

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 851

Chapter 851 Weird Noises

“Well, not really,” Cecilia said, “Your memory is pretty good as long as the environment doesn’t change. Typically, it only takes me three days to explain things to you, and you remember what’s where. You hardly need my help.” After speaking, she handed him the toothbrush. “Hurry up and brush your teeth so you can go to sleep.”

Nathaniel fell silent and began to freshen up.

After he finished washing his face and brushing his teeth, he asked, “Could you step out for a moment?”

Cecilia questioned, “Why?”

“I need to take a shower.”

After hearing this, Cecilia muttered under her breath, “It’s not like I haven’t seen you naked before.”

Nathaniel swiftly caught hold of her. “What did you just say?”

“Nothing,” Cecilia immediately said.

Nathaniel thought he must have misheard. Just as he was about to let her go, he suddenly heard strange noises and the sound of water coming from next door.

“Mason, you jerk! Get away from me!” Lucille’s voice cut through the air. Though it wasn’t loud, they could still make it out.

They were all adults, and they instantly understood what was happening in the next room.

Cecilia’s face visibly flushed red. Listening to the sound from next door while being held in Nathaniel’s

arms, she felt her cheeks burning s

Nathaniel’s breath hitched when he heard that. Gradually, he released Cecilia.

“You can go now. I’ll return to on my once I’m done with bath.”

“All right.” Cecilia couldn’t wait to get out of here.

Returning to the bed, she could no longer hear any noise from next door. She guessed that Lucille and Mason must be in the bathroom.

Thankfully, the two kids were asleep now. If they had heard the noise just now, she wouldn't have known how to explain it to them.

Several minutes later, Nathaniel stepped out of the bathroom after taking his bath.

He settled down to sleep on the bed next to Cecilia's.

Cecilia turned off the lights in the room.

The two children were sound asleep, yet both Cecilia and Nathaniel couldn't because Mason and Lucille seemed to have retreated to their room.

Only a thin wall separated both rooms, and the soundproofing wasn't particularly effective. Fortunately, Cecilia tried to fall asleep for a while, but to no avail. In the end, she gave up and rose from bed, tiptoeing out of the room.

In the mountain's embrace, the night carried a deep, lingering chill. Standing on the second-floor corridor, Cecilia gazed out into the pitch-black expanse, where a cool breeze swept by, tinged with the faint fragrance of wildflowers. Unlike the city's constant hum, she found herself drawn to the stillness of the mountains.

She had always carried a quiet dream: to one day retreat to a peaceful mountain village, where she could spend her days in solitude, tending to a garden and savoring the serenity of a life far removed from the world's rush.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps from behind.

Turning back, Cecilia was surprised to see Nathaniel come out.

"You're not asleep?" she asked.

"Yeah, Mason and Lucille are too noisy." Nathaniel fumbled his way over to Cecilia.

Cecilia felt rather awkward upon hearing him say they were noisy.

The two stood side by side, letting the wind wash over them. For once, they shared a rare moment of calm, free from their usual bickering.

Meanwhile, Zachary was also struggling to fall asleep. His room was next to Mason's as well.

He had fallen asleep, only to be awoken by the commotion next door.

Restless and annoyed, he rose from bed and exited his room, bumping into Vivian, who emerged from Eric's room.

Zachary's expression shifted instantly as he called out to her, "Vivian."

Vivian turned around in puzzlement, and her face fell when she saw Zachary. "What's the matter?"

"What do you think?" Zachary made his way toward her. "What were you doing in Eric's room so late at night?"

"Mind your own business." Vivian was about to leave, but Zachary grabbed the hood of her clothes, stopping her in her tracks.

They were standing outside Mason's door when they suddenly heard a noise from inside. Their expressions changed.

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Chapter 852 Climbing Up The Mountain

Zachary coughed, and the room fell silent.

He then led Vivian into his room.

Vivian panicked. "Zachary, you jerk, what are you planning to do? I'll call the police!"

Zachary furrowed his brows, releasing her and swiftly closing the door behind him. "I'm not that desperate."

Vivian let out a sigh of relief.

That's true. Zachary has never been interested in me; he surely won't do anything to me.

"Then why did you bring me into your room?" she asked.

He sat down, gazing up at her with a rare seriousness. "Vivian," he began, "regardless of anything else, we are an engaged couple in the eyes of others. I don't want people to think I'm cuckolded. If you truly have feelings for that pretty boy, you should tell Grandpa."

