

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 751**

Chapter 751 Replace Nathaniel

Nathaniel’s narrowed eyes remained closed. “Come in.”

Mason walked in, asking, “I hope I’m not intruding. It’s almost five o’clock. You promised to pick up Elliot from school.”

“Elliot?” Nathaniel questioned, puzzled. “Who?”

Mason froze. Did Mr. Rainsworth forget about his son again?

“Mr. Rainsworth, may I ask you what year is it now?” he asked tentatively.

Nathaniel frowned slightly. “Mason, have you been too idle lately? Have you prepared the tickets to Daprein? We still have to discuss the matter of the primary chip.”

He opened his eyes, ready to rise, only to find utter darkness before him. “Why can’t I see anything?”

The microchip? This matter goes way back to the first year of Mr. Rainsworth’s marriage to Mrs. Rainsworth! D\*mn it

That was the toughest period for Rainsworth Group and also a time when Nathaniel was subjected to relentless ridicule..

“Mr. Rainsworth, there’s something I need to tell you.”

“Speak.”

Mason pulled out a voice recorder, which wasn’t used to record Nathaniel, but rather, held recordings of his own voice explaining in detail to Nathaniel what had happened each time he lost his memory.

Roughly an hour later, when Nathaniel returned to Daltonia Villa, Elliot immediately clung to his leg. “Daddy, you promised to pick me up today. How could you break your promise?”

Nathaniel’s gaze darkened, and he couldn’t help lifting Elliot, tossing him aside. “Go play somewhere else.”

Elliot was puzzled, turning to look at Mason.

Mason gave him a meaningful look that explained everything.

Elliot was surprised to know how severe his father's illness was, acting up roughly every two days.

He went upstairs to inform Cecilia and suggested, "Mommy, maybe we should take this opportunity to leave."

Cecilia was puzzled. I thought he adored Nathaniel; he wouldn't shut up about him.

"Why should we leave?" she asked.

"I think Daddy's getting worse. Maybe we should look for a new one," the boy said.

Cecilia was speechless. How can we replace Nathaniel just like that?

She bent over, explaining, "Eli, he's your biological father."

Elliot held his mother, sighing. "Ah, a man who isn't ruthless isn't a man. He abandoned us when we were little. Now that he's fallen ill, maybe we should abandon him as well."

Cecilia wondered, Where did he learn all these messed up values from?

She then remembered how Elliot used to watch clichéd dramas with some of the nurses who adored him back when he was hospitalized. I think I know where he gets it from.

"Eli, your father didn't abandon you. He simply wasn't aware of your and your brother's existence before," she explained.

Ever since Nathaniel lost his memory and said those words to Cecilia, she realized that she had misunderstood.

In fact, Elliot was afraid that Cecilia might get hurt. Given how unstable Nathaniel's condition was, they weren't suitable to be together.

"Ceci, listen to me, okay? Let's go find Mr. Reese." For the sake of Cecilia's happiness, Elliot thought it was fine to be selfish.

The only reason he was willing to accept Nathaniel was so that Cecilia could have someone to rely on.

"Eli!" Cecilia seemed upset. "If you keep this up, Mommy's going to get angry."

Elliot didn't understand why.

"Elliot, we can't be selfish in life. When your father was healthy, you never asked me to leave him. But now that he's unwell, you're asking me to abandon him, and that's not

right. We need to have a conscience. Unless he's treated you poorly or failed in his duties as a father, we have no reason to walk away."

Listening to Cecilia's words, Elliot couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for her.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 752**

Chapter 752 Do I Really Like Cecilia.

He knew he had been too impulsive just now. I shouldn't have suggested that despite knowing Mommy would never abandon Daddy.

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I was wrong," he apologized.

Cecilia patted him on the back. "Good."

Elliot's expression grew somber. He had always been aware of Cecilia's suffering, and in his eyes, she was far more important than Nathaniel.

"Mommy, let's go eat," he suggested.

"All right."

Nathaniel sat straight at the dining table, gracefully eating his meal. Upon hearing Cecilia and Elliot approach, he remained silent.

After a few bites, he stood up. "I have some matters to attend to and won't be coming back tonight."

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback, but didn't say much. She simply responded, "Okay."

It was the same old response. Nathaniel still couldn't bring himself to believe that he had lost his memory.

He asked Mason to bring him to Royale Club, summoning Zachary and Darren.

Nathaniel was seated at the head of the table when the other two arrived.

