

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 601

Chapter 601 What Did I See In Him.

The answer took Cecilia by surprise.

Vivian informed Cecilia that Ernest sought her out to tell her not to marry Zachary

Naturally, she didn’t listen to Ernest. During their argument, Ernest kissed her against her will.

As luck would have it, Zachary witnessed the scene and immediately rushed over, throwing a punch at Ernest. Yet, Ernest was not one to back down easily. The two of them started brawling right then and there.

Cecilia frowned. “What on earth does Ernest want? Hasn’t he already gotten married? Why is he stopping you from getting married and even treated you like that? What a sc*mbag.”

Vivian nodded. “Yeah, I was so mad at him that I hoped I could tear him into pieces.”

She leaned back in her chair, taking a deep breath and laughing self-deprecatingly. “I really don’t know what I saw in him. Maybe it was his good looks. I’ve never seen a man as pretty as him.”

Cecilia thought Zachary’s looks was on par with Ernest’s.

However, Vivian didn’t take a liking to Zachary. It was simply a matter of vibe.

“I’m going crazy, Ceci,” Vivian said, hugging Cecilia.

Cecilia patted her shoulder. “Vivian, think it through. Don’t do something you’ll regret.”

She knew that everyone had their own path. Others could only serve as guiding lights and couldn’t travel the journey for them.

“Yeah, I know,”

Vivian sent Cecilia home, asking along the way, “Ceci, do you think I’m foolish? If I hadn’t stopped Zachary just now, Ernest might’ve been dead already, I spotted Zachary’s bodyguards following him.”

Cecilia shook her head. “Don’t do things that go against your conscience. That’s all that matters.”

“All right.”

Vivian got back into her car, waving goodbye to Cecilia.

Matters of the heart are often beyond one's control. Despite knowing it wasn't right, Vivian couldn't help showing kindness and mercy toward Ernest, who had hurt her.

When Cecilia returned to Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel had yet to come home.

She glanced at the time; it was already nine in the evening. She wondered what Nathaniel might be doing at this hour.

Recently, Elliot's health had begun to improve. He went to sleep early. With nothing else to do, she went to bed.

Cecilia turned on her phone and scrolled through it.

The sixth trending topic online was about Zachary hitting Ernest.

Despite the fact that both Zachary and Ernest were involved in the brawl, the trending news would depict Zachary as the assailant.

The Sinclair family was incredibly wealthy and news of the heir of the Sinclair family resorting to violence was bound to draw public attention.

Scanning the news, Cecilia checked the trending topics of herself and Eric, only to find that hers had been removed. Now, the top trending news was about Eric joining Imminence Corporation.

She opened the news article and read the countless comments beneath it.

Eric had been with Imminence Corporation before, but they did a great job with their marketing.

Wondering how Eric could possibly be involved with a married woman. Turns out it was.

Werner C. The misunderstood should all apologize.

The number of Eric's fans increased once again, even surpassing the previous count.

Cecilia breathed a sigh of relief.

Unbeknownst to her, all this was short-lived, a brief moment of glory. It wouldn't be long before

the word came about Eric's downfall.

In the building of Imminence Corporation, Mason informed Nathaniel that most businesses in Duschunnen of Imminence Corporation capitalizing on their vulnerability, seizing the

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When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 602

Chapter 602 What Should You Call Me

After arranging everything, Nathaniel finally finished his work for the day.

Upon reaching the entrance of Daltonia Villa, he didn’t get out of the car, instead, he stayed. seated inside.

“Boss, we’re here,” Mason reminded him once more.

Only then did Nathaniel step out of the car.

Cecilia was scrolling through her phone on the couch when fatigue overcame her, and she fell asleep.

When Nathaniel entered and heard from the housekeeper that Cecilia was sleeping on the couch, he walked over and touched her arm, intending to wake her up..

“Nicholas...” she mumbled.

At the gathering that day, Nicholas had also grabbed her arm, and instinctively, she called out his name.

Immediately, Nathaniel moved his hand away.

Cecilia was jolted awake by her own sleep–talking. Opening her eyes, she found Nathaniel standing in front of her, his face a mask of icy indifference.

“You’re back,” she said.

Nathaniel did not respond, making his way upstairs without a response.

Ignored, Cecilia watched him leave, not knowing what to say.

At night, Nathaniel slept in his own room, and Cecilia slept alone.

When Elliot got up to use the bathroom, he noticed it was already three in the morning. He couldn't remember when he had fallen asleep.

