

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1381 - 1390

Chapter 1381 Her Biological Mother

Cecilia didn’t respond. She slowly stood up and walked outside.

Her mind was in complete turmoil.

When she came out, Sven noticed her pale face and immediately approached her. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Let’s go back,” Cecilia replied.

“Okay.”

Once they were in the car, Cecilia’s thoughts were consumed by what Cassina had said.

Queenie is my biological mother? How could such a thing be possible? My biological mother had once wanted to kill me and my son? No, I can’t simply trust Cassina’s words. “Sven, can you help me with something?”

She needed to investigate and confirm if she and Queenie were truly mother and daughter.

After instructing Sven to handle this matter, Cecilia returned to Elliot’s hospital ward.

The child was already asleep. Nathaniel was sitting by his side, wide awake. When he saw Cecilia return, he stood up and supported her. “How did it go?”

“Nothing much,” Cecilia said. She wasn’t ready to tell anyone about this yet, not until she had concrete answers. What if it was all a misunderstanding?

Nathaniel noticed her troubled expression but didn’t press her when he saw she didn’t want to talk.

“You must be tired. Go to bed early.”

“Mm.”

Cecilia nodded. After washing up quickly, she went to sleep in the adjacent caregiver room.

Deep into the night, Cecilia couldn't sleep well.

She dreamed again of her childhood, the time when she was brought back from the countryside to the Smith family. In her dream, no matter how hard she tried to please Paula, she was never treated kindly. Paula had forced her to kneel. “How dare you bully Magnus? Who do you think you are? And who do you think he is?”

Back then, young Cecilia didn't understand and tried to argue, “Why is it that we're both your children, but you treat us so differently? Why can't you love me too?”

Paula had sneered coldly at her response.

“Love you? You're dreaming. Let me tell you, you're nothing but an unwanted orphan. You don't deserve to be my daughter!”

The past replayed in vivid detail in her dream, like a movie reel rolling through her mind.

It all made sense now.

“Why...”

Cecilia jolted awake, her forehead covered in cold sweat.

Hearing her stir, Nathaniel quickly pulled her into his arms. “Did you have a nightmare?”

Hearing his familiar voice brought Cecilia some comfort.

“Nathaniel, I'm so scared.”

“What are you scared of?” Nathaniel asked.

Leaning against his chest, she clutched his shirt tightly. “Do you think my biological parents love me?”

Nathaniel softly patted her shoulder.

“Of course. They're definitely still looking for you.”

Hearing this, Cecilia thought about how Queenie had been searching everywhere for her biological daughter.

If Queenie truly was her biological mother, then she must love her, right?

But because of Paula, Cecilia no longer felt sure about such things.

Unsure of what had happened to her, Nathaniel comforted her until she fell asleep again.

Once she was asleep, he quietly got up and stepped outside to call Sven.

“Can you tell me what happened when she went to see Cassina?”

He was

O Cecilia had heard or

something significant.

she wouldn't have been

so shaken.

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Unfortunately, Sven didn't know either. was waiting outside

talked

O idea what she andet

about.”

Nathaniel felt a pang of frustration.

“Got it. Thanks.”

He ended the call and returned to Cecilia's side.

Meanwhile, at the Jamieson residence, Queenie had been keeping close tabs on Stella and Cassandra, but no useful information had come to light.

Her patience was running thin.

Chapter 1382 Know The Truth

“Mom, I made scrambled eggs for you myself.”

Early in the morning, Stella tried to curry favor with Queenie.

If Queenie hadn't already known she was a fraud, she might have actually been moved.

Without even glancing at the scrambled eggs, Queenie said, “Just leave it.”

“Okay.”

Stella put down the scrambled eggs but didn't seem inclined to leave.

Instead, she moved behind Queenie and said, “Mom, you work so hard every day. Let me massage your back for you.”

“No need. If you're bored at home, you should go out and broaden your horizons,” Queenie replied.

Once again met with indifference, Stella was struggling to understand Queenie's personality.

Feeling disheartened, she left. Outside, Stella muttered, “What am I doing wrong? Why is she so cold to me?”

As she puzzled over this, she spotted Cassandra approaching Queenie with her usual spoiled and willful demeanor.

Suddenly, Stella understood. A sinister smile spread across her lips.

