

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 641
Chapter 641 A Trick Up Her Sleeve

It was Terry’s mom, and her gaze was particularly discerning. “Ms. Cecilia,” she affirmed, “I stand with you. You definitely have my vote.”

Once she fearlessly agreed, the rest of the mothers followed suit, each giving their consent one by one.

They had long grown tired of Miranda, an overbearing and arrogant person, being the chairperson.

Everything was going exceptionally well, but when Cecilia returned home, something felt off.

However, as she was preoccupied with figuring out how to get Moana back home, she didn’t give much thought to the matters concerning the other mothers.

“How can I get her to leave?” Cecilia closed her eyes, murmuring to herself.

Having woken up at half past eight in the morning, she found herself feeling sleepy again by noon.

As Sven was driving, he couldn’t help but ask upon hearing this, “Who are you asking to leave?”

“Moana, the nutritionist my mother-in-law sent over.”

Speaking of which, Cecilia had Sven stop for a while, and they had lunch outside before heading back.

While eating, she couldn’t help but vent to him about the nutritionist.

After giving it some thought, Sven spoke up. “Resolving this issue is quite simple.”

“How so?”

“Let Nathaniel take action.”

Cecilia shook her head. She simply didn't want to ask Nathaniel for help. After all, there were still some minor issues between them, and it wouldn't be pleasant to ask for favors under such circumstances.

However, thanks to Sven's suggestion, she came up with a brilliant idea.

"But, I know how to provoke Nathaniel into taking action without my having to ask him."

Sven looked at her and said nothing more.

He had always been a listener, seldom asking questions if the other party chose to remain silent.

After returning home, Cecilia expectedly saw Moana directing the chefs, instructing them on what to do here and there.

Mic approached the kitchen

"Hello, Moana"

Upon hearing of Cecilia's return, Mone instantly put on airs. Mrs Rainsworth, just ok at the moment You're only just returning now? Were you eating out again

Her demeanor reminded Cecilia of someone, it was none other than the butler, Liam

"You can arrange dinner. I'll eat whatever, she responded

A sense of satisfaction flashed in Moana's eyes. My complaints must've been effective Didn't you refuse

"This is how you should've been from the start

After finishing her words, Mom went off to instruct the kitchen to have a few more meat dishes prepared.

Cecilia interrupted, "Moana, I can eat all the meat, but Nathaniel and the child can't solely rely on meat for their meals, right?"

Moana had almost forgotten about the child and Nathaniel.

“True. I’ll have the kitchen prepare something for them.”

“Aren’t you a nutritionist? Could you help with the meal planning? Nathaniel really likes carrots, so try to them

corporate each dish as much as possible.

Without an ounce of suspicion toward Cecilia, the older woman added carrots to every meat for Nathaniel

The chef tried to tell her that Nathaniel nonsense and just do as I say.”

dish

Leat carrots, but Moana told him off. “Cut the

She behaved as though she were Nathaniel’s actual mother.

The chef didn’t meddle further and simply cooked according to her recipe.

Cecilia wasn’t done. She posed another question to Moana, “Don’t you think the layout of our home is kind of inconvenient? What if it unintentionally hurts my baby?”

Upon hearing this, Moana immediately instructed the servants to rearrange the placement of the tables and chairs.

Cecilia silently watched on, seating herself per Moana’s request and awaiting the return of the father and son duo.

“Why couldn’t you have been this obedient earlier? It would’ve saved me a lot of trouble,” Moanna muttered under her breath.

Cecilia was puzzled. Did this woman really use to be Elena’s nutritionist?

Despite wondering that, she agreed patiently, “Okay.”

Nathaniel and Elliot returned at night.

Cecilia told them to eat while she headed to the kitchen by herself.

With a single glance, Elliot noticed that all the food on the table was full of carrots. He found this odd.

He knew his older brother didn't like eating carrots, but since he himself could eat them, he didn't bother asking why.

But where did Mommy go?

As Nathaniel settled down and took his first bite, his brows furrowed deeply.

"Cecilia!"

He instinctively assumed the woman was messing with him again.

[When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 642](#)

Chapter 642 Plan In Action

Moana immediately walked over. "Mr. Nathaniel, Mrs. Rainsworth is dining in the kitchen. If you have any instructions, just let me know."

"Kitchen?" Nathaniel sounded perplexed. "Why would she be eating in the kitchen? Ask her to come here."

Is she hiding in the kitchen just so she won't have to eat these carrots? Does she have her own stash of food?

"Mr. Nathaniel, according to our custom, women don't dine at the same table as the men of the house, Moana iterated.

Nathaniel was taken aback.

Elliot was just as bewildered. What era was this woman even in?

