jonathan had lifted fell back down.

Nathaniel didn't hold back, saying, "Do you also like carrots? You can have all of mine, okay?"

Jonathan wanted to refuse, but before he could, Nathaniel spoke again, "Ceci, do you know what Jon did today..."

"All right, Mr. Rainsworth, you can give me all of it. I love carrots." Jonathan promptly transferred. all the carrots from Nathaniel's plate onto his own.

Across from them, Cecilia and Martha looked on in complete surprise.

Jonathan detested carrots the most. When he was just half a year old and starting to eat solid foods, any meal that included carrots would make him nauseous and cause him to vomit.

Cecilia was also shocked, wondering when Nathaniel had realized that the boy in front of him was Jonathan, not Elliot.

Calvin had originally thought that Jonathan would take his side. Unexpectedly, it turned out that he cared more about Nathaniel.

I guess a biological father is still a biological father, after all.

He suddenly found the food on his plate tasteless.

After the meal, Calvin wanted to leave, and Cecilia saw him off.

“Goodbye.”

“Mmm–hmm.”

Calvin gazed at her intently for a long while before he finally turned and left.

He got into the car, and not long after he drove off, a large vehicle blocked his way. From within, about a dozen henchmen stepped out.

Calvin’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Not far from him, Mason was seated in an understated black sedan. Picking up his phone, he ordered, “Teach this insolent fool a lesson.”

Mason had received a call from Nathaniel after Calvin and Cecilia returned together. Then, he had people stationed at the intersection that Calvin would inevitably take.

Meanwhile, Martha praised Calvin, who had just left, in the face of Nathaniel. “Calvin has had a tough life growing up. Not only

can he manage a big company, but he can also cook and doesn’t

smoke or drink. I wonder which lucky lady will win his heart in the future.”

Nathaniel knew that those words were meant for him, but he didn’t pay them any mind.

After all, it was still unknown if Calvin could survive

on his journey home that day.

Cecilia didn't pay much attention to Martha's words, because she was certain that Calvin had no feelings for her and they were just friends.

She glanced at Jonathan, who was still in the dining room eating his dinner. "Jon, I thought you didn't like carrots?" she asked in curiosity.

Jonathan was on the brink of tears. "The carrots are surprisingly tasty today."

"That's great. How about I make this for you often in the future?"

Upon hearing these words, Nathaniel immediately became alert.

That night, two figures, a large and a small, were busy in the kitchen for quite some time.

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Chapter 353 Take The Check

The next morning, when Cecilia wanted to make oatmeal, she discovered that not a single one of the carrots she had bought was left.

She had searched for a long time but couldn't find it, so she had no choice but to substitute it with other ingredients.

Nathaniel was nowhere to be found early in the morning. Apparently, he had gone to the hospital.

In the dimly lit basement, Calvin slowly opened his eyes, realizing that he was bound to a wooden bench. Blood was freely flowing from a wound on his forehead, and his entire body was riddled with injuries. The pain was unbearable, as though his wounds had been dipped in salt water.

A voice echoed from directly across him.

"Mr. Rainsworth, this guy is quite skilled. I had fifteen men with me, but all of them got injured. It was only with great difficulty that we managed to subdue him," said Mason to Nathaniel.

Upon hearing the voice, Calvin looked over and saw Nathaniel sitting lazily in the chair opposite him.

Noticing Calvin moving, Mason immediately informed Nathaniel. "He's awake now."

Calvin knew that this time, it was Nathaniel's people who had made their move.

When he sought out Cecilia, no one else knew. Foreign influences couldn't intervene yet.

He had become too complacent living in his home country that he forgot to stay on guard and bring his bodyguard along.

"Nathaniel, did you really think that by bringing me here, Ceci would just accept you again?" A cold smirk tugged at Calvin's lips. "If she wanted to be with you again, she wouldn't have had a child with me."

Nathaniel's expression turned grim. "Is that so? What if you were to disappear then?"

"She'll despise you even more for depriving her child of a father," stated Calvin calmly.

