

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 381

Chapter 381 How Much Debt

Afraid that Mason didn’t understand what he meant, Nathaniel continued, “I don’t want Ceci to think that I lied to her just to avoid divorcing her.”

Mason understood immediately. I’m assuming Mrs. Rainsworth is asking for a divorce again. Mr. Rainsworth sure will do anything to prevent that

Mason pulled out the tablet that he always carried with him and began to crunch the numbers. “Nicholas only transferred Mr. Rainsworth’s shares and assets, not including the debts. If Nicholas isn’t responsible for them, a conservative estimate of the debt would be at least a hundred billion as Mr. Rainsworth previously ordered the acquisition of many projects.”

Mason then showed the project prices to Cecilia.

After going through everything, Cecilia felt lightheaded and overwhelmed.

She pursed her lips tightly, wondering how many songs she would have to write to repay such a large sum of money. Wait a second. Why should I pay the debt? It’s not like I was the one who incurred it.

“Don’t worry, Ceci. I promise I’ll work hard to pay back the debts,” Nathaniel assured her.

Work hard? Cecilia thought about his work as a charity assistant, fearing that it might take him several lifetimes to repay all the debt.

“Regardless, I hope you resolve this issue as soon as possible, whether it means reaching out to Elena or Nicholas,” said Cecilia. Elena isn’t Paula. Based on how well I’ve seen her treat Nathaniel in the past, I doubt she’ll abandon him.

After managing to navigate through the situation, Nathaniel immediately agreed. “All right.”

Jonathan had been secretly eavesdropping on the conversation among the group, unable to believe that his se mbag daddy was truly out of money. He vividly remembered the time he had stolen from his father’s private stash because the string of numbers involved was so long he could. never forget.

Immediately, Jonathan retreated to his small room to investigate.

He didn’t believe that Nathaniel was broke. However, the account he previously accessed indeed. didn’t have a single penny left, which he thought was strange.

“Could it be that sc*mbag daddy not only lost his memories but also his intelligence?” Jonathan couldn’t help but worry for himself and his mother.

For one, he was concerned if he would inherit his father’s fate of becoming stupid after having at minor car accident in the future.

His second concern was that his mother might be taken advantage of

In the evening, while Cecilia was discussing with the chef about what to prepare for the New Year’s Day meal, Jonathan sought out Nathaniel.

He needed to have a face-to-face talk with Nathaniel.

“Mr. Rainsworth, in terms of marital debt, if the wife is unaware, she is not obligated to repay it,” said Jonathan.

Nathaniel knew the youngster would eavesdrop. “Hmm, your understanding of the law isn’t bad, but do you know how long it takes to fight a legal battle? Do you even know how relentless debt. collectors can be?”

Jonathan furrowed his brows, appearing like a miniature version of Nathaniel. Unfortunately, he couldn’t see it then.

“My mommy is far from being a weak and helpless woman. Besides, Mr. Ree- Daddy and I would protect her.”

Nathaniel didn’t pay much attention to that slip-up. Instead, he leaned back in his chair and slowly opened his laptop, reciting a long string of Uprian alphabets.

That was indeed Jonathan’s hacker alias.

In an instant, Jonathan stood up. “How... How did you know...”

“I’m also aware that you stole seven billion and nine hundred million from my account,” Nathaniel responded nonchalantly.

“You’ve regained your memory?” Jonathan instantly felt as if Nathaniel had gotten dirt on him.

Nathaniel, however, shook his head. “Mason told me. There’s no need to recover my memories. for something like this. What do you think Ceci will do if she knows what you’re up to? Who do you think the police will arrest if I call them?”

Jonathan never expected that his se*mbag daddy would actually threaten a child.

He clenched his small fists. “No one will believe that a child could steal from a businessman.”

“Indeed, you’re right,” Nathaniel said, smirking. “They’ll arrest your guardian instead. I wonder if your father will be willing to go to jail for you.”

Jonathan was itching to punch him as he stared.

However, he inexplicably asked, “If your son makes a mistake, will you be willing to go to jail for him?”

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Chapter 382 Serve Prison Time

Nathaniel was taken aback for a moment, then he replied, “It depends on the mistake. If it’s something like what you did, I won’t let him go to jail.” I can deal with something like this with money.

Jonathan, however, interpreted his words as a willingness to serve prison time on behalf of his 5011.

An unusual emotion inexplicably arose within him.

The call for dinner from Cecilia interrupted their conversation, prompting them to leave the TOOM.

Cecilia watched the two of them walk out in “peace.” Jonathan was like a miniaturized replica of Nathaniel.

At that moment, Cecilia recalled the last time Jonathan, who never slept with anyone else, surprisingly volunteered to sleep with Nathaniel.

She suddenly wavered, uncertain whether to tell Nathaniel about the child.