Moana served Nathaniel more food. "Don't worry, Mr. Nathaniel. I've prepared plenty of dishes for Mrs. Rainsworth."

"Then what about all the food here-"

"I had them prepared, too," Moana interjected before Nathaniel could finish.

In an instant, the man's expression turned even more unsightly.

However, he didn't want to argue with someone nearing fifty and changed the subject. "Call Cecilia over. Tell her to eat here."

Truth be told, he had never really expected Cecilia to heed Moana's advice.

"I wouldn't do that."

Moana refused to get Cecilia.

Unbothered with this old witch in front of him, Elliot got up from his chair and headed to the kitchen.

Upon entering, he saw Cecilia sitting alone on a small stool in the kitchen, eating a bowl of plain white rice.

On the small table before her was an array of thinly sliced pieces of white meat.

The meat wasn't fried, but rather steamed, and apart from salt, no other seasoning was added.

Moana had stated that this was nutritious for pregnant women.

Cecilia took just a few bites of the food and found herself unable to continue eating.

Elliot watched her, his eyes instantly filled with heartache.

"Mommy," Cecilia looked up at him. "Elliot? What brings you here? You should go have something to eat."

The boy shook his head, rushing over to her.

"Mommy, come and eat outside."

"I can't. Old Mdm. Brooks wants me to eat here. You guys can go ahead without me," Cecilia replied while winking at him.

Immediately getting the hint, Elliot began to weep softly.

"But Mommy, even a dog wouldn't touch this stuff. How could you eat this?"

Cecilia sure didn't expect her son to be such a natural actor, and she played along. "I have no choice. Old Mdm. Brooks said it's for the sake of your younger sibling."

Their conversation successfully drew the attention of both Moana and Nathaniel.

They moved towards the kitchen, with Moana explaining. "It's all top-quality meat! What do you mean even a dog wouldn't eat it?"

Elliot turned to her. "Then, you eat it."

Moana froze briefly. Aging had caused her tastebuds to become more robust, and she simply couldn't appreciate the blandness of the boiled white meat, which tasted just like plain water to her.

However, for the sake of proving that the meat was delicious, she picked up her fork and began to eat. "It's delicious, Mr. Elliot!"

"In that case, you can eat all of it. Come and join us, Mommy."

Elliot led Cecilia to the dining table, leaving Moana standing alone in the kitchen.

Cecilia enjoyed carrots, so she happily feasted on them with the boy.

How could Nathaniel not realize that the mother and son were putting on an act?

He simply didn't know what kind of scheme Cecilia was cooking up, which is why he didn't expose her just yet.

Dinner was entirely composed of carrot dishes, something Nathaniel truly couldn't stomach. He forced himself to eat a bowl of rice before promptly getting up and leaving.

Cecilia engrossed herself in the food, knowing that the next exciting episode was about to unfold.

When Moana emerged from the kitchen and saw Cecilia eating the food meant for Nathaniel and Elliot, her demeanor instantly turned frosty.

No sooner had she finished speaking than everyone heard the sounds of collision in the living

Thud! Crash!

Before Moana could even react, Nathaniel had already returned.

“Who moved the furniture?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 643

Chapter 643 Successful Scheming

Cecilia was quick to jump in “Moana, I told you over and over again—you can’t move the furniture! Nathaniel can’t see, so if you move the furniture around, he might bump into something and fall. But you wouldn’t listen to me and insisted on moving the chairs. Now, look what’s happened. He crashed into a chair!”

Moana fell into a short daze before swiftly returning to her senses, retorting, “Didn’t you ask me to-

Yet. Cecilia cut her off

“I pay extra attention to every piece of furniture I move and would put it right back where it belongs, but you just wouldn’t listen to me and kept insisting on moving the furniture around. I know you only heed Mdm. Elena’s command, but don’t you think you should consider Nathaniel, 100?”

Elliot immediately chimed in, “If my daddy gets hurt from crashing into a piece of furniture, are you going to take responsibility for it?”

The color drained from Moana’s face as Cecilia and Elliot argued with her. She was at a loss for words and found herself unable to fight back.

Nathaniel clearly knew something was up, but he chose not to confront the mother-and-son duo, instead indulging in Cecilia’s little schemes.

“Moana, go back to the Rainsworth residence. There’s no need for you to come back here in the future.”

Moana wanted to stay and explain herself, but a minute later, she was forcibly escorted back to the Rainsworth residence by the bodyguards.

Cecilia and Elliot high-fived each other internally,

Nathaniel listened to the faint sounds of the two’s excited chatter, his sharp brows slightly raised.

He leaned against the door frame and asked, “Can I get something else to eat?”

With every dish filled with carrots, he was far from full.

“Why don’t you eat my food?” Cecilia joked with him.

