

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 451

Chapter 451 He Might Be Dead

Cassandra finally understood why her father had married Paula, and why this stepmother cared for her even more than her biological mother ever had. Initially, she thought Paula was just trying to win her over, but now, everything made sense. She also realized why, despite Queenie being over fifty, she only had one daughter.

Cassandra glanced at the shredded paper in the trash bin, then abruptly rose to her feet. In a frenzy, she gathered the fragments, tossed them into the bathroom toilet, and flushed them away.

“I am the daughter of Queenie Jamieson, a successful businesswoman, not some child of a useless entertainer,” she muttered to herself.

To Cassandra, dancing was merely a form of emotional cultivation. Even if someone became a world-renowned dancer, it wasn’t as significant as being a successful female CEO. Besides, with Queenie’s resources, making someone a famous dancer would be as easy as spending money. Compared to Paula’s current homemak

persona, only Queenie was truly fit to be her mother.

After pondering for a moment, Cassandra called Paula back into the room. Her face softened into its usual gentle facade as she said, “Mom, I’ve come to understand everything now. From now on, I will definitely treat you with the respect and care you deserve.”

Paula, hearing this, embraced her tightly. “With your assurance, I am content,” she said, her voice full of warmth.

“However,” Cassandra suddenly shifted the conversation, “we must keep this matter between us. It’s crucial that no one else finds out.”

Paula looked at her in confusion. “Why?”

“Queenie has no other children—I’m her only daughter. She once told me she would leave the entire business to me after her death. But if she were to find out the truth now, she might not be willing to hand over the company to me anymore,” Cassandra explained, her tone measured and convincing.

Everything Cassandra said made perfect sense, and Paula found herself nodding in agreement. After all, when Cassandra was first born and handed over to Ralph, Ralph told Queenie that the child was found and that he didn’t know who the biological parents were. Only then did Queenie agree to keep her.

“All right,” Paula finally said, her mind settled.

The following day, when Cecilia went for her prenatal checkup, Nathaniel insisted on accompanying her.

“Don’t you have work?” Cecilia asked, slightly puzzled.

“I’ve taken leave,” Nathaniel replied.

“You’ve been taking leaves quite often these days. Doesn’t your boss have any issues with that?” Cecilia’s suspicion about the authenticity of his job was growing.

“We’re in the charity sector, where the boss himself doesn’t earn much. Besides, it’s not often you find someone like me, who, despite being visually impaired, excels at their job,” Nathaniel responded earnestly.

Cecilia had seen Nathaniel at work before. He was more focused and efficient than anyone else. He completed tasks in a fraction of the time it took others. Even though he was blind, his memory was exceptional. Once he had been somewhere, he could remember everything about it. At home, he functioned like any ordinary person.

“All right then,” Cecilia said, at a loss for words.

When they arrived at the hospital, they first visited Elliot, and only then did Cecilia proceed with her check-up. While she was undergoing the check-up, Nathaniel and Elliot, one big and one small, were together.

Elliot, with his small hand propping up his head, studied Nathaniel deeply. “Mr. Rainsworth, do you know where my daddy has gone? It’s been a while since I last saw him, and I miss him terribly,” he asked, his voice soft and earnest.

Dad? Must be talking about Calvin.

Nathaniel knew exactly who Elliot was talking about. The last time he had encountered Calvin, Nathaniel had nearly killed him. There was no way Calvin could have recovered quickly, and he wasn’t brave enough to return.

“I’m not sure. He might be dead,” Nathaniel replied, his expression unchanging.

Elliot was taken aback, clearly not expecting such a blunt response from Nathaniel.

Did he really lose his memory? Only the Nathaniel who hadn’t lost his memory would be this sharp-tongued. How could he curse himself to death?

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Chapter 452 An Unwanted Visitor

Though Elliot thought differently in his heart, he put on a facade. "You're the one who's dead, not my dad. You're the bad guy," he sniffled, trying to appear upset

Nathaniel wasn't fond of children, especially not this one. The sound of his fake crying was nothing but an annoyance to him. "Stop crying," he ordered, his patience wearing thin.

"No," Elliot continued his pretense, though no tears fell.

Nathaniel couldn't tell if he was really crying or just pretending. But he knew that if Cecilia came out and found him upset, she would be furious with him. "Your father isn't dead," Nathaniel said, trying to placate him. you cursed

"But you my dad!" Elliot's sobs grew louder, pushing Nathaniel's patience to its limit.

Nathaniel felt a headache coming on. "Stop crying, I was just kidding," he admitted, trying to soothe him.

Elliot hadn't expected his stern father to back down so easily. Glancing at the clock on the wall, he realized it was almost time for his mother to be done with her check-up.

It seems that Daddy id quite intimidated by Mommy at the moment. I could definitely use this to my advantage.

"You're an adult. How could you possibly joke about something like that? My daddy's dead! I need to return to Erihal with Mommy to pay my respects to him..." Elliot's words were calculated, his cries deliberate.