Zachary plopped down next to Nathaniel. "Nathaniel, did the sun rise in the west today? You actually invited us out for drinks? Are you feeling better?"

Ever since Cecilia disappeared six years ago, Nathaniel had gradually stopped inviting them out, even more so after she returned.

"Stop joking. I have a question for you," said Nathaniel.

Zachary suddenly became serious. "What?"

"Do I really like Cecilia?" Nathaniel asked.

As soon as he spoke, even Darren, who was sitting aside wordlessly, constantly thinking about his pregnant wife, couldn't help chuckling out loud.

"Nathaniel, are you just messing with us?" he asked, taking a sip of his drink.

Zachary merely shrugged. "That's your question? I thought it was some serious issue. Don't you know whether you like Cecilia or not?"

Nathaniel rubbed his temples, looking troubled. "I've lost my memory Taken aback, Zachary asked, "Why do you still remember us?"

"I'm just missing a few years of memories," Nathaniel responded.

Zachary wore a somber look. "This is not good, Nathaniel. You need to visit the hospital. Your condition seems severe; it might be a cranial nerve injury."

Nathaniel's expression remained calm. "Answer the question I just asked you first."

It's just amnesia. It's not like I'm going to die.

Zachary pondered for a moment and responded without hesitation, "Is there even a need to ask? Your affection for Cecilia surpasses even the bond we share as buddies. You're so obsessed with her that you practically want to cling to her every single day."

After blabbering for a while, he turned and asked Darren, "Right, Darren?"

"If you didn't care for her, why is she pregnant with another pair of your twins?" Darren chimed. in.

Nathaniel fell silent. "Let's drink."

"Nathaniel, you should cut down on alcohol since you're unwell," Zachary advised..

However, given Nathaniel's temperament, not even Elena would be able to stop him.

Holding his glass, he drowned his frustrations in alcohol.

Zachary, concerned, pretended to go to the restroom and gave Cecilia a call as soon as he exited the room. "Cecilia, Nathaniel won't stop drinking here in Royale Club. We can't get him to stop."

Cecilia hadn't gone to bed yet; she was binge-watching a TV series.

“Think of something and bring him back,” she said.

“I’m scared of him. Could you come over? He’ll listen to you.”

Cecilia rolled her eyes. “Are you sure he’d still listen to me now?”

Zachary was at a loss for words. She’s right. Nathaniel only has part of his memories now, not much different from his

past self. He’ll never listen to Cecilia.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 753**

Chapter 753 Nathaniel Listens To Cecilia

When Zachary fell silent, Cecilia said, “If there’s nothing else, I’m going to hang up.”

Hearing that, Zachary immediately said, “No, wait! Please come over. I have a feeling that Nathaniel will listen to you.”

He didn’t know why he had that feeling.

Upon hearing this, Cecilia found it hard to continue refusing.

“Fine, but I’m pregnant. If he gets drunk, I won’t be able to help him to the car,” she said.

“Don’t worry, Darren and I will do it. All you need to do is stop him from drinking,” Zachary assured.

Cecilia nodded. “Okay, I’m coming over right now.”

The driver drove Cecilia to Royale Club.

Upon her arrival, she took a dedicated elevator all the way to the VIP room.

When she entered, Nathaniel was sitting on the couch drinking, with Zachary and Darren on either side of him.

The two men couldn’t stop him, nor did they dare to, and when they saw Cecilia, it was as if they had seen their savior. “Cecilia!”

Nathaniel, not fully drunk yet, frowned upon hearing Zachary’s enthusiastic tone calling Cecilia’s name.

Cecilia strode straight toward Nathaniel, saying to him, “That’s enough. Let’s go home.”

Subconsciously, Nathaniel tightened his grip on his glass. Instead of responding, he turned to Zachary, "You asked her to come?"

Zachary hesitated, not daring to admit. "Nathaniel, you can't drink anymore. Listen to your wife. Go home."

Nathaniel snorted. "My wife? Since when do I have a wife?"

Zachary panicked, afraid that Cecilia would get angry. I shouldn't have asked her to come.

Unbeknownst to him, Cecilia had grown much tougher mentally.

Under the watchful eyes of Zachary and Darren, she bent over and swiftly snatched the glass from Nathaniel's hand. "Stop drinking. Did you not hear me?"

Nathaniel stiffened.

For reasons he couldn't quite understand, he stopped drinking.

Cecilia tossed the glass into the trash can and cleared all the remaining alcohol from the table, discarding each bottle.