The man felt an overwhelming sense of disappointment. After using him for their own gain, they had now started to disregard his well-being.

He turned around, intending to leave.

Cecilia halted him. “Okay, okay. I’d already gotten the chef to prepare a few of your favorite dishes.”

Only then did Nathaniel stop in his tracks before returning to sit at the dining table.

Chapter 643 Successful Scheming

The woman served up his food. “There you go. Eat up.”

She was about to head to the living room when Nathaniel’s lips parted slightly. “The next time you need anything, just tell me directly. There’s no need to go to such lengths.”

Cecilia stilled momentarily. “Thank you,” she answered sheepishly.

After expressing her gratitude, she made her way to the living room, restoring the furniture back to its original position.

Back at the Rainsworth residence, Elena was shocked to see Moana being brought over.

“What happened to you?”

Moana relayed everything about how Cecilia had set her up.

Elena’s beautiful eyebrows furrowed. “What should I say to make you understand? I asked you to take care of her, not to oppose her,” she remarked with a sigh. “Had I known you were so set in your ways. I wouldn’t have agreed to let you go there.”

She originally had other plans, but it was Moana who had insisted on taking care of Cecilia.

Reflecting on how well this woman had taken care of her in the past, Elena agreed.

Moana lowered her head. “I was only thinking about her health.”

“Do you seriously think I’m oblivious to the fact that you and Liam are doing all this for your daughter?” Elena didn’t hold back as she exposed her.

This woman was the wife of their butler, Liam.

Their daughter had crossed Cecilia and Nathaniel last year, so Nathaniel had her sent away. She couldn't even return for the New Year celebrations earlier this year.

"Mdm. Elena, you know well-behaved Lily has been ever since she was a child. Could you please persuade Mr. Nathaniel to let her return?"

Alas, Elena was no fool. Upon discovering that Lily had attempted to seduce her son, she wished nothing more than for the girl to disappear forever.

"You know she messed up. If you plead on her behalf again, both you and Liam will have to leave the Rainsworth household just like she has."

After Elena had laid down the law, Moana didn't dare to say another word.

Trembling as she stepped outside and intending to call Liam to vent her frustrations, the latter unexpectedly ran into Cassandra.

The younger woman gazed at her with a soft expression. "Moana," she began, "would you consider looking after me? This is my first child, and there are many things I'm not familiar with. I could really use your help."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 644

Chapter 644 Being Exposed

A surprised Moana was then pulled aside for a private conversation. Whatever was said during that exchange remained unknown, but she quickly agreed to take care of Cassandra.

Cecilia enjoyed a good night's sleep without Moana's presence. The next day upon waking up, she spent her time composing music and relaxing with a book.

There wasn't much going on at the moment except for the lawsuit against Paula and Magnus, as well as the upcoming election for the president of the parents' association next Monday.

It was in the afternoon when a phone call disrupted her leisure.

The call had come from jail, stating that Paula wanted to see her.

"Understood."

After hanging up, Cecilia headed toward the detention center.

She arrived an hour later.

She had initially assumed that Paula was leading a miserable life. Surprisingly, there was no change in the latter's attire or appearance. Even her hair had been styled in a new way.

“What did you want from me?” Cecilia’s voice was indifferent.

Paula glanced at the scar on her face, feeling no sympathy. “How much money will it take for you to drop the charges?” she asked candidly.

“All of Dad’s inheritance, of course.”

“What kind of joke is this? I must receive half of your father’s inheritance! I was his wife, after all! You, at most, can only share the remaining half with Magnus, Paula demanded.

Cecilia found the term “wife” particularly grating when it came from such a woman.

“His wife? Have you forgotten, Mdm. Paula? The Smith family fortune was my father’s pre-marital asset. You can’t possibly claim half of it. You’re only entitled to the earnings accumulated. during the years you were married to my father.”

Paula choked.

“Are you trying to push your brother and me to our limits? I am your mother, and Magnus is your own brother!”

Seeing Cecilia remain unfazed, she began to play the sympathy card. “If I were to die, how many loved ones would you have left in this world? Besides, Regas loved Magnus and me so much. Do you think he’d actually allow you to take away all his assets and leave us with nothing?”

Cecilia listened to her accusations with a blank expression. Only after she finished speaking, did he respond.

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Chapter 544 Beng Exposed

+5 Pearls

“I know Cassandra is your biological daughter. She’s just over a year older than me. I also recall my father mentioning that I was born a year after you and he got married.”

A bomb went off in Paula’s mind, and she stared at Cecilia in astonishment.

Not paying her astoundment any heed. Cecilia continued. “Before you got pregnant with me. surely you at least took a short break after having Cassandra, right?”

Paula instantly felt her blood boil and was about to strike Cecilia.