He headed toward Cecilia's room, pushed the door open, and found his mom lying alone on the bed.

"Where's sc*mbag daddy?" he wondered to himself.

He exited the room, making his way to Nathaniel's room and pushed the door open, finding it was unlocked.

Under the dim light, he saw Nathaniel lying motionlessly on the bed.

He was still awake at that hour. His heart clenched in anticipation when he heard the sound of the door opening. "Cecilia?"

"It's me." The boy's soft voice rang out.

Disappointment was etched all over Nathaniel's face. "Can I help you?" "Why aren't you in bed with Mommy?" Elliot toddled in, a look of confusion on his face.

Nathaniel spoke with a hint of irritation. "Why didn't you ask her why she isn't in bed with me?"

Elliot had also seen the news online. Standing on his tiptoes, he patted Nathaniel's shoulder and spoke with maturity that belied his age. "We, as men, need to be the bigger man. Even though Eric might be a tad more handsome and a bit younger than you, he and my mom didn't give birth to such adorable children like my brother and I."

Nathaniel's face instantly darkened. "Is he more handsome than me?"

"He's a celebrity. Of course, he is more handsome than you," Elliot said, though deep down, he thought his father was more handsome and masculine.

However, he couldn't praise Nathaniel just because he was his father. What if he becomes too arrogant, strutting around and neglecting Mommy? I must be smart.

"Being handsome doesn't pay the bills. You're richer than him, aren't you, sc*mbag daddy?" Elliot blurted out. As soon as the words "sc*mbag daddy" left his mouth, he widened his eyes and covered his mouth in surprise.

Why did I say my thoughts out loud?

Nathaniel didn't mind the way Elliot addressed him.

Quickly changing the subject, Elliot asked, "By the way, how much money do you have? Can you share that with me?"

Jon and I are bound to inherit his wealth sooner or later anyway.

"Want to know?" Nathaniel, in a foul mood, felt like teasing the little rascal.

Elliot nodded profusely.

"What should you call me?"

"Daddy."

"Are you going to behave?"

"Yes."

Good boy. Behave and don't ask unnecessary questions.

Elliot was speechless.

In the end, a huffy Elliot was escorted out of the room by Nathaniel.

After the boy was out of the room, Nathaniel closed the door with a resounding thud. Elliot tried opening it again but found it was already locked from the inside.

Left alone outside, he cursed under his breath, "Darn it..."

He then sighed, muttering to himself, "What should I do? Why are they fighting?"

Elliot felt that he needed to think carefully about how to help the two of them overcome their emotional barriers and make up.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 603

Chapter 603 Blind Man And Deaf Woman

through the bedroom window in

The weather had unexpectedly warmed, and sunlight strewn outside had melted, leaving only soft, golden specks. By the time Cecilia awoke, most of the faint traces behind.

She glanced at the clock—it was already nine in the morning. Today was the day she would visit the hospital to have her bandages removed.

Just as Cecilia was about to leave the house after getting everything ready for Elliot, he grabbed her hand, stopping her in her tracks. “Mommy, Mr. Rainsworth is really my daddy, isn’t he?” he asked, his voice small but insistent.

Cecilia knew this moment would come eventually. With a deep breath, she nodded. “Yes.”

“Mommy, I have a daddy now. I’m not an unwanted child anymore, right?” Elliot’s eyes sparkled with hope.

The words “unwanted child” hit Cecilia like a wave of guilt, stirring a deep discomfort within her. She came to realize just how much her sons had suffered alongside her over the years.

“Of course, you and Jon have a daddy and a mommy,” she said.

Elliot replied, “Mommy, when you come back from the hospital today, let’s go visit Jon at the kindergarten with Daddy. It will be a nice surprise for him.”

Hearing that, Cecilia thought of how Nathaniel had been giving her the cold shoulder and wondered whether he would agree.

“Eli, if you want to see Jon, we can go ourselves.” Pausing, she explained, “Daddy might be busy with work, so he may not have time.”

“I asked him yesterday. He said he has time in the afternoon,” Elliot stated matter-of-factly. Cecilia found herself in a difficult position, unable to either refuse or agree.

“Mommy, please,” Elliot pleaded, gently shaking Cecilia’s hand.

Cecilia said with resignation, “All right then.”

“I’ll wait for you and Daddy to come home,” Elliot said, his eyes brimming with happiness.

For some reason, a sense of unease crept over Cecilia as she watched Elliot so readily accept Nathaniel as his father and start calling him “Daddy.” It felt as though the son she had raised was being taken away from her in an instant.