After all, Nathaniel is my real father. If anything, my grief and tears are for him, so I wouldn't be cursing Mr. Reese.

Nathaniel hadn't expected the child to take his words so seriously. If he had known, he would have never said it. Now, he was in trouble.

He pinched the bridge of his nose, feeling a wave of regret. "I was only joking. What can I do to stop you from crying?" he asked, trying to find a way out of the situation.

"You could apologize to me," Elliot suggested, his tone firm. "The teacher says you should apologize when you do something wrong."

Elliot was curious to see if his stubborn father would actually apologize to him. In his lifetime, apart from apologizing to Cecilia, Nathaniel had never apologized to anyone else. The thought of apologizing to this brat, whom he saw as the child of another man from Cecilia's past, was almost unbearable.

But seeing that Nathaniel remained silent, Elliot's cries grew even louder. Wah, my daddy's gone. I'm now a child without a dad... Oh, my dear daddy..." he wailed, his voice echoing through the room.

His cries attracted the attention of a nurse passing by. "Eli, what happened to your dad?" the nurse asked, peeking into the room.

Nathaniel was caught off guard, not expecting anyone else to interfere. "He's fine," Nathaniel replied, trying to dismiss her concern.

The nurse was taken aback by Nathaniel's stern expression, his handsome face momentarily rendering her speechless. "That's good to hear," she muttered before leaving, still unsure of what to make of the situation.

After the nurse left, Elliot's cries continued. Faintly, the nurse could hear Nathaniel's deep voice saying, "I'm sorry, I was wrong. I shouldn't have joked about that. Your dad is fine."

Elliot, not easily satisfied, insisted, "Apologies should be sincere. Say it a few more times."

Reluctantly, Nathaniel repeated himself, trying to appease the child.

On the other side of the hospital, Cecilia had just completed all her examinations. The doctor had asked both Nathaniel and Elliot to come over, and as soon as Nathaniel heard this, he became tense, worried about Cecilia's condition.

Elliot immediately stopped his fussing, focusing intently on what the doctor was saying.

"The child is in good health, and not only that," the doctor said, "through the ultrasound, we've confirmed the presence of two gestational sacs."

The news hit Cecilia like a ton of bricks—she was expecting twins again. She was so stunned by the revelation that she didn't notice Nathaniel, standing beside her, quietly letting out a sigh of relief.

Elliot was the first to react. "So, does that mean I'm going to have two younger siblings? I finally get to be an older brother!" he exclaimed, his excitement bubbling over.

"Indeed," the doctor confirmed, his voice filled with warmth.

Cecilia knew how much Elliot had longed to become an older brother, and seeing his joy brought a smile to her face.

After taking some prescribed medication to support her pregnancy, Cecilia, Nathaniel, and Elliot prepared to leave the hospital together.

With the New Year approaching, Cecilia had been planning to bring Elliot back home so they could all live together. But as soon as the trio arrived home and stepped out of the car, Cecilia's eyes fell on Paula, who was standing at the front door, waiting for them.

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Chapter 453 A Confrontation In The Snow

Paula stood impatiently in the accumulating snow. When Cecilia finally arrived, Paula was initially taken aback, her gaze quickly shifting to Elliot with evident confusion.

Who is this child?

Paula didn't recognize Elliot, but Elliot had already done his research. With just one glance, he knew she was his grandmother. A flash of anger swept through his eyes, and he subtly clenched his fists.

This old hag nearly caused Mommy to die. I must teach her a lesson.

Paula noticed the resentment in the child's eyes, which puzzled her. Why would such a young boy look at me with such spite?

Unfazed, Paula briskly walked toward the trio. Cecilia instinctively stepped in front of Elliot, shielding him. “Elliot, you and Mr. Rainsworth should go inside. I have some things to take care of,” she said firmly.

Nathaniel had also heard the approaching footsteps but had no idea who it was. Elliot, understanding that it wouldn't be wise to misbehave in front of his mother, turned to Nathaniel and said, “Mr. Rainsworth, let's head inside.”

“Mm.” Nathaniel nodded, his expression serious.

As they entered the house, Nathaniel asked, “Who was the visitor?”

Elliot hesitated for a moment. “I don't know her,” he replied, careful not to reveal too much.

Nathaniel furrowed his brows, sensing that something was off. He decided to call the bodyguard outside to inquire about the visitor.

At the entrance, Paula looked at Cecilia, who was burdened with a blind husband, a child, and a sick elderly person at home. Her eyes were filled with disdain.

“Back then, you didn't heed my advice, and now look at the life you're living,” Paula sneered.

Cecilia didn't want to waste time on old grudges. "Did you come here for something?" she asked, her tone cold.

Realizing that small talk would get her nowhere, Paula got straight to the point. "I'm here to warn you to stay away from Nicholas. He's now engaged to Cassandra."