Only then did Vivian realize that he had misunderstood.

"Are you crazy? There's no hot water kettle in my room. I asked the landlord, and he said there's more in Eric's room."

“Where’s the hot water kettle?” Zachary didn’t buy her excuse. If she’s telling the truth, why was she acting so sneaky when she came out just now?

Vivian wasn’t afraid of him misunderstanding, but more so that he’d go around spreading rumors. Therefore, she felt compelled to explain further, “The door to Eric’s room was open. When I went in earlier, he was taking a shower.”

Zachary fell silent, realization dawning upon him.

No wonder... But I thought Vivian’s a pervert.

“Then you can use the one in my room. I don’t really need it anyway,” Zachary offered, in a rare gentlemanly manner.

Vivian took the kettle, thanked him, and then left.

After she left, the commotion next door finally ceased, allowing Zachary to sleep peacefully.

The following day, at the crack of dawn, everyone living next door to Lucille and Mason wore looks of exhaustion.

Vivian also yawned.

Everyone knew what had happened but chose to remain silent.

“Are we going camping today?” asked Vivian.

“Yes, I’ve arranged a variety of camping essentials for you guys. Feel free to take your pick,” said Eric.

The girls walked over, but before they could make their selection, some workers began transporting camping gear up from the foot of the mountain.

Mason said enthusiastically, “Mr. Palmer, you don’t need to bother. Mr. Rainsworth has arranged for someone to bring all the camping gear.”

Eric remained silent, but Cecilia felt a pang of discomfort. It seemed disrespectful, especially since Eric had gone through the trouble of preparing everything, only for his efforts to be set aside.

“We can still choose some.”

“Yeah, I’ll choose some, too. I enjoy setting up my own tent,” Vivian stated.

The girls showed Eric respect, displaying a remarkable level of emotional intelligence.

Once everyone was prepared, they began their ascent to the mountain's peak.

The area was already developed, with stone-paved roads leveled to perfection. Walking along these paths was quite effortless.

Eric helped Cecilia by taking her bag. "You're a lady, and you shouldn't be carrying things, especially when you're pregnant."

Cecilia was just carrying a handbag; the rest of her belongings were handled by the bodyguards.

She felt embarrassed to let Eric help her.

Zachary and the others cast murderous gazes in Eric's direction.

"This pretty boy sure knows how to win a girl's favor," Zachary teased Mason.

Mason nodded before rushing to Lucille's side. "Lucy, let me carry your water bottle for you. As my girlfriend, you shouldn't have to carry anything."

Zachary's face darkened instantly.

Vivian, holding a bag in one hand and a water bottle in the other, was left out.

"Vivian, if you don't mind, I can carry your bag and water for you." Jonathan, ever the considerate boy, offered to help when she needed it most.

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Chapter 853 Eric Had To Leave

Vivian sobbed. "Jon, you're the best."

She handed him her bag without hesitation.

Elliot also approached. "Vivian, I'll hold your bottle for you."

"You're such sweet babies!"

Cecilia looked at her two sons and was proud to see them care for girls at such a tender age.

She then looked at Nathaniel, the spitting image of the two children, and took note of his cold, reluctant expression. We're on a hiking trip and he should be enjoying himself. Why is he so different from his sons?

“Ceci, come here,” Vivian called out, already having wandered off into the distance. “These flowers are so beautiful. Let’s take a picture.”

“All right, I’ll be right over.”

“Slow down and watch out,” reminded Eric.

Cecilia nodded. “I know, don’t worry.”

Redbud Hill wasn’t tall, and their journey was quite smooth.

Even though she was pregnant, she had no issues walking this path.

Eric was about to catch up to her when suddenly, his phone rang. Picking it up, he was surprised to find that it was his manager calling.

“The boss has caught you in the act!” the manager cried out.

At that moment, Eric was still unaware that the boss his manager was referring to was none other than Nathaniel.

“How could that be? I haven’t even made a public appearance.” He walked aside to answer his phone.

“Why didn’t you answer your phone last night? The boss mentioned that you should hurry back to Alendor, or else you’ll face consequences. He’s going to sue you!”

“Sue me for what? Slacking off or skipping work?” Eric was unconcerned.