Still, she knew she couldn’t be selfish. From what it seemed, Nathaniel and the Rainsworth family would treat both brothers well. They deserved the chance to experience their father’s love and the care that came with being part of the Rainsworth family.

She made her way to the hospital. After confirming that her wounds had healed, the doctor carefully removed the gauze from her face.

A scar now traced across her skin—a harsh reminder of just how mathless Cecilia had been to herself.

“Surgery will be necessary later to fully heal. Otherwise, the scar will remain for life” the doctor said, glancing at Cecilia’s once—beautiful face now marked by the wound, fasting worry for her.

“All right, I understand.” Although Cecilia seemed calm, she still found herself instinctively trying to hide the scar on her face when she left the hospital.

Miranda was taking her son for a follow-up check when she happened to see Catlin mepping out, her face marred by a terrifying scar. She couldn’t help but make a sarcastic read. “Well well. Looks like karma finally caught up with you.”

Felix also made a face at Cecilia. “Ew. Mommy, her face is so ugly.”

Miranda’s lips curled into a sly smile as she advised her son, “Remember, darling, we must avoid doing wrong. If we don’t, karma might catch up with us, and we could end up just like her”

Cecilia felt that Miranda’s way of educating her child would eventually lead to mobile

She didn’t pay any attention to the two of them and just kept on walking.

Miranda wouldn’t stop talking. “Why didn’t your blind husband come with you today? A blind man and a deaf woman, what a perfect match indeed.”

At the sound of the insulting words, Cecilia stopped in her tracks, her hands clenching into tight fists.

She still had to pick up Elliot and go visit Jonathan, so she continued to ignore Miranda.

Miranda watched her retreating figure and continued pushing her luck, taunting Cecilia.

In the past, she had always envied Cecilia, thinking she was lucky to have married Nathaniel. Bar now, she realized that Adrian was the better choice. At least he wasn’t blind and had his own career.

She said to Felix, “Felix, let’s go to kindergarten.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 604

Chapter 604 Jonathan Is Dangerous.

Before heading to the office that morning, Nathaniel was stopped by Elliot, who told him that Jonathan wanted to see him and asked him to come to the kindergarten in the afternoon.

He thought it was about time to meet Jonathan, so he agreed.

In the afternoon, he had the driver take him home.

When he reached home, Cecilia and Elliot were ready and were waiting for him.

Elliot called out, “Daddy.”

Nathaniel hummed in response.

Cecilia stepped forward, saying, “Let’s go.”

She had already called Vivian and informed her that the Sinclair family’s driver didn’t need to pick up Jonathan at kindergarten today.

The family of three settled into the car, yet an unusual silence filled the space.

Elliot sat between Cecilia and Nathaniel, thinking he should do something to ease the tension. “Mommy, why aren’t you and Daddy holding hands? The other kids’ parents always hold hands,” he said, looking out the window at the sidewalk, where parents and their children were walking. Cecilia saw it too. She glanced at Nathaniel’s stern, cold face, quickly averting her gaze.

The next moment, Nathaniel held out his hand.

Elliot intervened, “Mommy, hold hands with Daddy.”

Cecilia gazed at Nathaniel’s large hand and gently placed her palm in it. In the next moment, he closed his grip around her hand.

As they arrived at the kindergarten, Nathaniel held Cecilia’s left hand, while—Elliot grasped her right. Together, the three of them stood out prominently amidst the crowd.

Numerous eyes turned their way, including Miranda’s. Amidst the crowd of mothers, she overheard someone mention a strikingly handsome man. Curious, she looked over and was taken aback to see that the couple was Cecilia and Nathaniel.

“What are they doing here?” she said.

“Ms. Miranda, do you know them?” a wealthy lady asked.

Upon hearing this, Miranda couldn’t help but scoff. “Of course, I know her. That woman with the scar on her face is Cecilia, my husband’s cousin’s wife.”

“Your husband’s cousin? Is he Nathaniel?” a woman exclaimed in surprise.

“No wonder he’s so handsome. That boy must be their son. He’s so adorable! He’s like an actor who stepped right out of a TV show.”

Hearing the compliments around her, Miranda scoffed. “What’s the point of being handsome if he’s blind? Haven’t you heard?”

“Huh? He’s blind?”

“What a pity.”

“Nathaniel did my husband dirty back then. Serves him right.”

“What are they doing here? Is their son studying here too?”

The mothers chatted and gossiped. Miranda had inquired about their other child and learned that his name was Jonathan, who was apparently attending this very school.