As a man, he knew how to inflict deeper pain on another man.

As expected, these words hit Nathaniel's weak spot.

But he didn't want to spare Calvin just like that.

His subordinates kicked Calvin one after the other.

Calvin tightly pressed his lips together, unwilling to make a single sound.

Mason watched, feeling a certain admiration for the man before him. If it weren't for the fact that Calvin wanted to steal someone else's wife, he would indeed be quite a courageous man.

After Calvin collapsed into a pool of blood, Nathaniel rose slowly.

"Throw him out. Whether he lives or dies is up to fate."

He would never deliberately take someone's life.

"Understood."

Nathaniel returned to the private accommodation that Mason had prepared for him. He took a bath to remove the lingering scent of blood on his body.

By the time he had changed his clothes, there was already a medical team waiting outside to examine him.

While his sight couldn't be restored, he was determined to reclaim his memories!

He didn't want to learn about his history with Cecilia through the words of others.

“Mr. Rainsworth, it seems that the medication you’ve been taking recently has started to take effect. That’s why you’ve been recalling past memories from time to time. In the future, you’ll need to undergo treatment once a week. After each session, it’s vital to maintain a calm state of mind. Believe me, it won’t be long before your memory is fully restored,” said the doctor.

After finishing his treatment, Nathaniel returned home. It was already four in the afternoon.

Cecilia had not yet returned.

Their neighbor living next door knocked and offered some cured meat. “Nathaniel, we made this ourselves. Take it.”

Nathaniel was just about to refuse when the neighbor asked, “Nathaniel, have I seen you. somewhere before? You look just like a big movie star.”

Thinking about how Nicholas had appeared on TV, Nathaniel replied indifferently, “We’ve never met.”

After he finished speaking, he took out a check and handed it to his neighbor.

“Thanks for meat. Feel free to fill in the amount yourself.”

The neighbor stared at the check, completely befuddled.

Without any further ado, Nathaniel closed the door.

He couldn’t let others know about his current identity yet. After all, it would take some time before the new company could be established.

Upon seeing Nathaniel’s attitude, the neighbor immediately became displeased and decided not

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Chapter 354 Very Troublesome.

To the neighbors, what Nathaniel had handed over was nothing more than a piece of tattered paper.

Could he be a madman?

When Cecilia returned, the neighbor couldn’t help but pull her aside and say, “Your husband isn’t bad-looking, but he has a strange temper. I brought over some meat for you, and he handed me a piece of paper. He asked me to fill in the numbers myself.”

The neighbor tactfully chose her words, refraining from outright calling Nathaniel a madman.

Cecilia knew that the neighbor had misunderstood, but it wasn't appropriate to correct her. Thus, Cecilia could only admit that Nathaniel's temperament was indeed peculiar.

"Thank you for the food you've sent. In the future, when he's at home, please don't seek him out. Wait for me to return."

"Okay." The neighbor seemed relieved. She watched as Cecilia entered the house. Yet, she couldn't help but feel a sense of sympathy for Cecilia.

How did such a fine young lady end up marrying a man who is both blind and mad? I remember hearing that Cecilia was a prominent young lady who had married a rich man.

Cecilia had returned from the hospital.

She had visited Elliot and then went for her prenatal checkup. Everything was normal.

When she pushed the door open and stepped into the room, Cecilia instantly noticed Nathaniel busy in the kitchen. A few times, he had almost burned his hand.

Cecilia stepped forward. "What are you doing

"Cooking," answered Nathaniel unflinchingly, mistaking sugar for salt as he continued his cooking.

"That's sugar, not salt..."

Nathaniel's hand paused mid-air.

"Wasn't the salt placed here?"

"After cooking dinner last night, the positions were switched." Cecilia took a step forward. "Let me do it."

She didn't want to take advantage of someone who couldn't see.

Nathaniel, however, did not hand over the pan to Cecilia. Instead, he continued to stir-fry the vegetables.

"From now on, I'll be the one cooking."