Cecilia seized her wrist and shook it off firmly. “What’s the matter? Upset because I’ve exposed you? Shouldn’t I be the one who’s angry? You betrayed my father and yet had the audacity to

use his love for you as an excuse. Do you think I'm still the obedient little girl who used to follow your every command?"

Paula stumbled backward and sat down on her chair. Suddenly, she felt pain and dizziness in her head, accompanied by a knife-twisting kind of ache in her abdomen.

Bearing her discomfort, she pointed at Cecilia. "Don't talk cr*p. I favor Cassandra simply because she's more competent and dutiful than you are. She's not related to me by blood at all."

If Queenie were to find out that Cassandra was actually Paula's daughter, she would no longer favor the girl.

Queenie was her own harshest critic; how could she come to terms with the fact that the girl she had raised from infancy was actually the daughter of a woman who had usurped her position?

Cecilia noticed something off about the woman's demeanor. There was no one else around, so why wouldn't she admit it?

Is she worried about something?

"I've already gotten the DNA test results," she continued.

Utterly panicking. Paula glared fiercely at her. "What on earth are you trying to do? If you dare cause Cassandra any harm, I swear on my life I'll drag you down to hell with me!"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 645

Chapter 645 Investigations From The Past

What did it feel like to be cursed to hell by one's own mother?

It probably felt like having one's heart stabbed by a knife relentlessly before getting it crushed into pieces.

Cecilia maintained a calm demeanor, showing no signs of discomfort despite her chest aching uncontrollably.

She forced a smile. "Mdm. Paula, what you should be thinking about now is how you're going to spend the rest of your life in jail, as well as the livelihoods of you and your daughter after I reclaim my father's inheritance. I know that most of what the Evans family possesses now is thanks to the foundation laid by Smith Corporation in the past."

Having said all that, Cecilia disregarded Paula's furious gaze and stood up to leave.

She had only taken a few steps when a crash echoed from behind her.

Looking back, she saw that Paula had fallen from her chair. Her eyes were glazed over as she clutched her stomach tightly, and her legs twitched uncontrollably as if she had lost control over them.

Cecilia stared blankly at her, unsure of what was happening.

Is she putting up an act again?

It wasn't long before a doctor arrived and took Paula to the hospital.

When Cecilia stepped out, her emotions were a tangled mess.

Her attorney, Norman Jenkins, was waiting for her outside. "What did Paula want from you?"

"She asked me how much money it would take for me to drop the charges."

"She was responsible for Martha's death, and then she had the audacity to embezzle all of Mr. Smith's inheritance. Now, she even wants you to drop the charges? How absurd." Norman had always disliked Paula for being so superficial.

It's a shame Regas loved her to his bones, but at least he eventually got to see her true self and left an extra will for Cecilia in his last moment.

Cecilia nodded and informed him about how Paula had collapsed and convulsed earlier.

"Is she planning to feign illness to escape again?" That was Norman's first assumption.

Cecilia wasn't sure either, and she simply shook her head.

"Don't worry. No matter what she does, she won't escape jail time," he assured the woman who had given up any hope for her mother. He then shared some information he had gathered over the years. "I began investigating Paula a long time ago, and truth be told, I've always found Mr.

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Smith's death a mystery."

As soon as he spoke, it was as if an underbolt had struck

Cecilia's eyes widened in shock. When

"I never disclosed this to you before, her prior to Mr. Smith's disappearance and arrest, we never checked whether the car he was driving had been tampered with."

"And then?"

“I was a step late back then, Norman continued by the time and any momain Than vehicle had already been scrapped. Por over the pre few years I finally magd find the

is dashcam from that time. The driver had hit the brakes, for these see alsostinely use gence

A loud ringing echoed in Cecilia’s hear

“I still remember how Paula had told me that my father’s death was caused by the sever win tart been drinking and subsequently caused an accident

At the time of the car accident, the driver had died instantly, leaving no chance se confirmari

Norman’s brows creased. “The Smith family’s vehicles are served minually and a deste Saliuse has never happened before. I also checked the garage logs for the day before and the day of the accident. It was Paula who had driven that car the day before her all these years, die adea of finding evidence to prove that Paula was behind Mr. Smith’s death may are sent any stallate but I dare say she was certainly involved

Had it been in the past, there was no way Cecilia would have belimed these worth

However, upon seeing that Paula had transferred all of her assets to Reges the underwood star this woman had never truly loved her father.

Ralph was her true love, and Cassandra was the embodiment of this lone

Cecilia gazed up at the sky as a fine rain began to drift down

She murmured, “Thank goodness Dad never found our.”

Otherwise, he would have been so heartbroken

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 646

Chapter 646 Mistaken All This While

Cecilia instructed Norman to keep a close eye on Paula’s subsequent actions. Unless she was truly in the late stages of cancer, she would never let her off the hook.