“So, you like unruly, ungrateful children, do you?”

Since she couldn't please Queenie today, she decided not to waste her efforts.

With her newfound wealth and the power others envied, Stella went to the Royale Club, where she had access to the most exclusive private rooms.

The same wealthy heiresses and noble sons who once looked down on her now fawned over her.

“Stella, I always knew you were extraordinary. Who’d have thought you were the long-lost heiress of the Jamieson family?”

“Exactly! You’re so beautiful. It was obvious you weren’t from a poor family.”

“I always believed you’d achieve great things one day.”

Listening to their flattery, Stella no longer bothered to hide the smugness on her face. She raised her glass and said, “But didn’t you all used to look down on me? Didn’t you call me an orphan? Did you know that Cecilia is actually the orphan?” Everyone froze in shock.

The fact that Cecilia wasn’t Paula’s biological daughter had never been made public.

Yet Stella openly revealed the truth without hesitation.

“So, she was adopted!”

“No wonder she’s disabled! I knew someone from our high society couldn’t possibly have a child like her.”

“Exactly, how cliché.”

Knowing Stella and Cecilia didn’t get along, the group began criticizing Cecilia mercilessly.

Some even brought up Cecilia’s orphan status and hearing impairment in their old class group chat.

Cecilia saw the messages but paid them no mind and turned off her phone.

Meanwhile, Stella’s circle continued their reckless mockery.

After they had worn themselves out gossiping, someone suddenly mentioned Zachary.

“Stella, didn’t Zachary like you a lot back then? Now that you’re the Jamieson family’s daughter, I bet he’d dump that nouveau riche Vivian and come running back to you.”

At the mention of Zachary, Stella’s expression darkened.

Back then Zachary had been willing to do anything for her. But after the truth was exposed, he had crushed her into the mud.

If not for her good fortune in finding an opportunity to rise again, she'd still be stuck at the bottom of Tudela's society.

Now, dealing with Zachary was still a challenge. But dealing with Vivian?

The thought of Vivian not only marrying Zachary but also being Cecilia's close friend gave Stella a wicked idea.

"By the way, when's their wedding?" Stella asked.

"In just a couple of days, I think," someone answered.

So soon?

Stella rested her chin on her hand, mulling over the idea. What would happen if Zachary were to end p with a less-than-pure bride on his wedding day?

Chapter 1383 The Wedding Is Approaching

Vivian's wedding was in two days. Even though she had been busy preparing for it these past few days, things were still a bit chaotic.

After seeing that Elliot's condition had stabilized, Cecilia stayed with Vivian to help out.

"Oh, this wedding dress is so heavy!"

Vivian walked out slowly, wearing her custom-made wedding gown and teetering on high heels.

Zachary was sitting nearby, playing on his phone. When he inadvertently looked up, a flash of awe crossed his eyes.

He had always thought Vivian looked ordinary, but today, for some reason, she seemed stunning.

Zachary didn't immediately snap out of it, and Vivian didn't notice his gaze. She turned to Cecilia and asked, "Cecilia, what do you think? I feel like this dress doesn't suit me. It's way too heavy." Cecilia's eyes lit up. "It's absolutely gorgeous."

Vivian still seemed unsure.

“Really?”

“Of course! It looks amazing,” Cecilia assured her before glancing at Zachary. “Zachary, what do you think?”

Snapping back to reality, Zachary quickly averted his gaze and looked down at his phone. “It’s okay, I guess.” “What do you mean ‘okay’? Either it’s nice or it’s not!” Vivian huffed, feeling that they were constantly at odds. Without looking up, Zachary reluctantly muttered, “Then... it’s nice.”

Hearing that, Vivian stopped hesitating. “Okay, this one then.”

Of course, a wedding required more than just one outfit. Vivian went on to try several more dresses, including the reception outfit.

By the time everything was finalized, she was utterly exhausted.

“Oh, I’m so tired. Weddings are such a hassle.”

George approached and said with a chuckle, “Silly girl, you only get one wedding in your life. Don’t complain about the trouble. You’ll regret it if everything isn’t perfect, understand?” Cecilia couldn’t help but feel that George treated Vivian more like a cherished daughter than an in-law.

“Got it, Grandpa. But I’m really tired today, and Ceci has been with me all this time. Can we go out for a little while?”