It was the first time Cecilia had seen Paula make decisions on behalf of someone else. The memory of the recent engagement party flashed in her mind, and she became increasingly curious whether Cassandra was truly Cassandra's biological mother.

"I'm married to Nathaniel, so I'm part of the Rainsworth family. How do you expect me to distance myself from the Rainsworths?" Cecilia retorted.

Paula was momentarily at a loss for words. The current Cecilia was too defiant, making her difficult to control. Paula, accustomed to having her way, felt both annoyed and embarrassed. Without warning, she raised her hand, ready to strike Cecilia.

But Cecilia was quicker. She caught Paula's wrist mid-air.

"Do you still think you can hit me whenever you please? I've long since returned the life you gave me, and I'm no longer your daughter," Cecilia said, her voice steady as she let go of Paula's wrist with force.

Paula, unsteady on her high heels, stumbled backward, nearly falling into the snow. Once she regained her balance, she scoffed, "You claim you're not my daughter, but my blood still runs through your veins! As long as you live in this world, you should listen to me."

Taking a deep breath, Paula cast a glance past Cecilia, toward the house behind her. "If you choose not to listen, do you really think you, with that blind husband, a useless kid, and sick old woman, could ever hope to best me?"

Just as Cecilia was about to respond, a deep, commanding voice cut through the tension, "Whether she can beat you or not, you're welcome to try."

Nathaniel had unknowingly stepped outside, his icy expression sending shivers down Paula's spine. Despite knowing he was blind, Paula couldn't shake the fear that welled up inside her.

She forced herself to speak, "Mr. Rainsworth, I don't mean to offend you, but could you please keep your wife in check? It's scandalous for a brother-in-law and sister-in-law to be together-

Before she could finish, Cecilia slapped Paula across the face with a resounding smack.

The surroundings fell into silence.

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Chapter 454 What Are You Guys Doing

Paula’s face turned beet red, and she looked at Cecilia in disbelief. She had never expected her once obedient daughter to raise a hand against her. Cecilia, too, was surprised at herself, her hand trembling slightly.

“Mdm. Paula, please mind your language,” Nathaniel warned, his voice cold. “If there’s a next time, the consequences will be more severe than just a slap.”

Paula stood frozen, trying to gather her wits. She was about to confront Cecilia when several bodyguards rushed over and restrained her. Paula was pinned down in the snow, her noble demeanor shattered, leaving her looking utterly disheveled.

“Let me go! Let me go! I was disciplining my own daughter—what right do you have to Paula screamed, struggling against the bodyguards...

stop me?”

Without Nathaniel’s permission, the bodyguards held their grip. Cecilia, hearing Paula’s outburst, found it incredibly amusing. Normally, Paula would never admit that Cecilia was her daughter. But now, just to confront her, she was repeatedly claiming it.

Cecilia clenched her fists, “Throw her out. I don’t want to see her,” she ordered.

Nathaniel gave a signal, and the bodyguards began to escort Paula away. The commotion had caught Martha’s attention, and she stepped outside to investigate.

“What’s going on?” Martha asked, her voice full of concern.

“Don’t worry, you should go inside and rest. It’s cold out here,” Cecilia said, assisting Martha back inside.

As Paula was taken away, she saw Cecilia and the elderly woman sharing a warm moment, their bond evident. A quiet grudge formed in Paula’s heart against Martha.

Cecilia helped Martha back to her room to rest, and afterward, she suggested that Elliot take a break as well. Though settled in his small room, Elliot kept a close eye on everything that was happening.

Cecilia couldn’t shake the thoughts of how Paula had fiercely protected Cassandra. When she returned to her room, she took out a strand of Paula’s hair, which she had plucked during the engagement party.

She dialed a number and asked, “Did you manage to get a sample from Cassandra?”

“I just got it today,” the person on the other end replied. He was someone Cecilia had asked Sven to find, capable of handling sensitive matters.

“All right, could you please come over?” Cecilia requested.

A while ago, Cecilia had arranged for someone to collect Cassandra’s sample to investigate her relationship with Paula, As she ended the call. Paula’s earlier words echoed in her mind, leaving her feeling unsettled.

A knock on the door snapped her back to reality. She turned around to find Nathaniel standing there. “Ceci,” he said softly.

Cecilia walked toward him. “Thank you for today.”

Nathaniel noticed her guardedness. “You’re welcome,” he replied, though his expression was far from pleasant.

Cecilia thought he was upset about Paula’s last words. She quickly explained, “Nothing happened between me and Nicholas.”

“I know,” Nathaniel said, his expression softening slightly. “Let’s go. It’s time to rest.”

“Okay,” Cecilia agreed, following him.

As they entered the living room, there were only the two of them. Cecilia felt a bit awkward. Suddenly, Nathaniel stood in front of her. “If she comes again, call me, okay?” he said firmly.