After returning home, she once again asked Sven to investigate her father’s car accident from years ago. Despite Norman having said that much of the evidence would likely have been destroyed by now, she yearned for the truth and a definitive answer.

Once everything was done, the woman collapsed onto the couch, utterly exhausted. Despite her fatigue, sleep eluded her, and her mind remained a whirl of chaos.

Memories of childhood washed over her. Her father, his face filled with kindness, would tell her just how wonderful her mother was and how deeply she loved him.

Feeling bitter, Cecilia clutched a pillow tightly against his chest.

She lay on the couch, unaware of how much time had passed before she finally fell asleep.

When the housekeeper noticed, she gently covered Cecilia with a blanket.

Elliot didn't come home today as the school had arranged for him to experience spending a night at the school.

Nathaniel was also swamped with work and didn't return home until very late. When he arrived, the housekeeper quietly informed him. "Sir, Mrs. Rainsworth has been lying on the couch ever since she came back this afternoon. She just fell asleep not long ago. I dare not wake her, but she could easily catch a cold sleeping like this."

Hearing that, Nathaniel responded, "Got it. You get some rest."

"Yes, Sir."

The housekeeper left for her own room.

Nathaniel strode purposefully toward the couch, his large hand reaching out to pull Cecilia into his arms and lifting her up together with the blanket.

After taking her upstairs and settling her on the bed, he was about to wash up when the woman seized his hand all of a sudden.

"Don't leave..."

Nathaniel paused. Did she wake up?

He was about to ask her what was wrong when he heard her mumble, "Dad, please... Don't leave me... alone..."

Only then did the man realize she was sleep-talking.

The sound of her voice carried a hint of sobbing. Nathaniel gently placed a hand on her face only to discover that her cheeks were streaked with tears.

A lump formed in his throat, leaving him speechless. He sat on the edge of the bed, letting the woman hold his hand.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Cecilia finally awakened. As she opened her eyes, she found Nathaniel sitting by her side, leaning against the headboard and taking a light nap.

She shifted slightly before lowering her gaze to find her hand interlocked with his.

Having just woken up, she still retained the memory of the dream she had. In the dream, she had returned to her childhood, to a moment when she and her father were making ravioli together.

Suddenly, her father had to leave. Terrified, she held onto his hand tightly, begging him not to go.

Unexpectedly, he really didn't leave; he even promised to stay by her side.

Now, looking at Nathaniel's broad hand, Cecilia finally understood.

She had only experienced such a dream twice. The other time was when she was hospitalized after being hit by the car driven by Stella's ex-boyfriend.

However, when she woke up at that time, what she found clenched in her hand was a blazer.

Back then, she had thought it belonged to Calvin.

Looking at Nathaniel's hand now, she felt she might have been mistaken all this while.

Amid her daze, the man had already stirred. Seeing that she was still holding his hand tightly, he couldn't help but speak up.

"They're ugly, aren't they?"

Cecilia stilled for a moment before noticing the scars on his slender hands, unsure of when they were inflicted.

"When did you hurt your hand? Why are there so many scars?"

She had noticed them back when he was still suffering from amnesia, and she chose not to ask about it at the time.

For some reason, Nathaniel chose not to tell her that it was because he had saved her.

Perhaps he found it too awkward.

"Mason brought me into the woods, and I got scratched."

Upon hearing this, Cecilia examined his scars in confusion. "What kind of plant could have cut your hand like this? You even have scars on your palm. These cuts... They look a lot like the ones I have."

A knot tightened in the man's throat, causing his voice to waver with a hint of hoarseness.

“Do you know what it means when a woman continually holds a man’s hand and stares at him?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 647

Chapter 647 Impending Downfall

Something crossed Cecilia’s mind, causing a wave of embarrassment to sweep over her. Her face flushed a deep shade of red.

As soon as Nathaniel noticed her loosening grip, he promptly withdrew his hand.

“Don’t sleep on the couch in the future. It won’t kill you to take a few more steps!” He was holding back and making sure that he didn’t sound overly cold or friendly.

After all, they were still in a fight. Up until now, Cecilia hadn’t apologized to him.

Cecilia knew he was concerned about her. She nodded. “Sorry for disturbing you. You should get some rest too.”

After she finished speaking, she settled back into her bed.

Nathaniel didn’t go out to rest. After stepping out, he first asked Mason to find out what Cecilia had been up to that day and why she seemed so strange.

Then, he proceeded to wash up.

Mason was particularly distressed as he was having a romantic moment with his girlfriend when Nathaniel interrupted them. He decided that he would need a raise in the future.