Zachary took note of Nathaniel's silence. As expected, he's still afraid of Cecilia even though he lost his memory.

He exchanged glances with Darren, and they soon took on the role of waiters and began discarding the bottles of alcohol on the table.

While doing so, Zachary said, "Nathaniel, your wife is only looking out for you. She's just concerned about your health."

Nathaniel remained silent.

Before long, Cecilia cleared the table and said, "Let's go home."

Nathaniel did not say a word, which irked Cecilia.

She loathed it when he would give her the silent treatment in the past, so she decided not to back down now. "Are you leaving or not?"

Nathaniel's expression was icy, an air of tension surrounding him.

He rose to his feet unsteadily, feeling a bit lightheaded from the alcohol.

Immediately, Zachary supported him. "Nathaniel."

Nathaniel broke free from his grip. "You guys go ahead."

"Huh?" Zachary and Darren were taken aback. They were planning to help Cecilia get Nathaniel into the car.

"Do I need to repeat myself?" he asked.

The two men looked at Cecilia, not knowing what to do.

Cecilia, curious about what he was up to, nodded at them and gestured for them to go ahead.

Only then did Zachary Darren leave. They even reminded the manager to take good care of Cecilia and Nathaniel.

Cecilia and Nathaniel were left alone in the room after they left. The latter settled back onto the couch.

"Come over," he said.

As she approached him, even from just a step away, she could still smell the alcohol on him.

He slowly lifted his head, frustrated that he couldn't see her. I never imagined that I'd end up one day!

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 754**

Chapter 754 Are You Blind.

"How much did you drink?" Cecilia frowned.

Nathaniel didn't respond. He fiddled with his tic, his slender fingers pulling at the knot. "Aren't you supposed to bring me home?"

Cecilia was taken aback.

She thought he asked her to stay behind to confront her.

With a hint of reluctance, she extended her hand, gripping his wrist. "Let's go."

Nathaniel rose to his feet, no longer making a fuss, and followed her out.

On their way out, they drew many patrons' attention.

"Who's this? He's quite handsome."

“Is he the new male model? He has such a great figure.

A few women discussed quietly.

“But that woman he’s with doesn’t seem wealthy. She’s pretty, though.”

One of the women instantly recognized Cecilia and Nathaniel.

It was none other than Yvette, Stella’s best friend. Tightening her grip on her wine glass, she fixed her gaze on the pair.

Her friend teased, “Yvie, you’re getting married now—so stop competing with us for all the handsome guys.”

High society wasn’t only populated by frivolous scions but also by wealthy heiresses who had inherited fortunes that most people could only dream of accumulating in several lifetimes. Naturally, they weren’t satisfied with the ordinary path of finding a boyfriend and getting married. One of Yvette’s fair-weather friends sauntered over toward Nathaniel and Cecilia.

“Hey, handsome!” she called out.

In high society, most people were familiar with Nathaniel. However, due to the dim lighting on the first floor of the club and the fact that they had never seen him in person before, they didn’t immediately recognize him.

The woman patted Nathaniel’s shoulder.

Nathaniel paused in his tracks, clearly in a bad mood. “Get lost.”

Cecilia stopped, turning to look at the woman.

The woman, momentarily taken aback by Nathaniel’s demeanor, wore an awkward expression.

but quickly composed herself. She studied Cecilia before sneering, “H. Haven’t you noticed the large scar on this lady’s face?”

ne, are you blind?

Cecilia wasn’t mad, but she knew for sure that Nathaniel would be upset because he was truly blind.

“This place is so noisy,” Nathaniel said in a deep voice.



The woman was about to say something else when Yvette swiftly stepped forward, grabbing her.

“What’s wrong, Yvie?” the woman asked.

Only then did Cecilia notice Yvette’s presence.

Yvette, knowing how to read the room, was aware the woman did not match up to the Rainsworth family’s standards, so she chided, “Shut up.”

Cecilia let the matter slide and continued leading Nathaniel away.

As soon as they stepped out of the club, Yvette immediately turned to her friend and said, “Do you know who that was? Nathaniel!”

Her friend was incredulous. “What?”

“Let’s hope he doesn’t remember you, Yvette said, picking up her bag and heading out the door, eager to step away from the situation.

Although she detested Cecilia, she was self-aware and fearful that she might get caught in the crossfire if Nathaniel decided to retaliate.

She was right to worry.

The following morning, a news story made it to the trending list.