After all, they were father and son. She thought Jonathan surely wanted his father around and only didn’t say it out loud to comfort her.

After dinner, Cecilia received a call from Charlotte. “Boss, quickly turn on the livestream. Paula is dancing.”

Upon hearing that, Cecilia immediately returned to her room and turned on her computer. Just as I thought...

In the video, Paula was clad in dance attire, which did little to conceal the extra weight around her midsection, a stark reminder of her old age.

When Paula was still young, countless admirers would adore her dance. At that moment, she had only a handful of old men egging her on under the livestream.

Every now and then, a few young people would accuse her of being flirtatious and not acting her age.

Even after seeing that, Cecilia felt that the years of pent-up resentment and grievances didn't subside much.

After all, Paula did all that for her other daughter, a daughter who still had another mother.

"It's so pitiful. Once a renowned female dancer, she now dances in her live streams to a meager audience. She's really going all out for her daughter." Then, turning to Cecilia, Charlotte asked, "Boss, did she offend you?"

She knew Cecilia wouldn't have tried to embarrass Paula without good reasons.

Upon hearing that, Cecilia couldn't help but respond, "Lottie, she is my birth mother."

Charlotte was momentarily stunned.

She only knew that Martha was Cecilia's nanny and that life was quite challenging for Cecilia in the past. Martha shared all that with her.

However, she had no idea Cecilia's mother was actually a renowned dancer. Paula should have been in her prime decades ago, so she shouldn't have lacked money. Why did she have someone else raise her daughter? "Boss, isn't she too biased? I've been with you for five years, and I've never seen her call you even once. If she knew that the melody she's been longing for was composed by her daughter, she'd definitely be filled with regret."

Cecilia chuckled self-deprecatingly. "No, she won't. All right, enough about that. Go ahead and sign the contract with her." She would've mocked me if she knew I composed that piece. That's how it has always been since I was a kid. No matter how exceptional I am, she'll never acknowledge it and will always belittle me.

Cecilia continued watching the livestream. Once, she wanted most to watch her mother dance. Yet, at that moment, she found it boring and closed the livestream.

Meanwhile, after wrapping up the livestream, Paula saw the comments and grimaced for a moment.

Nevertheless, she still smiled as she shared the news of receiving exclusive rights with Cassandra.

Cassandra was gracefully dancing in the studio, a mirror image of Paula's younger self. She approached Cassandra and said, "Cassandra, I've secured the exclusive rights for you."

Cassandra's expression changed upon seeing Paula approach.

She tossed Paula the cell phone, which was displaying the latter's livestream earlier. "Don't you know how old you are? Yet, you still showed up in public like this. Even if you're not embarrassed, I am. Everyone knows you're my father's new wife. My mom wouldn't have embarrassed me like this."

The "Mom" she referred to was Queenie.

After hearing everything, Paula was about to reveal the truth to Cassandra.

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Chapter 383 The Takeover

But just as the words reached the tip of her tongue, Cassandra interrupted her again.

"Don't be like this anymore," she said. "I know you mean well, but I don't like it when others gossip about you."

Upon hearing this, Paula knew that her daughter still cared about her, so she swallowed back the words she was about to say.

At this moment, Cassandra once again latched onto Paula's arm.

"Mom, I looked it up online. You still have another daughter named Cecilia Smith, right?"

Paula was taken aback.

Cassandra then asked, "She's married to Nathaniel Rainsworth, isn't she?"

The person she truly cared about was Nathaniel. In Tudela, there probably weren't many men who could compare to him.

"I'd like to get to know him. Could you possibly help me out?"

With just one glance, Paula could discern what was on Cassandra's mind.

She also believed that only Cassandra was truly worthy of Nathaniel.

"I haven't seen him in a long time, but if you wish to meet him, I'll certainly help you."

Paula was certain that if Nathaniel could have feelings for Cecilia, then he would definitely develop an affection for Cassandra, who not only resembled Cecilia but was also superior to her.

At that moment, she was still Nathaniel's mother-in-law.

"Mom, you're the best."

Cassandra swung Paula's arm back and forth, her attitude contrasting starkly with her earlier demeanor.

On New Year's Day, a sensational piece of news broke out:

The CEO of Orion Corporation, Nathaniel Rainsworth, has made the decision to transfer all his company shares to his younger brother, Nicholas Rainsworth. The procedures that follow related to Orion Corporation would also be handled by Nicholas... According to Nathaniel's family, ever since the car accident, he has not fully recovered and is currently recuperating in the hospital....

As soon as the news broke out, it immediately topped the trending topics.

What intrigued the online community even more was the fact that Nathaniel actually had a twin brother. The two of them looked so identical that it was nearly impossible to tell them apart been played by Elena.