He didn’t conduct the investigation himself. Instead, he had his subordinates review the surveillance cameras. He found out that Cecilia had gone to see Paula. After pulling some strings, he quickly discovered what Cecilia had done that day.

After Nathaniel had finished freshening up and laid in bed, he heard Mason’s reply.

“Mr. Rainsworth, Mrs. Rainsworth went to see Paula today. They had a heated argument and it seems like Mrs. Rainsworth made Paula so angry that Paula got hospitalized. Then, the lady and her lawyer had a chat. I’m not sure what they talked about, but it was probably about Paula,” said Mason, stifling a yawn.

Just as Nathaniel was about to speak, he heard a woman’s voice. “Mason, why is your boss so.... odd? It’s midnight already and he’s still making you work. Is he deprived of love? Isn’t this the time to be all lovey-dovey with his wife?”

Following that, Nathaniel heard a voice that went, “Shush!”

He promptly hung up the phone.

I can't believe I was a victim of my assistant's public display of affection.

That night, Nathaniel found himself completely unable to sleep. He wished nothing more than to hold Cecilia tightly in his arms.

Yet, when he recalled how she was crying in her sleep from a nightmare, he became soft-hearted again.

Had he known earlier, he wouldn't have let Elliot go to preschool. Now, he had to adapt to living independently.

Unable to sleep, Nathaniel simply got up and resumed his work.

The deadline for the group purchase that Adrian was talking about would come in two days.

Hence, Adrian was at his wit's end.

"Why is Imminence Corporation opposing me?"

"When I previously operated an intermediary platform, it did the same and edged me out. Now that I'm organizing group purchases, it's doing it too. How on earth is this company so wealthy? Those billions just went down the drain like that. How am I supposed to explain this to my grandfather?"

Miranda was also anxious. "Didn't you assure me that this was a surefire deal? My parents even invested five hundred million in you. What are we going to do now?"

"Miranda, your parents aren't in a rush for money, right? Can you ask them to support us a bit more? We're currently engaged in a price war. As long as I have the funds, Imminence Corporation will naturally leave the market."

Miranda furrowed her brows. "My parents' business hasn't been doing well lately. Someone's been encroaching on their market, causing them to be at a loss. They even asked me when you'd be able to pay I the money they had lent you."

Adrian sighed. Suddenly, a thought struck him.

"Aren't you in a parents' association? Aren't they always keen on collaborating with us? Invite them to become our investment partners."

Upon hearing this, Miranda thought it was quite a possible suggestion.

A few days ago, Priscilla had complained to her about how Cecilia was colluding with the other mothers, intending to usurp her position as the president of the parents association.

She had already confronted those mothers, but she still needed to offer them a bit of incentive.

What they cared about the most were their children and husbands.

“Okay, these mothers aren’t short of money. They’re just looking to earn more. I’ll encourage them to invest.”

After Miranda finished speaking, she promptly began making calls to each of the moms. Once they learned they could earn money by collaborating with the Rainsworth family, they all eagerly invested.

They were unaware that their downfall was swiftly approaching.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 648

Chapter 648 Turn Against Her

Ever since Cecilia met up with those moms to talk about the president role of the parents’ association, she had been closely monitoring their actions.

It was clear that although they had privately chatted with her just the night before, they were silent the next day. A few of them even went as far as to shut down their Instagram.

Such odd behaviors aroused suspicion in Cecilia.

It would be Monday the next day, which was the day to choose a new president for the parents’ association. Cecilia wondered if the mothers would turn against her.

Cecilia tentatively sent a message to one of the mothers to ask about the bag that the mother was using.

After a while, the lady finally replied: Sorry, but this handbag doesn’t really suit me. I’ve only used it once, and it seems like it’s going to be stashed away now.

Cecilia likewise messaged the other moms, but they either complained about the quality of the items, or they said they hadn’t used them yet.

Such behavior clearly raised suspicions.

Cecilia was clear that the mothers would undoubtedly turn against her tomorrow. Despite their initial promises, it seemed likely that someone had prematurely leaked the information to Miranda.

She massaged her temples and thought that she may have been a bit too hasty this time.

Those mothers would not risk offending Miranda for the sake of a newcomer like her.

Nathaniel hadn't slept well the previous night. As a result, he didn't get up until very late the next day.

Upon seeing him, Cecilia asked, "You've only woken up?"

He had a regular sleep schedule where he would wake up at seven at the latest. But now, it was already half past nine.

"There was nothing to do this morning."

Nathaniel had taken a cold shower the night before. He was feeling a bit dizzy, so he might have caught a cold.

He walked over to Cecilia and sat down. "Have you eaten?"

"I've already eaten. You should go eat soon too."

"I'm not hungry. Let's go for a walk," suggested Nathaniel slowly.