The heiress of Loerger Corporation, after getting intoxicated, was found unconscious by someone who later exploited her vulnerability. Moreover, due to that pervert’s fetish, her right hand was severed.

When Cecilia turned on the television and saw the news, she couldn’t help saying to Nathaniel, who was making his way downstairs. “Something happened to that woman from last night.”

“Oh.” Nathaniel’s expression remained unchanged. “She should consider herself lucky.”

Cecilia was in disbelief. “It was really you?”

Nathaniel did not deny it.

Cecilia was bewildered. I thought he never lays his hand on women. I should be the one considering myself lucky...

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 755**

## Chapter 755 Eric Is Back

Cecilia switched through several channels when, all of a sudden, a familiar face popped up on the television screen. To her surprise, it was Eric.

He now had a sun-kissed complexion, his smile brighter than ever as he engaged in charitable work with a group of Alendor children.

Given Nathaniel's illness, Eric faced little to no restrictions, living his life carefreely.

At that time, he was on a plane, secretly returning to Tudela.

As soon as he got off the plane and arrived at the airport, he avoided the crowd and immediately reached out to Cecilia.

"What are you up to, Ms. Ceci?" Once the call connected, he spoke in a playful tone.

Since Cecilia was a composer and his guide who was a few years older than him, he would occasionally address her respectfully.

Cecilia, still watching the news about him, was surprised to receive a call from him.

"I just happened to see the video of you doing charity work," Cecilia replied.

Eric asked, "You've been watching my videos? Have you been missing me?"

"Cut it out. How are you doing?" Cecilia casually asked.

Eric smirked. "I'm doing fine, but it's boring, so I sneaked back home when the higher-ups weren't paying attention."

"You're back?"

"Yeah, I just arrived at the airport. Are you coming to pick me up?"

Cecilia sighed. "I'm sorry. Things have been a bit busy at home recently."

"All right then." Eric sounded disappointed.

Right then, his manager silently urged him to hurry up and leave. After all, the airport was crowded. It would be troublesome if any fans recognized him.

"Hey, remember to write a song just for me when you have time. It's too noisy over here, so I'm going to hang up now." Reluctantly, Eric hung up the phone.

He then grumbled, "I wasn't even done talking to her."

“Do you want the boss to know?” The manager shot back.

It was obvious that the current boss didn't seem interested in nurturing Eric. Instead, they seemed to be planning to sabotage his career.

However, the upper management of Imminence Corporation seemed to have forgotten about Eric recently, allowing them to sneak back.

To be honest, even the best conditions in Alendor couldn't compare to Clusia.

Meanwhile, Cecilia agreed to Eric's request before ending the call.

Nathaniel sat aside, letting his personal doctor examine his injuries.

Fortunately, the injuries inflicted by Calvin and his gang weren't severe; they were mostly superficial and had largely healed by now.

While Nathaniel was being examined, he cast his gaze in Cecilia's direction, curious about who was calling her.

However, since Cecilia didn't tell him, he didn't ask.

“Mr. Rainsworth, your wounds have fully healed,” the doctor advised, “However, you should be cautious. Avoid any vigorous activities and maintain a light diet. Most importantly, refrain from drinking alcohol.”

Zachary had instructed the doctor to advise Nathaniel against drinking.

“Okay.” Nathaniel slipped on his unbuttoned shirt.

still

After the doctor left, Elliot headed off to school, and Cecilia was composing music. He sat alone in the living room, finding the silence overwhelming.

Finally, Mason came to pick him up. Once he got in the car, he instructed, “Clean up the Seabay Villa. I'm moving in there.”

Surprised, Mason asked, “That villa has been empty for a long time. Are you sure you're okay staying there alone? Besides, you've been living with Mrs. Rainsworth for the past year.”

Before the New Year, Nathaniel was so determined to live with Cecilia that he even pretended to still suffer from amnesia and feigned poverty.

“You've grown bold after all these years working under me,” Nathaniel said indifferently.

"I'll have someone arrange it right away," Mason said sheepishly. Don't regret it and vent your anger on me after you move there.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 756**

Chapter 756 She Seems Quite Happy

Never in Cecilia's wildest dreams did she expect Nathaniel to move out of Daltonia Villa. When he left, he even had Mason hand her a bank card.

"You and the children's allowance is in here. Only come to me if it's something important," he said.

With that, Nathaniel got into the car.

Mason, wearing an apologetic look, spoke to Cecilia. "Mrs. Rainsworth, please don't be upset. As you know, Mr. Rainsworth is ill. Even I don't quite understand his actions now."

