

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1031

Chapter 1031 Truly Dead

Paula had a nightmare. In her dream, Regas refused to forgive her, and everyone abandoned her.

Awakening from a dream, Paula was curled up, her expression dazed.

In truth, that wasn’t a dream. It was reality. Indeed, there was no one by her side anymore.

Boom!

Another loud noise echoed. Paula looked toward the sky outside the window, inexplicably feeling rejuvenated.

She spent the entire night finishing the scarf she had not yet fully knitted. After that, she packed everything she had prepared into a large suitcase.

She had even penned another letter.

After all was done, she returned to her bed.

The pain in her abdomen flared up again, feeling as if countless knives were churning inside her. Paula was in such agony that she couldn’t even speak. She wanted to call for a doctor, but there was no doctor to be found.

She knew that she could die that night.

Paula didn’t even have the strength to turn over, but she didn’t want to die alone. She was terribly frightened.

She yearned for someone to be by her side.

“Pain...”

In her daze, she could only manage to utter a single word.

The caregiver was sound asleep, and the slight noise she made couldn’t rouse the caregiver.

Paula couldn’t reach the emergency alert system by her bedside. She had no choice but to endure, slowly waiting for the inevitable end. This must be karma, I suppose!

She was filled with regret then, but it was too late for regrets.

At the break of dawn, when the sky had just begun to show a hint of light, Paula could no longer hold on. Her breath ceased, and in a way, she found her release. Ugh..."

When the caregiver discovered something had happened to Paula, it was already two hours later, and she had lost her body heat.

Mdm. Paula!" the caregiver called out loudly.

The person on the bed no longer responded.

The caregiver couldn't help but feel regretful. "How could I have slept so deeply?"

a few tears

Knowing that Paula was long gone, the caregiver first oned Cecilia.

At the Smith residence, Cecilia got up to brush her teck and wash her face like she would any other morning, only to notice a call from the caregiver

She answered the phone, and the caregiver's choked-up voice came through. "Ms. Smith, Mdm. Paula has passed away."

Hearing those words, Cecilia felt as though a stone had been hurled at her heart.

Cecilia stood frozen on the spot, not uttering a word, quietly listening to the caregiver say, "Ah, it's all my fault. I noticed something was off about her last night, but I never expected to wake up this morning to find her gone."

"When will you be coming over?" the caregiver asked.

It took a while for Cecilia to regain her composure, "I'll be there in a moment."

She ended the call and set down her phone, her mind in complete disarray.

Paula has passed away... That woman has unexpectedly died just like that... Cecilia took a deep breath, trying his best to calm himself down.

After instructing Lucille to take care of Elliot, she hurried off to the hospital.

When Cecilia arrived at the hospital, the caregiver led her to the morgue.

The caretaker approached a bed shrouded with a thin white sheet and uttered, "Mdm. Paula, Ms. Smith ist here to see you."

When she was alive, Paula had always yearned to see Cecilia, but unfortunately, her wish remained unfulfilled.

Thankfully, after Paula died, Cecilia showed up.

The caregiver also called Cassandra and Magnus.

The two individuals had yet to arrive. Cassandra even said to the caregiver, “She’s no longer my mother. She’s dead, and it has nothing to do with me. Don’t call me about her ever again.”

Struggling with each step, Cecilia gradually made her way to the side of the bed.

She reached out and lifted a corner of the white cloth, revealing Paula’s gaunt and frail face.

Only now did Cecilia fully believe that she was truly dead!

“I’m not sure when Magnus will be here, but I’ve already given him a call,” the caretaker said.

“Thank you, Cecilia sincerely said.

The caretaker shook her head. “No worries. I feel sympathy for her, having contracted such a severe illness.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1032

Chapter 1032 There Is Something I Want To Show Your

“Mom!”

Upon seeing Paula, who was now stone cold, Magnus let out a loud cry as tears welled up in his eyes.

Despite his indifference and the fact that he even resented Paula for her favoritism toward Cassandra, at that moment, he, too, deeply felt the loss of his mother

“Mom, how could you just leave? Moi!” he cried out repeatedly,

For some reason, Cecilia felt a slight ache in her throat as she stood off to the side.

Although Paula was not her biological mother and had shown her little affection, they had, after all, lived together for over a decade.

Not wanting to witness such a scene, she stepped out and crouched in the hallway, her head hung low.

She did not know how much time had passed before a figure blocked the light before her, and she saw a person standing in front of her.