Cecilia was taken aback, unsure whether to nod in agreement or decline out of embarrassment. “It’s okay, I’m already used to-”

Before she could finish her sentence, Nathaniel abruptly pulled her into his arms. “There are some things and people that shouldn’t be indulged,” he said.

Cecilia’s face rested against his chest, and she could hear his heartbeat. Her breath hitched slightly, but she didn’t push Nathaniel away, “I’m really okay,” she whispered.

Nathaniel, noticing she didn’t resist, felt a surge of happiness. He leaned in, intending to kiss her. But before they could share a kiss, a voice interrupted them from the second floor—it was Elliot.

“Mr. Rainsworth, Mommy, what are you guys doing?”

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Chapter 455 Standoff Between Father And Son

As soon as they parted ways, both Cecilia and Nathaniel were visibly uncomfortable, their faces flushed with awkwardness.

“Eli, what are you doing out here?” Cecilia asked, her cheeks still warm with embarrassment.

Elliot wasn't as naive as he might have seemed. He knew that his no-good father was trying to worm his way back into his mom's life.

Mom is too trusting. What if she gets daddy deceives her again?

Elliot descended the stairs, looking every bit the innocent child. “Upstairs is too boring. Mr. Rainsworth, would you take me out for some fun?” he asked sweetly.

“But it's so late-” Cecilia began, but before she could finish, Nathaniel promptly agreed.

“Sure,” Nathaniel said, his tone serious.

As a man, Nathaniel could sense the animosity Elliot harbored toward him. He didn't particularly care for this little rascal, but Elliot was Cecilia's child, and if he wanted to stay close to her, he had no choice but to tolerate him. Otherwise, he might have tossed the two kids into the river to feed the fish long ago.

Watching the father and son harmoniously head out for a walk, Cecilia felt a warmth spread through her heart. She didn't know that as soon as they stepped outside, Elliot bent down, scooped up a handful of snow, and flung it at the back of Nathaniel's head.

Nathaniel paused, his icy gaze turning toward the boy. The moment he looked at Elliot, the boy's heart raced, feeling as if Nathaniel could see right through him.

“Mr. Rainsworth, can we have a snowball fight?” Elliot asked, his voice slightly trembling.

Nathaniel, already suspicious, replied, “I can't even see. How am I supposed to have a snowball fight with you?” He knew this kid was up to no good.

Dealing with another man's offspring is indeed troublesome. If this were my own child, it would never be as annoying as this little rascal,

Elliot, playing up his youth, acted stubborn. “Nope, I insist on having a snowball fight with you. Why won't you play with me? What gives you the right to stay at my place?” he pouted.

If you could see, there's no way I'd challenge you to a snowball fight. But since you're blind, I'm taking full advantage.

Nathaniel, unimpressed, laid out the rules. "Let's get this straight first—the loser isn't allowed to cry."

Elliot, determined, wiped away his crocodile tears and declared, "A gentleman doesn't go back on his word"

Without another word, Elliot bent down to make a snowball, eager to show his deadbeat dad what he was made of. Regrettably...

Half an hour later, Elliot was soaked to the bone, his hair laden with snow. With a single hand, Nathaniel hoisted him up and tossed him into the bathroom. Nathaniel, on the other hand, barely had any snow on him.

If it weren't for the fact that Elliot's body might not handle the cold well, I wouldn't have let him off this easily.

Though he couldn't see, Nathaniel's hearing was exceptional. Any slight sound Elliot made was immediately detected.

Elliot, trying to save face, wanted to continue pretending to cry, but Nathaniel immediately turned on his phone's recorder, capturing Elliot's previous words. Realizing he was

outmaneuvered, Elliot had no choice but to press his lips together, refraining from making any further sound.

When Cecilia saw them return, she was puzzled. "Weren't you just out for a walk? It's not snowing outside, so how did your clothes get all wet, and why is there so much snow in your hair?"

Feeling embarrassed, Elliot mumbled, "I took a tumble."

Cecilia's concern grew instantly. "Are you feeling unwell? Is that why you fell? I'll take you to the hospital right now, okay?" she said, her voice filled with worry.

Elliot quickly shook his head. "I'm fine, I don't feel unwell. Mommy, I'm just going to take a bath and change clothes. You should leave now."

Elliot's condition was indeed fine, otherwise, he wouldn't have suggested a snowball fight with Nathaniel. As Cecilia watched him leave, she couldn't help but find his bashful expression endearing.

Outside the room, Martha approached Nathaniel. "Is the kid all right?" she asked, her voice tinged with concern.

"He's fine," Nathaniel responded calmly. He was also mindful to not cross the line.

In truth, Martha had been considering whether to reveal to Nathaniel that the two children were indeed his. However, she chose to test him a bit longer, fearful that his change of heart wasn't genuine.