“Yes, they have another son named Jonathan who is in the same class as our child.”

“That kid who won the mathematical olympiad?” one of the moms exclaimed in surprise.

Miranda had no idea that Jonathan was the champion of the mathematical olympiad. She was surprised but concealed it, lowering her voice. “So what if he’s good at math? Their son is at criminal! My son, Felix, was nearly killed by their son a few days ago. You all need to be careful.”

Most of the people picking up the children were mothers. Upon hearing Miranda’s remark that Jonathan was dangerous, their expressions shifted to uneasy glances toward Cecilia and the others.

Cecilia was focused on waiting for Jonathan, oblivious to the odd looks she was receiving.

School was finally over. Jonathan knew his mom was coming to pick him up that day, so he had already packed his bag and was ready to leave.

Felix, however, stopped him. “Hey, Jon, are you Elliot’s older brother?”

Jonathan rolled his eyes at Felix. “You’re only realizing this now?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 605

Chapter 605 Homeschooling Or Kindergarten

Felix was dumbstruck. “So, you’re also my Uncle Nathaniel’s son?”

Jonathan fell silent upon hearing that question.

Felix took his silence as a yes and asked, “How could you deceive me?”

“What have I deceived you about?” Jonathan asked in return.

“Didn’t you say Zachary was your father?” Felix’s face flushed crimson from anger.

“I didn’t say that. You were the ones who said that.” Jonathan slung his bag over his shoulder, his gaze frosty as he asked, “Is that all you have to say?”

Felix, startled by his icy gaze, took a step back. “Y–Yes. That’s all.”

Jonathan turned and left, leaving Felix seething with anger in the classroom. “Dang it! How dare you lie to me? And I considered you a friend!”

A glint of icy resolve flashed in his eyes. “No one can usurp my position in the Rainsworth family.”

As Jonathan stepped out of the school gate, he immediately spotted his parents in the crowd.

He quickly approached them.

“Jon.” Cecilia waved at him.

Jonathan greeted his mother with a smile, “Mommy.”

Then, he turned his gaze to Nathaniel, but instead of calling him “Daddy,” he said, “Mr. Rainsworth.”

Jonathan had spent a lot of time with Nathaniel before. His feelings had changed from dislike to something more neutral, but he still didn’t feel close enough to Nathaniel to call him “Daddy.”

Nathaniel nodded in response. Taking Cecilia’s hand, he was about to turn and leave with them. when a mother approached them.

“You must be this boy’s parents. Would you like to join our parents’ group chat? We use it to notify paren about any school activities,” the woman offered.

Cecilia never knew there was a parents’ group chat. Without any hesitation, she took out her phone, added that woman on WhatsApp, and joined the group chat.

After Cecilia left, the woman said to Miranda, “She has joined the group.”

Miranda nodded. “Thank you, Mrs. Veymar.”

“You’re welcome, Ms. Miranda,” said the woman, Priscilla Carey.

Miranda, having not much work to keep her occupied, joined the parents' association. Owing to the Rainsworth family's investment in the kindergarten, she rose to the position of the association's president.

Most mothers, in their quest to secure better opportunities for their children, would go out of their way to curry favor with Miranda.

"I remember the school is planning a field trip abroad for the students next week, right? Parents will need to provide various items required for the trip. Mrs. Veymar, could you tell Cecilia in private to attend the parent-teacher meeting tomorrow?" said Miranda.

"All right," Priscilla agreed instantly. She sent a message to Cecilia right then and there.

Cecilia had just settled into the car when she saw a message from the woman who told her about the group chat.

It read: Ms. Cecilia, I'm Dorothy's mom. I'm messaging you to inform you that there's a parents' meeting organized for tomorrow. We're going to discuss the students' overseas trip planned for next week.

Upon seeing the message, Cecilia replied: All right.

She then asked Jonathan, "Jon, is the school planning an overseas trip?"

Cecilia, who was raised by Martha, was surprised to find that elite preschools now organize overseas trips for young children.

Jonathan, reading, nodded. "Yes, the teacher did mention that."

"Will parents be allowed to go?" Cecilia asked.

Jonathan shook his head. "I don't think so. The teacher said that while we're abroad, each of us will have a dedicated tutor for one-on-one assistance."

Knowing that her son would be cared for, Cecilia felt at ease.

Elliot was envious of Jonathan, who got to travel overseas. "Mommy, when can I go to school like Jon?"