Thinking back to what Calvin had done in the kitchen yesterday, he wished he could have invited the best chefs in the country to come over.

Regrettably, Cecilia didn't allow it.

Cecilia glanced at the blackish food in the pot. The corners of her mouth twitched.

If I eat this every day, I'll have a shorter life span.

"Forget it, let's hire a housekeeper to cook."

The caregiver had to constantly look after Martha, leaving no time for cooking.

Recently, Cecilia found herself having to cook and clean the house, which ended up delaying her songwriting.

Nathaniel seemed particularly obedient. "Okay."

"Stop cooking. We'll order takeout later."

Cecilia let out a sigh.

When would this situation ever end? When would Nathaniel regain his memory?

When Cecilia returned to the living room, she wanted to just lie down and have some quiet time. However, at that moment, she received a phone call from her overseas assistant, Charlottic.

"Have you written any new songs lately?"

"Not yet. What's up?"

"I've landed a big deal here. A big shot specifically requested your new song," said Charlottic.

Cecilia frowned. "The person wants to buy out my song?"

She personally didn't like this approach. If the song was directly bought by someone else, it would no longer belong to her.

"Yes. He said he was willing to pay a high price," added Charlottic.

"No, it's fine." Cecilia flatly declined. She wasn't in need of money right now.

"Okay then. I'll talk to the other party. Have you been encountering any troubles lately? Why is the new song still not released?"

Charlottic was curious.

Her boss, Cecilia, was a workaholic who once composed three hit songs in a single night. This was a feat that had since earned her widespread acclaim in the industry.

The superstar who had sung those three songs wanted to meet Cecilia in private, but Cecilia turned him down.

She said, "As long as everyone enjoys the songs, there's no need to delve into who the songwriter is."

It was simply too troublesome.

Cecilia mulled over the assistant's words as she turned her gaze toward Nathaniel, who emerged from the kitchen looking a bit disheveled.

Nathaniel, tall and reserved, lost his memory overnight, became blind, and adopted a completely different personality.

Indeed, he was very troublesome.

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Chapter 355 The Ballet Dancer

The main reason why Cecilia returned to Sparaville was to accompany Martha as the latter spent her final days in her hometown.

She didn't want Martha to pass away with any regrets. Yet, unexpectedly, she found herself entangled with Nathaniel and the Rainsworth family.

Cecilia collected her thoughts and said to Charlottie, "The next song will be released during Christmas."

She had finished composing the melody, yet there were a few imperfect verses that she didn't know how to modify.

"Got it."

Charlottie typed away. "I'll post the news on all major platforms immediately."

"Okay."

Ever since Cecilia became famous, she would announce it online in advance every time she released a new song. The only exception was her old friends. Afterward, the companies and singers would pay a fee to inquire about the new song.

Typically, it was Charlottie who would negotiate the fees and collaborations.

The previous time, when Cecilia was short on funds to manage her company, she had taken the initiative to seek out Simon.

However, the company wasn't short on funds now, so Cecilia continued to operate according to the original protocol.

The decision would not be based on money, but rather on whether the song and the singer performing it were a good match.

Hence, it wasn't guaranteed that one could purchase her songs, even if they had the money.

News of Cecile's new song that would be released on Christmas trended the moment it was published.

People domestically and internationally noticed the news.

Upon hearing about this, Stella immediately instructed her assistant to handle the discussion.

If she could secure the new song, the prospects of her comeback would be optimistic,

There were many others, far wealthier and more influential than her, who desired the new song even more than she did.

Meanwhile, in Mourinthia, a woman had just finished a ballet performance. She descended from the stage with the grace and pride of a swan, coming face to face with Ralph Evans, a wealthy

businessman.

"Dad, have you seen the news? I want that song from Cecille," asked the woman, whose features were strikingly beautiful and bore a slight resemblance to Cecilia.

Ralph adored his daughter above all else. He readily agreed, saying, "Okay. I'll buy everything that my dear Cassandra wants."