“He’s planning to sue you for neglecting your duties and hindering the company’s progress. Do you have any idea how much momentum Imminence Corporation has right now? You don’t want to be the first one cast aside, do you?” The manager’s voice trembled with frustration.

“All right, I’ll return tomorrow,” he said.

“No, you must come back immediately, or we’re done for. You may not care, but I care about my job.”

Hearing all this, Eric glanced over at Cecilia, who was not too far away.

“All right, I understand,” he said.

He hung up the phone and approached Cecilia. “Ceci, I’m really sorry,” he said, his tone apologetic. “I just got an unexpected work assignment and have to head back. I won’t be able to make it to the camping trip.”

Cecilia immediately responded, "Okay. It's fine. We can hang out together next time."

"Okay." Eric nodded, making his way down the mountain.

Meanwhile, Mason snickered. There won't be a next time. Don't even think about returning from Alendor in the next three years.

Last night, he had informed the head of Eric's management team, instructing them to pressure Eric's manager.

After Eric left, the three girls spent some time taking photos before focusing on reaching the mountain peak.

After a little over half an hour, they reached the mountain peak.

At the mountain's peak lay a tranquil, grassy plateau, seemingly untouched by tourists. There was hardly a soul in sight.

"Wow, the view from up here is stunning," Vivian exclaimed.

Lucille found the view amazing, too.

Cecilia found a clean patch of grass and sat down. Exhausted, Elliot collapsed beside her.

"Eli, are you feeling unwell?"

Elliot shook his head. "No."

He was particularly happy and felt great.

Jonathan reached into his backpack, handing him some snacks. "Here. Have something to eat first."

"All right, thank you."

The bodyguards descended the mountain after they finished setting up the tents.

Mason specifically prepared a barbecue, inviting Sven to join them.

Zachary and Nathaniel sat aside, drinking.

The scenery was breathtaking, and the atmosphere serene—until a single voice abruptly shattered the peace.

"Nathaniel, Cecilia, here you are!"

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Chapter 854 Zachary And Jessica

Nothing can be more distressing than running into someone you dislike when you’re just trying to relax and enjoy yourself.

Seeing Jessica dragging a suitcase and approaching them, Cecilia felt her mood sinking to an all-time low.

How did she manage to find us?

Jessica’s legs were on the brink of giving out. She had been searching for Cecilia and the others all night.

Had she not informed Nicholas and asked Nicholas to locate them, she might never have found Cecilia and her gang.

“Cecilia, I messaged you. Why didn’t you tell me where you were?” Jessica first approached Cecilia, stealing a glance at Nathaniel and Zachary.

Zachary’s here too?

“Sorry. There might have been an issue with my phone. I didn’t see it.”

Of course, Cecilia had seen the

I tell Jessica where I was hanging out?

“I see.”

but she wasn’t foolish enough to reply to her message. Why would

Jessica pretended not to mind. Glancing at Jonathan, who looked just like Elliot, her eyes lit up. “Are you Jonathan?”

Jonathan had heard Elliot speak of this woman before, knowing she was bad news and that she was not as innocent as she appeared.

“Yes,” he replied indifferently.

“What are you guys eating? Can you give me some? I’m like your sister.”

Sister?

Jonathan immediately retorted, "If you're like my sister, doesn't that mean you should call my mom your aunt and my dad your uncle?"

Jessica felt awkward. "I was just joking. I am your aunt."

Jonathan, however, wore a face full of confusion. "I don't think Mommy has sisters, and neither does Daddy. How could you possibly be my aunt? Is your last name Smith or Rainsworth?"

Jessica was left speechless. She never anticipated that a child barely four years old could demonstrate such clear and logical thinking.

Considering she still had plenty of time, she figured she could slowly win the child's heart.

Hence, she rose to her feet and trudged wearily toward Nathaniel and Zachary

Zachary finally noticed her. "You're Jessica, right?"

"Zachary," Jessica called out.

Zachary, oblivious to Jessica's true colors, was still under the impression that she was a simple, straightforward, and guileless girl.

"What brought you here?" he asked.

"I came to find Nathaniel and Cecilia," said Jessica as she sat down next to Zachary. "My grandfather found out that Zachary was blind and that Cecilia was pregnant, so he sent me here to take care of them."

Zachary couldn't help but laugh. "Are you sure? You're going to take care of them?"