Cecilia slowly raised her head, only to see Nicholas, impeccably dressed in a dark suit. His expression was cold as he asked, "Are you okay?"

She promptly turned away so that he would not notice her reddened eyes.

"I'm fine."

How could I be anything but fine? She's dead. If anything. I'm thrilled. How could I possibly be heartbroken?

Nonetheless, he could tell she was lying and pretending to put on a strong front.

When we were kids, she cried for a long time after a cat we cared for together passed away. Paula was the mother she had admired since childhood, the role model she had always looked up to. So, even though Paula hurt her deeply, it'd be impossible for her to be devoid of emotion toward Paula.

He also crouched down and pulled her into his arms before she could react.

"Go ahead and cry if you want to. No one will ridicule you or make any comment."

The ache in her throat intensified.

Even so, she remained mindful of the boundaries between them and extended a hand to push him away. "Please mind your actions."

His arms around her stiffened as he suddenly recalled that they were no longer children.

She was no longer that little girl who relied on him for everything and thought of him as an older brother.

"I'm sorry, I was too presumptuous," he responded, slowly letting go of her.

Cecilia did not say anything more, nor did she look at him. She kept her gaze fixed on the end of the corridor.

She looked at him, puzzled.

He sent for the caregiver, and Magnus also emerged while wiping away tears. Then, they headed to the ward where Paula had stayed before her passing.

The caregiver brought over a cardboard box and opened it. It contained a knitted scarf, a pair of knitted gloves, an adorable little doll, and a letter.

“Ms. Smith, these are the things Mdm. Paula left you.”

Cecilia could hardly believe her ears when she heard that. “Me?”

“Mm—hmm, that’s right.” The caregiver took out the scarf and gloves before continuing, “She knitted these for you herself. Before she passed away, she often—dreamed of you as a child, asking her for a scarf and gloves that she made herself. Hence, she used her last moments to knit these for you.”

Even as Cecilia listened to the caregiver, she made no move to take the scarf and gloves.

“She wouldn’t give them to me when I wanted them, but now that I no longer wish for them, she insists on giving them to me,” she said.

It was not just about the scarf and gloves, but also about a mother’s love.

She rose to her feet. “Toss them out or burn them with her. I don’t need them.”

The caregiver was momentarily taken aback, but once she regained her composure, she tried to persuade Cecilia.

“Ms. Smith, Mdm. Paula genuinely realized her mistake. She did this as a token of her affection. She’d surely turn over in her grave if you refuse it.”

Then so be it.”

Cecilia could not help finding the situation somewhat ridiculous. Why must I forgive her just because she realized her mistake?

Seeing that she could not sway Cecilia, the caregiver then brought out the letter Paula had written.

“Do you want to read the letter first?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1033

Chapter 1033 Give It All To My Brother

Uninterested in reading the letter, Cecilia and was about to refuse when Magnus took it.

“171 help you read it and see what Mom had to say.”

Magnus was aware that Paula and won the lawsuit against Ralph and secured a substantial divorce settlement.

He opened the letter eagerly, only to find that it was addressed entirely to Cecilia.

The letter went: I'm sorry. Ceci. I know it's too late to say anything now, but I still need to apologize to you. I'm a horrible person and not worthy to be your mother. It's also fortunate that I'm not your mother....

As he read these words, he could not help feeling somewhat puzzled.

What does she mean by that? Isn't she Cecilia's mother!

Nonetheless, he was rather simple-minded and did not think much about it.

He continued reading the letter, which was filled with Paula's apologies to Cecilia. Finally, in the last few sentences, he found the information he was looking for.

It said: I've already arranged with my lawyer to leave all my assets to you.

That line sent his mind reeling.

He turned to the caregiver and asked, "Didn't my mother leave anything to me?"

The caregiver looked at the man who had rarely visited his mother at the hospital and shook her head.

No.

That instantly sparked a raging fury within Magnus, but due to Nicholas' presence, he restrained himself from lashing out.

Flashing Cecilia a smile that did not quite reach his eyes, he uttered, "You always used to say that Mom favored me, but look. She left all her assets to you, her daughter. There was no favoritism toward me in the slightest."

Cecilia had never expected that Paula would bequeath all of her assets to her.

She was about to ask the caregiver whether it was true when Nicholas piped up and said, "Mdm. Paula did previously request for me to help handle this. The lawyer is from my company, and I've already asked him to come. He should be on his way here now."