Cassandra smiled. "Thanks, Dad."

"The show has ended, so it's time for us to head back home. Otherwise, your mother will start worrying," said Ralph.

"Okay."

Cassandra looped her arm through Ralph's. Almost immediately, someone brought over a shawl and draped it over her shoulders.

Before getting into the car, Ralph couldn't help but say, "It's about time we found you a boyfriend when we get back."

Upon hearing that, Cassandra shook her head. "I don't need a boyfriend. I want to stay with your and mom forever."

"You silly girl," said Ralph, his eyes full of adoration.

Although that was what Cassandra said, the thought of returning to Tudela subconsciously brought an image of a rebellious man to her mind.

If she were to truly find a boyfriend, he would be the only one deserving of her.

In Tudela, Cecilia had also seen the email sent by Charlottic about the external parties who wanted to discuss about the new song.

Charlottie said, "One of them is Mr. Evans. He said that he was buying it for his daughter. His daughter, Cassandra Evans, is a renowned ballet dancer who particularly adores your compositions."

"She was thinking of using one of your songs as the soundtrack, I've seen her solo performances. They're truly outstanding. Also, Mr. Evans is quite wealthy, so I believe that selecting her for your song will definitely be the right decision." As Charlottie spoke, she sent a video of Cassandra's dance performance to Cecilia.

"I've sent you the video. See if you like it."

"Okay."

After receiving the video, Cecilia played it. A woman was on the ballet stage, dancing gracefully as if she were a proud swan.

Her eyes widened slightly and her hands instinctively clenched into a fist.

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Chapter 356 Striking Resemblance

At first glance, Cecilia noticed that the woman in the video resembled at young Paula.

When she was little, she admired Paula immensely. She would often sneak peeks at videos of a youthful Paula dancing on stage repeatedly.

When Paula was younger, she began her career as a ballet dancer.

"Boss, are you done? What do you think?"

When Cecilia regained her senses, she thought it was probably just a coincidental resemblance. "It's quite good. However, I'd like to wait and see."

"All right, I'll keep their contact information for now."

"All right." Cecilia then ended the call.

She dared not watch the video again because as soon as she played it, the scene that immediately dominated her mind was from her childhood. It was the moment when she had told Paula that she wanted to learn how to dance and was subsequently mocked by her.

"You're deaf! You can't dance when you can't even hear the beat clearly. Do keep up with the rhythm? Don't embarrass me," said Paula. you think you can

Later on, Cecilia still stood on a stage.

Back then, she received countless awards, but Paula had never once praised her for it.

"What's the point of working so hard? Some things can't be achieved just by effort, you know." Paula looked at Cecilia with contempt. "People like you, who're born with a disability, should stick to doing what disabled people can do. Don't even dream about achieving great success overnight. You're simply not cut out for dancing."

Despite Paula's constant discouragement, Cecilia never gave up on dancing.

One day, when she was at a dance competition, someone took away her hearing aid while she was resting.

As such, when she returned to the stage, all she could hear was the cacophony, unable to discern the melody. Her performance at the national competition was riddled with errors, leading to her elimination.

After she returned home, Paula cut up her dance costume right in front of her, tossing her dance shoes into the trash bin. "Don't you dare dance in the future anymore. If I ever see you dancing again, I'll break your legs."

Reflecting on everything that had transpired in the past, Cecilia curled up, hugging herself tightly as a slight tremble ran through her body.

The pain from her childhood was something she feared she might never fully recover from in her lifetime.

Inside the music room, Cecilia was engrossed in her painful past, oblivious to the figure that had walked in and said, "Ceci."

The familiar voice brought Cecilia back from the past to the present as she turned her head to look at Nathaniel.

“Why are you here?” asked Cecilia in a hoarse voice.

After Nathaniel lost his sight, his sense of hearing became extraordinarily sharp. He arrived in front of Cecilia, wanting to reach out and hold her, yet he feared her rejection.

Thus, he walked to the side of the piano and sat down. Under Cecilia’s peculiar gaze, he laid his slender fingers on the piano keys.