Nicholas was once a sickly individual, and there was a year when he nearly lost his life. He was sent abroad for life-saving treatment, which lasted for over a decade. Who would have known that he would actually recover? Now, he even appeared in front of everyone again.

In fact, they figured Nicholas had masqueraded as Nathaniel recently.

By now, Nicholas had seized control of the company and even held the shares belonging to Nathaniel. With no health issues to speak of, and considering that Orion Corporation was, after all, owned by the Rainsworth family, outsiders had no reason to protest.

Cecilia and the others were having breakfast when they saw the news report.

It was at this moment that she fully believed Mason had said the day before.

When she looked at Nathaniel again, his slender hand was holding a soup spoon, eating oatmeal. His expression remained unchanged.

Cecilia, being the soft-hearted person she was, turned off the television.

Martha was also taken aback, whispering to Cecilia, “I can’t believe how strange prominent families are. Can a son really be replaced just like that?”

Although Martha disliked Nathaniel, she didn’t want to mock him over such matters.

“It was also my first time hearing of something like that,” responded Cecilia.

She had thought the matter was settled, but that afternoon, an unexpected visitor came knocking.

Elena sat on the couch, taking in the sight of the dilapidated surroundings. Her gaze then fell on Nathaniel’s austere bedroom. which looked particularly spartan.

She couldn’t help sympathize with her son.

“Cecilia, is this how you take care of Nathaniel?”

Leaving Nathaniel there was a move she made out of desperation.

During the period immediately after his memory loss, Nathaniel fell into depression. Other than Cecilia, he showed no interest in anyone.

Elena was genuinely afraid that he might die.

Secondly, she also needed to protect Rainsworth Group. Nathaniel had lost his sight and

memory. Regardless of how many shares he held, he was nothing more than a puppet. It would be better to give them to his younger brother.

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Chapter 384 Standing Up For Him

Nathaniel had left around noon, claiming that he had some last-minute work to attend to.

Cecilia looked at Elena, seated on the couch, exuding an air of superiority. Listening to the latter’s tone, she couldn’t help but retort sarcastically, “You were the one who dumped Nathaniel here. What right do you have to criticize me over how I’ve been taking care of him? As long as I don’t let him starve or freeze to death, I’ve fulfilled my obligations as his spouse.”

Elena was left speechless, momentarily at a loss for words.

A moment later, she rose to her feet, looking around. "Where's Nathaniel? I'll take him home now."

By now, Nicholas had essentially taken control of the company with all the shares transferred. She was not worried about the old-timers or the younger generations in the family usurping the business empire that Nathaniel had painstakingly built.

Thus, it was time to bring Nathaniel back home.

"I'm not going back."

A voice echoed from the doorway.

Nathaniel had returned without them realizing. He stood at the door, clad in a black overcoat. His black obsidian eyes showed no emotion.

Elena could never have imagined that her exceptional son would end up blind.

Watching him steadily approach, Elena hastily stood up, intending to help him. However, he promptly brushed her off.

Elena's hands were suddenly holding thin air, her heart aching as if it had been stabbed with a knife.

"Nathaniel, are you still upset with me? Everything I did was for our family. Your father never interferes in anything. If I don't step in, the foundation that you've built will end up in someone else's hands. Rather than that, it's better to entrust it to Nicholas. Once you've recovered, I'll have him return it to you."

Elena knew that Nathaniel's body and memory might recover, but his eyesight was truly gone.

The doctor had said that after the car accident, his visual nerves were damaged due to the trauma, and he would have to spend the rest of his life in darkness.

Nathaniel listened but remained unmoved.

"Go back and tell Nicholas to wait. I won't let him off easily!"

He recalled all his childhood memories, realizing that Nicholas was not as gentle and innocent as

"Smack!" Elena fiercely slapped him across the face.

Meanwhile, disbelief filled Cecilia's eyes.

This was the first time Elena had ever laid a hand on Nathaniel. Her hand trembled as she lowered it. "Nicholas is your younger brother. He's far more obedient than you. He never refuses anything I ask of him. If he hadn't fallen ill, he should have been the one to take the helm of Rainsworth Group! He said that he had no intention of replacing you. Everything he did was for our family. How could you be so selfish and narrow-minded?"

Elena was berating Nathaniel for what he had said.

Cecilia was listening quietly by the side. For some reason, she suddenly found herself reminiscing about her past with Magnus.

Every time, regardless of the situation, Paula would always take Magnus' side.

Due to her subconscious desire not to let Nathaniel suffer what she had once gone through, Cecilia stepped in front of Nathaniel before Elena could continue berating him.

"Have you said enough? Nathaniel is clearly the one being replaced. He was originally the CEO of

in Orion Corporation, but after losing his sight, you discarded him to live as an ordinary person the countryside. You were the one who abandoned him, and now, he's even become the villain in your narrative? You're saying that Nicholas is good because he's obedient, aren't you? What if he becomes disobedient? Would he still be good then? Is your measure of a child's worth based solely on their obedience, Mdm. Elena? When it comes down to it, you're the selfish one!"