Since Nicholas says so, then it must be true.

Meanwhile, Magnus was feeling increasingly unsettled. First, Mom showed favoritism toward Cassandra. And now, she's favoring Cecilia!

"How did she end up entrusting you with this task?" Cecilia asked Nicholas doubtfully.

“Magnus is working with me now. I heard about his mother’s situation and came to check on things,” he replied without any hint of evasion. “Besides, Cassandra is her daughter too, isn’t she? As her future son-

The lawyer arrived as they spoke and proceeded to inform Cecelia that Paula had left her more than two billion.

More than two billion!

Upon hearing that number, Magnus was utterly astounded.

So much money and Mom actually left it all to Cecilia. This is just too unfair!

He was disgruntled, yet he dared not say anything.

To his surprise, Cecilia said, “I don’t need this money. Give it all to my younger brother, Magnus.”

Magnus was Regas’ true son and the Smith family’s—remaining bloodline, and Cecilia would no longer take money from the Smith family.

“Cecilia! Are you being serious?” Magnus was stunned once again.

The caregiver was just as shocked. We’re talking about billions here, and she declined it just like that!

However, it was also because of her action that the caregiver understood that Paula had truly broken. Cecilia’s heart to the point where the latter did not even want all that money.

“Yes. Make sure that she gets a proper funeral. I’m leaving now,” Cecilia answered.

“Don’t worry. I’ll make sure to give our mom a grand funeral!” Now that he had money, he was happier than ever and was nothing like someone who had just lost his mother.

Meanwhile, all that Cecilia wished for was for him to live a good life and not let her and Regas down..

Just as she was about to leave, however, Cassandra suddenly turned up.

Cassandra was surprised to see that Nicholas was also present. “Nicholas, what are you doing here?”

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Chapter 1034 Left Her Inheritance To Cecilia

Before Nicholas could respond, Magnus sneered, “As Mom’s daughter, you didn’t show up. It’s only natural for Nicholas, as Mom’s future son-in-law, to come. Not everyone is as heartless as you.”

A cold glint flickered in Cassandra’s eyes as Magnus chastised her in front of everyone. “Magnus, you’ve grown bold, haven’t you? Since when is it your place to lecture me? Do you really think Nicholas would’ve helped you if it wasn’t for me?”

Magnus was silenced by those words.

Cassandra glanced around, but she didn’t see Paula’s body anywhere.

The caregiver gently reminded, “Mdm. Paula has already been taken to the morgue. If you wish to see her, I can take you there.”

“Who wants to see a corpse? Didn’t you know I was pregnant? Do you want to harm my baby?” Cassandra’s face was filled with disgust.

The caregiver was momentarily at a loss for words.

At that moment, Cassandra noticed the cardboard box on the ground, containing the crudely made scarf and gloves. She disdainfully gave it a kick. “What kind of trash is this? Why is it lying around here?”

After grumbling, she added, “I overheard you guys discussing the division of Mom’s inheritance earlier.”

She acknowledged Paula as her mother when speaking of the inheritance.

Magnus, worried that she would try to seize the inheritance, quickly said, “Mom has already written her will. All of her assets will go to my sister, Cecilia. She didn’t leave a penny for you. You should leave now.”

“My dad split over two billion with her. How could Mom possibly leave everything to her?” Cassandra couldn’t believe it.

In the past, no matter what mistakes she made, Paula always forgave her, often reminding her that blood ties were the only thing that truly mattered, and everyone else was insignificant.

This was precisely why she had always been so fearless and confident.

“Ms. Evans, it’s true. Mdm. Paula officially notarized her will here with me,” the lawyer confirmed.

Nicholas added, "Cassandra, didn't you already cut ties with Paula? It's only natural she wouldn't leave you anything."

Cassandra refused to believe them.

She wanted to see Paula and ask her, but she was already dead.

"You're kidding, right? I don't believe it!"

Uninterested in entertaining Cassandra, Cecilia left the hospital first.

Nicholas was losing his patience. "You're pregnant now; you can't stay here for long. I'll have someone take you home."

his eyes stopped her mid-sentence. Intimidated by his

"Nicholas..." Cassandra began, but the coldness, piercing stare, she fell silent and slunk away in shame..

When she stepped outside and saw Cecilia, who was just about to get into the car, she quickened her pace and stopped Cecilia. "Cecilia, what on earth did you do to make Paula leave all his money to you?"