Naturally, Cecilia wasn't upset. She was no longer the devoted wife from six or seven years ago who, despite being wronged, constantly prioritized Nathaniel's well-being. Her mental resilience was significantly stronger now.

She waved at Nathaniel, who was seated in the black Maybach. "Goodbye, Nathaniel," she said.

Mason was about to say something else when the window rolled down, and Nathaniel's cold voice ruthlessly cut him off. "Mason, it's time to go."

After offering an apologetic smile to Cecilia, Mason climbed into the car.

As Cecilia watched the car fade into the distance, she felt no sadness. For one, Nathaniel had fallen ill and lost his memories of the past few years. For another, the feelings she once had for him had long since diminished. While she still cared for him, her love had become scarce over the years.

Elliot propped up his chin and stole a glance at his mother. Seeing her relaxed rather than sad gave him a sense of reassurance.

Luckily, Mommy doesn't seem to mind.

"Mommy," he called out.

Cecilia felt at ease because she was finally free to act as she pleased without having to report her every move to Nathaniel.

Moreover, Nathaniel had given her another card.

“Eli, do you want to go out for a feast?”

“Yes.”

He was tired of having home-cooked food every day even though it was made by five-star chefs.

She suggested, “Let’s go out to eat then. We can eat out more when Jon comes back.”

“Okay.”

Cecilia brought Sven along and even invited Vivian.

Unfortunately, Vivian was swamped with work assigned by Jonathan and wasn’t free.

Cecilia was wondering who else to invite when Helen messaged her: Ms. Cecilia, are you there?

Cecilia typed: Yes.

Helen, mustering her courage, asked: The kids have gone abroad for a vacation. Do you have some free time? Would you like to join me for a meal and some shopping?

Considering how wealthy Cecilia was, she was afraid that Cecilia might think she was trying to curry favor. So, she quickly added: It’s fine if you’re busy.

Cecilia, thinking it was boring to eat out with just Elliot, replied: I’m actually free today and was thinking of exploring the night market. I’ll be bringing my son with me, though. I happen to need someone to accompany me. Would it be all right if my son joins us?

Immediately. Helen responded: Of course, I don’t mind.

Immediately, Cecilia sent her an address.

Cecilia: Don’t you have a daughter who’s a bit over a year old? You could bring her along too.

Helen was pleasantly surprised that Cecilia still remembered she had a daughter, which made her even more fond of Cecilia.

Helen: She’s staying with her grandma. I’ll bring her to meet you next time.

Cecilia: All right.

Sven was driving toward downtown when they passed by a bank, where Cecilia asked him to stop.

“Mommy, are you going to check how much money is in the card?” asked Elliot.

“You’re so clever.”

Cecilia checked the card, entered the password, and saw a nine–digit balance displayed. Nathaniel had been quite generous; the amount was more than enough for them to enjoy themselves in Tudela for quite some time.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel had moved to the Seabay Villa, which was quite close to Zachary’s place.

Zachary was taken aback. “Nathaniel, what about your wife? She’s still pregnant, you know.”

“I left them some money. If it’s not enough, I’ll have Mason send more,” Nathaniel replied.

Zachary was still worried. He asked Mason, “What is Cecilia doing now?”

Mason understood that a pregnant woman’s mood swings could be intense. It was crucial that she wasn’t influenced by Nathaniel’s erratic behavior. So, he called and asked the bodyguard what

The bodyguard responded, “Mrs. Rainsworth is currently out with her friend and son. They’re grabbing a bite.”

Mason put the phone on speaker mode, and the bodyguard added, “She seems quite happy.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 757**

### **Chapter 757 Running Into Priscilla**

Suddenly, the room fell silent, and it felt as though the temperature had dropped several degrees. Nathaniel’s stern face wore a cold expression.

Mason immediately hung up the phone. “I’ll leave you guys alone.”

He knew better than to stay and be on the receiving end of Nathaniel’s wrath.

Zachary was so frustrated that he wished he could kick Mason. What a jerk! He knows Nathaniel is angry, and he’s leaving me here alone with him!

“Nathaniel, do you want me to take you home?” he asked.

He moved into his private mansion to escape his grandfather’s relentless nagging about his marriage to Vivian. Although he had agreed with George to marry Vivian after a year of dating, the old man seemed to see through his delaying tactic. George insisted they marry first before developing their relationship. He wasn’t about to marry first and risk being trapped in a relationship he wasn’t ready for.