"Yes. What's so funny?"

"You're so clumsy. Don't end up hurting them instead."

Jessica shook her head. "Of course, I won't. You sure love making jokes. I'm not the same tomboy I used to be."

"You're not? But you haven't even hit puberty yet," Zachary said straightforwardly.

"Nonsense!"

The two engaged in playful banter.

Zachary was oblivious to the disdain and revulsion in the others' eyes.

Lucille tugged at Vivian's clothes. "Vivian, be careful. She used to behave adorably around Mason, pretending to be an innocent child."

Vivian, enjoying the large cherries she brought with her, nonchalantly said, "It's okay once you get used to it."

Lucille was confused. How can one get used to someone like her?

Vivian never really cared for Zachary in the first place. Furthermore, she was well aware of his reputation with women, knowing that he had been involved with quite a few. One more wouldn't make any difference to her.

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Chapter 855 Playing Matchmaker

As Jessica and Zachary chatted enthusiastically, the former didn't forget to express concern for Nathaniel. "Are you cold? Would you like me to fetch a coat for you? The wind is quite strong up here in the mountains. We wouldn't want you catching a cold."

Nathaniel took a sip of his wine. "I'm not cold. No need."

Seeing his indifference, Zachary began stirring up trouble. "Nathaniel, it's not every day Ms. Quill serves someone. Don't embarrass her."

Vivian couldn't tolerate what he said.

Zachary enjoyed playing matchmaker for Nathaniel and Stella in the past, and now, he's trying to set up Jessica with Nathaniel?

She walked over and smacked the back of Zachary's head.

Zachary turned around, and upon seeing Vivian, he asked irritably, "What are you doing?"

Though he raised his voice, he dared not retaliate.

"Come over here," Vivian commanded.

Zachary was about to stand up and see what she was up to when Jessica chimed in, "Zachary, is this your wife? She looks much safer than those you've dated in the past."

Much safer? Is that a way to compliment a woman?

Vivian was no pushover. With a playful smile, she replied, “Oh, you flatter me! I’m nowhere near as safe as you are. Just look at you—thin as a reed, flat in the front and back. It’s no wonder you haven’t found a boyfriend yet!”

The color drained from Jessica’s face in an instant.

She had always seen herself as quite attractive, the quintessential girl–next–door. She believed that no man could resist her playful charm. Yet now, Vivian had painted her as someone unable to find a boyfriend.

“Zachary, your wife is quite fierce,” Jessica commented.

Zachary had encountered his fair share of women, yet he struggled to navigate the complex subtleties of their interactions. If he truly understood what made a woman pretentious, he wouldn’t have fallen for Stella’s deception in the first place.

“Don’t mind her. She’s always been like that,” Zachary said.

Jessica was taken aback.

She had thought that Zachary would speak up for her, but all he said was “don’t mind her.”

Vivian flashed her a smug smile. You’re still too green to compete with me.

She pulled Zachary aside.

“You’re asking me what’s up? What were you saying to Nathaniel just now?”

“I didn’t say much.” Zachary was perplexed.

“That Jessica’s bad news. She’s clearly interested in Nathaniel. And you’re playing matchmaker for them? Are you out of your mind?”

Vivian didn’t mind if Jessica’s target was Zachary, but Nathaniel belonged to Cecilia and couldn’t be snatched away by Jessica.

Puzzled, Zachary asked, “Are you serious? She’s just a tomboy. How could she possibly have feelings for Nathaniel?”

Vivian’s anger was quelled when she realized he wasn’t intentionally trying to play matchmaker between the two.

“Anyway, you always say you’re guilty toward Cecilia, right? Just don’t repeat the foolish thing you did just now,” Vivian warned.

Zachary's annoyance vanished when Cecilia was mentioned. "Fine. I understand."

Reflecting on her words, he thought it made sense. After all, Jessica was now an adult. Even though she used to be a little girl, it was important to be mindful of boundaries.

Only then did Vivian let him go.

At that moment, Mason called out, "The barbecue is ready. Come and eat."

Immediately, Jessica turned to Nathaniel and said, "I'll go get you some barbecue. Wait for me."

Before Nathaniel could even say no, Jessica had already made her way to Mason and Sven. "Could you please pack all of these up for me?"

"All these?" Mason was puzzled, "Why do you need so much?"