"Although Eli may not be as clever as Jonathan, he has been sensitive since childhood. You must be careful not to hurt him," Martha advised, her tone gentle yet firm.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 456

Chapter 456 He Can Never Forgive Him

A significant part of Elliot's temperament mirrored his mother, Cecilia. Martha had long been anxious that Nathaniel might not treat him kindly, so she couldn't help but offer him a word of caution.

"Don't worry," Nathaniel reassured her calmly. I won't give a kid a hard time.

Later, as Elliot stood under the shower, lost in thought, his mind was consumed with figuring out how to keep his mom away from his sc*mbag daddy. Determined to act, he made up his mind to take the initiative.

That night, when it was time for bed, Elliot clutched Cecilia's hand tightly. "Mommy, will you sleep with me tonight?"

Cecilia, surprised by the request from her son, who had once been shy about even taking a bath with her around, instantly agreed. "Of course," she said without hesitation.

Elliot's face lit up with joy as his wish was granted, and he cozied up in bed next to her. When the lights went out, he wrapped his little arms around Cecilia and asked, "Mommy, where's Mr. Reese?"

Cecilia paused for a moment. Ever since they had dinner together some time ago, Calvin hadn't shown up or even called. "I'm not sure, Eli. Maybe he's busy with work," she replied, trying to brush off her own curiosity.

Elliot, however, wasn't convinced. Calvin had always made time for them, no matter how swamped he was with work. What changed recently? Is something wrong?

"Mommy, I really miss Mr. Reese. Can you call him for me?"

Cecilia realized that it had been quite a while since she last reached out to Calvin. She, too, wondered how he was doing, so she picked up her phone and dialed his number.

In a hospital far away in Erihal, the ringing of Calvin's phone echoed through the room. His friend, Yannick, picked up the phone and furrowed his brows when he saw the name on the screen.

“Calvin’s been in trouble for ages, and you’re just now calling? You’ve got some nerve,” Yannick said to himself, eyeing Calvin, who lay battered and bruised in a hospital bed, surrounded by medical equipment. Without a second thought, he ended the call and blocked Cecilia’s number.

“Calvin, I’ve got to say it—you deserve someone better. You shouldn’t be tangled up with a married woman,” Yannick said aloud, as he placed Calvin’s phone back on the bedside table.

Meanwhile, Cecilia tried calling Calvin again, only to hear the busy tone. She sighed and put her phone down, assuming he must be occupied. “He’ll call back once he sees the missed calls,” Cecilia said softly, hoping to reassure Elliot.

But Elliot wasn’t buying it. Calvin had never ignored a call from his mother before. What on earth happened?

However, he didn’t let himself linger on the thought too long, as there was another issue pressing on his mind—his mother’s relationship with his sc*mbag daddy.

“Mommy,” he finally spoke up, “I really like Mr. Reese. I’ve even told Mr. Rainsworth that Mr. Reese is my real dad. Can you think about being with him?”

Cecilia was taken aback. “What?”

Elliot persisted, “I don’t like Mr. Rainsworth, Mommy. I like Mr. Reese. Would you marry him. and let him be my dad?”

Cecilia hugged him gently and responded, “Sweetie, you’re too young to understand. Marriage isn’t just about one person’s feelings. Both people have to like each other.”

Elliot was quick to reply, “So, do you like Mr. Rainsworth or Mr. Reese?” His eyes stared intently at his mother.

Cecilia chuckled softly, trying to ease the tension. “I don’t like either of them in that way. Mommy only likes Eli and Jonathan,” she said, playfully dodging the question.

But Elliot wasn’t convinced. He knew his mother was just humoring him, and so he kept his thoughts to himself, already forming a new plan.

Out of the blue, Cecilia asked, “Eli, do you not like Mr. Rainsworth?” She had seen them together earlier that day, strolling around, and thought they had been getting along.

Elliot immediately shook his head. “No, Mommy. I don’t like him at all. Please don’t ever be with him.”

Even though Nathaniel wasn't entirely horrible, the fact remained that he had abandoned them and their mom. Worse still, he had teamed up with a bad woman to harm their mother, nearly causing her death. The hurt still ran deep, and Elliot couldn't forgive his father for that.

When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 457

Chapter 457 What A Coincidence.

Cecilia was surprised. Despite how it seemed on the surface, Elliot didn't actually like Nathaniel and wanted nothing to do with him. Realizing her son's feelings, she reassured him, “All right, I'll do what you want. Now, go to sleep, okay?”

Finally, Elliot drifted off into a peaceful slumber, though his mind still harbored some unresolved concerns..

The next morning, amid the usual morning chaos, Elliot dialed Jonathan's number on his smartwatch. When the call was answered after a delay, Elliot wasn't pleased. “What took you so long to pick up?” he asked, a little annoyed.

Jonathan, standing on the balcony of an opulent mansion overlooking Tudela's picturesque landscape, sighed. He was at the Sinclair Manor.