Vivian recalled something and

added, “And please don’t let Zachary

tag along. I’m about to get married and just want some quality time with my best friend, okay?”

George burst out laughing and immediately agreed.

“Okay, go on. Just make sure you two stay safe.”

“Got it!”

Vivian quickly changed into her everyday clothes and eagerly headed out with Cecilia.

Since Cecilia's pregnancy was becoming more noticeable, they avoided crowded places. Instead, they strolled through some quiet spots and grabbed a meal together.

"Ceci, how's Eli doing now?" Vivian asked.

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"Much better. As long as his condition remains stable until next month, he'll be ready for surgery," Cecilia replied. "That's a relief."

Vivian let out a long breath. "And what about the company?"

"With Calvin helping out and Charlotte and the others keeping an eye on things, there aren't any major issues." Although the Jamieson family had forced Cecilia to take a financial hit this time, it had made her more cautious. "Good, that's settled then."

Mentioning Calvin, Vivian couldn't

resist some gossip. "Mr. Reese treats you so well. He came straight to you as soon as he returned to the country. Don't rush into remarrying Nathaniel. If he hasn't changed his ways, just go with Calvin instead."

Cecilia smiled, knowing that Vivian only wanted the best for her. "Understood."

"Good."

As the evening approached, Vivian and Cecilia decided to head back.

Neither of them noticed someone watching them from the shadows, taking photos.

Those photos were sent to Stella. Stella circled Vivian in one of the pictures and said, "It's her."

Chapter 1384 Do We Tell Her

At Imminence Corporation, Nathaniel called Ernest over and asked him to investigate the Jamieson family.

However, Ernest seemed distracted, his mind clearly elsewhere.

Nathaniel looked up at him. "What's wrong?"

“Nothing. I’ll get to it,” Ernest replied, snapping out of it before heading out.

As soon as he left, Mason walked in and informed Nathaniel, “The day after tomorrow is Vivian and Mr. Sinclair’s wedding.”

Nathaniel raised an eyebrow slightly at the news.

“Isn’t Vivian the one Ernest gave up on? So now that she’s about to get married, he suddenly pulls this stunt?”

Honestly, as a man, Nathaniel couldn’t stand Ernest’s behavior, never satisfied with what he had.

Mason quickly explained what he knew. “Mr. Rainsworth, you don’t know the full story. There’s actually a reason Ernest let Vivian go.” Nathaniel gave him a long look, signaling him to continue.

It wasn’t that Nathaniel was being nosy, but since Vivian was Cecilia’s best friend, anything concerning her naturally piqued his interest.

“Back then, when the two of them broke up, it was actually because Vivian’s father beat Ernest so badly that he almost lost his life. His leg was nearly broken, and he barely made it out alive,” Mason began, clicking his tongue as he spoke. “To survive, Ernest fled to Droover, where he met his current wife.”

“His wife saved him and tirelessly cared for him when he was crippled,” Mason continued.

Nathaniel tapped his fingers lightly on the table. “And then he married her out of gratitude?”

“It’s not just that,” Mason elaborated. “After Ernest recovered, his wife’s father helped him become a prominent lawyer. Through this, Ernest met a lot of people and started thinking about reconciling with Vivian. He then gained Roland’s approval. That’s when he made a trip back to Tudela.”

“And then?”

Nathaniel’s interest was now fully engaged.

Hearing this, Ernest didn’t sound like the scoundrel Cecilia and her friends had described.

“But when Ernest got back to Tudela and met Vivian again, he also received a call from his father-in-law. That’s when he learned that his wife had been diagnosed with stomach cancer and didn’t have much time left.”

“Ernest isn’t the type to forget kindness. Knowing that his wife had always loved him and wanted to marry him, he gave up on Vivian and chose to stay with his wife,” Mason finished, sighing. en

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“Fate really plays tricks on people. Who would’ve thought his wife would end up with a terminal illness? He could’ve repaid her kindness in some other way.”

Nathaniel fell silent after hearing the story.

He recalled his own past with Stella, where he had entered a relationship with her out of gratitude.

Back then, he hadn’t loved Cecilia, not even a little.

But now, if someone saved his life, he wouldn’t give up Cecilia to repay that person with marriage.

“Do you think I should tell Ceci about this?” he asked.