Even though he couldn’t remember, he could still instinctually play a gentle tune quickly.

Cecilia stared at him. “You know how to play the piano?”

In the past, Nathaniel complained that her playing the piano was noisy, and she had always thought that he couldn’t play the instrument himself.

Once the melody ended, Nathaniel paused. “Not entirely.”

He continued to play other tunes, and to her surprise, she realized that he was actually playing the very piece she had recently composed.

He simply listened occasionally and remembered it.

As Nathaniel played, he simultaneously pointed out the areas where Cecilia felt there were issues. “I feel like this bit could be changed.”

After he made a change, Cecilia found no issues after listening to it again.

At that moment, Cecilia’s perception of him inevitably changed.

Some people rely on fate to get by, but Nathaniel truly depended on himself.

Immediately, Cecilia revised the parts that needed correction.

Before dinner, with Nathaniel’s help, Cecilia miraculously managed to correct all the problems with the piece.-

“Did you really lose your memory?” Cecilia asked incredulously as she looked at him.

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Chapter 357 Dream About The Past

The two of them sat closely together. Nathaniel listened intently to her question. As he took in the pleasant scent that was emanating from her, his Adam's apple bobbed slightly.

"I did." His voice was raspy.

During that period, he would occasionally dream about his past with Cecilia, including some intimate moments.

"Do you still not trust me?" he asked.

Upon observing his current state, Cecilia thought there was no way he was lying and shook her head. "It's not that. I just think you're incredible. Despite your inability to see, you can still play the piano and even help me correct my music sheets."

Nathaniel could hear the melancholy in her voice and guessed, more or less, why she appeared so sad when he entered the room earlier.

"Because I must excel," he said slowly.

Cecilia was taken aback.

Nathaniel continued, "I've been having dreams about my childhood lately. Growing up, I was constantly educated and indoctrinated with the idea that I was destined to become the head of the Rainsworth family. I had no choice but to grow up."

He paused for a moment, then turned to Cecilia and said, "And now, how am I supposed to take care of you and our unborn child if I'm not good enough?"

Cecilia was unsure of how to respond to that.

Suddenly, Nathaniel pulled her into his embrace. "Can we start over, Ceci? I love you very much."

If he hadn't lost his memory, he would certainly have never uttered the words, "I love you."

He was always the one being loved since his childhood, never bothering to develop feelings for others.

Even if he was fond of her, he would neither show it nor express it.

It was the first time Cecilia heard Nathaniel express his love for her, and she was so shocked that she didn't push him away.

Nathaniel held her even tighter, leaning down and intending to kiss her.

“Mommy, Mr. Rainsworth...” a discordant voice rang out.

Snapping back to reality, Cecilia immediately pushed Nathaniel away.

She rose to her feet and stepped outside. “Jon, you’re back.”

Jonathan ascended the stairs with his backpack, observing Cecilia and Nathaniel leaving one after another. Something seemed off to him, but he couldn’t quite put his finger on it. “Yeah.”

The three of them descended the stairs together.

Cecilia went to call for Martha and the caregiver.

Jonathan and Nathaniel walked together. With a small voice, Jonathan asked, “Tell me, what were you and Mommy doing in the music room?”

Upon hearing the words, Nathaniel lifted his sharp brow. “You want to know?”

“Spit it out. Did you bully her or not?”

Nathaniel listened to the urgency in Jonathan’s voice, purposely choosing not to respond. “Is this the attitude you should have when asking someone a question?”

Jonathan was getting anxious. “Nathaniel, if you dare to bully my mommy, don’t blame me for being impolite.”

Upon hearing Jonathan call out his name directly, Nathaniel scowled.

Perhaps it was genetics, but he effortlessly and immediately lifted up Jonathan.

Suddenly, Jonathan was hanging in the air, struggling. “Put me down, you big bad guy!”

When Nathaniel was about to give the boy a piece of his mind, he heard Martha’s cough and immediately released him.