"I'm bringing it over for Nathaniel," Jessica stated matter-of-factly. "Is there a problem?"

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Chapter 856 Annoying Jessica

"Everyone else hasn't eaten yet." Ever since Mason discovered that she was a scheming woman and not the innocent sweetheart he thought she was, he found her disgusting.

She's way too selfish.

"Then why don't you two roast some more? We still have plenty of ingredients left." Jessica didn't seem to mind. When Sven and Mason did not do as told, she took matters into her own hands. She placed all the grilled skewers into two plates, preparing to take them all away.

Mason walked up to her and unceremoniously took the two plates from her hands. "If you're hungry, buy your own ingredients and cook them yourself," he said, his face cold and impassive. "I'll deliver Mr. Rainsworth's portion over to him. You don't need to worry about it."

Cecilia and Lucille approached with Elliot and Jonathan.

Observing Mason's attitude toward Jessica, Lucille forgave him for dining with Jessica in private.

Lucille stepped forward, gently nudging the stunned Jessica aside. She grabbed some meat and vegetable skewers from Mason's plate and handed them to the two children.

Elliot, due to his illness, could only enjoy a little bit of barbecue before eating the meal that Cecilia had specially prepared for him.

“Thank you, Ms. Campbell, Mr. Sanders, and Mr. Sven.” Even the kids were more polite than Jessica.

Lucille said with a smile, “You’re welcome, sweetheart. You’re even more polite than some adults.”

She was clearly referring to Jessica.

Jessica, catching her implication, moved aside sheepishly, wearing a sour expression.

Mason distributed the freshly grilled skewers one by one, reserving a portion specifically for Nathaniel.

Everyone except Jessica had a share of skewers.

Had she been in the city, Jessica wouldn’t have been interested in these skewers that she considered to be junk food.

Yet, she was now in the mountains, and in her quest to find Nathaniel and his group, she hadn’t eaten anything. Moreover, the only things she had brought with her in her suitcase were cosmetics and clothes.

The tantalizing aroma of barbecue wafted through the air, making her stomach grumble with hunger.

Zachary, clueless, walked over and asked, “Ms. Quill, why aren’t you eating?”

Jessica lowered her head. “I didn’t bring any ingredients. Mason told me to bring my own and cook it myself.”

“Since when did Mason become so stingy? Come on, eat up. How much could these possibly cost?” Zachary handed Jessica some skewers.

Vivian was sitting next to Cecilia and Lucille, watching Zachary. She shook her head. “As long as a woman

“It’s okay; it’s just some food. We wouldn’t want her to return to the Quill family and tell the elders that we’ve been treating her poorly, leaving her with nothing to eat,” Cecilia said.

“You’re right.” Vivian nodded in agreement..

The trio began gossiping.

Jessica understood that in this situation, only Zachary would come to her aid.

“Zachary, I’ll go grill more,” she offered.

Zachary glanced toward Vivian and her group. “You’re our guest. Why should you do it?”

“But...” Jessica lowered her head.

“I’ll do it.” Zachary stood up and said to Vivian, “Don’t just eat. Let Mason and Sven take a break. Come and grill with me.”

Vivian hadn’t paid attention to Jessica’s conversation with Zachary. Finding Zachary’s words reasonable, she rose to join him. “Okay.”

Lucille also said, “I’ll help out, too.”

When Cecilia got up to follow suit, she was stopped by Zachary. “You’re pregnant. Just sit and rest. Don’t overwork yourself.”

“Yes, just leave it to us,” Lucille advised.

Cecilia didn’t insist.

Vivian and the others took over Mason and Sven’s job. After a while, Vivian soon noticed that Jessica wasn’t doing much of anything. She was wandering around idly, chatting with Nathaniel and taking photos.

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Chapter 857 She Is Our Guest

Vivian’s mood immediately soured. “Zachary, why didn’t you ask Jessica to help out? Is she pregnant too?”

Zachary said, “She’s our guest.”

“Guest? Didn’t she come to take care of Nathaniel and Ceci? Why are we serving her now?” Vivian was fine with serving Nathaniel, whom she used to dislike, but there was no way she would serve Jessica.

“Why are you being so petty?”

“I’m being petty?” Vivian snapped, her anger flaring. Here she was, grilling skewers and reeking of cooking fumes, while not far away, Jessica was pretentiously posing for

photos under a redbud tree, skewer in hand. Even Cecilia, pregnant as she was, had come over to help carry ingredients and sprinkle insect repellent in every tent.

