

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 551

Chapter 551 Our Son

At that moment, Nathaniel was about to reach the bridge. He tried calling Cecilia, but the line was busy.

The news about the child was then trending, and Nathaniel thought Cecilia must have seen it. I can’t let anything bad happen to her!

Numerous boats had already been dispatched into the river as a precaution in case a child fell in.

The helicopter was also flying in this direction.

Time was of the essence. Scarface stared up at the helicopter in the sky, unable to make a decision.

Cassandra was also fixated on the news. “These people are foolish, thinking a helicopter or boats could save this child.”

“Why hasn’t Scorpius cut the rope yet?”

It’s only a matter of seconds, isn’t it?”

Cassandra.

Queenie glanced at the news on the internet and shifted her gaze to Cassandra.

“Cassandra, has that child also offended you?”

Cassandra was taken aback, apparently just remembering to keep up her persona. “Mom, you may not realize, but this child might not be of Rainsworth family’s lineage.”

“Is he supposed to die just because he’s not of the Rainsworth family’s bloodline?” Queenie was puzzled. Despite having raised Cassandra single-handedly, she never knew Cassandra was so ruthless.

Cassandra retorted, “Mom, didn’t you teach me to eradicate the source of trouble? What if we let her son go, and he grows up to discover that we were responsible for his mother’s disfigurement? What if he seeks revenge on us?”

Queenie had taught her to eradicate the source of trouble.

However, she didn’t just kill anyone. All Cecilia did was seduce her fiance, and Cassandra wanted her dead.

“Cassandra, this can’t happen again.”

Suddenly, Queenie felt as though she had placed too much trust in Cassandra’s words this time.

After all, Cecilia, a woman with a child, who wouldn’t hesitate to harm herself for her offspring’s sake, would be unlikely the type to seduce someone else’s fiancé.

“I tried to call Scorpius, but why wouldn’t he answer his phone?”

Cassandra didn’t see the child die so she called Scarface repeatedly

Scarface stood at a high point, his decision firmly made.

“We can’t harm this child. He’s so young. What could he possibly have done wrong?”

In the past, he used to stand by Queenie, and those who suffered were the enemies who had once hurt them.

Yet, the child, Jonathan, before him was clearly not a bad child.

At this moment, Jonathan was still suspended in mid-air. He was unwilling to accept it. Am I really going to die like this? If I die, what’s going to happen to Mommy? I can’t die! I can’t!

In his mind, Jonathan was rapidly calculating how to fall in order to minimize injuries.

At that height, even if he could swim, a rapid fall would surely cost him his life.

However, Jonathan knew there was surely a way to survive. There must be!

Nathaniel’s car came to a halt by the riverside. Mason was also there, and the helicopter was already on its way to carry out the rescue.

Zachary and Vivian were also present.

“F*ck! Which *sshole did this? This is ruthless!” Zachary cursed in frustration.

Nathaniel was more worried about Cecilia.

Suddenly, Mason said, “Mr. Rainsworth, Mrs. Rainsworth is here.”

Cecilia had driven over, only to be stopped.

Her face was smeared with blood. “Let me through! That’s my son!”

Nathaniel’s gaze darkened. “Bring her here quickly.”

Hastily, Mason had someone bring over Cecilia.

Vivian was taken aback upon seeing Cecilia's face covered in blood.

“What happened to your face, Ceci?”

Cecilia didn't respond to her. She was looking at Jonathan, who was far away. She couldn't go to his rescue.

She yearned to go, but she was held back by Nathaniel's firm grasp.

“Nathaniel, let go of me quickly and save Jon.”

“Ceci, calm down,” he said to her gently.

Cecilia's eyes welled up with tears when she saw Nathaniel's calm demeanor. “How can you expect me to stay calm? Our son is hanging up there. If the rope breaks, he could die!”

Our son? Nathaniel tightly gripped her wrist.

“What did you say?” he asked.

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Chapter 552 Courting Death

At that time, all Cecilia wanted was for Jonathan to stay alive. She didn't even consider her own words. She simply held onto his hand tightly and said, “Nathaniel, as long as you save Jon and ensure he's all right, I won't pursue the divorce anymore. I'll stay...”

Tears streamed down her face, mingling with the blood on her cheeks, and fell onto the back of Nathaniel's hand.

Nathaniel raised his hand to wipe her tears, but as he touched the stickiness on her face, realization dawned on him. “What happened to your face?” he asked.

It was then that he noticed the heavy scent of blood all over Cecilia.

“They said they would let Jon go after I ruined my face. However...”

A sudden tightness gripped Nathaniel's heart and throat.

He couldn't see, but his palms were slick with blood.

“Mason, call the doctor over already!”

When they arrived, the medical team was also on standby, ready to respond to any emergency that might arise.