“No rush,” Nathaniel said. Though he wasn’t sure why, he felt upset after hearing the bodyguard say Cecilia seemed to be having a good time.

Zachary sighed inwardly. Looks like I’ll have to talk some sense into this stubborn man.

“Nathaniel, I think you should head back. Cecilia must be upset. That’s why she went shopping to distract herself.”

Hearing that, Nathaniel took a sip of water, his cold, gloomy aura diminishing. “Mind your business.”

“Fine.” Zachary dared not press further, fearing Nathaniel might teach him a lesson if he did.

In Tudela’s downtown, Cecilia bought quite a few children’s clothes after having a meal with Helen. Meanwhile, Elliot and Sven were waiting on the bench by the entrance.

Elliot never understood why women loved shopping.

“Mr. Sven, I’m so bored,” he complained.

Sven, sitting upright, was also bored.

He would rather undertake dangerous missions than accompany a woman shopping—it was simply too tiring and dull for him.

“I’m bored too,” Sven said.

“There’s an arcade on the sixth floor, right? How about we go there?” Elliot asked, gazing up at Sven with wide, pleading eyes.

“No. With your condition, you can’t play games,” Sven replied flatly.

Elliot’s attempts at acting cute were completely lost on the stoic, no-nonsense Sven.

He couldn’t help but sigh. Just as he was about to say something, a young girl’s voice suddenly rang out. “Jon.”

Elliot looked in the direction of the voice, puzzled, only to see a little girl with two braids gazing back at him.

A slightly plump middle-aged woman was with the girl.

“Jonathan, I thought you went to Azania?” The little girl looked up at him, her eyes filled with admiration.

Hearing refer to him as “Jon,” Elliot realized that she had mistaken him for his brother. He was just about to correct her when the girl’s mother approached, scrutinizing Elliot. “Jonathan, were you also expelled?”

The woman wore an expression of disbelief.

“Priscilla?” Right then, Cecilia and Helen had finished their shopping and emerged with their purchases. Immediately, they spotted Priscilla with her daughter, Dorothy.

When Priscilla saw Cecilia, her expression turned sour, but she still greeted the latter. “Ms. Cecilia, isn’t Jonathan supposed to be in Azania? Why is he here?”

“I’m not Jonathan, I’m Elliot,” Elliot finally found the chance to explain.

Helen, too, clarified, “This is Jonathan’s twin brother. Jonathan left for Azania a while ago.

Priscilla’s expression grew awkward. She had assumed that Jonathan had been expelled from school, just like her own daughter.

Dorothy clutched her mother’s hand. “Mommy, I want to go to Azania, too.”

Priscilla, snapping back to her senses, comforted the girl. “Be patient, Dorothy. We’ll go as a family soon.”

“But I want to go with Jonathan and the others.” Dorothy pouted.

Observing the mother and daughter, Cecilia finally realized that Dorothy was no longer in kindergarten.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 758**

Chapter 758 Not A Saint

Dorothy was making a fuss, pleading with her mother to take her back to kindergarten so she could study with Jonathan..



Priscilla, casting aside any concern for her dignity, squatted down in Cecilia and Helen's presence, placing both hands on her daughter's shoulders as she cried out, "I told you you've been expelled, so you can't go to kindergarten anymore. If you keep this up, I'm going to have to punish you!"

Dorothy was instantly reduced to tears out of fear.

Cecilia and Helen couldn't stand the way Priscilla was treating Dorothy.

However, they all knew well that Dorothy's expulsion was entirely due to her mother.

She was buttering up both Cecilia and Miranda, but now neither of them wanted anything to do with her.

As Dorothy sobbed uncontrollably, Priscilla, to everyone's shock, raised her hand and slapped her, making her cry even harder. "Go on, cry," she hissed. "Cry your heart out!"

It seemed like she was putting on a show for Cecilia and Helen, who could barely stand watching any longer.

Helen stepped forward to stop her from hitting the child. "Priscilla, she's too young to know any better. Calm down."

Having finally drawn their attention, Priscilla turned to the two women. "You have no idea," she began. "Dorothy was such a well-behaved child in kindergarten. I was shocked when she was expelled. All she ever wanted was to see Jonathan, pestering me about it every day at home. It was driving me crazy."

Through her sobs, Dorothy whimpered, "Jonathan is the best. I like Jonathan..."

Her tears were genuine, not a performance.