Vivian dragged Lucille away. "Lucy, let's go. Since he enjoys being a simp, we should let him do so."

"Huh?" Before Lucille could react, Vivian had already pulled her aside.

Zachary was bewildered.

Vivian halted Sven and Mason. "Gentlemen, you don't have to help him. We're all friends now, not superiors and subordinates. Since he's willing to do all the work, we should let him do it."

Sven didn't know Zachary well enough.

However, Mason was acutely aware that Zachary was not one to be trifled with.

Witnessing Vivian's audacious actions toward Zachary, Mason understood why George was willing to accept her as his granddaughter-in-law, even if she came with a child.

An unruly, stubborn man like Zachary indeed needed a wife who was bolder and dared to keep him in check.

"Vivian, you..." Zachary was on the verge of losing his temper.

That was when Jonathan cast a glance over. "Mr. Zachary, great-grandpa told me to report to him if you don't listen to Vivian. I think it'll take less than an hour for great-grandpa to get here by plane."

Zachary surrendered.

Even if George wasn't on Vivian's side, he would still submit to Vivian for two reasons—Vivian and Cecilia were best friends, and he had already grown accustomed to Vivian's scolding.

"A woman like her will never find a husband," Zachary muttered.

Jessica noticed the situation over here and made her way to Zachary. "Let me help you."

"You've become sensible," praised Zachary.

With a radiant smile, Jessica took out a tissue and dabbed Zachary's sweat away. "Of course," she said, "I've grown up now, so stop treating me like a child."

Ever since Zachary's engagement to Vivian, George had been keeping a close eye on Zachary. He forbade him from associating with other women, be they actresses or models. It had been a long time since he had experienced the allure of a gentle woman.

Back when he was nice to Stella, it was merely a casual fling since he was still involved with his girlfriend.

Vivian felt disgusted watching their interaction.

Before long, more food was grilled, and Jessica personally brought it over to them.

She said to Vivian deliberately, "Vivian, Zachary is a charming man. I know your family background is modest, and you should feel lucky to be able to marry him. You shouldn't embarrass him in front of others."

The Kennedy family was also affluent, yet compared to the Sinclair family, their financial status was quite ordinary.

Jessica couldn't fathom what kind of extraordinary luck Vivian had stumbled upon to have caught George's eye.

"What does that have to do without you?" Vivian asked.

"Huh?" Jessica didn't catch on.

"Stop being a busybody," Vivian snapped.

Jessica's face flushed at her words.

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Chapter 858 I Think They All Dislike Me

"You!" Jessica stomped her foot, acting pitiful.

"What's your problem? What I do has nothing to do with you. Besides, your family has ties with the Rainsworth family, not the Sinclair family. If you have a problem with me, you can have Zachary confront me!" Vivian would never tolerate such a shameless woman.

Jessica, left speechless, turned to Cecilia and hoped to gain her support. "Cecilia..."

Of course, Cecilia would choose to take her best friend's side.

Acting as if she didn't hear Jessica, she chatted with Lucille.

All three of them ignored Jessica.

Jessica could only bring the skewers over to Nathaniel and the others. She offered Nathaniel some, but the latter turned her down, so she approached Mason and Sven.

“Mason, I was wrong. Please don’t be mad at me anymore. I’ve grilled these for you,” she said.

Without even sparing her a glance, Mason said, “I’m sorry, but I’m already full.”

Jessica felt incredibly awkward as she offered the food to Sven, “Mr. Sven, would you like to try some? They are quite tasty.”

“No need,” Sven responded coldly.

Facing repeated failures, Jessica turned her attention to the two children.

Before she could even approach them, she heard Elliot say, “Aunt Jessica, we don’t want any either.”

She brought the skewers back to Zachary.

Zachary found it odd. “Are they all full? Should we keep grilling?”

“It’s fine. Let’s grill more. We can have it as a late–night snack,” Jessica said, looking rather pitiful.

Immediately, Zachary noticed her listless demeanor. “What’s wrong? You seem unhappy.”

With her head hung low, Jessica shed tears. They came unbidden, rolling down her cheeks. “Zachary, I don’t understand why, but I think they all dislike me and are all against me. I feel like I’ve been isolated.”