“Better not. Women are sensitive. If she tells Vivian and Vivian decides to call off the wedding, what then?”

Mason had no interest in offending the Sinclair family.

Nathaniel thought for a moment before standing up. “Let’s call it a day.”

“What? So early?”

Pausing briefly, Nathaniel said to Mason, “Tell Ernest that I won’t spread this to anyone else. Whether he wants to tell Vivian the truth is up to him.” “Understood.”

After Nathaniel left, Mason sought out Ernest and relayed everything to him.

Ernest lit a cigarette and said, "Next time, don't dig into my life. Otherwise, I'll dig up all your secrets too."

Mason choked.

"Don't worry, feel free to investigate me."

Chapter 1385 What Would You Do

After hearing that, Ernest couldn't help but feel helpless. He took several harsh drags from his cigarette, then extinguished the butt and tossed it into the trash can.

"Do you think I didn't want to tell Vivian? Let me ask you, if you were in her shoes, knowing all this, what would you do? Should she wait for me for a few more years until my current wife passes away before I marry her?" Ernest asked. Upon hearing that, Mason was at a loss for words.

Then, he said, "However, if you go on like this, once Vivian learns the truth, she's bound to despise you. Have you considered whether she truly loves Zachary?"

Mason often saw Vivian and Zachary bickering. As such, he thought she didn't like Zachary and that perhaps she married the latter only to seek revenge against Ernest.

Ernest lit another cigarette. "I was afraid of this very situation, which is why I hoped she would think more carefully about marrying Zachary. The last thing I wanted was for her to regret it."

"The day after tomorrow, they'll be married, and nothing can be undone by then. You need to tell her the truth. Whether she chooses to marry Zachary, waits for you, or perhaps chooses no one at all, she deserves to know," Mason stated. As a man, he understood Ernest was only thinking about Vivian, not wanting to hold her back.

However, in love, the right to know was also very significant. Abruptly ending a relationship without any given reason could potentially cause more pain to the other person than the truth itself.

Mason could tell that while Vivian appeared optimistic on the surface, in reality, she was far from genuinely happy.

"Let me think about it some more," Ernest said, his gaze lowered.

“Right,” said Mason before leaving.

After he left, Ernest stared blankly at the scenery outside the window.

After an indeterminate amount of time, his phone began to ring. He picked it up and saw that it was his wife calling. “Darling, what’s wrong?”

“Ernest, why haven’t you returned yet? Are you working overtime?” asked Jennifer.

Ernest glanced at the time. It was already half past seven in the evening. Surprisingly, he had completely lost track of time. “Sure, I’ll be back soon. You don’t have to wait for me. Go ahead and eat. I don’t want you to be hungry.” “I know. I had my meal a while ago.”

“That’s good then.”

Just as Ernest was about to hang up the phone, he suddenly heard Jennifer say, “Ernest, let’s get a divorce.”

Ernest was left stunned on the spot. “What are you saying?”

“I understand why you married me, and I know that Ms. Kennedy has always held a place in your heart,”

Jennifer said. “I don’t want to holdet

you back. Let’s get a divorce. Ms. Kennedy is about to get married. You still have a chance, so please, don’t make yourself unhappy.”

Upon hearing those words, Ernest quickly clarified, “Jennie, you’ve misunderstood. Vivian and I ended things a long time ago. There’s no chance for us.”

Jennifer stood outside the house,

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gazing into the pitch-black night. She held back the pain brought on by cancer, forcing a smile. Impossible, hmm? He didn’t say he had moved on.

She took a deep breath. “Yeah, I know. You should head home early for dinner.”

“All right.” Only then did Ernest hang up the phone.

Jennifer was alone, staring at Ernest's phone number displayed on her mobile screen. Subconsciously, her eyes became slightly moist.

Back then had she known that her father was exploiting her gratitude, using her illness to gain Ernest's sympathy and arrange their marriage, she certainly would have refused.

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Jennifer found herself alone outside.

News had spread all around Tudela that Vivian was set to marry the son of the Sinclair family.

She stared at the smiling woman on the news and genuinely felt sorry for Ernest. "Ernest, you were supposed to be with her."

After she finished muttering to herself, she dialed a number and called Vivian.

The call connected quickly.

"Hello, who is this?" Vivian had just finished eating and was somewhat puzzled. Who's calling me so late?