Just as Cecilia was about to say he could go to school after recovering from his illness, Nathaniel spoke up. "Homeschooling or kindergarten, pick one."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 606

Chapter 606 People In Love Tend To Bicker

There wasn't a need to choose. Of course, Elliot wished to attend kindergarten just like his brother.

Before Cecilia could say anything, Elliot eagerly hugged Nathaniel and said ingratiatingly, "I want to go to kindergarten. Daddy, you're the best. Can you let me attend the same kindergarten as Jon?"

Jonathan couldn't hide his disdain upon seeing how shameless and sycophantic his brother was. I don't want Eli to attend the same school as me.

"No way," he said.

Elliot resembled Jonathan closely but had a natural talent for charming others and playing the sympathy card. No matter where he went, he was always the center of attention. Whenever Elliot turned on his charm, Jonathan never stood a chance.

Elliot hadn't anticipated Jonathan's rejection. He looked at him pitifully. "Why? Do you not love me anymore?"

Jonathan frowned in disdain, hoping he could tear up his book and use it to silence Elliot.

"Keep that up and I'll throw you out of the car," he said coldly.

His expression and antics were a carbon copy of Nathaniel, and that annoyed Jonathan.

Elliot pouted and pulled away from Jonathan, clinging onto Nathaniel.

Nathaniel recalled the first time he met Cecilia. She had come to his house and mistakenly thought he was Nicholas. Back then, she had followed him around, tugging at his clothes and pleading with him in an adorable manner. "Please, Nathaniel. Please help me. I'm begging you. You're the best. Please?"

Looks like Eli inherits Cecilia's traits. If only I could have two more daughters just like Cecilia...

"Eli, you're in poor health, so how about we postpone going to kindergarten? Maybe after your surgery in the second half of the year?" Cecilia didn't want to shatter her son's hopes, but she was more concerned about his health.

Hearing this, Elliot tightened his grip around Nathaniel, clinging to him. Sc*mbag daddy. I've already helped you hold hands with Mommy. Now it's your turn to help me.

Finally, Nathaniel spoke up. "Boys aren't that delicate. I'll have Mason arrange his school admission procedures tomorrow."

Cecilia didn't show her anger in front of the children.

Once they returned to Daltonia Villa, she summoned Nathaniel, intending to have a private conversation with him.

Once they were alone outside, Cecilia said, irritated, “You know Eli’s condition. If he goes to kindergarten and happens to get hurt, what then? Also, with so many children in the kindergarten, what if fights break out? Have you thought it all through?”

Cecilia wasn’t against the idea of letting her son learn to be independent. She was just worried about his condition.

Nathaniel didn’t give in as usual. “He’s my son. He’s not that delicate. You will ruin his future if you keep coddling him like this.”

Coddling him?

Cecilia clenched her fists, her nails digging deep into her palm. “What gives you the right to criticize how I raise my child? Have you ever taken care of them, even for a single day?”

“It’s not like I don’t want to care for them!” Nathaniel retorted in a cold voice, “Did you hear how Jonathan addresses me? Mr. Rainsworth!”

He gripped her wrist tightly. “Tell me, why is my son calling me ‘Mr. Rainsworth?’”

Cecilia stood her ground. “You promised to get a divorce, and you were with Stella. If I were to tell you about them, how could we ever coexist? Do you want them to be neglected, just like I am?”

The two children heard them arguing. Hiding in a secluded corner of the room, they peered out. curiously.

Jonathan furrowed his brows. “I thought you said Mommy had already accepted him.”

Elliot was also puzzled. “Everything was fine. I don’t know why they started arguing again. You know how it is, people in love just love to bicker.”

Jonathan shot him a glare. As if I would believe you.

Elliot, having enough of Nathaniel and Cecilia’s constant bickering, made his way outside.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 607

Chapter 607 Please Do Not Be Mad

“Daddy, Mommy, can you please stop fighting?” Elliot, ever the actor, quickly fell into character, his eyes already brimming with tears..

Both Cecilia and Nathaniel fell silent.

With a pitiful look in his eyes, Elliot turned to Cecilia. “Mommy, I don’t want to go to kindergarten anymore. Please don’t blame Daddy. He only agreed because he couldn’t bear to see me upset.”

Cecilia was distressed to hear him say that.

He’s making it sound like I’m fine with seeing him upset! I took care of him for years! Why can’t I compare to his father, who has only been around for a few months?

“Mommy, please don’t be mad, okay?” To help Nathaniel, Elliot had no choice but to humble himself and divert his mother’s attention.