Cecilia paused in her tracks, her hand resting on the car door, before turning to glance back at Cassandra, her eyes brimming with irritation.

"Do you want to know?"

"Tell me!"

"Why don't you go and meet Paula in hell and ask her yourself?"

Cecilia's remark enraged Cassandra so much she nearly fainted. Just as she opened her mouth to snap. back, Cecilia jumped into the car. The engine roared to life, sending a cloud of exhaust into Cassandra's face.

She stood frozen, her frustration boiling over, leaving her with nothing to do but stomp her foot in fury.

Seated in the car, Cecilia leaned against the backrest, glancing at Cassandra's reflection in the rearview mirror. Exhausted, she shut her eyes, too drained and weary to waste any more energy on people like her.

When she returned, the house felt empty and quiet. Lucille was at work, and Elliot was still at school, leaving her completely alone.

The realization that Paula had passed away struck her hard.

Memories of the past kept surfacing in her mind. She remembered the times when Paula would often play the piano in the living room and pretend to be kind to her in front of Regas.

As she grew older, more and more people drifted out of her life—those she loved and those she didn't. One by one, they all slowly faded away.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1034

Chapter 1034 Left Her Inheritance To Cecilia

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When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1035

Chapter 1035 Life Is Unpredictable

Cecilia leaned against the back of the couch and curled up on it, longing to find someone to talk to.

Unfortunately, she didn't have anyone to talk to.

An image of Nathaniel's face surfaced in her mind, but she quickly brushed it away.

We're already divorced....

Time crawled by painfully slowly, and sleep refused to come. Reaching for her phone, she unlocked it, only to find no new messages. A wave of sadness washed over her as she scrolled through her contacts, stopping unintentionally on Nathaniel's name. Before she knew it, her fingers moved on their own, dialing his number.

Meanwhile, at a private hospital, Nathaniel was preparing for surgery the next day. The sound of his phone ringing grated on his nerves. He suppressed the urge to answer it and ultimately decided to hang up.

On the other end, Cecilia stared at the disconnected call, feeling utterly defeated. Without a second thought, she added Nathaniel to her blacklist.

Nathaniel was unaware of the passing of Cecilia's mother. He lay in his hospital bed, filled with fear and fervently praying for the surgery to be successful.

He yearned to see again, to start over with Cecilia.

Mason found out about Paula's demise but chose not to share this news with Nathaniel considering his impending surgery the next day.

In an effort to make money, Magnus organized a grand funeral for Paula.

"Cecilia, you have to come. She's your mother, after all. It wouldn't be right for her daughter to miss the funeral," Magnus urged sincerely over the phone, striving to persuade her.

"I understand. I'll be there on the last day," Cecilia said.

After Paula's obituary was released, many people became aware of her passing, and it was also reported in the news.

Only then did Vivian learn about Paula's death. Worried about Cecilia, she shared the news with George and, accompanied by Jonathan, headed toward the Smith residence.

"Why didn't you tell me about this, Ceci?" Vivian asked upon seeing Cecilia.

Anyone who knew Cecilia well understood how deeply she once cared for Paula. Vivian was certain that Cecilia was struggling to cope with Paula's passing.

With a calm demeanor, Cecilia asked Jonathan to go play with Elliot and then turned to Vivian, saying. "You know as well as I do that there's little affection between us."

"That's true," Vivian said, concern evident in her voice. But to the outside world, you're her daughter. Now that she's passed away and you're pregnant, how are you going to manage her funeral?"

ends up bearing the burden.

"I've already handed it over to Magnus. I will go to the funeral site on the last day," Cecilia said.

"All right." Vivian was actually a bit concerned about people gossiping about Cecilia. "I'll go with you when the time comes."

If anyone from the Escobar family dared to badmouth Cecilia, Vivian would stand up for her.

“By the way, have you told Nathaniel yet?”

Although Nathaniel and Cecilia had divorced, he was still once Paula’s son-in-law.

A dejected look filled Cecilia’s eyes. “I called him today, but he hung up on me.”

“What a sc*mbag!” Vivian exclaimed as she picked up her phone. “Give me his number. I’ll call him. His mother-in-law has passed away! He should be there.”

“No need, Cecilia said, gently holding Vivian’s hand. “I’m already divorced from him. There’s no point in bothering him anymore.

“But

Vivian felt that since they had just divorced and had children together, Nathaniel should at least offer some help.