At that moment, Jonathan realized that even Nathaniel had someone the latter feared.

Martha was essentially Cecilia’s mother, which made her the mother-in-law to Nathaniel. Thus, Jonathan thought the stereotype of a son-in-law being afraid of his mother-in-law truly applied to everyone.

Then, the boy had an idea.

He approached Martha, unzipping his backpack. “Grandma Martha, I miss you every day when I’m at school. How have you been feeling lately?”

Martha's mood significantly improved as she stared at Jonathan. "I missed you, too, and I'm in good health."

In response, Jonathan continued, "Grandma Martha, didn't you mention wanting to taste the small fish from our hometown when we were abroad? Mr. Rainsworth just mentioned that he's going to the stream to catch some for you tonight."

Martha was somewhat taken aback. Ah, so that's what the two of them were talking about earlier. Nathaniel wasn't bullying Jonathan.

"The stream is frozen, though," said Martha.

Jonathan immediately replied, "It's fine. Mr. Rainsworth said that he would melt the stream with his body heat by lying on it."

Nathaniel was speechless. I can't believe he's saying nonsense with such a serious face.

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Chapter 358 Go Fishing

Jonathan was intentionally giving Nathaniel a hard time by suggesting Nathaniel would use his body heat to melt the ice and catch fishes.

Martha could see what was happening and was about to refuse, but to her surprise, Nathaniel solemnly said, "Mhm. I will go fishing tonight."

Cecilia couldn't help but feel surprised. Why does he suddenly want to go fishing?

Martha didn't believe him because the ice on the river was at least thirty centimeters thick in the middle of the winter. There's no way he can catch a fish in this condition. Does he feel nothing boasting like this?

Later on, the facts proved that there were very few things in the world that money couldn't accomplish.

At around ten in the night, someone delivered a fresh catch of fish, specifically the one from the small river that Martha was particularly fond of.

Nathaniel handed those exceptionally fresh fish over to Cecilia.

Immediately upon receiving them, Cecilia prepared a stew with them.

She planned to keep a portion of the remaining fish for herself and give the rest to her neighbors.

Cecilia wasn't curious about how Nathaniel acquired the fish. There were plenty of people willing to lend a hand for a price.

However, Martha refused to drink the fish stew. "He caught the fish?"

"Accurately speaking, it was his money," said Cecilia.

Martha shook her head. "I don't want to owe him."

Cecilia set the bowl aside and embraced her. "You're overthinking it. He's living in your house. every day. There's nothing wrong with him preparing some fish for you."

Cecilia knew that Martha was worried that she might get emotional over trivial matters again and felt as if she owed Nathaniel a debt.

After Cecilia's heartfelt persuasion, Martha finally agreed to enjoy the stew.

"As expected of the fishes from our river here. It doesn't stink." At that moment, Martha felt a sense of happiness she had never experienced before.

Once upon a time, she never imagined that in her later years, she would have the company of a daughter and grandchild.

After drinking half a bowl of the fish stew, Martha went to sleep.

to Pears

Cecilia stared at Martha's increasingly frail figure, gently holding her hand..

In truth, she didn't dare wonder what she would do and where she would go if Martha were to leave her.

was Martha, so if

People often said that home was where your mother was. Cecilia's: Martha was no longer around, Cecilia wondered if she would still have a home.

Jonathan cautiously stood at the doorway. "Mommy."

Cecilia placed Martha's hand inside the blanket, then walked out and asked, "What's the matter?"

"I'm going to stay at Ms. Kennedy's place tomorrow. She asked me to invite you as well so we can attend Ernest's wedding together the day after tomorrow."

To be honest, Vivian was terrified of attending her ex's wedding alone. However, a deep-seated sense of unwillingness within her compelled her to go.

She thought perhaps only after witnessing Ernest with another woman could she finally move on.

"I almost forgot about that. All right, I'll drive and go with you tomorrow," said Cecilia.

"Mhm," replied Jonathan.