The engagement party for Cassandra and Nicholas had just wrapped up successfully, but the household was already busy planning the next event—Vivian and Zachary's engagement.

Roland, beaming with pride, clapped his hands approvingly. He had immediately escorted Vivian to the Sinclair Manor. As they prepared to leave, Roland pulled Jonathan aside, his eyes wet and his voice slightly shaky.

“Once you're at your great-grandpa's place, don't forget about your grandpa, all right? After your parents' engagement party, make sure to visit us often,” he said, sniffing a little.

George was also exceptionally fond of the boy. He placed a hand on Jonathan's shoulder and smiled warmly. “My great-grandson is the most clever and sensible of the lot. He wouldn't forget. his grandfather. Come, follow me back to the family home.”

Family vacation packages

If the Kennedy family held as much power as the Sinclairs, Roland would have kept Jonathan by his side constantly. As for his daughter Vivian, Roland was indifferent about her staying or leaving. Jonathan, however, had become the treasured jewel of the two elders.

What made the situation even more ridiculous was that Zachary himself had started doubting the old paternity test, now convinced that Jonathan was indeed his biological son. There was little Jonathan could do but accept this bizarre twist of fate and go along with it, even alongside Vivian.

After briefly updating Elliot on the recent events, Jonathan explained, “Someone from the Sinclair family visits me every day now. It’s been hard to take calls without interruptions, which is why I’ve been slow to respond.”

“With that explanation, Elliot’s frustration began to fade. He went on to share the events of the previous day, especially how their grandmother had shown up and hurled insults at their mother.

““Why didn’t you tell me about this sooner?”” Jonathan’s tone shifted, now serious and focused.”

Elliot felt a little awkward. With Nathaniel’s issues taking up most of his time, he hadn’t been able to get to it sooner. “I was dealing with something yesterday,” Elliot admitted. “But I’m telling you. now. Can you hack into that witch granny’s account and give her a taste of her own medicine?”

Elliot wasn’t particularly skilled with computers, so he had no choice but to rely on Jonathan’s. expertise.

‘It’s not convenient for me here,” Jonathan replied. ““If I get caught, it’ll be a big problem.”” Still, he reassured his younger brother, ‘Don’t worry, I won’t let her get away with it.

“Okay, good luck!” Elliot was ready to jump in if things went too far. Even though his skills in computing weren’t as sharp as Jonathan’s, he had his own talents that might allow him to outwit Paula eventually. However, for now, he had to proceed cautiously so that their mother wouldn’t find out.

After hanging up the phone, Jonathan’s expression grew serious. He had always known their grandmother could be difficult, but hearing that she had come back and was already causing trouble for their mother? That was too much.

Jonathan made up his mind to dig up any scandalous information about Paula he could find, spending his evening searching online.

As he headed downstairs, prepared to take a seat, he spotted an unexpected sight—Paula, along with her current husband, Ralph, entering the house with gifts in hand. The timing couldn’t have been more perfect.

Vivian, who had been sitting in the living room, was equally taken aback. What is Cecilia’s mother doing here?

She immediately got up and hurried toward Jonathan. “Jon, your great–grandpa’s about to discuss business. Let’s go outside and play,” she suggested, hoping to get him away from the situation.

But George was quick to intervene. “No need for that,” he said firmly. “You and Jon might as well stay here and learn a bit about the business.”

Vivian glanced at Jonathan, unsure of what to say. She knew he was smart, but after all, he was still just a kid. She hadn’t expected George to insist on involving him in the family’s business dealings so soon. With no other choice, she sat down quietly.

Jonathan, however, had already made up his mind. His sharp black eyes were locked on Paula, a cold smirk curling on his lips.

What a coincidence. Even if Old Mr. Sinclair hadn’t told me to stay, I would’ve stayed anyway.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 458

Chapter 458 Out Of Your League

Ralph and Paula made a special visit to George today, their goal being to discuss a valuable plot of land in the heart of Tudela.

With the Evans family now connected to the Rainsworths through marriage, Paula and Ralph assumed that their family ties would give them leverage. Since the Rainsworths shared a strong relationship with the Sinclairs, they believed that simply showing up and chatting would be enough to secure the deal.

What Paula hadn’t counted on was an unexpected presence in the room. The moment she entered the living room, her eyes landed on Jonathan. There was something familiar about him, but she couldn’t quite place it. After all, she had only met Elliot briefly once before.

George, seated comfortably, sipping coffee, didn’t bother getting up to greet them. Both Ralph and Paula were seasoned players in the business world, and George knew all about their reputation. Their dealings had always been underhanded, and if it weren’t for the arranged marriage between Ralph’s daughter and Nicholas, George would never have let them set foot in his home.

“Mr. Evans, Mdm. Paula, have a seat,” George said, his tone indifferent.