In an instant, Elena was rendered speechless, She had always felt that she had done a lot for Nathaniel, yet her actions were misunderstood. However, she never truly considered his perspective before.

Nathaniel was utterly taken aback when Cecilia stood up for him. In that instant, all the gloom in his heart simply vanished.

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Chapter 385 An Orphan

Elena pinched her palm, refusing to admit her own mistakes. She lowered her voice and said to Cecilia, "If it weren't for you not bearing a child despite being married to Nathaniel for such a long time, I would not have been in such a rush to find someone to replace him."

In the realm of family businesses, it was utterly absurd for a boss not to have any children.

“You’ve no right to lecture me. Who doesn’t love their own child?” Elena snapped before leaving.

Cecilia stood there, feeling an inexplicable wave of sadness wash over her because her mother never showed her any affection.

That was why she had stepped forward earlier, meddling in affairs that weren’t her business.

As she was lost in thought, her hand was suddenly grasped from behind.

“Thank you.” Nathaniel said, his mood better than it had ever been before.

When he grabbed her hand, Cecilia snapped back to reality and quickly pulled away. “You don’t need to thank me. I was just being impulsive because I felt sorry for you. It’s nothing more than that.

After saying that, she immediately headed toward Martha’s room, wondering if the commotion downstairs had disturbed the latter.

Fortunately, Jonathan had accompanied Sven to go shopping and didn’t see Elena.

Meanwhile, Elena was on her way home, nursing a throbbing headache.

Cecilia has grown bold, daring to lecture me,

bold, daring to lecture me, her own mother-in-law!

She pinched the bridge of her nose, urging the driver to speed up.

The car had just passed through the center of the town. Encountering some traffic, it was forced to slow down.

Feeling frustrated, Elena opened the window. It was at that moment she spotted a familiar figure not far off.

“Jon! What are you doing here?”

Elena instructed the driver to stop the car, got out, and ran after Jonathan.

Recently, her life had been rather hectic. However, Elena was persistently investigating Jonathan’s background.

She had previously assumed that Ernest was Jonathan’s father. However, upon privately questioning Ernest later on, she discovered that this was not the case.

After conducting a thorough investigation, she discovered that Vivian had never had a boyfriend while she was abroad. She was largely celibate and did not have any children.

Jon is not Vivian's son at all! Upon realizing this, Elena had people discreetly search for Jon's biological mother, for she felt that the child bore an uncanny resemblance to Nathaniel.

He might just be Nathaniel's illegitimate son.

After covering a considerable distance, Elena still hadn't spotted Jonathan. She began to doubt her own eyes and reluctantly got back into the car.

Not far away, Jonathan let out a sigh of relief.

How did Elena end up here?

"Mr. Sven, let's hurry back," he said.

He realized that Elena had definitely come looking to cause trouble for either his sc*mbag daddy or his mommy.

"Alright."

Upon seeing that his family was still around upon arriving home, Jonathan let out a sigh of relief.

He went to see Martha, and after a lengthy conversation with the caregiver, he discovered that Elena had come by, seemingly with the intention of taking his father home. However, it appeared that the latter was unwilling to return.

When Cecilia saw that Jonathan had returned, she thought of going to see Elliot, who was undergoing treatment in the hospital. With New Year's Day approaching, she couldn't bear the thought of leaving him alone in the hospital.

She knocked on Nathaniel's door, then stepped inside.

"There's something I need to tell you." Cecilia paused momentarily. "Mason should have mentioned to you already that I have another child; his name is Elliot. I'm planning to bring him home tonight, and I need you to watch your words. His health isn't the best."

Cecilia was merely informing him, not seeking his approval.

After informing him, Cecilia went to the hospital to pick up Elliot.

Elliot was different from Jonathan. He resembled an ordinary, typical four-year-old more. Thus, Cecilia felt that it was better to keep him in the dark.

Once they arrived at the hospital, she said, “Elliot, we’ve taken in Mr. Rainsworth, the man we met before. He’s in a pitiful state, blind and ill, with no one to care for him.”

Elliot played along with his mother who had underestimated him. “Mommy, I understand. Mr. Rainsworth must be an orphan, right?”

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Chapter 386 Elliot Returns

Cecilia choked upon hearing the comment.

With the multitude of relatives Nathaniel has—parents, siblings, cousins—how could he possibly be an orphan?

However, to deceive the child, she could only play along. “Yes, indeed. That’s why he is so pitiful, and I have no choice but to adopt him for the time being. Also, he’s a bit of an oddball. He might say a bunch of strange things. You mustn’t believe him, okay, Eli?” Cecilia continued to mentally prepare her son.