After watching quietly for a moment, Cecilia finally asked, "Why was Dorothy suddenly expelled from school?"

Priscilla sighed. "It's all my fault for offending Miranda. Just one word from Miranda got her expelled."

Miranda, upset that her son was bullied, knew she was no match for Cecilia. Hence, she could only vent her frustration on someone else.

Helen was furious. "How could she do that?"

Everyone knew that Tudela International Preschool was one of the most prestigious in the city, notoriously difficult to get into. The children who attended were invariably from affluent or noble families. For them, preschool was about more than just education—it

was also about forming connections with influential and powerful people from an early age.

Additionally, at social gatherings, the mothers could help their husband networking and securing valuable partnerships.

“It can’t be helped. My husband is simply useless,” said Priscilla pitifully.

panies by

Cecilia knew this was merely a ploy to gain her sympathy and help, but she wasn’t one to play the saint.

“Honestly, kindergarten education doesn’t have a huge impact on a child’s future,” Cecilia said. “As a mother, you might want to consider transferring her early, so she can adapt to a different environment sooner.”

Priscilla had always thought of Cecilia as soft-hearted, someone who was always ready to lend a hand to those in need—like when she handled Helen’s parking issue without hesitation.

Priscilla had also heard that Helen’s husband’s company now had a backer, which was likely due to Cecilia’s help.

When Cecilia suggested transferring her child to a different school, Priscilla quickly pleaded, “Ms. Cecilia, could you possibly help get Dorothy re-enrolled? I would be forever grateful.”

She then tugged at her daughter’s arm. “Dorothy, thank Ms. Cecilia. With just one word from her. you’ll be able to see Jonathan.”

Dorothy was genuinely fond of Jonathan. Hearing that, she turned to look at Cecilia, her eyes sparkling. “Ms. Cecilia, could you let me see Jonathan?”

Cecilia didn’t respond. Instead, she turned to Priscilla. “If I were to help your child return to school, what could you offer me in return?”

Priscilla hesitated.

Cecilia said with a no-nonsense demeanor, “I only help those who can help me.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 759**

Chapter 759 Whose Child Is It

On their way back, Helen couldn't help saying, "Ms. Cecilia, what you did earlier was spot-on. Someone who tries to please everyone and then betrays you isn't worth your sympathy.

"She's the type of person you use, not befriend," said Cecilia.

Helen strongly agreed with her statement.

After Cecilia reached home, she cleaned up and rested.

As soon as she lay down, a message arrived from Priscilla: Ms. Cecilia, I've got some inside scoop on most of the moms, even including Miranda's.

Cecilia was intrigued, though she remained skeptical.

She replied: Since you have dirt on Miranda, why didn't you just confront her with it? That way, she wouldn't dare to mess with you, right?

Not long after, Priscilla sent another message: Our family is no match for the Leighton and Rainsworth families. If Miranda knew I had something on her, she would kill me.

Cecilia didn't believe her right away, replying: Since you've made up your mind to be on my side. you should prove that you're sincere.

Before long, Priscilla sent her the scandals involving Miranda.

Clicking on the file, Cecilia reviewed it, and her pupils constricted.

Cecilia: Are you sure this is true?

Priscilla: Yes, I'm sure. I happened to see it when I was at Miranda's house.

Every time she attended gatherings with those affluent mothers, she was practically invisible, largely due to her lack of influence and less-than-stunning appearance. Because of that, she had managed to uncover quite a few secrets on the sly.

At that moment, Cecilia realized just how incredibly useful Priscilla could be.

According to the information about the parents' association embers that Priscilla had given her last time, she had discovered many affluent women. If she could learn most of their secrets, it would be immensely helpful in her future efforts to reestablish Smith Corporation.

Cecilia sent a message to Priscilla, simply stating: I will arrange for Dorothy to return to school, but I hope you'll change your ways.

Priscilla: Don't worry, I will.

Cecilia switched off her phone and went to sleep.

She could finally sleep peacefully since Nathaniel wasn't around.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel was resting alone in Seabay Villa. Accustomed to the quiet, he found himself unable to fall asleep.

Is it because I've been sleeping too much lately?

He closed his eyes once again, hoping to drift off slowly. But for some reason, Cecilia's face. emerged in his mind.

Nathaniel opened his eyes, not wanting to sleep anymore.

Cecilia, on the other hand, slept quite well. The next morning, she arranged to meet up with Eric to discuss the collaboration and his latest song.

"I just returned, and you're already talking about collaboration?" Eric sighed.