"My name is Jennifer. I'm Ernest's wife. Could we possibly meet?"

Chapter 1386 Subconsciously Compare Vivian tightened the grip on her phone instantly.

Even though she had attended Ernest's wedding, she didn't dare to look at who the bride was, what her name was, or what she looked like from the beginning to the end. She was afraid that she might subconsciously compare herself with the bride, worried that once she saw her, she wouldn't be able to stop thinking about it.

Thus, when Jennifer declared that she was Ernest's wife, Vivian was still in a state of shock.

"What do you want to see me for?" It took Vivian a while to muster up the courage to utter those words.

"There seems to be a misunderstanding between you and Ernest. I want to clarify things on his behalf. Please, I implore you to meet with me," Jennifer pleaded earnestly. Vivian was supposed to get married the day after tomorrow, and she should have declined. Yet, for some reason, she agreed. "All right."

The two decided to meet at an utterly ordinary restaurant.

Upon seeing Jennifer, Vivian noticed the former's distinctively refined and slender appearance, which was different from her own.

"Hello." She extended her hand in a friendly manner.

Jennifer also extended her hand. After a polite handshake, they both sat down.

"What is it that you want to tell me?" Vivian got straight to the point.

Jennifer remained silent. Instead, she reached into her bag and pulled out her medical diagnosis. It indicated that she had, at most, three years left to live.

Upon seeing the medical report, Vivian was in disbelief that Jennifer was stricken with such a severe ailment at such a young age.

Vivian immediately said, "Don't worry, there's nothing going on between Ernest and me. I'm already engaged."

She was afraid that Jennifer might misunderstand her. There was a sincere look in her eyes.

Seeing that, Jennifer was certain Vivian was not a bad woman.

With that, she was finally at ease.

"I didn't come here just to discuss my illness. The main topic is about why Ernest would marry me."

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Jennifer then told Vivian the story of her encounter with Ernest.

She also mentioned the incident when Ernest was nearly beaten to death by Roland back then.

"Ernest never liked me. His heart was only ever occupied by you. He only married me out of pity and to express his gratitude toward me," said Jennifer.

Upon hearing all that, Vivian felt like her mind was in a whirl. "Why are you telling me all this?"

“I hope you’t think this through thoroughly,” Jennifer said, each word deliberate and firm. “Don’t marry someone you don’t love. I will divorce Ernest.” Her gaze was unusually resolute.

Vivian looked at her in disbelief. “Why?”

“What do you mean, ‘why’?”

“Why do you want to divorce him? You are now...”

Jennifer interrupted, “All I want now is for him to be happy. I don’t want to be a burden. Rest assured, I’m not the kind of woman who relies on a man for everything. I have my own job, can support myself, and my family background is quite good, too.”

Vivian simply couldn’t accept it at that time. “I’m sorry, but this situation is too cliché. I need some time alone to process it.”

After she finished speaking, she quickly rose and fled from the place.

Jennifer also stood up, ready to step out, when she noticed Ernest had somehow appeared at the entrance.

“Why are you here?” Ernest calmly asked her.

When he returned home, he realized that Jennifer was not there. His parents told him that she had gone out for a walk alone. Ernest thought it odd, so he decided to catch up to Jennifer. Just as he did, he caught her exchanging words with Vivian. He then saw Vivian left in a somewhat distraught state.

Upon seeing him arrive, Jennifer didn’t bother to hide anything. “I was meeting Ms. Kennedy.”

Ernest’s eyes narrowed. “And?”

“I told her that she’s always been in your heart and that our marriage was just a misunderstanding,” Jennifer said.

Chapter 1387 Divorce Tomorrow

Upon hearing those words, Ernest couldn’t help but clench his fists. He forced himself to remain calm. “Why did you have to tell her all that?”

Jennifer lowered his head, not answering his question, and said, "Let's get a divorce tomorrow."

Why is she bringing it up again? Ernest's Adam's apple bobbed slightly, "Jennie, I've told you before, death will come before divorce."

He knew that Jennifer was uneasy, so he comforted her again. "Don't worry. I really have no plans to start over with her. We can live our lives together, and I promise to take good care of you." After he finished speaking, he pulled Jennifer into his embrace.

Some people, some events, once missed, were simply missed.