Zachary glanced around. “Are you sure you’re not overthinking? If they all dislike you, maybe it’s time to consider whether the problem lies with you.”

Despite Jessica’s beauty, Zachary wasn’t entirely under her spell; he still had some sense left,

Jessica was instantly rendered speechless.

“Perhaps. Nathaniel is still kind to me,” Jessica explained.

“Yeah. Even though you act like a boy, you’re not bad-looking. It’s perfectly normal for women to not like you since you’re pretty.” Zachary had a knack for comforting others. With just a few words, he managed to

After everyone had eaten their fill, Zachary stopped grilling.

Instead of spending time with the girls, he approached Nathaniel and the others, chatting and drinking with them.

Meanwhile, the three girls there were having a great time.

Elliot and Jonathan enjoyed themselves, too; Elliot even started a live stream.

“Hey, it’s been a while,” he greeted his viewers.

As soon as he logged on, a multitude of fans flooded into the live room.

Fan A: Jon, darling! We’ve missed you so much!

Fan B: Yeah, why didn’t you start a live stream yesterday?

Fan C: Jon, are you on a mountain now? There are so many redbuds.

The chat room was teeming with fans who were incredibly generous, showering Elliot with gifts.

Elliot, delighted by their support, stood in front of the screen and spoke in a sweet voice. “I miss you all too. Today, I came to Redbud Hill with my mommy and daddy.”

The fans called him affectionate nicknames, sending him kisses, so much so that Jonathan, who was reading nearby, shuddered in disgust.

He gently nudged Elliot, who pressed mute and asked, “What is it, Jon?”

“Is this how you manage your fans?”

“Yeah! You said they are my gods, so of course, I have to treat them well.”

Jonathan was at a loss for words, but he couldn’t deny that what Elliot said was true.

As Elliot resumed his live stream, a face suddenly barged into the camera, stealing the spotlight.

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Chapter 859 The Nanny

It was Jessica. Standing before the camera, she waved to the audience, saying, "Hi."

The fans immediately commented: Jon, who is this beautiful lady?

Fan A: Jon, do you not love us anymore?

Fan B: She looks beautiful.

The fans showered Jessica with compliments.

Jessica's lips curved into a smile as she explained, "I am Jon's..."

Elliot, regaining his senses, quickly cut Jessica off, "This is our nanny. She's been taking care of my mom since she got pregnant with my little sisters."

Jessica's expression stiffened.

Nanny?

Although she was there to take care of Cecilia and Nathaniel, she didn't want to be labeled as a nanny, especially not in front of a live audience.

She glanced at the screen, astounded to see that the number of live viewers had reached a staggering eight million.

Numerous people were typing responses.

Fan C. Ah, so she's the nanny. Jon sure lives like a prince. Even his nanny is so young and beautiful.

Fan D: Jon's mom is more beautiful. The nanny seems too young and clueless.

Fan E: Yes, I think that when it comes to caring for a pregnant woman, it's best to find someone older, someone with experience. This young lady here doesn't seem to have given birth before.

Jessica's expression soured. How could I possibly be less attractive than a disfigured old woman? These netizens' tastes are weird! ~

Wake

Naturally, Elliot could sense that Jessica was upset. He intentionally asked her, "Aren't you going to take care of my mom?"

Pausing, Jessica responded, "All right, I'll go now."

She left reluctantly.

The majority of the fans were women who could instantly discern that Jessica was no good.

They cautioned Elliot: Jon, you need to be careful. Perhaps you should ask your father to hire a different nanny.

Another fan commented: Yeah, get a new one. This one doesn't seem reliable.

Everyone wanted to protect Elliot from harm woman said she came to repay a favor. We didn't hire her."

Repay a favor?

Fans began digging online for details about Jessica. Using her face, they managed to track down and uncover information about her.

Fan A: I saw her. This Jessica is from a prominent family.

Fan B: Yeah, it seems like she's from a wealthy family. She's working as a nanny?

Fan C: She clearly has ulterior motives. Jon should be in a wealthy family. Could this woman be after Jon's father?

Fan D: Jon's father is Zachary, right? The one who appeared on screen earlier. The Quill family simply can't compare to the Sinclair family. No wonder that woman's thinking of becoming Jon's stepmother.