Elliot was an exceptional actor, his large eyes seemingly filled with trust for his mother. He nodded repeatedly, “Yeah, don’t worry, Mommy. I won’t believe him.”

When Cecilia met his innocent gaze, she felt a pang of guilt, knowing that she shouldn’t be deceiving him.

However, she was left with no choice.

In her mind, Elliot had taken over her, always behaving like an ordinary child.

Jonathan, on the other hand, had taken over Nathaniel. When it came comparing memory or intelligence, he would put adults to shame.

Jon knows that Nathaniel is his father, but Eli is still unaware.

Cecilia had decided to wait until Elliot was a bit older before revealing the truth to him.

With that, they journeyed back home.

Elliot was indeed the life of the party. As soon as he returned home, he would cheerfully call out to his brother, grandmother, and Nathaniel incessantly.

When he saw Nathaniel, he greeted him politely, “Mr. Rainsworth, it’s been a while. I’ve missed you.”

Had it not been for Nathaniel regaining some of his memory, he would have truly been deceived. by Elliot's innocent appearance.

"How much do you miss me?" Nathaniel asked.

Elliot choked up, then stammered, "I miss you as much as I feel the need to use the bathroom every day!"

In an instant, Nathaniel was reminded of the past, scene where he was drenched from head to toe by Elliot.

As Cecilia was about to start her meal, she found Elliot's words to be quite peculiar.

Jonathan, who had been typing away, stopped. He realized that besides Martha, there was another

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Chapter 386 Elliot Returns

person who could challenge his sc*mbag daddy.

I'm surprised that Elliot is quite skilled; this analogy is truly excellent.

"Alright, it's time to eat. Go wash your hands."

"Sure thing." Elliot was the first to respond. Then he turned to look at Nathaniel, "Mr. Rainsworth, would you like me to wash your hands for you? I can assure you they'll be spotless."

"That's not necessary!"

"Don't be a stranger. I know you're an orphan, abandoned by your parents. You've had no one to

you even the simplest things, like washing your hands, since you were little. I can teach

teach

you.

An orphan abandoned by my parents?

Nathaniel's expression subtly shifted, while Cecilia's violent coughing served as a hint for him to play along.

With a sullen expression, he had no choice but to let Elliot show him how to wash his hands.

Elliot was puzzled as he observed his father's slender hands, surprised to find the scars on them.

Didn't sc*mbag daddy live a life of privilege? How did he end up with these scars?

"Mr. Rainsworth, you must have gone through a lot, judging by all these wounds on your hands."

Wounds?

Upon hearing these words, Cecilia couldn't help but look over. It was then that she noticed that Nathaniel's hands were indeed marked with a series of scars.

She clearly remembered that his hands used to be flawless.

"I accidentally cut myself on some glass," Nathaniel replied in a subdued tone.

He didn't disclose to Elliot the reason behind the wounds. It was a consequence of a previous incident when Cecilia was attacked by Stella's ex-boyfriend and trapped inside a car. He had to repeatedly smash the car glass to free her, which resulted in the injuries.

"Poor thing."

Elliot wore an expression of sympathy.

He patted his small chest. "Don't worry, both Mommy and I are kind-hearted people. When you get old and can't take care of yourself, we'll help send you to a nursing home. You must work hard now to earn enough money to pay for it."

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Chapter 387 He Hit Me

After they washed their hands, Elliot, feigning friendliness, guided a visibly upset Nathaniel to the dining table.

"Mr. Rainsworth, now that you can't see, do you often stumble?" Elliot asked, his tone laced with mock innocence.

"No," Nathaniel replied curtly.

“So, you’re not really blind then?” Elliot continued, maintaining his facade of harmless curiosity.

Nathaniel was at a loss for words but responded patiently, “I’ve memorized the path, so I don’t fall.”

“I see.”

“All right, let’s eat now and chat later,” Cecilia interjected.

Eli always has so many questions.

As they took their seats at the dining table, Elliot’s eyes immediately locked onto the dish of shredded carrots. He knew he could eat it without issue, but Jonathan couldn’t. If I got Mommy’s genes, then Jon definitely got our sc*mbag daddy’s.

With a deliberate motion, Elliot picked up a portion of the shredded carrots with his fork and placed them on Nathaniel’s plate. “Mr. Rainsworth, you should eat more carrots. My teacher says they’re good for your eyes,” he remarked, a subtle edge to his seemingly innocent suggestion.

Jonathan was taken aback by his brother’s cunning move to put their father in an awkward position. Sensing an opportunity, he quickly added, “Eli, you silly boy, Mr. Rainsworth is already blind.”

Nathaniel was at a loss for words.

“What? Carrots don’t help the blind?” Elliot asked, feigning confusion with a wide-eyed innocence.