He hoped that by acting adorable, Cecilia would calm down and stop being angry at Nathaniel. Unfortunately, things didn’t go as he had hoped..

“Eli, if you want to go to kindergarten, then go. But if anything happens, you must drop out right away.” Instead of hugging Elliot as usual, she walked straight past him after finishing her sentence.

Elliot panicked, realizing that Cecilia was not only mad at Nathaniel but at himself, too.

Cecilia, wanting some alone time to calm down, retreated to the music room, shutting the door behind her.

Jonathan criticized Elliot, “Are you out of your mind? Mommy raised you, yet you defended. Nathaniel?”

“Jon, don’t you want a complete family?” Elliot retorted. “Do you like being labeled as an unwanted child or a b’stard?”

Jonathan fell silent. A moment later, he looked at Elliot’s stubborn expression and said, “I’ll say it again, I’ll only call him ‘Daddy’ when Mommy is ready to accept him.”

“Jon...”

“Stop that. That doesn’t work on me.”

Jonathan settled on the couch in the living room, flipping through a book.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel instructed Mason to find a kindergarten for Elliot that was fully equipped with all the necessary facilities and resources.

Elliot waited for Cecilia to emerge from the music room. Knowing he had hurt her feelings, he decided to wait by the door of the music room.

Cecilia spent a long time inside. When she finally emerged, she saw Elliot curled up by the door nodding off.

“Eli, why are you sitting here?” she asked.

“Mommy.” Elliot instantly woke up, pulling out a small bouquet of flowers from seemingly nowhere and offering them to Cecilia. “Mommy, please don’t be mad anymore. I love you more than Daddy. I’m not going to kindergarten anymore.”

A pang of sorrow struck Cecilia. She squatted down and embraced him. “Eli, you and your brother are my everything. How could I ever be mad at you? I’m just upset that I couldn’t give you a healthy body. If you were like your brother, you’d be able to do anything you wanted.”

Elliot breathed a sigh of relief, happy that his mother wasn’t really mad at him.

He patted Cecilia on the shoulder and comforted her, “Mommy, don’t be sad. I’ll get better soon. When I do, can we travel abroad as a family? I’d like to see the ocean.”

“All right.” Cecilia agreed.

As the mother and son were engrossed in their conversation, they failed to notice a tall figure standing not too far away.

Elliot was the first to notice Nathaniel’s arrival, looking up at him. “Daddy.”

Cecilia, taken aback, wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes.

Elliot, ever tactful, knew it was time for him to leave. “Mommy, I’m thirsty. I’m going to get some water.”

He left, leaving Nathaniel and Cecilia alone.

Nathaniel approached Cecilia and said, “I’ve arranged a kindergarten for Eli. It’s not the same one as Jon’s; it’s equipped with professional medical facilities. I’ll also have someone supervising Eli around the clock.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 608

Chapter 608 Cheating Elliot

As a father, Nathaniel was naturally concerned about his son’s safety. He believed that as long as everything was carefully arranged, there was no significant difference between Elliot attending school and staying at home..

Hearing that and recalling the hopeful look in Elliot’s eyes, Cecilia didn’t have the heart to continue rejecting the idea. “All right.”

Clenching her fists, she couldn't help reminding him, "Please, don't let anything happen to him."

Nathaniel pursed his lips for a moment before saying, "They are my sons. Of course I won't let anything happen to them."

At night, Nathaniel didn't eat much during dinner. After returning to his room, he lit one cigarette after another.

For reasons unknown, he had been feeling particularly irksome these past few days.

Even though he should've been happy that both Jonathan and Elliot were his sons, the mere thought of Cecilia taking away their children and living with another man behind his back stirred his anger.

In the meantime, Elliot and Jonathan were talking in the room.

"It can't go on like this. I need to talk to Daddy and convince him to take the initiative."

"Stop right there." Jonathan stopped him.

"What?" Elliot asked, puzzled.

"You want them to be together because of us? Does that mean Mommy has to sacrifice her own happiness?" asked Jonathan..

Elliot lay back down on the bed and pouted. "You don't get it. I think they both have feelings for each other. They're just being stubborn and won't admit it."

In the room next door, Cecilia went to bed early. Tomorrow was the weekend and she had to attend the gathering organized by the parents' association. She wasn't quite sure what she needed to prepare for the trip.

The following morning, she woke up and freshened up, leaving the two kids at home in the housekeeper's care.

Nathaniel didn't go to the company today; instead, he stayed home to tutor the kids from early in the morning. Jonathan's studies were progressing without any issues. However, Elliot, despite being smart, struggled with advanced mathematics..