Ralph and Paula sat down without hesitation. Paula’s gaze once again fell on Jonathan, who looked poised and composed in his tailored suit, exuding a maturity well beyond his years. Beside him was Vivian, whom Paula had known for some time. Though Vivian wasn’t a traditional beauty, she carried herself with an air of sophistication, and she was

lucky enough to marry into the prestigious Sinclair family, given her humble family background.

Paula's mind wandered, but she finally spoke up. "Vivian, do you still remember me? Back in the day, when you were in college with Ceci, you used to visit our home often. Do you recall?"

Vivian chuckled softly. "Of course, I remember. I also remember the first time I visited your house. You practically threw me out, saying someone like me, a nouveau riche's daughter, had no place associating with the prestigious Smith family," Vivian said with a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

George hadn't expected to hear this. He had a particular fondness for Vivian, his future granddaughter-in-law, and his authority was unmistakable as he spoke. "Mdm. Paula, isn't it interesting that my future granddaughter-in-law, Vivian, is marrying into your family? Is she still out of your league?"

Paula's face immediately drained of color. "Oh, this must be a misunderstanding! I would never have done such a thing. Vivian must have remembered it wrong, Paula said quickly.

Vivian's tone was laced with sarcasm as she replied, "Perhaps I'm just young and forgetful, certainly not as sharp as an elder like you."

Paula was taken aback. How dare this girl, who hasn't even married into the Sinclair family yet, speak to me like that? If the marriage falls through, just wait and see how I'll deal with you!

She fumed inwardly but skillfully shifted the conversation. "Old Mr. Sinclair, this must be your great-grandson, correct? He's absolutely adorable and seems exceptionally bright. I'm sure he'll go on to do great things."

As she spoke, Paula reached out, intending to gently touch Jonathan's head. But Jonathan's eyes turned cold, and he leaned back to avoid her hand. "I don't like being touched casually by others. Please, respect my personal space," he said firmly.

Twice now, Paula had been put in her place. Ralph, sensing the tension, shot her a look, silently urging her to stop talking.

"For the sake of future business dealings, Paula bit her tongue and remained quiet. Ralph quickly addressed the purpose of their visit.

Old Mr. Sinclair, we're offering five hundred million to purchase the land. Right now, it's near some factories, so the property won't be worth much if left as it is. "****

George considered the offer.

Five hundred million was no small sum. Someone had previously offered three hundred million, but George had turned it down. While he wasn't concerned about the money, he didn't like to see the land lying idle. Even though he didn't particularly like Ralph, he had to respect his connection to Nicholas.

Just as George was about to agree, Jonathan, who had been quietly listening, spoke up. The room fell into stunned silence as all eyes turned to Jonathan.

When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 459

Chapter 459 Taken Aback

“Great-grandpa, from what I've heard, the government is planning to issue a notice in three days to demolish the factory and build a subway. If that happens, the value of the land will triple, at the very least, from what Mr. Evans offered. If you invest in real estate there, the return could multiply many times over.” Jonathan spoke in a measured manner.

George blinked, caught off guard by Jonathan's sudden interjection. The boy's calm, confident tone made him pause. Without missing a beat, George called to his subordinates. “Go look into that.”

“Yes, sir.”

George didn't really care if the factory was being demolished or not. What troubled him was Ralph's attempt to pull a fast one right under his nose.

Ralph, on the other hand, was in disbelief. How could a child know about such inside information? “Kid, you shouldn't speak without knowing the facts,” Ralph joked awkwardly. “I haven't heard anything about a notice like that.”

“Seeing her husband being exposed by a child, Paula jumped in.

““Exactly, kiddo. Let's not say things we're unsure of,” she said, casting a sharp look at Jonathan, hoping to intimidate him.”

To her surprise, Jonathan remained unfazed. He turned to George and said, “Great-grandpa, I don't like her. Can you ask them to leave?”

Paula and Ralph were left momentarily dumbfounded. Within three minutes, they were courteously escorted out of the house. Vivian, watching from the side, couldn't help but enjoy the moment.

George, however, suspected that Jonathan had fabricated the news about the factory's demolition out of dislike for the couple. He turned to him, asking, “Jon, why don't you like Mdm. Paula?”

Before Jonathan could respond, the subordinate who had been dispatched earlier rushed back into the room. “Old Mr. Sinclair,” he began breathlessly, “it turns out that Mr. Jonathan was right. Ralph had gotten wind of the news early, which is why he came here, hoping to take advantage of the Sinclair family.”

Having delivered the report in one go, the subordinate stood there, panting heavily, admiration for Jonathan evident in his eyes. It was remarkable for such a young child to have access to, and understand, high-level information.

George’s eyes widened in surprise. “Really?” he asked, his pupils dilating in disbelief. Seeing his subordinate nod in confirmation, George immediately turned toward Jonathan and patted him on the shoulder. “My dear great-grandson, how did you come across such valuable news?” he asked, his voice filled with pride.

The boy was only four years old, after all..