The two children repeatedly used the word “blind,” echoing how people used to call Cecilia “deaf” right in front of Nathaniel.

Cecilia quickly intervened, her tone gentle but firm. “Eli, you can’t talk like that. It’s impolite.”

After all, Nathaniel was the children’s biological father.

Noticing that Cecilia was slightly upset, Elliot immediately focused on his meal, though his mind was already scheming. He’d continue picking on Nathaniel once his mother was out of the room.

Though Nathaniel couldn’t see, he was fully aware that the two rascals were up to no good, especially Elliot, who was clearly making things difficult for him.

Nathaniel didn't take it to heart—he wouldn't let a child's antics get under his skin—but he also wasn't the type of man to let himself be bullied without pushing back.

After dinner, Nathaniel turned to Elliot. "Eli, could you escort me to my room?"

Elliot's eyes lit up. This was the perfect chance to mess with Nathaniel.

"Sure," he replied, throwing a quick wink at Jonathan before leading Nathaniel to his room.

Once inside, Elliot immediately began searching for a stool, planning to trip Nathaniel.

But before he could put his plan into action, the door clicked shut behind him. By the time Elliot realized what was happening, he was already hoisted off the ground, dangling in Nathaniel's grip like a helpless chick.

"Mr. Rainsworth, what are you doing?" Elliot asked, still pretending to be innocent.

Nathaniel asked calmly, "Do you know how I deal with naughty children?"

Nathaniel wasn't about to physically harm Elliot, for he knew about the boy's health issues. However, he could still make his point through intimidation.

Meanwhile, Elliot's thoughts raced. How dare.

thoughts raced. How dare you threaten me? Fine, I'll tattle to Mommy later.

"Mr. Rainsworth, I'm a good boy," Elliot insisted, trying to maintain his act.

Nathaniel's thin lips curled into a faint smile. "Is that so? Good kids don't tell lies."

With that, a light slap on the buttocks, just enough to send a clear message gave.

Because of his illness, Elliot had been protected and pampered his entire life. He had never been spanked before.

The moment Nathaniel swatted him, he instantly lost his temper. "Mommy! Mommy!"

Nathaniel didn't stop him from calling out and calmly set him down.

Cecilia rushed in, concern etched on her face. "What's wrong, darling?"

Without missing a beat, Elliot pointed accusingly. "Mr. Rainsworth hit me!"

"What?" Cecilia gasped, quickly stepping forward to inspect him. "Where did he hit you?"

Elliot hesitated. I can't possibly tell Mommy he swatted me on the butt, can I? Besides, he was so gentle it didn't even hurt. It'd be embarrassing if Mommy checked and saw I was perfectly fine.

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Chapter 388 Make A Bet

Jonathan and Martha arrived, too.

Martha immediately rushed to Elliot's side. “My baby, where did he hit you?” she demanded, her voice trembling with anger as her chest heaved with each breath.

Jonathan shot Elliot a quick look, and Elliot quickly explained, “I was just joking with you guys.”

“Joking?” Martha eyed Nathaniel suspiciously.

Nathaniel, keeping his composure, played along. “Eli and I made a little bet. He said you'd all believe him if he pretended I hit him.”

Elliot and Jonathan were stunned into silence, both thinking the same thing. We've got to hand it to our sc “mbag daddy.

At this moment, Elliot was filled with deep regret.

Martha, now relieved, sighed. “Silly child, how could you make such a bet? We must always be honest and never lie, do you understand?”

“Understood. I'm sorry, Granny Martha,” Elliot quickly apologized, his voice tinged with genuine remorse.

Cecilia, upset, added, “Eli, you can't make jokes like that in the future. Do you understand? Grandma Martha and I were worried sick.”

Elliot had never found himself at such a disadvantage before. He was the apple of the family's eye, yet here he was, outmaneuvered by the very father he held in contempt. It was a bitter pill to swallow.

With these thoughts swirling in his mind, Elliot clung to Nathaniel's leg. “Mr. Rainsworth, didn't you promise me a lollipop if I won?”

Jonathan couldn't help but smirk slightly. As expected, Eli really is quite the schemer

Martha shot Nathaniel a frosty look. “Eli has always been well-behaved. Don't you dare lead him astray.”

Turning to Elliot, she added, “Eli, come along. Let’s go upstairs and get some rest.”

Elliot flashed Nathaniel a smug smile before turning to Martha, nodding innocently. “All right.”

Jonathan was also led away by Martha.

Martha, preoccupied with her concern for Elliot, didn’t notice his lie this time, but Cecilia saw right through it.

She sensed that Elliot had concocted the story out of worry about getting scolded.

Suddenly, Nathaniel spoke up. “Ceci.”

Cecilia, startled, turned to him. “How did you know I hadn’t left yet?”