The following day, before departing, Cecilia meticulously instructed the caregiver and housekeeper, urging them to take good care of Martha. She stressed that they should call her immediately if anything happened.

After she informed Nathaniel she would be heading to Tudela, she departed with Jonathan.

No sooner had they left than Nathaniel ordered his chauffeur to drive him to Tudela.

Eventually, Sunday arrived.

Vivian, adorned in a formal dress, was elegantly and beautifully dressed.

Jonathan had also slipped into a small suit, emerging from the dressing room.

"Wow, you're so handsome." Vivian looked at Jonathan, her eyes shining brightly. "Jon, let me pinch your cheek."

Jonathan wore a look of disdain. "Ms. Kennedy, can't you act a little more mature?"

Cecilia smiled as she watched the two interact. "All right, it's time for us to set off."

Left with no choice, Vivian withdrew her hand.

Then, the three of them headed to Four Seasons Hotel together.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 359

Chapter 359 Poor Rating

Eventually, they arrived at the entrance to Four Seasons Hotel.

While inside the car, Vivian fixed her gaze on the hotel interior, her expression a complex mix of emotions.

She forced herself to calm down, stepping out of the car with Jonathan by her side.

Cecilia also followed along.

Jonathan glanced at his own wristwatch. It's already time, yet he still hasn't arrived! Does he even want to get paid? How unreliable. If I can leave a rating, it'll be a poor one!

Vivian never took Jonathan's words seriously. After all, how could a child possibly find her a male companion who would be even better than Ernest?

"I'm so nervous, Ceci," Vivian said, looking back at Cecilia.

Cecilia stepped forward, holding her hand. "Don't be afraid. I'm here with you."

Over the years, Vivian had never sought after any man, all due to Ernest. It wasn't that she didn't have suitors, but she had turned them all down.

The first thing she did when she returned to the country years ago was to look for Ernest. However, by the time she found him, he already had a girlfriend.

Then, when Ernest was about to get married, he surprisingly sent an invitation to Vivian.

That was all it took to hit Vivian where it hurt.

Comforted by Cecilia's warmth, Vivian finally took a step forward and entered the building.

Upon reaching the exterior of the banquet hall, she saw the wedding photos of the bride and groom. The woman in the picture was dressed in a white wedding gown and stood demurely next to Ernest.

Cecilia also caught a glimpse of the bride's appearance. Huh, she looks somewhat similar to Vivian.

"The bride is truly stunning," Vivian murmured.

Cecilia felt even more sympathy for her. "You're even more beautiful, Vivian."

Jonathan also took Vivian's hand. "That's right. Mommy, you're even more beautiful."

That "Mommy" snapped Vivian back to reality. Seeing the two's caring gazes, she felt her mood significantly improved.

"You're right. I'm even more beautiful. Let's head inside." Vivian held onto Jonathan with one hand and Cecilia with the other. It doesn't matter if I don't have a man by my side. I'll still be fine!

ming guests at the entrance

with his parents.

Upon catching sight of Vivian, Ernest momentarily lost his composure. However, he quickly reverted to his usual icy demeanor, remarking. "You're here."

"Mhm." Vivian nodded.

Following that, she pulled out a monetary gift. "This is my wedding gift."

Ernest didn't respond. His gaze fell onto the child beside her.

Just as he was about to ask about Jonathan, Ernest's parents, Bastian Jaeger and Greta Schneider, hurried over.

"Vivian, what brings you here?" Greta asked with disdain. She was worried that Vivian would stir up trouble.

She was well aware of just how much Vivian cherished her son..

"Ernest is already engaged. Don't you think it's pointless to keep clinging to him?" As Greta was speaking, she subconsciously accepted the thick monetary gift.

Upon hearing that, Vivian responded indifferently, "Didn't you know that Ernest was the one who invited me?"

now

Greta was choked up because she truly didn't know.

Weighing the red envelope in her hand, Greta cracked a smile and whispered, "Vivian, both my husband and I adore you. I've told Ernest many times, but, unfortunately, he's stubborn and insists on marrying Ms. Zimmerman. If you don't mind, even after Ernest gets married, you two can still keep in touch."