Mason had also just snapped back to reality. “Yes.”

“I’m fine. There’s no need for a doctor...” Cecilia refused.

“Listen to me. I promise I won’t let anything happen to Jon.”

With Nathaniel’s assurance, Cecilia managed to calm down a bit, but she still didn’t want to leave.

Immediately, Nathaniel had a doctor come over to examine her.

The doctor caught sight of the injury on Cecilia’s face and was taken aback. How has such a deep scar been caused?

He first cleaned Cecilia’s wound for her.

Meanwhile, the helicopter had finally reached directly above Jonathan. Fearing the rotor blades might harm the child, they could only drop down a ladder for someone to descend and rescue.

Zachary was taken aback by what he saw, his heart pounding with alarm. He was also worried about Cecilia, who was by his side.

Upon seeing someone coming to his rescue, Jonathan calmly extended his hand toward them.

Someone was hosting a live stream online, and many people were on tenterhooks.

They were all astonished by the composure of the young child.

Someone commented: This kid is simply incredible. If it were me, my legs would have turned to jelly from fear.

Another commented: My goodness! The rescuer has finally gotten hold of the child!

The moment the rescuer held onto Jonathan, everyone, excluding Cassandra, let out a sigh of relief.

Cassandra stood in front of the screen, stomping her foot in frustration.

“What is Scorpius doing? Why isn’t he answering my calls? Why has he let that child go?”

Queenie saw the event unfolding and said, “Cassandra, let it go. We’ve already taken revenge. After this, Cecilia is bound to live a more understated life.”

At that moment, Scarface called and said, “Mdm. Queenie, I’m sorry. I just couldn’t bring myself to harm such a young child.”

Before Queenie could utter a word, Cassandra had already started berating him.

“Scorpius, my mom didn’t raise you just so you can make your own decisions. If there’s a next time, believe it or not, you’ll be fired.”

“Cassandra!”

Queenie was getting quite angry.

Scorpius Jimenez had been with Queenie, through thick and thin, for half of her life. Cassandra didn’t have the right to say such words to Scorpius.

Upon seeing her mother’s anger, Cassandra finally fell silent.

“Scorpius, you did the right thing. Go and rest now.”

“Okay.”

After ending the call, Queenie turned to Cassandra and said, “Scorpius is not a subordinate. You are not allowed to disrespect him in the future.”

She was reluctant to criticize Cassandra too harshly. Instead, she gently reminded her a few times about the importance of humility in one’s conduct.

On the surface, Cassandra agreed.

Over at Tudela Bridge, after being rescued, Jonathan immediately flung himself into Cecilia’s arms.

“Mommy!”

George also hurried over. Seeing that Jonathan was all right, he sat in the car, his previously anxious heart finally settling down.

“Oh! How wonderful it would be if this child were truly my grandchild.”

After he finished speaking, he asked his subordinate, “Have we found out who did this?”

The subordinate shook his head. “Not yet. I suspect the people who took Jon away have a formidable force behind them.”

“Of course, anyone daring enough to mess with people who matter to the Rainsworth family and the Sinclair family is indeed courting death.”

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Chapter 553 Flowers And A Card

Once the commotion had settled, both Jonathan and Cecilia were taken to the hospital for check-ups.

Jonathan was fine. The main issue was Cecilia’s face.

“Ms. Smith’s facial injuries are quite severe,” the doctor said after his examination. “Even after healing, I’m afraid there might be scars. She may need to consider plastic surgery in the future.”

Cecilia didn’t care about the injuries on her own face. All she cared about was Jonathan’s safety.

What she desperately wanted to know now was who exactly had kidnapped Jonathan.

When she tried to call back the number that had contacted her, it was disconnected, leaving her with a dead end in her search for clues.

Relying on his memory, Jonathan managed to sketch out a rough portrait of Scarface’s face.

“He was acting on someone else’s orders. I heard him making inquiries over the phone.” Jonathan paused before continuing, “The person on the phone seemed to want me dead. However, he probably couldn’t bear to do it, so he didn’t.”

After hearing about it, Cecilia felt increasingly fearful and decided that she had to find out who the mastermind was.

Jonathan gazed at Cecilia’s right cheek, swathed in bandages, his heart aching with sympathy.

“Mommy, you must be in pain, right? Can I blow on it to make you feel better?”

In the past, whenever he accidentally cut his hand while chopping vegetables, it was always Cecilia who would blow on his wound.

Seeing how well-behaved and understanding her son was, Cecilia lowered her head and said, “All right”

Jonathan gently blew on her cheek.

“I’m not in pain anymore,” Cecilia reassured him.

Jonathan was no fool. He recalled the deep wound he saw on Cecilia’s face when he was rescued. How could Mommy not be in pain? Who on earth did this to Mommy and wanted me dead?