"Daddy, are you sure Jon and I can do this?" asked Elliot, looking troubled.

Nathaniel cast a cold glance in Elliot's direction. "Of course. I could already do it when I was your age. After you're done, let me know the answer."

Since he couldn't see, he required a verbal response from both of them.

"You're bluffing," Elliot said, skeptical. An idea popped up in his mind when he saw the paper, which was filled with calculations and answers. I might not be able to do it, but I can always copy Jon's answer.

Elliot was just about to sneak a peek at Jonathan's answers when the housekeeper warned, "Eli, no peeking, okay?"

Since Nathaniel was blind, he asked the housekeeper to supervise.

Elliot turned his head away in displeasure.

Jonathan found him amusing. "You're so silly. Haven't you noticed that our test questions aren't the same?"

Elliot gave the test questions another careful look and realized they were indeed different. Sc*mbag daddy is so cunning.

As anticipated, Jonathan finished his test quickly and read out his answers. Unsurprisingly, he scored a perfect hundred.

When it was Elliot's turn, he sighed. "Se*mbag daddy, you didn't forget that I never went to school, did you?"

Nathaniel sneered. "Do you really think Jon's preschool teaches him advanced math?"

Elliot was rendered speechless. You're ruthless.

"Give me your hand!" Nathaniel snapped.

Elliot extended his hand toward Nathaniel, spreading his palm open. "Daddy, go easy on me."

Instead of calling Nathaniel "sc*mbag daddy," he began calling him "Daddy," in hopes that Nathaniel would show him mercy.

Elliot quickly lowered his hand before Nathaniel's hand could strike his palm, snickering. It didn't hurt at all. Haha.

Just as he was feeling smug, Nathaniel lifted him and smacked his bottom.

What a loving scene.

The housekeeper captured this heartwarming moment on video and sent it to Cecilia.

When Cecilia, seated in the car, saw the video, a subconscious smile graced her lips.

She soon arrived at a restaurant near the kindergarten following the given address.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 609

Chapter 609 Cover The Balance

The entire restaurant had been booked out. A group of mothers sat around a long table, already talking about the arrangements for their children’s upcoming overseas trip.

When they saw Cecilia walk in, they stopped talking and all eyes turned to her.

Cecilia wore exceptionally simple attire, her face lightly adorned with delicate, subtle makeup. Despite the scar running down the right side of her face, her natural elegance shone through. Some of the mothers, who had all experienced the tolls of motherhood, couldn’t help but feel a twinge of envy at Cecilia’s well-maintained figure and flawless skin. They invested in skincare, yet their efforts didn’t match the quality of hers. At least, they thought, she had that scar.

Cecilia glanced at the time and, upon noting that she wasn’t late, courteously greeted everyone. “Hello, everyone.”

She glanced around, her gaze briefly lingering on Miranda.

Felix and Jonathan were in the same class, so it wasn’t surprising to find Miranda here. Miranda sat at the head of the table, pretending not to notice Cecilia as she sipped her coffee.

Seeing how coldly Miranda treated Cecilia, the others didn’t respond to Cecilia’s greetings either. Priscilla, who had invited Cecilia to join the parents’ association the day before, waved at her. “Ms. Cecilia, come and sit next to me.”

Gratefully, Cecilia glanced at her before taking a seat on the empty chair next to her.

Miranda continued, “I’ll cover all the expenses for this trip, including the children’s airfare, accommodation, meals, as well as the caregivers, tour guide, and activities. After my contribution of one and a half million, we still need a total of eight million to cover the rest.”

As Miranda listed off a series of expenses, Cecilia realized the purpose of today’s gathering was to discuss the children’s travel budget.

Priscilla turned to Cecilia and explained, “Our school is different. In most schools, each child covers their own expenses, but the families in our parents’ association are quite well-off. We sponsor the travel costs for all the children and teachers.”

Nodding, Cecilia saw one of the mothers lifting her hand, “I’ll contribute a hundred thousand.”

Someone else chimed in as well, “I’ll contribute two hundred thousand.”

Priscilla also raised her hand. “I’ll contribute a hundred thousand.”

After she finished speaking, she let out a sigh and lowered her voice. “My husband’s business is not doing well right now. We really can’t afford to spend much money.”

Most of these wealthy mothers weren’t foolish. At most, they would each contribute seven hundred thousand.

At this point, Miranda turned to Cecilia and said, “Ms. Cecilia, you’re new here. Would you like to contribute? You don’t have to sponsor much—even a few tens of thousands would be a nice gesture.”