Cecilia shot him a stern look. "You asked me to write a song for you. Business is business, and personal matters are personal."

Eric took a sip of his coffee. "Ouch, that hurts. Do we really need to discuss our collaboration? I'll sign any contract you present me."

This wasn't just a polite remark. Every time Cecilia and Eric worked together, it was always like this. Eric had immense trust in Cecilia; he would sign any contract she brought him without even glancing at it.

"All right then, let's stick to the old routine."

"Sure,"

Eric pushed the untouched coffee toward Cecilia. "Don't you love coffee? Why aren't you. touching it?"

Just as Cecilia was about to explain, he asked, "It's only been about two weeks since I last saw you. Why do I feel like you've gained some weight?"

"Because I'm pregnant." Cecilia handed him the coffee. "You can have it. I have to watch what I eat now."

Eric was surprised, not expecting her to be pregnant.

“Whose child is it?” he asked, almost reflexively.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 760**

Chapter 760 Calling Nathaniel

Cecilia felt a bit awkward. “The father of Jon and Eli.”

Eric was even more astonished.

He didn’t say anything else and continued sipping his coffee. As a celebrity, he had to maintain his figure, but he drank the coffee Cecilia handed him without a second thought.

The two of them grabbed a casual bite to eat before heading to the recording studio, where Cecilia guided Eric through recording the new song with the precision of a professional producer.

Once they were immersed in the work, time seemed to fly by. By the time they finished, it was already dark outside. To avoid any inconvenience for Eric and to steer clear of the paparazzi, Cecilia arranged for her driver to pick her up and take her home.

Eric watched her leave, and his manager approached. “The recording went super well today.”

It took Eric a while to regain his sense, answering, “Of course. Cecilia’s assisting.”

The manager lamented, “What a shame. If it weren’t for her hearing impairment, she would have been more famous than you in the music industry.”

“If she were a pop star, I’d be her most loyal fan. Eric smiled and sighed. “It’s a pity that she keeps such a low profile that nobody knows those popular songs are actually composed by her.”

“Give it your all for the next song. If it becomes a hit, you can seize the opportunity to promote Cecilia,” the manager suggested.

Eric shook his head. “You should know her well by now. She’s never been one for ostentation.”

“Indeed.” The manager nodded. He couldn’t comprehend why a talented individual would be content to remain behind the scenes all the time.

After Cecilia returned home, she spent time with Elliot and called Jonathan, asking how he was doing abroad.

Jonathan had always been a mature child. Unlike most kids, he rarely needed anyone to worry about him. While abroad, he often proved to be more competent than the teachers.

However, in Cecilia's eyes, he was just a child.

"Mommy, I'm doing well. I'll be back the day after tomorrow. I've bought a lot of gifts for you and Eli," said Jonathan.

Elliot leaned in and asked, "What's the gift?"

"It's a secret. You'll find out when I return," he said.

"All right then." Elliot was disappointed.

Cecilia was about to remind Jonathan to take care of himself, but to her surprise, Jonathan ended up lecturing her instead. "Mommy, it's already half past nine. You're pregnant with my little brothers or sisters, so you can't stay up late. Go to bed now, and don't forget to drink some milk and take your vitamins before you sleep."

Mommy's always so forgetful How worrisome.

Indeed, had it not been for Jonathan's reminder, Cecilia would have completely forgotten to take her vitamins.

"All right, I'll do that now. You should get some sleep too. Good night."

"Good night."

After the phone call with Jonathan, Cecilia urged Elliot to go to sleep as well.

Elliot clutched onto her clothes. "Mommy, is Daddy not coming home again tonight?"

"Probably. Why?" Cecilia had no idea what exactly Nathaniel was up to. After he moved out, he never returned.

"Nothing. I'm off to sleep now." Elliot returned to his room with his pillow.

Once inside, he took out his phone watch and dialed Nathaniel's number.

I don't care whether he's suffering from amnesia. Now's not the time to leave Mommy alone at home. Mommy is so loyal that she never took advantage of his illness and went out to find other men. What if he went looking for his first crush again?

"Who is it?" Nathaniel answered the call.

“Daddy, when are you coming back? Don’t you love me anymore?” Elliot’s pitiful voice sounded from the other end of the line.

Nathaniel frowned. “Who asked you to call me?”

Nathaniel assumed that a child as young as Elliot wouldn’t call him on his own. He thought it must have been Cecilia who instructed him to do so.

Is she finally going to drop her pretenses?