Outside the ward, Nathaniel and Zachary were discussing the recent events while Vivian was inquiring about the specific situation from the doctor.

After getting a grasp of the situation, Vivian went into the ward and said, “Ceci, I’m sorry. It’s all my fault. I didn’t take good care of Jon, and he ended up getting hurt.”

Cecilia didn’t blame her “Vivian don’t blame yourselves for what happened this time I know they were after me.”

Before that, Scarface called Cecilia and urged her to leave Tudela. He even told her to ruin her face.

Cecilia speculated that the mastermind could be Paula.

Hence, she told Jonathan to go out. Afterward, she shared her suspicions with Vivian.

Vivian found it hard to believe. “She’s your own mother, though! How could she do this to Jon, her own grandchild?”

Cecilia gave a bitter smile. “She never considered me her daughter. Last time. Magnus approached me, asking me to go easy on Paula, but I said no. I suspect that’s the reason.”

Vivian clenched her fists tightly. “How infuriating!”

“However, I’m not quite sure. The most crucial thing right now is to find this man with a scar on his face.” Cecilia handed the sketch over to Vivian.

Vivian snapped a picture and said, “All right, I’ll get Zachary to look for this person right away.”

It was Zachary who had lost the child, so it was then his responsibility to make things right.

“All right.”

Cecilia initially believed her conjecture was correct. However, to her surprise, she received a bouquet of flowers and a card from Paula that day.

The words on the card read: Ceci, I heard you got hurt. Are you okay? I’m sorry I can’t come to see you. I’m unwell right now.

Cecilia looked at the words written on the card, somewhat in disbelief.

Suddenly, the sound of an argument could be heard from outside.

“Why are you stopping me? I’m just here to see my sister and my little nephew.

It was Magnus.

Cecilia sat up and said to Sven at the door, "Let him in."

Only then did Sven let Magnus in.

Magnus walked in, looking around. It struck him as odd that he didn't see the child anywhere. Isn't it said that Cecilia secretly had a child with Nathaniel?

"What brings you here?" Cecilia asked, setting the card aside.

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Chapter 554 Her Suspects

Magnus spotted some fresh flowers nearby and took a seat.

"After seeing the news and asking around, Mom and I found out that something happened to you. and my nephew," explained Magnus.

He then feigned confusion and asked, "How come you have a child and didn't tell us? Where did the child go?"

Cecilia had already arranged for Zachary and Vivian to take Jonathan to Sinclair Manor, where it was safer for Jonathan.

"If my memory serves me right, Mdm. Paula and I haven't been mother and daughter for a long time now."

"What are you talking about, such childish remarks? Can you simply deny blood relations just because you say so?" Magnus pulled out a card and handed it to Cecilia. "Mom sent this for you. She wants you to buy some nutritional supplements and take care of yourself."

Cecilia didn't take the card.

Over the years, she never believed that Paula would truly care for her.

"No need. I have my own money."

Magnus knew his sister, who had a strong sense of pride, wouldn't accept the money, so he took back the card.

"Who on earth hurt the child? What happened to your face?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" Cecilia questioned him.

"How am I supposed to know?" Magnus looked puzzled, but he quickly caught on. "Cecilia, you're not suggesting that I'm out to harm you and my nephew, are you?"

Cecilia watched as his facial expression changed.

He then protested, "How could it possibly be me? You're my own sister. I could never harm you. It's just you and me left in the Smith family."

Family vacation packages

Unlike Paula, Magnus wasn't as adept at putting on an act.

Hence, Cecilia observed him and though he was genuinely unaware.

"I just found out that you and Nathaniel have a son." Fearful of being misunderstood, Magnus continued to explain, "I'm not a fool. If our families could share a bloodline, I would be overjoyed. Why would I ever harm the child?"

After listening quietly Cecilia finally said "I didn't say it was you so don't get so worked up I actually don't know who wanted to harm my child."

younger

Cecilia agreed with what Magnus had said. Given the insatiable greed of her mother and brother, their first course of action upon learning that Jonathan was of the Rainsworth family lineage would likely be to approach the Rainsworth family for money or perhaps other forms of compensation.

They wouldn't bear to do something as foolish as harming the child.

"I promise, once I get back, I'll thoroughly investigate this for you," Magnus assured. "Once I find out who harmed my nephew, I'll make sure they won't meet a peaceful end."

Cecilia knew that he was all talk. Besides, he didn't have the ability to back it up.

Right then, Cecilia had a thought. Speaking of ability, whoever could silently whisk Jon away while also evading the Sinclair family's investigation must certainly possess significant power. Who is it?