Upon hearing these words, Vivian was taken aback. What did she mean by that?

Before Vivian could react, Cecilia had already positioned her protectively in front of the former. "Are you saying you want to help your son find a mistress?"

Creta was taken aback, not noticing the anger etched on Cecilia's face. "Why do you have to put it so unsightly? In this day and age, who among the successful doesn't have a close female. companion?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 360

Chapter 360 Keep In Touch

Seeing that Vivian was the daughter of a powerful man, Greta thought it would be good to have her son remain in contact with Vivian...

Cecilia had made up her mind and spoke freely, showing no regard for Ernest's or his mother's dignity.

"Oh, I see. You really are quite the devoted mother, aren't you? Even as your son gets married, you're still out here scouting potential mistresses for him. Does your future daughter-in-law know about this?" Before Greta could respond, Cecilia continued, "Vivian came here to attend the wedding, not because she's still hung up on your son. She's just curious to see how a family like yours could ruin such a good lady."

After speaking, Cecilia coldly looked at Ernest. "Mr. Ernest, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. To allow your mother to say such things, do you really think you deserve the title of attorney?"

Before Cecilia arrived, she was unaware of Bastian's and Greta's true natures. She merely felt that Ernest himself was too heartless.

Upon hearing Cecilia's words, Ernest turned to his mother. "Mom, don't talk nonsense. I will only be with Heidi in this life, and she is the only one I will ever love."

Standing behind Cecilia, Vivian, upon hearing those words, suddenly felt that her past self was nothing more than a fool.

She still remembered the time she had spent with Ernest in the run-down hotel when he held her in his arms and spoke to her. "I solemnly swear that in this lifetime, I will only be with you. and only love you,

Vivian."

Vivian managed to hold back the urge to question Ernest.

Greta always listened to her son. She glared fiercely at Cecilia, muttering under her breath, "My son is so exceptional. What's wrong with him having a few women? Which boss nowadays only has one woman? Some people just can't accept reality. Without my son, who would want a promiscuous woman like her?"

Greta was well aware that Vivian and Ernest had slept with each other at a hotel before.

Upon hearing that, Cecilia strode forward and grabbed Greta. "What did you say? I dare you to say it again."

Cecilia's gaze was as sharp as a knife, instantly silencing Greta. "I'm warning you. If I hear you utter one more foul word, I'll rip your mouth apart!"

Greta was taken aback, turning to her son. "Ernest, what kind of people did you invite?"

"Mom, stop talking. You and Dad should go rest," Ernest was clearly angry.

In response to hearing that, Greta refused to leave. If her son wouldn't stand up for her, she would do it herself. "Did I say something wrong? Vivian has already slept with my son. If she's not a promiscuous woman, what is she, then? Moreover, who would want a woman like her if she wasn't wealthy?"

All eyes were drawn to them, yet Greta was undeterred, not at all feeling embarrassed at her son's wedding banquet. "Vivian, you're already in your late twenties, aren't you? Yet, you don't have a boyfriend. I say it's abnormal. No wonder my son broke up with you."

Without hesitation, Cecilia slapped Greta, causing the latter to fall to the ground, wincing in pain.

Immediately, Ernest rushed to support Greta. "How could you lay a hand on an elder, Cecilia?"

After speaking, he turned his gaze toward Vivian. "Vivian, did you come here just to ruin my wedding?"

At that moment, Vivian stood frozen in place, her whole body trembling.

Every word from Greta felt like a thorn piercing deeply into her heart.

She had absolutely no idea how to counter that statement.

Fortunately, at that moment, Jonathan stepped forward, positioning himself in front of Vivian. "None of you are allowed to bully my mommy! Who said that nobody wants my mommy? My daddy happens to be the most influential man in all of Tudela!"

Mommy? Ernest's cold demeanor cracked as he stared at Vivian in disbelief.