“Don’t worry. Magnus will take care of it,” she assured.

After Regas’ death, it was Magnus who took charge of the funeral arrangements. While he may not have been skilled at running a company or making money, he had no trouble managing these details.

Vivian sighed. “Fine. Life is so unpredictable. She brought this upon herself.”

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Chapter 1036 Start With Zachary

out to touch. “Have you had any check-ups recently? How’s

She glanced at Cecilia’s belly and reache the baby? Have you felt any movements yet?”

Cecilia chuckled. “They’re still tiny.”

“Okay then.” Vivian leaned against Cecilia. “I’ll be sleeping next to you for the next couple of days. You don’t mind, do you?”

“Not at all,” Cecilia replied, grateful for the company. When she was alone, she tended to overthink.

“I’ll have someone bring me my clothes.”

“All right.”

With Vivian’s arrival, the mansion felt a little more alive.

Lucille returned home from work, and the house buzzed with energy. This warmth finally began to melt away the chill that had surrounded Cecilia.

The two kids were quite concerned about Cecilia.

Jonathan asked Elliot, “Why did that jerk suddenly want a divorce?”

“It’s pretty obvious. He’s got another woman,” Elliot responded.

Before returning to Clusia, Jonathan had diligently investigated Nathaniel. Unlike other aristocratic sons, he stayed away from women.

The only woman around him, who was also his first love, was Stella.

“Is it Stella again?” Jonathan asked.

Don’t tell me he’s back with Stella, who had cheated on him countless times.

Elliot shook his head. “I have no idea. I wanted to see what woman he was involved with when I followed him to the company, but I didn’t see any.”

Upon hearing him mention Nathaniel’s company, Jonathan couldn’t help but feel curious. “Where is his company located?”

Elliot, directionally challenged, thought hard about it and admitted, “I can’t remember.”

Jonathan felt an urge to knock on his head. “How can you not remember such a simple route?”

“I’ve only been there twice. How could I possibly remember? Do you think everyone has a memory like yours?” Elliot said unhappily, sensing his brother’s disdain.

You’ve been there twice and you still don’t remember? Jonathan was at a loss for words. He realized he needed to work on training Elliot in the future.

In truth, Elliot’s memory was better than that of most children, and he excelled in activities like drawing and music.

“Where is Nathaniel living now?” Jonathan asked again

Seabay Villa. Elliot was at least aware of that.

Seabay Villar Isn't that where Zachary used to live

With a thoughtful hand on his chin, Jonathan powered up his computer and began searching. He aimed to see if he could bypass the security cameras at the villa.

After a series of maneuvers, he successfully breached the surveillance system. Now, the live feed from the villa's cameras filled his screen.

Elliot looked on in awe. "Impressive."

"Naturally." Jonathan replied, deftly operating the computer. He pulled up the surveillance footage from the villa a few days prior. Finally, he spotted Nathaniel's car on the feed. Locking onto the vehicle, both Jonathan and Elliot focused intently.

In the video from a couple of days ago, they saw several individuals in white lab coats exiting a large vehicle, Zachary among them. The group walked together, in discussion about something.

"They entered Daddy's house," Elliot said.

Both children began to speculate what was going on.

"Has Daddy had a relapse and lost his memory again? Is that why he wants a divorce from Mommy?" Elliot asked.

If that were the case, it would mean Nathaniel wasn't as despicable as they believed: perhaps he was simply trapped in a difficult situation.

Jonathan didn't respond. Instead, he asked, "There's not much we can tell from that."

He sped up the footage and saw Zachary emerging. As he watched, he noted Zachary entering and exiting several times. Just a couple of days ago, Zachary had told George he needed to go on a business trip. It seemed, however, that he had been lying.

If they wanted to know what had happened, they might need to start with Zachary,

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Chapter 1037 Calling Zachary

Jonathan logged into his WhatsApp account and made video call to Zachary,

As Zachary was deep in discussion with a group of medical experts about the craniotomy scheduled for the next day, he noticed an incoming call from Jonathan and couldn't help but furrow his brows.

His phone was still connected to the screen, revealing the nickname he had given Jonathan: "Bratty Debtor."

Zachary quickly stopped the screen projection and stepped outside to take the call. Jonathan's handsome face filled the screen, magnified and clear before him.

"What's up?" He asked, looking at the brat's handsome face, feeling a pang of jealousy.