Cecilia found herself dwelling on those who despised her. They were Stella, Cassandra, and even some members of the Rainsworth family. Stella was confined last night, so it couldn't have been her. So, it's either Cassandra or someone from the Rainsworth family. With Eli in the Rainsworth family, it undoubtedly has an impact on many people's interests. It's quite normal that they want Eli gone. However, why would they want my face ruined? Do they want to drive me away? Generally speaking, only women would think of the idea of disfiguring one's face!

In the end, Cecilia decided to set her sights on Cassandra and Miranda, Adrian's wife.

Magnus stayed there, advocating a great deal for Paula. He emphasized how much she had recognized her mistakes and even mentioned that, given the chance, Paula would like to see her personally.

Cecilia understood their intentions well enough. They were playing the sympathy card, hoping to soften her heart and let Paula off the hook. “You don’t need to waste your time and effort. Go back and tell Paula that I’m not falling for her tricks.”

In front of Magnus, Cecilia discarded the flowers and card into the trash bin.

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Chapter 555 A Sigh Of Relief

After Magnus left, the nurse changed the dressing on Cecilia’s face. Soon after, Nathaniel returned from outside to pick her up for her discharge from the hospital.

Once seated in the car, he turned to Cecilia and said, “I’ve already sent someone to investigate that man. If he’s in Tudela, it won’t be long before we hear something.”

“Okay.” Cecilia nodded.

She had also personally asked Sven to specifically assign people to investigate Cassandra and Miranda.

They soon arrived at Daltonia Villa.

Elliot immediately threw himself into Cecilia’s arms. “Mommy, is Jon okay?”

The news online had gone viral.

Immediately, Cecilia reassured him, “Jon is fine. He’s already gone to Mr. Zachary’s house with Ms. Kennedy.”

Only then did Elliot breathe a sigh of relief.

He noticed the bandage on Cecilia’s face and couldn’t help but feel puzzled. “Mommy, what happened to your face?”

Worried that he might be overly concerned, Cecilia lied, saying, “I accidentally scratched myself. It’s nothing serious. The doctor said it will be fine in a few days.”

Elliot was a meticulous individual, naturally skeptical of her words. He was certain that Cecilia would never reveal the truth, and further questioning would yield no results.

“Mommy, you must be careful in the future.”

Cecilia nodded. "Okay."

Elliot turned his gaze back to Nathaniel. "Mr. Rainsworth, night in the future. It was quite a hassle to find you," Please refrain from wandering off at "All right."

Nathaniel was a bit more patient with him.

He still had one matter on his mind. It was about the words uttered by Cecilia following Jonathan's incident. She said our son....

After Jonathan was rescued, Cecilia never brought up the incident again, but he had etched it deep within his heart.

Are Jon and Eli both my children? However, when Mason initially conducted the DNA test, he clearly stated that there was no blood relation between the two. Could there have been an issue with the DNA test back then? Nathaniel decided to have Mason do the test again.

In the evening, after Elliot had gone to sleep, only Nathaniel and Cecilia remained in the house.

By then, Cecilia had calmed down significantly. "Thank you for saving Jon," she said.

Nathaniel had already obtained Elliot's biological sample and passed it to Mason. He didn't question the relationship between the two children and himself. Instead, he asked, "Does your word still hold?"

Cecilia paused for a moment, recalling her own words. She had said that as long as Jonathan was saved, she would no longer bring up the subject of divorce.

She nodded. "Yes."

"However..." Cecilia paused, recalling Scarface's threat. "The person who kidnapped Jon threatened me. He said I must leave Tudela."

Just as Nathaniel was about to say something, a phone call came through at that moment.

The call was from Niel, and Nathaniel answered it. "Why wasn't I informed of such a big matter? How's the child doing now?" Niel asked.

"He's all right."

At noon that day, Elena had also asked about the incident.

They all assumed that something had happened to Elliot.

"Have you found out who did this?" asked Niel again.

“Not yet.”

Upon hearing that, Niel couldn't help but question the motives of the Rainsworth family's side branches. “It seems they're acting as if you're invisible. They don't regard you at all,” he said.

With Elliot's death, there was one less child vying for the Rainsworth family's wealth.

Nathaniel thought the same way, having already secretly instructed Mason to investigate one by one.

Suddenly, Niel changed the topic and said, “You should consider taking Eli back to the Rainsworth residence. It's not only safer but also offers a better education.”

“No need. He can stay here,” Nathaniel said tersely before hanging up the phone.

He knew for sure that Cecilia would never agree to let Elliot stay at the Rainsworth residence.

Cecilia wasn't sure what exactly was said on the other end of the phone, but from the somber tone of Nathaniel's words, she could roughly guess that they wanted Elliot to move somewhere else.

Nathaniel strolled over, asking. “Are you tired? Go to sleep.”