“Jonathan realized that in his efforts to expose Paula, he had unintentionally given away too much. He had no choice but to lie.

““An uncle of mine told me,” he replied calmly.”

“Oh,” George said, slightly disappointed. Yet, upon reflection, he realized that for such a young child to display this level of logical thinking and clarity was indeed a mark of genius. “Thank goodness for my great-grandson, or I would have ended up as the fool.”

Standing off to the side, Vivian watched in silence, her mind filled with doubt.

Why do I find it so hard to believe Jonathan’s story? What kind of adult would discuss such critical business matters with a child? And this kid is lying to Old Mr. Sinclair without batting an eyelid. Is he not afraid of being punished for lying?

Once everything had settled down, George retired for some rest. Vivian, still intrigued by the day’s events, quickly called Cecilia to inform her of what had happened. “You have no idea how awesome Jonathan was today,” she began. “If it hadn’t been for him, Old Mr. Sinclair would’ve signed the contract with Paula and her husband.”

Cecilia, reflecting on Jonathan’s intelligence, began to piece things together. Jonathan was clearly aware that Nathaniel was his father, and he must have known that Paula was his grandmother.

Curious, she asked Jonathan, “Jon, do you know who the lady you met today was?”

Jonathan didn’t hide anything and nodded. “I know,” he said calmly. “She’s my biological granny.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 460

Chapter 460 Choosing His Words Carefully

Jonathan chose his words carefully, referring to Paula as his “biological granny” without actually referring to her as his “granny.” Cecilia, who had already suspected Jonathan might have encountered Paula online, was left momentarily speechless.

Before she could respond, Jonathan chimed in, “Mommy, if Grandma isn’t nice to you, I won’t acknowledge her. If she dares to bully you, you just tell me, I’ll protect you.”

Watching the video call, Cecilia felt a wave of relief as she saw Jonathan’s face full of seriousness. “Don’t worry,” she reassured him. “I can take care of myself. No one’s going to bully me. In the meantime, you should stay close to Ms. Kennedy and make sure not to cause her any trouble.”

Hearing these words, a blush crept up on Vivian’s face. The truth was, she had been the one causing trouble for Jonathan. If it hadn’t been for him, she wouldn’t have known how to handle the barrage of questions from the elders. And it was only because of Jonathan that her father treated her so kindly.

“Don’t worry. Jon is even more sensible than us adults,” she added.

Vivian was about to say something else when a knock interrupted them. Reluctantly, she told Jonathan to hang up. Upon opening the door, she found Zachary, still wearing his white lab coat, standing at the entrance, freshly returned from the hospital.

“Is something wrong?” Vivian asked, noticing he hadn’t even had time to change his clothes. There had to be an emergency.

“Grandpa asked me to take you to get our wedding photos taken,” Zachary said.

Vivian frowned. “We’re not even engaged yet. Why the rush for wedding photos?” She had no interest in going. She had expected that their engagement and marriage would take at least six months, but the current pace suggested otherwise.

“Getting the photos done and customizations will take over half a month. Grandpa wants it all done before the New Year,” Zachary explained, sounding impatient. He looked at Vivian, still surprised that this woman was about to become his wife. He couldn’t quite figure out what his grandfather was thinking.

With the New Year only about two weeks away, Vivian’s anxiety rose. “How about we wait until after the New Year?” she suggested. “It’s cold out.”

“No,” Zachary cut her off firmly. Then, he turned to Jonathan, “Hey, brat, want to come along?”

Jonathan’s dark eyes glared at him with disdain. “No.”

Everyone had insisted that the child wasn't his, but Zachary, despite being a doctor, still couldn't shake the feeling that Jonathan might be his. The boy's cold rejection made Zachary feel small and defeated. He touched his nose in confusion.

Is this boy really my flesh and blood? Why do I feel so intimidated by him? The only other person who had ever made him feel this way is Nathaniel.

Not wanting to dwell on it, Zachary turned back to Vivian. "No need to change your clothes, let's go."

Reluctantly, Vivian gave Jonathan a quick reminder. "Jon, if anything comes up, don't hesitate to call me."

"Okay," Jonathan replied as he watched them leave. Once they were out of sight, he immediately sat down in front of his computer, intent on finding any dirt he could on Paula. But despite his efforts, there was hardly any negative information about her online—just a few trivial matters that didn't amount to much.

"My dear Jon, what are you up to? Time to get ready for school," George's gentle voice came from behind. The old man had quietly made his way upstairs without anyone noticing.

Jonathan quickly shut down his computer and turned around. "Okay."

Previously, Jonathan had been picked up and dropped off at kindergarten in regular cars. But now, as the great-grandson of the Sinclair family, the fleet of cars that came to pick him up resembled a wedding procession.

It was an extravagant display that Felix had never experienced, given that he wasn't Nathaniel's son. But Jonathan, as Zachary's future heir, enjoyed a completely different status.