“I have a feeling,” Nathaniel replied with a calm demeanor.

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback but quickly regained her composure. “You didn’t actually make a bet with Elliot, did you?”

“Yes, I gave him a light smack on his bottom—just a small punishment,” Nathaniel admitted candidly.

Cecilia’s face paled with panic. “How could you actually hit him? Didn’t I tell you he’s sick?”

She had always been protective of Elliot due to his condition, never allowing anyone to touch him, let alone smack him.

Nathaniel was taken aback by her intense reaction. “Indulgence can be as harmful as harshness. You can’t be excessively lenient with Elliot just because he’s sick. In the real world, no one will coddle him.”

Nathaniel continued, “If you coddle him too much, others might just bully him more because they see him as weak.”

Cecilia’s gaze softened as she absorbed Nathaniel’s words. She recognized that there were indeed issues with her approach to disciplining the children. She was usually stricter with Jonathan, yet notably lenient with Elliot. A wave of self-doubt washed over her, making her feel as though she had failed as a mother. She wondered if the children truly needed their father’s guidance.

As Cecilia was lost in her thoughts, a sharp twinge of pain suddenly jolted through her calf. “Quick, help me sit down,” she said.

Nathaniel immediately helped her sit down. "What's wrong?"

"My leg is cramping. It hurts," Cecilia explained, wincing.

"Let's head to the hospital," Nathaniel said, preparing to lift her into his arms.

Cecilia quickly shook her head. "No need, I'll be fine in a moment"

Nathaniel lifted her with one arm, gripping her leg with another. Cecilia tried to pull away, but the cramp made it impossible for her to resist his touch.

Nathaniel held Cecilia firmly, his voice dropping to a low, reassuring tone. "Don't move. I can't see anything, and I promise I won't have any improper thoughts. But if you move recklessly, it might accidentally touch somewhere I shouldn't."

Somewhere he shouldn't...

Cecilia's eyes followed his hand resting on her leg, and she realized that if it shifted even slightly, it might touch somewhere suggestive.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 389

Chapter 389 Intimate Moment

Her face flushed bright red in an instant. She froze, afraid to move, and cast her gaze around the

determined not to focus on Nathaniel's touch.

room,

The storeroom, once familiar but now seemingly transformed by Nathaniel at some unknown time, had a cool, modern color scheme. The space appeared to have expanded, giving it a more open feel.

Nathaniel's room remained as it always had been: meticulously organized, with even the smallest details attended to, such as a single pen perfectly placed on the far right side of the pen holder.

As Cecilia's gaze wandered, she couldn't help but notice Nathaniel's hand, which was marked with scars.

Where did these scars come from?

Cecilia couldn't help but ask, "How did you get those wounds on your hand? From glass?"

It had been a while since Nathaniel last held her like this. Breathing heavily and taking in her scent, he said, "I don't remember."

Only a fool would reveal the truth. If I told her, she'd realize I've regained most of my memory and might drive me away again.

Cecilia sighed softly. "It's a pity you've forgotten so much. Have you also forgotten what previous job entailed?"

"What job?" Nathaniel asked with deliberate casualness.

"Nothing," Cecilia replied, remembering how he had played the piano that day. She murmured, "You haven't forgotten how to play the piano though. Is it just muscle memory?"

As she spoke, she didn't realize that Nathaniel had been gradually leaning closer. His prominent nose was almost brushing against her flushed earlobe.

"My leg feels much better now, thank you." Nathaniel remained silent, and Cecilia noticed her cramp had subsided. As she tilted her head to move out of his arms, her red lips accidentally brushed against his cheek.

Nathaniel's throat tightened, and it felt as if all the blood in his body had stopped flowing.

As Cecilia prepared to step away, a sudden, powerful force pulled her back into his embrace. Before she could fully comprehend what was happening, his thin lips captured hers in a swift, passionate kiss.

It felt as though time itself had paused in that moment.

Cecilia's vision was overtaken by the intense, close-up reflection of Nathaniel's handsome face. Before she could react, he gently laid her down on the bed.

A faint, unexpected fragrance lingered in the air—an enticing scent that surprised Cecilia as she realized it was coming from Nathaniel's bed.

"Nathaniel, you—" Cecilia began to resist, but her words were cut off as his lips sealed over hers. Her mind went instantly blank.

The air in the room felt suddenly stifling, the contrast between the cool air outside and the heat within the room growing more pronounced.

As Cecilia remained in a daze, a sudden, sharp knock echoed from the door outside, breaking the charged silence.

“Mommy!” The voices of the two children snapped Cecilia back to reality.

It was then that she realized half of her clothes had been removed by Nathaniel. She quickly wrapped herself in the blanket and rolled to one side.