So many things happened that day.

“All right.”

After freshening up, Cecilia lay down on her bed, her mind filled with the perilous scenes of the day.

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Chapter 556 Car Window

She was already having trouble sleeping, and when Nathaniel got into the bed, Cecilia became even more awake.

She shifted her body away.

Suddenly, someone grasped Cecilia's hand. She immediately pretended to be asleep, obediently settling down and closing her eyes.

Nathaniel gently held her small hand, caressing it softly.

Cecilia had her eyes closed for quite a while before she realized that he was unable to see them. Even if she were to open her eyes, he wouldn't know whether she had fallen asleep or not.

Hence, Cecilia slowly opened her eyes.

What met her gaze was the stern and cold profile of Nathaniel.

She didn't know when he had managed to sit up. One of his hands was holding hers, while the other was gently caressing her head.

After confirming her forehead, he lowered his head.

Cecilia subconsciously closed her eyes. A kiss as light as a feather brushed across her forehead.

For some reason, her heart started to beat a bit faster.

Nathaniel didn't do anything else. He simply laid back down, cautiously drawing her closer to him.

Perhaps out of fear of touching the wound on her face, he didn't hold her as tightly as he used to.

Initially, Cecilia thought that the changes over the past period were due to his amnesia.

At that moment, it seemed that wasn't the case.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Cecilia had finally fallen asleep. Perhaps due to the events of the day, her sleep was restless. She hadn't been asleep for long before she was jolted awake.

“Jon...”

Nathaniel wasn't in a deep sleep. When he was disturbed, he immediately patted her shoulder and said, “Don't worry. Jon is all right now.”

Hearing that, Cecilia gradually found peace and fell back asleep.

That night, her sleep was unusually light. She couldn't help but grasp Nathaniel's hand.

“Nathaniel.”

“Yes? I'm here,” Nathaniel responded deeply.

Cecilia found this scene particularly familiar, inevitably recalling the time she had been hurt by Stella's boyfriend.

Those were the words he said.

When she held Nathaniel's hand, she noticed uneven scars on the back of it and couldn't help but ask, “Why do you have scars on your hand?”

When Nathaniel played the zither before, she had noticed it too. She just hadn't asked.

Well, I had to save a certain silly person. Nathaniel didn't voice his thoughts. Instead, he said, "It's from getting scratched by the car window glass."

Car window? Cecilia grew increasingly suspicious. She vividly recalled it was Calvin who had brought her out of the car and taken her to the hospital.

Later on, Nathaniel appeared at the hospital.

Just as Cecilia was about to question him, Nathaniel uttered, "Go to sleep."

"All right Exhausted, Cecilia once again succumbed to sleep.

When she opened her eyes again, it was already ten in the morning, and Nathaniel was no longer by her side.

After waking up, Cecilia saw that Elliot had prepared breakfast downstairs.

"Mommy, come down for breakfast quickly."

"All right."

Cecilia headed downstairs.

She was puzzled because she didn't see Nathaniel around. Hence, she asked, "Eli, where's Mr. Rainsworth?"

"I don't know." Elliot felt somewhat upset because Cecilia asked about Nathaniel shortly after she woke up. "Mommy, you should eat more. It will help your wound heal faster."

"Sure. Thanks, Sweetie."

After Cecilia had her breakfast, she received a message from Eric, saying he would be returning to the country to pursue his career in a couple of days.

He would need a song then.

He also mentioned that his father had already obtained Paula's fabricated cancer report. After professional verification, he would soon be able to prove it to her.

After expressing his gratitude to Eric, Cecilia went on to compose a new song.

Eric mentioned he wanted a charity song, preferably one that emphasized familial love.

After agreeing, Cecilia started to compose, becoming almost entirely engrossed in her own world.

In terms of familial affection, there was the love from Martha toward herself and her love toward her two children.

One was the child receiving love from her mother, and the other was a mother's love for her child.

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Chapter 557 An Influencer

Unsure whether it was a blessing or a curse, but after the incident of Jonathan being kidnapped. made the trending list, he also gained some notoriety.

Numerous people scoured the internet for information about this child, yet strangely enough, their searches yielded no results.

Everyone was puzzled, and comments flooded in. One read: We really like this calm kid. What's his name? We'd love to get to know him.

Exactly! He seems like a budding star.

He's even more handsome than a movie star. He's sure to grow up to be an extraordinarily attractive man.

Due to the enthusiasm of the online community, Jonathan once again trended on the search engine.

As Vivian continued with her work, she came across news about Jonathan, which took her by surprise. “I always knew Jon's face was favored, but I didn't expect it to be favored. He's actually trending higher than top-tier celebrity, Eric, who is returning home! That's insane!”