Jonathan, on the other hand, was paying attention to his surroundings. "Mr. Zachary, are you in Azania?"

Zachary, not taking Jonathan seriously, lied through his teeth, "Yes, what's up? Is Grandpa looking for me again?"

However, Jonathan recognized the plants behind Zachary, unique to Tudela and not found in Azania. Zachary was as careless as ever.

"No, Vivian asked me to call you and check on you," Jonathan fibbed with a straight face.

He had promised George to help bring Vivian and Zachary together. Although he sometimes thought Zachary could be a bit of a jerk, his observations showed that Zachary was ultimately reliable. When Vivian's first love, Ernest, got married, his mother spoke ill of Vivian, but it was Zachary who stood up for her.

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Zachary was clearly taken aback. "She's concerned about me?"

When did she finally come to her senses and learn to care about me? Zachary was filled with confusion.

Jonathan explained, "Vivian is just tough-talking but soft-hearted. You two have known each other for almost a year. How come you don't know her as well as I do? She was too embarrassed to ask you herself, so she asked me to do it instead."

Zachary subconsciously curled his lips into a faint smile.

"Tell her I'm doing just fine. And let her know not to develop a crush on me; she's not my type." After finishing. Zachary added deliberately, "Listen, kid, there are plenty of stunning blondes with blue eyes around here. Being wealthy and staying single is the way to go."

After Zachary hung up the phone, he couldn't shake the flutter in his heart. He had insisted he had no feelings for Vivian, yet hearing from Jonathan that she cared about him stirred something deep within. This sensation confused him, and he couldn't quite understand where it was coming from.

moments,

Jonathan stared at the phone screen, deftly navigating his computer. Within he pinpointed Zachary's current location.

"He's in a private hospital on Maple Road," he said.

"Shall we go take a look now?" Elliot asked.

"It's late, and it's not safe for us to be out," Jonathan said "Besides, if Mommy and Vivian find out, they'll definitely skin us alive."

"What should we do then?"

"Let's figure it out tomorrow."

With Paula's passing, Jonathan and Elliot had taken a leave of absence from school. They didn't have to attend kindergarten for the next few days.

"Time to freshen up, my babies," Vivian said, pushing the door open.

Jonathan frowned. "Vivian, how could you forget to knock again?"

"Ah, my apologies, I forgot about that after coming here." Vivian said regretfully.

She understood that children nowadays needed their privacy.

"Don't make the same mistake again in the future. Oh, by the way, Mr. Zachary called earlier," Jonathan added.

"Why did he call you?" Vivian asked, puzzled.

"He said he wants to bring you a gift," Jonathan replied. "But I figured you wouldn't accept it, so I told him not to bother."

Vivian was puzzled. Has Zachary lost his mind? He wants to bring me a gift?

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1038

Chapter 1038 Hying It Up

Vivian came back to her senses, praising Jonathan. "You did the right thing. I would never accept his gift. Accepting his favor makes me indebted to him. He must have ulterior motives."

"Mm-hmm." Jonathan nodded repeatedly.

Elliot watched his brother lie.

When an average person lied, he could see right through it. But when his brother lied, he genuinely couldn't tell the difference. He began to wonder if his brother had ever deceived him before.

"All right, hurry up and get ready for bed."

"Okay." The two children spoke in unison.

Once the children were settled, the three women lounged on the couch, munching on snacks while engrossed in conversation.

Cecilia, tired, decided to retire to bed early.

Vivian couldn't suppress her curiosity and asked Lucille, "Lucy, how does it feel to be with Mason?"

She had met Mason before. He was very stiff and didn't seem to engage with others much—the kind of guy who made girls hesitant to approach.

"It's all right," Lucille replied.

"Have you heard anything about Nathaniel from Mason lately? I'm really puzzled as to why he would suddenly want to divorce Ceci," Vivian asked.

Lucille was also quite curious, but recently, whenever she chatted with Mason, he never brought up anything about work or Nathaniel.

"To tell you the truth, I think he's on guard against me. He won't tell me anything." Lucille had tried threatening and tempting Mason into telling her, but unfortunately, none of that worked.

"All right then."

Vivian leaned on the couch, troubled.

Since Lucille had to work the next day, the two didn't chat for long before each retiring to their rooms.

Vivian lay down next to Cecilia, noticing that the latter wasn't asleep yet and was scrolling through her phone.