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Chapter 648 Turn Against Her

★ +5 Pearls

Cecilia had just finished her breakfast and also felt the urge to take a stroll. Hence, she agreed.

It was her way of repaying him too. After all, he had stayed by her side all of last night

"Okay."

Temporarily forgetting the matters concerning the other mothers, she went for a walk with Nathaniel.

The chilling wind outside carried a hint of floral fragrance, subtly suggesting the arrival of spring.

Cecilia wrapped her jacket around her.

"It seems like spring is arriving quite early this year.

Nathaniel asked ambiguously, "Did something happen to you yesterday?"

Although he had asked Mason to investigate what Cecilia had done the previous day, he still wanted to hear from her directly about what she had experienced.

Taken aback, Cecilia recalled what Paula had said and what Norman had found out. She felt like there was a boulder weighing her down.

“Yesterday, I visited Paula in her jail. Nothing particularly noteworthy happened.”

The fact that her own mother may have caused the death of her biological father was something she simply couldn’t bring herself to say.

Nathaniel felt that she was hiding something, but he didn’t press her further.

The two of them fell into silence once again.

Just at that moment, Mason arrived. He stepped out of his car and walked over to Nathaniel.

“Mr. Rainsworth.”

“What’s the matter?”

Mason was now certain that Nathaniel cared deeply for Cecilia, so he no longer concealed anything.

“Mr. Rainsworth, Miranda signed an agreement with a group of mothers this morning. They collectively invested a total of one billion in her project.”

Just when it seemed like Adrian was on the brink of bankruptcy, some fools decided to invest in him. It was truly mind-boggling that they dared to trust him.

Mason inwardly rolled his eyes.

Upon hearing that, Cecilia paused for a moment. “Mr. Sanders, are you talking about the mothers from the international preschool?”

“Indeed.”

In an instant, Cecilia understood why the group of mothers had become indifferent towards her.

It turned out that they were collaborating on a business project together. Naturally, they would assist Miranda in every possible way.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 649

Chapter 649 Teach Them A Lesson

With things as they were, it became quite difficult for Cecilia to ask the mothers for their help.

Just when Cecilia was worried, deep in thought about what to do next, Mason added, “However, the money they’ve invested would go to waste. It won’t last for long. Mrs. Rainsworth, if you have a friend who’s part of the group, do everything you can to stop her from investing.”

Upon hearing those words, Cecilia instantly perked up.

“Really? Why are you so sure it will be a wasted effort?”

Nathaniel replied before Mason could say anything, “Adrian wants to establish a group purchasing business, primarily focusing on fresh vegetables. Not only are these items hard to store, but the shipping costs alone would be a significant expense. Moreover, he’s facing stiff competition from many other companies. Rather than a competition, they’re actually engaged in a race to capture the market by spending as much money as possible. These companies aim to attract customers with the lowest prices, drive out other businesses, and ultimately monopolize the market.”

He paused for a moment, refraining from mentioning that his own company was also involved in this line of work.

Items like groceries directly affected people’s livelihoods. Given the size of the market in Tudela, it would spell disaster for the people if any one company monopolized the market.

Recently, Cecilia had also noticed that there were options to buy fresh vegetables as a group purchase, which made the cost exceptionally low..

“Group purchasing seems to be all the rage now, but I don’t think it’s sustainable if it’s messing with people’s basic necessities,” said Cecilia.

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel was taken aback. He truly hadn’t expected that Cecilia would also notice that.

“Yes, that’s why I said it wouldn’t last long.

Mason was shocked when he heard that too.

Did Mr. Rainsworth just agree with Mrs. Rainsworth that it won’t be sustainable? Then why is he competing

with Adrian at a loss?

After all, the project had cost them a considerable amount of money. If they couldn’t earn it back, it would be a pure loss.

“Jon’s preschool is having an election to choose the president of the parents’ association tomorrow. I’m considering running as well. Mr. Sanders, can you possibly give me all the data you have about the group purchasing industry?”

Cecilia believed that since Mason had mentioned it, he must have gathered a lot of information.

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Chapter 649 Teach Them A Lesson

Chapte

+5 Pearls

She intended to use the information to let the group of mothers know how unreliable Miranda's business was.

Mason was just about to agree when Nathaniel instructed. "Just hand her the report on Adrian's losses over the past few weeks."

Cecilia was shocked. "You guys have a report on that?"

The mothers would be filled with regret once they see the report.

"Mrs. Rainsworth. I'll get it for you right away. You'll definitely become the president of the parents' association." Knowing that this was for the sake of Jonathan, Mason immediately called a subordinate to deliver the report from the company.

Cecilia casually flipped through the report upon receiving it. When she saw the massive losses reflected in the report, she couldn't help but be taken aback.