The fans unearthed a huge secret, and soon even the media picked up on it. As public opinion spiraled, Elliot watched the chaos unfold. Aunt Jessica, you have only yourself to blame for barging into my live stream. It's not my fault you're now at the center of the storm.

He ended the live stream, but not before capturing the scenic views of Redbud Hill for his fans to enjoy.

Jonathan observed his brother every now and then. For the first time, he admired Elliot.

"You know the power of public opinion? That's a surprise," he commented, leaning over to Elliot. Looks like he's become more mature when there are no adults around.

"Jon, I need your help to amplify the public opinion," said Elliot.

For Jonathan, stirring up public opinion was a piece of cake.

“Let’s wait until tomorrow morning.”

“All right.”

As day quickly faded into night, the last traces of light vanished from the mountain. One by one, everyone retreated into their tents.

Only then did Jessica realize she didn’t have a tent of her own,

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 860

Chapter 860 Share A Tent

There were only five tents in total. Sven had one, Zachary another. Cecilia and Nathaniel shared the larger tent with the two children, while Lucille and Mason shared one as well. The last tent belonged to Vivian.

Watching everyone return to their tents to sleep, Jessica grasped Zachary’s hand. “Zachary, I didn’t bring a tent.”

“You came camping without even bringing a tent?” Zachary was at a loss for words.

As luck would have it, rain began to fall.

As everyone else had already settled into their tents, Jessica stood under the dim light, clinging to Zachary with a pitiful expression. “I thought they sold tents up here,” she said softly, “that’s why I didn’t bring one.”

Hearing this, Zachary led her to Vivian’s tent.

Vivian had specifically prepared a kerosene lamp, intending to experience the ambiance of camping on the mountaintop.

Just as she had lit it, the zipper of the tent was pulled open, revealing Zachary’s handsome yet annoyingly punchable face.

“Is there something you need?” she asked, irritated.

Zachary took a moment to size up her pink tent. It wasn’t particularly large, but it seemed sufficient to accommodate two girls.

“Jessica has nowhere to stay. Would you let

“Huh?” Vivian widened her eye

Her share a tent with you?”

Peeking out from

behind Zacha

spoke up. "Vivian, it's raining outside. Can we come in and talk?"

to fight. If she knew how to fight, she would've beaten the audacious

Vivian hated that she didn't know how Zachary and the pretentious Jessica by now.

"Get lost! She can sleep wherever she wants, even with you. Don't dirty my tent," she snapped.

Setting aside the fact that she had just met Jessica today, the fact that Jessica wouldn't stop throwing shade at her filled her with such anger that she would never share a tent with her. If she were to share a tent with her, she'd be p*ssed to death.

Zachary hadn't expected Vivian to be so agitated. "Fine! If you don't want to, then just say so. Why are you so angry?"

Vivian zipped up the tent.

It seemed as though the rain was getting heavier.

Zachary had no other choice but to let Jessica go to his tent first.

Jessica clenched her fists. "Is there any space in Nathaniel's tent?"

"Nathaniel's sleeping with his wife and kids. Of course they have no room left."

"I'll go and ask."

Zachary watched her retreating figure with a sense of puzzlement.

Meanwhile, inside the largest tent on the mountain, Elliot was urging Cecilia and Nathaniel to tell him ghost stories.

Cecilia had no idea what was going on in his mind. "Eli, those are all fake. There's no such thing as ghosts in this world."

"I just want to hear ghost stories," Elliot said. Aware of Cecilia's timid nature, he thought she might just end up in Nathaniel's embrace.

He learned all that from television.

On television, couples would watch horror movies together. Whenever a terrifying scene would come up, they would cling to each other.

Cecilia would've been shocked if she knew what was going on in Elliot's mind right now.

She was just about to humor Elliot and brush him off when a figure appeared outside the tent.

Seeing that, she gave a start.

"Nathaniel, Cecilia?" Upon hearing Jessica's voice, Cecilia breathed a sigh of relief and told herself to stop overthinking.

Cecilia unzipped the tent.

Jessica asked, "Your tent is quite spacious. Would you mind if I stayed here for the night? I didn't bring a tent, and Vivian won't let me stay with her."

Cecilia was utterly astounded by her audacity.

She was married to Nathaniel, so it was only natural for them to share a tent.

And now she's asking to sleep in our tent?

Rendered speechless by this weirdo, Cecilia was about to say no when, surprisingly, Nathaniel spoke up.