"I thought you were tired. Why aren't you asleep yet?" she asked.

Cecilia set her phone down. "I can't sleep, so I was just browsing."

Vivian took her hand gently. "You're pregnant now, and it's essential that you get plenty of rest. Put your phone away and get some sleep."

"All right."

Cecilia couldn't sleep because she had come across the news of Paula's passing just before bed. The report highlighted Paula's successful life and lamented the tragedy of her terminal illness. To her surprise, the coverage even featured a video interview of Ralph and Cassandra in tears.

"After she fell ill, she kept insisting on divorcing me," Ralph pretentiously played the role of a good husband. "I knew she was just afraid of being a burden

Cassandra also wore a face of sorrow. "Though Paula was my stepmother and we only spent a few years.

Tower, I always considered her as family. Her death was too sudden. My father and I will definitely give

her a proper farewell."

It was no surprise they were related; both of them were so skilled at hyping things up. Their act was convincing.

Cecilia closed her eyes, comforted by Vivian's gentle hold on her hands, and gradually drifted off to sleep.

The following day, she went to work as usual.

Vivian expressed her concern, "Considering your current condition, it might be best to stay home from work."

Cecilia replied, "Don't worry. Right now, work is the only thing that brings me peace and keeps my mind from wandering. Please take good care of Eli and Jon for me; I'll be back in the afternoon."

"Okay then." Since she put it that way, Vivian decided not to press the issue. "Just make sure to come home early if you're feeling tired from work."

Cecilia nodded. "Will do."

Sitting in the car, she felt dizzy as the passing scenery outside the window blurred into double images, likely a result of her lack of rest the previous night. She decided to close her eyes and take a brief nap.

At that moment, Vivian was the only adult left in the Smith residence. Jonathan and Elliot quickly devised, a simple plan to slip out unnoticed.

Vivian came back to her senses, praising Jonathan. "You did the right thing. I would never accept his gift. Accepting his favor makes me indebted to him. He must have ulterior motives."

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At that moment, Vivian was the only adult left in the Smith residence. Jonathan and Elliot quickly devised, a simple plan to slip out unnoticed.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1039

Chapter 1039 Acting As Jonathan

Vivian was rather careless, and today, Jonathan and Elliot deliberately wore identical outfits.

"Eli. your exceptional acting skills will soon be put to the test," Jonathan said seriously.

"Don't worry. Leave it to me." Elliot spoke in an adorable tone.

If Vivian weren't alone, Jonathan wouldn't have resorted to such a strategy. He felt that Elliot didn't resemble him at all.

"Yeah, we don't really have a choice. I'm leaving now."

Elliot grabbed him. "Once you're back, you must tell me what happened."

He was extremely curious about what exactly had happened to his father.

"I will. Don't worry," Jonathan reassured, prying his hand away and exiting through the back door.

Not long after he left, Vivian came knocking at the door. "Jon, Eli, come out for some fruit," she said.

Elliot walked out and said seriously, "Eli's asleep."

Vivian was momentarily taken aback, not realizing it was actually Elliot pretending to be Jonathan. Concerned, she asked, "Is Eli all right? Why is he sleeping at this hour? Should we take him to the hospital?"

Elliot picked up a piece of fruit and took a bite, shaking his head. "No need for that. It's just how he is; he tends to sleep a lot because of his condition."

"All right then." Vivian had always viewed Jonathan as an adult and never doubted his words. However, she noticed he was eating a lot, which was uncharacteristic of him, with his cheeks puffed out as he continued to stuff fruit into his mouth.

"I thought you never liked eating these," she said.

Elliot froze, realizing he had forgotten that Jonathan was never much of a glutton. He quickly set the fruit down. "I'm full. I'm going back to my room—don't bother me."

To avoid making more mistakes and risk getting exposed by Vivian, Elliot decided it was safer to stay in his room.

"Okay, you little rascal." Vivian said.

At that moment, Jonathan had already left the Smith residence. Along the way, he managed to evade the hidden security cameras, ensuring his movements went unnoticed.

Once he reached the public road outside, he stopped and hailed a taxi. "Sir, I need to go to Maple Road."

He showed the driver the location from yesterday's surveillance footage outside Maple Road.

The driver, bemused by the sight of such a young child alone, asked, "Where are your parents?"

"My dad is over there. I'm going to find him," Jonathan responded.

The driver couldn't help but express his surprise, "He's letting such a young kid like you take a taxi on your own?"