Vivian returned at noon and immediately showed it to Jonathan.

Jonathan wasn't particularly shocked by the news.

“Ms. Kennedy, instead of wasting your time on this, you should be thinking about how to increase your salary from three thousand to ten thousand.” Jonathan sighed. “In a place as expensive as Tudela, how can one survive on just three thousand?”

After speaking, he patted Vivian's shoulder. “Now that you have a son to raise, do you really plan to only spend the Sinclair family's money?”

Vivian felt as though she had been schooled by a child.

He was far from being a child who was kidnapped the day before. He was more like a little demon.

An ordinary child, at this point, would still be unsettled and crying.

It was important to note that when Vivian had a the vious night, Jonathan was the one who comforted her.

He told her about how death was inevitable for every human, and she had to be brave. He told her that after they died, they would merely journey to another world, where they would reunite.

“I also want to work hard, but how is it possible to make big money with a desk job? If I were your mom, it would be different. I would just compose music.” Vivian saw herself as an ordinary individual. She had no grand aspirations of becoming someone noteworthy or the center of attention. All she wanted was to have enough to eat and warm clothes to wear.

Jonathan was somewhat speechless toward her nonchalant, carefree attitude. “Ms. Kennedy, I have an idea for making money.”

“What is it?”

“Isn’t being an influencer quite lucrative these days? You could make money by live streaming,” Jonathan suggested.

After he was tied up, he had an epiphany. It was essential to have money and one would be bullied.

Being an influencer was just the first step.

Vivian was taken aback. “Me?”

power. Otherwise,

“I initially wanted to take the stage myself, but I’m underage,” Jonathan said to Vivian. “If you keep working for others, you’ll always be at the bottom. However, if you’re willing to live stream and make videos, I can assist you.”

“How do I start?”

“You could sign up for an account as my mommy.”

After Jonathan finished speaking, he showed his computer to Vivian.

When Vivian opened it up, it turned out that the account had already been set up, and to her surprise, it already had a million followers.

She couldn't believe it. "How did you get so many fans?"

"Through a little bit of maneuvering, they all found out that you were the mother of the child from yesterday."

While Vivian was still researching, Jonathan said to her again, "Ms. Kennedy, I've already sent an email to the company. You've now honorably resigned."

Vivian initially wanted to reprimand Jonathan, but she soon noticed a message from a company. They were asking if she was interested in signing a contract with them. The company would manage her account, and they would split the profits fifty-fifty.

As a start, the company could even provide her with a monthly allowance of two hundred thousand.

Vivian couldn't believe it. "Jon, you're incredibly impressive."

"Ms. Kennedy, this is our little secret. Let's not tell Mommy just yet. We'll let her in on it once we have the money."

Vivian nodded. "All right."

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Chapter 558 Remarkable Child

The next day, at the airport, as soon as Eric disembarked from the plane, he called Cecilia.

"Ceci, I've arrived. Are you bringing those two kids here to welcome me?" he asked.

Cecilia was somewhat at a loss for words. If she were to go to the airport with two kids in tow to pick him up, he might just fall from grace in the next second.

After all, Eric had a lot of female fans.

"Once you arrive, let's arrange to meet up."

With that, Cecilia ended the call.

Meanwhile, at Imminence Corporation, the newly established company by Nathaniel, Mason handed over the information about Eric to him. "Mr. Rainsworth, Eric is of mixed heritage. He

has a large fanbase both abroad and domestically. His fan base isn't heavily skewed toward either gender, making him an ideal spokesperson for our new product. Moreover, with him on board, I believe most people in Tudela will soon become familiar with Imminence Corporation."

Nathaniel agreed and instructed Mason to figure out a way to sign Eric up.

Afterward, he asked Mason, "When you initially conducted the DNA test, are you certain that no one tampered with it?"

Upon hearing this, Mason pondered for a moment. "The only thing someone could tamper with would be the biological sample, which, in our case, was the toothbrush we took from Eli. Could it have been switched by someone? Could Eli have done it himself? All those housekeepers were people with clean backgrounds. There's no way they would switch toothbrushes."

It was the last sentence that instilled doubt within Mason himself.

"Mr. Rainsworth, don't worry. The biological samples I've gathered this time are without a doubt accurate. Moreover, I've prepared three sets of them, each to be tested by different institutions," Mason said.

Nathaniel nodded in agreement.

After Mason left, he began to arrange for someone to invite Eric to be the company's spokesperson.

He had initially thought that there was no one he couldn't persuade with money, but to his surprise, people from his past had directly let him down.

"Mr. Sanders, when Eric first returned to the country, he received numerous invitations, not just from our company. However, he has declined them all. He stated that he cherished his freedom and had no interest in collaborating with any company. No amount of money can change his mind," someone reported to Mason.