Jennifer leaned on his shoulder, her eyes filled with confusion. I guess he does like me somewhat. Why else would he be willing to keep taking care of me?

Vivian wandered the streets disoriented with a headache.

She picked up her phone and dialed Roland's number. "Dad."

Every day, Roland was brimming with joy. His daughter was about to marry into a wealthy family, a prospect that filled him with more happiness than anything else. "What is it, my dear daughter?" "Back then, did you hurt Ernest badly?" Vivian asked.

Roland's heart skipped a beat. I thought Ernest wouldn't mention that matter now that he's married, but now... It seems like he wants to cause trouble and scoop up some benefits after setting Vivian's about to marry into a wealthy family!

"Vivian, listen to me," he began,

skillfully avoiding the heavier issues.

"A sc*mbag.like Ernest is not worth your care Right now, the most important thing is for you to focus on preparing for your wedding with Zachary the day after tomorrow."

The look in Vivian's eyes turned hollow when she heard that. "Dad, answer me first. Why did Ernest suddenly disappear back then, and why did you say he wanted to break up with me afterward?" Roland didn't want to drop the ball during that crucial period. "Didn't I tell you? He found someone else he likes. He's not into you anymore, and that's why he left Tudela."

"Do you still think I'm the same idiot as before?" Vivian roared in rage.

Roland was startled by her sudden outburst and dared not say more. "Vivian, calm down."

"That is not something I am capable of right now! If you don't start telling me the truth, I swear you'll lose your daughter, and you can forget about clinging to the wealthy!" Vivian bellowed into the phone, her eyes ablaze with anger.

Roland was taken aback by her actions. "You silly girl, don't you dare do anything foolish. I'll tell you, all right? Years ago, I had people beat him and drive him out of Tudela, but I did it all for your sake. You are my daughter. How could I possibly harm

you? When your mother passed ne

away she clutched my hand,

impforming me to ensure you lived a good life, to ensure your happiness! Ernest is a poor wretch who'll never have any money in his lifetime. How could I dare entrust you to him? You were young back then, completely oblivious to the importance of money. Marrying into the Sinclair family is worlds apart from marrying into an ordinary family. If you have children in the future, their starting point in life will be a finish line that others could only dream of reaching. Do you understand this?"

Tears welled up in Vivian's eyes as she listened to her father's confession. "Why didn't you ever ask if I wanted that kind of ending?"

She was in such distress, and her heartache was so intense that she couldn't breathe.

Originally, she had accepted that Ernest was nothing more than a sc*mbag. Originally, she had decided to give up.

However, everything had been turned upside down. It turned out that Ernest had not betrayed her, and the culprit behind her anguish was her own father!

Chapter 1388 Did Not Dare To Gamble

"Vivian, why have you stopped talking? Please, don't frighten me. Everything I've done was for your benefit. I'm well off now and don't need you to marry into a wealthy family. All I want is for you to have a future where you don't have to worry about anything, especially not about money. You know, our family was once considered nouveau riche. Before we had wealth, many people looked down on us. I don't want you to walk the same path as your mother and

me,” Roland pleaded earnestly. His wife’s passing was in part due to lack of funds for her treatment at that time.

Hence, he was particularly afraid of being penniless in the future and that his daughter might have to endure hardships with a poor man.

Even though Ernest might achieve something in the future, he didn’t dare to gamble on it.

Vivian understood why her father had acted that way, yet she still couldn’t accept it at that moment.

“I understand. Don’t worry. I won’t do anything rash. I need some peace and quiet right now.” She ended the call.

When Roland tried calling again, he discovered that Vivian’s phone had been switched off.

He had no other choice but to call Zachary.

Vivian was walking alone, staring into the pitch-black path ahead of her, uncertain of where to go.

She was consumed by guilt at that moment and longed to ask Ernest why he didn’t tell her the truth, why he had allowed her to view him as a sc*mbag all that time.

After an indeterminate amount of time had passed, Vivian, not wanting to return, found a place to sit down.

She was afraid Roland might contact her again, so she turned off her phone. She didn’t dare switch it back on, nor did she dare contact anyone.

Under the pitch-black sky, droplets of rain began to fall slowly.

Before long, the intensity of the rain increased significantly.