Nathaniel, feeling Cecilia withdraw from his embrace, was visibly annoyed. The persistent knocking and shouting at the door extinguished his earlier gentleness and patience. With a surge of frustration, he yelled at the door, “Get lost!”

The sudden roar nearly frightened the two youngsters out of their wits.

Jonathan, mustering his courage, grabbed Elliot’s hand and said, “Mr. Rainsworth, we’re looking for Mommy.”

After Martha had fallen asleep, the two children had ventured out, only to discover Cecilia was missing from her room. They had heard strange noises coming from Nathaniel’s room, which seemed to be their mother’s voice.

Cecilia, who found herself lying on Nathaniel’s bed, hoped to keep this a secret from the children. Subtly, she squeezed Nathaniel’s hand, hoping he would understand.

Nathaniel addressed the two children calmly, “She’s not here; she might be in the restroom.”

“Oh, all right then. Sorry to bother you, Mr. Rainsworth,” said Jonathan, turning to Elliot. “Let’s go look elsewhere.”

As the children’s footsteps faded away, Cecilia exhaled a deep sigh of relief. She was about to rise when Nathaniel leaned in closer, his voice low and steady. “Let’s continue.”

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Chapter 390 Still Failed To Prevent

Cecilia quickly wrapped herself in the blanket. “No, no.”

She disentangled herself from Nathaniel’s embrace, hurriedly dressed, and then slipped out of the room with practiced stealth.

Unbeknownst to her, two pairs of eyes had been watching from the shadows.

Elliot, in a hushed tone, said, “Why would he lie? Mommy was clearly with him.”

Jonathan, who was precocious, pondered the situation and thought of a possibility. “Damn it! We still failed to prevent it!”

“What does that mean?” Elliot asked, genuinely confused.

Jonathan, though he had only a vague understanding, explained, “Just watch Granny Martha’s favorite show, “Romeo and Juliet, and other romance dramas. You’ll see what a man and a woman do together they kiss!”

Jonathan would often watch these shows with Martha when Elliot was in the hospital. While he wasn’t particularly fond of them, he would sit through them dutifully. Martha would be deeply moved to tears by the drama, and Jonathan, though initially uninterested, learned a great deal about romantic relationships and interactions from these shows.

“Darn it!” Elliot exclaimed as realization dawned on him. “He actually kissed Mommy?”

Furious, Elliot didn’t bother to keep his voice down.

Cecilia, on her way back to her room, heard his outburst and turned to see them. Knowing they could no longer hide, Jonathan and Elliot emerged from their hiding spot.

Elliot confronted Cecilia directly, “Mommy, why were you in Mr. Rainsworth’s room?”

He was overwhelmed by jealousy. It’s been ages since Mommy kissed my cheek! I can’t believe she kissed that scumbag!

Cecilia, caught off guard by the two pairs of innocent eyes staring up at her, struggled to find the right words and was at a loss for how to fabricate a convincing lie.

At that moment, the door to Nathaniel’s room swung open. He stepped out, his expression marked by irritation. “We were discussing serious matters. What, are you interested?”

The two children were about to inquire about the “serious matters” Nathaniel had mentioned when a sudden, loud crash erupted from outside the door as if something had fallen from a great height.

The noise startled Martha, who stumbled out of her room and asked, “Why are you all still awake? What’s going on outside?”

Feeling awkward and cornered, Cecilia quickly improvised, “We woke up because of the noise outside.”

“Let’s go out and check,” she suggested. “I suspect the heavy snowfall might have caused something to break.”

When they stepped outside, they found that a large tree trunk by the roadside had indeed. snapped off, effectively blocking the road.

An idea for dealing with Nathaniel crossed Jonathan's mind. "Grandma Martha, the snowfall was so heavy it broke a branch off one of the trees, blocking the road. If someone drives by tomorrow, it could be a problem. Mr. Rainsworth, you're quite strong, right? Could you help move the branch out of the way? After all, kindness always pays off."

Elliot added with a hint of sarcasm, "Yeah, Mr. Rainsworth, you're the best. You wouldn't want anyone to get into an accident, right?"

Let's see you freeze out there!

Nathaniel, already frustrated by the disruption the children caused earlier, responded bluntly, "Fine. But since I can't see, you'll need to help me."

Jonathan and Elliot quickly agreed in unison.

Cecilia considered intervening but remembered Nathaniel's comments about her being overly protective. Instead, she bundled the children in warm clothes and handed Nathaniel a pair of gloves. Then, she and Martha watched as Jonathan and Elliot directed Nathaniel to clear the fallen branches and remove the excess snow from the road.

As Martha observed Nathaniel and the two children working together, she reflected on the recent changes in him. He seemed so different from his former self. Turning to Cecilia, she said thoughtfully, "Ceci, if he continues to be like this, spending the rest of your life with him might not be such a bad idea after all."