Miranda had already looked into Cecilia’s background and knew she was jobless, spending her days at home. Where could she possibly be getting any money?

Moreover, sponsoring the children’s travel fees was a sudden decision, and the money had to be handed in later. Miranda thought Cecilia would feel embarrassed to contact Nathaniel on the spot.

To her surprise, Cecilia said calmly, “I’ll cover the balance, then.”

Her declaration drew the attention of all the mothers present, who gasped in shock.

The balance is at least around five million, and she made the decision just like that? Without even consulting her husband?

They noticed Cecilia’s plain attire the moment she arrived. The brand of the bag she carried and the clothes she wore were unfamiliar to them, and they did not appear to be expensive.

Is she just trying to impress us?

Priscilla cautioned Cecilia, “Ms. Cecilia, you don’t need to sponsor this much.”

Cecilia offered her a polite smile. “It’s all right. It’s for the children.”

Miranda frowned and said, “Ms. Cecilia, we still need six million three hundred thousand. Are you sure you can afford this much on your own?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 610

Chapter 610 Become The President

The other mothers were also waiting for Cecilia to make a fool of herself. Clearly, she didn’t calculate the balance before making such a claim.

Unexpectedly, Cecilia said indifferently, "Of course."

She pulled out a card from her bag and placed it on the table. "You can swipe the card now," she said.

To her, over six million was no longer an astronomical figure.

The reason she didn't wear expensive clothes or carry luxury bags was simply because she didn't like to, not because she couldn't afford them.

Miranda, who had planned to embarrass Cecilia today, did not expect to end up embarrassing herself.

Cecilia, a newcomer, generously donated over six million, while she, as the president of the parents' association, only managed to contribute one and a half million.

She faked a smile. "Ms. Cecilia, you're so kind."

When the other mothers realized that Cecilia could indeed come up with such a large sum of money, the disdainful glances they had originally cast upon her began to shift.

Once the gathering was over, Priscilla had a private conversation with Cecilia. "Ms. Cecilia, you're so generous. Aren't you afraid your family might disapprove?"

"I earned all that money myself. I don't need to ask my family's opinion," Cecilia said. Priscilla admired Cecilia. Miranda hadn't earned her wealth through hard work; she was born into it and later married into the affluent Rainsworth family, where money was hardly a concern. Cecilia's story, however, was different. Priscilla had read online that Cecilia's father had passed away years ago, leaving his entire fortune to her younger brother.

Though she was married to Nathaniel, both he and his family had always looked down on her throughout their years together. It was unthinkable for them to give her any money. Now that Nathaniel had gone blind, her situation had only worsened.

"Ms. Cecilia, I'm sorry," Priscilla suddenly apologized.

Cecilia was puzzled. "Why apologize?"

"Actually, Ms. Miranda asked me to call you over," Priscilla said. "New members don't need to contribute unless it's specified beforehand." She glanced around at Miranda and the other members, who were busy with their tasks, then leaned in and whispered, "She just wants to make you look foolish."

Finally, realization dawned upon Cecilia. She had been wondering why Miranda, as the president, would allow her to join the association.

“Why did you tell me the truth now?” Cecilia asked skeptically. She didn’t believe Priscilla was a kind person.

Priscilla sighed. “As a mother, you should know that our children are our greatest vulnerabilities. Miranda, as the president, has significant influence—not just with other parents, but also with teachers and school administrators. If she dislikes a student, she has the power to have them expelled or to turn other parents, children, and teachers against them. You might not realize it, but even the closest parking spots at school are reserved for those who have good relations with Miranda.”

Cecilia remembered the times she picked up Jonathan and struggled to find a parking spot. Each time, the volunteers would direct her to the farthest spot, forcing her to walk several hundred meters to the school entrance.

Meanwhile, some parents’ cars were parked only a few dozen meters away from the entrance.

“No wonder,” she mumbled.

Priscilla was about to say more, but the other mothers approached, interrupting her. She joined them in flattering Miranda before taking her leave.

Although they desired to befriend Cecilia, they were still intimidated by Miranda’s influence.

Cecilia walked out of the restaurant alone, looking at the group of mothers gathered in the distance. She was isolated from the very first day. How sad will Jon be if he was also isolated? No matter how clever he is, how could he possibly stand against the entire class?

Cecilia didn’t leave. Instead, he waited until Priscilla was alone, then approached her. “If I become the president of the parents’ association, can I put an end to this unfair treatment?”