What vexed Mason the most were people who couldn't be swayed by money.

Just like Sven from before, even when Nathaniel offered him a reward higher than Mason's salary. Sven remained unmoved.

Mason couldn't figure out what these people were really after.

"In that case, you guys should investigate his other hobbies and start from there," Mason instructed.

"Okay."

Upon returning to the country, Eric was eager to see Cecilia that very night. However, Cecilia turned him down.

Cecilia stated that he had just returned and needed some time to rest properly.

Helplessly, he could only pass the time at home by playing on his phone.

He couldn't help but check his phone, only to be met with frustration. His trending return to the country had shockingly been overshadowed by the trending topic of a child's extraordinary good looks.

Upon opening it, he found a photo of Jonathan. Despite the image being somewhat blurry, he recognized the child instantly. "Jon?"

The agent also came over, praising. "This kid is truly extraordinary. Even when hung from a bridge, he didn't shed a single tear. He was also remarkably composed. He's like a natural-born ruler!"

Eric studied Jonathan's face carefully. This is indeed extraordinary. However, with Cecilia's beauty, it's only natural that her son looks so remarkable. However, who is the father of this child? It's such a good fortune to have two sons so bright.

Eric then asked his agent, "Do you know what recently happened to Ms. Cecille?"

The agent gave his shoulder a pat and said, "Eric, our focus should be on our careers. I won't be investigating Ms. Cecille's matters."

Eric didn't feel disheartened. "You really are out of touch."

The agent handed him a stack of information about potential partner companies once again. "You ought to choose one, okay? We all want freedom, but we've also got to put food on the table, don't we?"

"I'm not choosing. I'm not so poor that I can't afford food."

"Thank goodness for Ms. Cecille's kindness, writing music for you without charging a dime. Otherwise, with your personality, you would have starved to death long ago," the agent remarked sarcastically, reluctantly putting away the documents.

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Chapter 559 Meeting Eric

Eric laughed but didn't say much.

Cecilia is indeed wonderful. If it wasn't for her encouragement and her music back then, I would still be a nobody.

After sending off his agent, he couldn't wait to ask his father about the fabricated story of Paula's brain cancer.

Alan informed him that through his connections, he had found Paula's medical records, which turned out not to be hers at all.

"Great. Send me the evidence," said Eric.

"Sure, I can do that, but when will you bring home a wife?" asked Alan.

Eric's spirit was instantly diminished.

Ines brought the food to the table, chuckling as she said, "There's a whole slew of people online wanting to marry Eric, but who would've thought that he can't even bring home a girl."

Alan sighed.

"Mom, celebrities don't date," Eric said with a smile.

His parents were t parents were truly helpless when it came to him, and they no longer pestered him over the topic.

Alan subsequently sent Eric all the evidence.

That night, Eric forward it on to Cecilia.

Upon receiving it, Cecilia expressed her thanks profusely.

"Don't just thank me with words. You owe me a meal."

"Alright, can I treat you tomorrow?"

"Of course you can."

Cecilia hung up the phone with a laugh.

Nathaniel sat off to the side, somewhat puzzled as he wondered who it was that made her so happy.

“Did Vivian call?” he asked.

“No, it’s a friend,” Cecilia replied. Then, she reminded Elliot, “Eli, I’ve something on tomorrow.

You must erau at home alright? Plase don’t on out Elliot nodded. “Alright.”

After sending the evidence to the lawyer, Cecilia went to bed early.

Nathaniel found himself unable to fall asleep.

He had vaguely heard the voice of the person who was on the phone with Cecilia, and it wasn’t a woman.

However, it wasn’t wise for him to investigate further. If Cecilia found out, it would only make her angry.

The following morning, Cecilia left the house with Sven driving her.

Nathaniel went to work at the office but was visibly distracted.

“Is anyone following them?” he asked.

“Sven is driving. Our people can’t keep up,” Mason replied helplessly.

I have no idea where Mrs. Rainsworth found Sven. His skills

Is are exceptional. Up until now, an average bodyguard is no match for him.

“Do you know they went?” Nathaniel asked again.

“It looks like Maple House.”

Nathaniel rose to his feet, and Mason hurriedly followed.

At a private dining room within Maple House, Eric removed his sunglasses and mask. He had been waiting there for quite some time.

He ordered all Cecilia's favorite dishes.

Finally, when he saw Cecilia approaching, his eyes were filled with delight. He waved at her. "Cecilia."

In Cecilia's memory, Eric was a particularly bright and handsome young boy.

Having not seen him for a year or two, she realized he had gotten a tan. Despite it being winter, he was lightly dressed. Compared to previous years, he had grown stronger and more mature.

After settling down, Cecilia handed him the sheet music.