Jonathan nodded. "Yeah, my dad said he wanted me to start learning independence from a young age."

The driver was astounded.

He was a father as well, with a son around Jonathan's age, and he felt the need to keep a watchful eye on him at all times, fearing any potential danger, Yet this boy before him was already confidently hailing a cab

on his own.

"Sir, could you please hurry up? If I get there too late, my dad will punish me," Jonathan urged, handing the driver money. "This should cover the fare, right?"

"Yes. I'll take you there right now."

As the driver steered the vehicle, he pondered over Jonathan's words. Indeed, children who face hardships tend to mature faster.

Throughout the journey, Jonathan chatted with the driver.

He portrayed himself as a son raised by a divorced, abusive father.

They finally arrived at Maple Road.

The driver insisted on returning the money to Jonathan "Kid, keep this. Buy whatever you want with it. Just make sure you grow up well. And when you do, give that heartless father of yours a lesson."

Jonathan glanced at the money in his hand. As he left, he discreetly left a larger sum of money at the driver's spot.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1040

Chapter 1040 Sneaking Into The Hospital

After getting out of the car, Jonathan started searching for the private hospital on Maple Road.

Following Zachary's location from the previous day, Jonathan discovered a rather inconspicuous hospital. What stood out was the presence of several plainclothes bodyguards milling about the entrance. Cautiously, he sneaked closer, his small stature allowing him to easily find cover; the bodyguards seemed unlikely to consider a child a threat.

As Jonathan reached the hospital entrance, he scanned the surroundings, hoping for a glimpse of the back door. His view was unobstructed here, but despite his efforts, he had no idea where to find it.

How should I get in?

Leaning against a large tree, Jonathan dialed Zachary's number using his watch.

Unbeknownst to him, Zachary, along with a group of doctors, was in the middle of surgery and didn't have his phone on him.

No one answered the call, so Jonathan ended the call.

At that moment, Jonathan saw another young man and woman, both medical staff, entering the hospital.

Left with no other choice, he decided to take a risk and walked over.

Sure enough, he was stopped by one of the bodyguards

"Kid, go play somewhere else," the bodyguard said coldly.

If it had been any ordinary child, they would have been reduced to tears by the sight of the bodyguard's intimidating features.

Jonathan, however, was not scared in the slightest. He pointed inside and said. "My father is a doctor here. He's the one who asked me to come."

The bodyguard was taken aback, unsure of what to do.

Every doctor in this hospital should've received orders from the higher-ups. A child shouldn't be here!

"Ouch..." As the bodyguard hesitated to inform those inside, Jonathan suddenly clutched his stomach, letting out a cry of pain.

"What's wrong?" the bodyguard asked urgently.

"My stomach is killing me. I can't hold it in any longer; I need to use the restroom," Jonathan said abruptly. "Sir, I can't chat right now—I really need to get to the restroom inside. I used to come here often." With that, he cut off the conversation and quickly made his way into the building.

The bodyguard never expected that such a young child would be so adept at lying.

Just to be on the safe side, he followed along.

After entering. Jonathan glanced at the restroom sign and quickly made his way toward it.

emerged.

However, Jonathan wasn't planning on leaving that easily since he had come all the way here,

He waited in the cubicle. When someone entered, he overheard them remark, "There are so many experts.

the hospital today—some of them you'd only expect to read about in books."

"I wonder which big shot is having surgery here. Why not choose a larger hospital?"

"You're naive. Plenty of wealthy people undergo surgeries in secret, out of fear that their rivals or those who wish them dead might find out."

Listening to their conversation, Jonathan gathered that someone was undergoing surgery here, and that person was quite significant.

At the mention of surgery, he couldn't help but think of Nathaniel.

Could it be that he actually had some unspeakable secret and was forced to divorce Mommy?

When the two men left, Jonathan seized the opportunity to slip out after them, cleverly navigating the bodyguard's blind spot.

The bodyguard waiting outside was completely unaware as Jonathan made his escape.

"Did he fall into the toilet?" the bodyguard muttered to himself.

After Jonathan emerged, he laid low and searched for the operating room.

Upon reaching the second floor, he noticed that the door to the third floor was tightly closed. However, there was light shining from the floor above, accompanied by the sound of footsteps going back and forth.

Jonathan secretly made another call to Zachary.

This time, he heard Zachary's cell phone ringing from the storage room not far away.

Bingo," he said to himself.