-The billions invested by the mothers don't even compare to the money Adrian lost. He must be planning to put all the eggs in one basket"

"It's a desperate struggle," responded Nathaniel solemnly.

Cecilia never really considered meddling in Adrian's business with Nathaniel. After all, Nathaniel himself had stated that this business would not last long.

Moreover, Elliot also said that Nathaniel's company was really rundown and small.

Cecilia decided not to show the report on Adrian's losses to the mothers. Instead, she planned to teach a lesson to those mothers who didn't keep their word during the parents association meeting the next day.

Before that, she asked Vivian to let Dante's mother know not to invest

However. Vivian said that Dante's mother had given her a good scolding, even going so far as to tell her to cease all communication with Cecilia

Deciding to respect those mothers inevitable fate. Cecilia decided not to say anything else.

She also had another task at hand, which was to find out who had secretly tattled.

It was quite easy to locate the person. When Cecilia drove to the preschool the next day, she saw that Priscilla, who usually couldn't find a parking spot, had surprisingly managed to park her car in the prime section.

"So it's you... mumbled Cecilia to herself.

Last night. Priscilla sent an encouraging message to Cecilia, asking her to do her best today.

She had Sven stop the car first. Then, she got out and greeted, "Hello. Priscilla

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 650

Chapter 650 The Election Day

Priscilla paused for a moment, clearly feeling a bit guilty when she saw Cecilia walking towards her.

"You're here early, Ms. Cecilia."

"Yeah. Aren't we electing the president of the parents' association today? Naturally, I had to come early. You did mention that you'd vote for me."

"Of course." Priscilla was all smiles.

Since the votes are anonymous, there's nothing for me to worry.

Many mothers had already gathered at the school's conference room, all engrossed in lively conversation.

When they saw Cecilia enter, they awkwardly averted their gaze, pretending not to have noticed her.

Cecilia didn't really care.

After all, the real show was about to start soon.

What she hadn't expected was that Helen, who had given her the parking card initially, came over and struck up a conversation with her. "You're here, Ms. Cecilia."

"Yeah," responded Cecilia with a polite smile.

As she didn't know if Helen was planning the same thing as Priscilla, Cecilia refrained from being too friendly.

Helen, however, pulled her aside and whispered, "Ms. Cecilia, perhaps you shouldn't run to be the president of the parents' association today."

Cecilia didn't understand why Helen was reminding her.

"Why?"

Gathering her courage, Helen explained. "I arrived a bit early, so I overheard some of the other mothers chatting. They all mentioned that they will be voting for Miranda. I have the feeling that they are in cahoots. They're planning to turn against you. If you decide to continue running for president, I'm afraid..."

Helen didn't finish her sentence.

"Are you worried that I'll be embarrassed if no one elects me?" asked Cecilia.

Helen nodded.

Realizing that Helen had her best interests at heart, Cecilia felt grateful.

"Don't worry. I'm not afraid of being embarrassed. In fact, it would be more embarrassing if I were to drop out of the race. For the sake of my son, I must seize every opportunity."

Last night, Cecilia had asked Jonathan if the students and teachers were still ignoring him.

Jonathan said that the teachers' attitudes had changed, but his classmates still refused to talk to him.

However, Jonathan also said that he didn't care.

Cecilia knew that he just didn't want to worry her. After all, a young child like him would definitely be bothered by this.

Seeing how determined Cecilia was, Helen stopped persuading her. She said, "No matter what, my vote will definitely not change."

"Aren't you afraid of offending Miranda?" asked Cecilia.

Helen shook her head, her chubby face filled with determination. "At worst, my son will have to leave this place. I've thought it through. Our family isn't rich anyway, so there's no need to put so much stress on my child like the other mothers. My husband's business went bankrupt, and now our child is being bullied at school every day. He's not happy at all here. Coming from a family like ours, my child would be happier going to a normal school."

After hearing this, Cecilia replied firmly, “Don’t worry, I won’t let Terry be forced to leave this place. If we were to leave, it would be on our own terms.”

“Okay.”

Although Helen said that, deep down, she felt that Cecilia was no match for Miranda. After all, Cecilia’s husband was now blind. A woman with a small business could not be able to go up against the Rainsworth family.

She simply wished that there would be more people voting for Cecilia so the outcome would not be too pathetic.

While the two were chatting, the rest announced that Miranda had arrived.

Ms. Miranda.”

Some people in the parents’ association were already referring to Miranda as the president of the parents association.

Everyone was praising her for her looks or her clothes.

Miranda smiled politely at those who were showering her with compliments. She then turned her gaze toward Cecilia, casting a triumphant glance her way.

She intended to make Cecilia the laughingstock among all the mothers that day.

How dare you even think about being the president of the parents association? Just look at yourself!