"That's quick!" Eric found it hard to believe. She's a real genius to write a song so quickly.

"This is just a first draft," Cecilia explained. "Give it a try and sing it through. If anything doesn't fit, I'll make the adjustments."

"Whatever you write will fit."

Eric neatly arranged the sheet music.

"Back then, you could have sung yourself. Your voice has always been beautiful."

Upon hearing these words, Cecilia unconsciously clenched her fist.

It wasn't that she didn't have the talent, but her voice was just too soft, which was unacceptable for a professional singer.

Only after speaking did Eric realize he had said something wrong.

"Goodness, that's insensitive of me."

"It's alright, let's eat."

"Okay,"

While eating, Eric started inquiring about Cecilia's recent circumstances.

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Chapter 560 Secret Millionaire

Cecilia briefly informed him about her return to the country without going into much detail.

After they finished their meal, Eric offered to drive her home.

“I can go back on my own. What if your fans see you?” Cecilia declined immediately.

She simply wanted to remain a friend in secret, one that wasn't known to the public.

“Don't worry. I'm so heavily disguised that no one would recognize me,” Eric said, curious to see where she was currently living.

Despite repeatedly rejecting his offer, Cecilia had no choice but to agree in the end. “Fine.”

Upon stepping outside, they were greeted by the harsh winter wind.

Immediately, Eric positioned himself in front of her, bearing the brunt of the incoming wind and snow.

He chuckled. “I'm surprised by how heavy it's snowing here in Tudela. Before I came back, I went to the seaside, and it was exceptionally warm there.”

Eric had a vibrant personality.

Cecilia would occasionally respond as she listened to him speak.

The two of them got into the car, one after the other. Unbeknownst to her, there was a low-profile, black Maybach parked under the heavy snow.

Sven drove, following closely behind them.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel, in his Maybach, wore a gloomy expression.

“What does the man look like?”

“His face was hidden behind sunglasses and a mask. I can't quite make out his features, but he seems fairly young,” replied Mason.

He distinctly felt the hostile aura of his boss and added, “He's definitely not good-looking. Otherwise, why would he be wearing sunglasses and a mask?”

Nathaniel's mood slightly improved but just slightly.

“Didn't you say that aside from Calvin, she didn't know any other men while she was abroad?”

Mason suddenly felt that he was being blamed unfairly.

How could I have possibly investigated so thoroughly? Did the boss mean to say that he should investigate

anamı harcarlumha kannanad in mall by Camilia?

He could only sighing quietly to himself.

“Mr. Rainsworth, to be honest, I think it’s pretty normal for a woman to have a couple of guy friends. My girlfriend even has a male best friend.”

When it came to that male best friend, all he could do was grit his teeth and endure. However, he still used it as a means to comfort his boss.

“Male best friend?” Nathaniel looked puzzled. “What is that?”

Mason was speechless.

Mr. Rainsworth, aside from making money, really doesn’t know anything else. He still hasn’t learned how to cook...

“The kind of man who gets along really well with women.”

Nathaniel simply didn’t believe in the concept of pure friendship between genders. It was just like Calvin, who pretended that his interest in Cecilia was purely platonic.

Once Cecilia wasn’t around, the latter would openly challenge him.

“Is Calvin dead yet?” he asked.

“He’s not, and he’s already been discharged from the hospital. I found out he’s currently in al power struggle with the brothers of the Reese family, so he probably doesn’t have time to come back.”

“Doesn’t have time?”

“Doesn’t have the guts to come back.”

Mason felt that his boss was becoming increasingly difficult to deal with.

“Mr. Rainsworth, are we heading back to the office now?”

“Follow her male best friend.”

Mason was rendered speechless.

Though Mason was someone who could handle a fight, his driving skills were average at best. His attempts at tailing people often fell short, and on several occasions, he nearly got caught by Sven.

As he continued to drive ahead, he realized that the road was becoming increasingly familiar.

“Mr. Rainsworth, it seems like they are heading back to Daltonia Villa.”

She’s bringing her male best friend home?

Nathaniel was in a terrible mood, which left Mason feeling on edge.

When Eric dropped Cecilia at Daltonia Villa, he couldn’t help but be awed by the sight of the huge mansion.

“Ceci, you must be a secret millionaire, huh? This house must have cost billions, right?”

He vividly remembered that when they first met, Cecilia was still renting a place.

“This isn’t my house,” Cecilia casually replied.

“Whose is it?”

In the midst of their conversation, all she could do was tell the truth. “It belongs to my husband.”

Eric was stunned. “Didn’t you divorce him?”

Back when they were overseas, he distinctly remembered Cecilia lived alone with an old lady, taking care of two children.

Her ex-husband is so wealthy, yet he didn’t her a hand?