Vivian kept her head down and didn’t bother to seek shelter from the rain. She simply let the rain drench her completely. Suddenly, a large umbrella shielded her.

Vivian slowly lifted her head and saw Zachary standing before her, having appeared seemingly out of nowhere. “Why are you here?” asked Vivian.

“Your dad called and asked me to come find you,” Zachary responded. “Why aren’t you using an umbrella And why aren’t you heading home? Is there a reason why you’re allowing yourself to be drenched in the rain?”

Upon hearing that, Vivian didn’t know how to respond, falling into silence.

Seeing her reluctance to speak, Zachary didn’t press further. “Come on, get in the car. Let’s head back.”

Vivian stood up and joined him in the car. As she sat there, the cold air from the air conditioning caused her to shiver. In response, she wrapped her arms around herself.

Zachary thoughtfully turned off the

air conditioning and then handed her a towel You’re an adult. I don’t

know why you’re still like a child,

enjoying spending time in the rain.”

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Vivian kept her head down, offering no response. She casually wiped off the water on her face.

Zachary was quite unaccustomed to Vivian’s sudden change and silence as she typically loved to banter with him.

“What’s wrong? Speak up. We still have some time before we get home. You can’t continue to stay quiet. It’s a bit scary in the middle of the night like this,” Zachary joked. Upon hearing his words, Vivian spoke with difficulty. “I met Ernest’s wife today.”

After hearing that, Zachary was not particularly surprised. “And then?”

“She told me that Ernest left years

ago because my father attacked him and drove him away. He married someone else because that woman saved his life back then. Moreover, his wife only had a few years left to live.” Vivian wasn’t sure if she had explained herself clearly, but she blurted out everything that had happened.

After hearing it, Zachary couldn't understand why he felt a heaviness in his chest for a moment. "I see. What are you planning to do? There's still time to call off the wedding."

Chapter 1389 Regret Her Actions Vivian stared blankly at Zachary. "You..."

Before she could speak, Zachary interjected, "You still have a day to think it over. However, once the day after tomorrow arrives, if you back out at the last minute and embarrass me, I won't let you off easily." He was telling the truth.

He had seen all types of women in his life. In Tudela, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that at least ninety percent of the women there would have been willing to marry him.

If Vivian had dared to stage a scene like those in television dramas, calling off the wedding on the very day, he would have surely made her regret her actions!

Upon hearing his words, Vivian was momentarily at a loss for what to say.

After all, Ernest was married, and she thought that Jennifer was a very good woman.

"I need to think about it," said Vivian.

Zachary's grip on the steering wheel tightened.

He had initially thought Vivian would say that since they had already decided to get married, there was no chance of calling off the wedding.

To his surprise, she said she needed to think about it.

She doesn't care about me at all! For the first time, Zachary was treated as a backup option, and he was extremely annoyed. "Should I take you back to the Kennedy residence?"

The day after tomorrow, the two were set to marry. Vivian couldn't continue living at the Sinclair Manor. After all, there were still some wedding formalities.

"No." Vivian rejected outright, "If possible, could you drop me off at any nearby hotel?"

"All right." Zachary readily agreed.

He found a hotel with decent security measures and then settled Vivian there.

Ideally, Zachary should have escorted her to her room, but he was in an extremely sour mood at the moment. As a result, he simply let Vivian head to the hotel on her own. Afterward, he reassured Roland that everything was all right.

Vivian was residing in a hotel room. Her mind was in chaos, and she had no one to confide in.

As such, she unlocked her phone and dialed Cecilia's number.

Cecilia was about to rest when she received the call and listened to what Vivian had to say.

"How could something like this happen?" She, too, found it unbelievable and thought Roland's effort to break up Vivian and Ernest was way over the line.

"I'm in a complete mess right now, and I don't know what to do. I'm really hesitant about whether I should marry Zachary right now," said Vivian.

After hearing that, Cecilia was

unsure of what to do and could only say, "Vivian, if you're uncertain, don't rush into a commitment. I don't want you to regret your decision."

Vivian was caught in a difficult situation. "Old Mr. Sinclair has been so kind to me. He has always hoped to see me married to Zachary. Also, I think Jennifer is a good person They're already married. My relationship with Ernest, well, it ended a long time ago."

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She was reluctant, yet reality reminded her that there were no U-turns in life.

Cecilia wasn't sure how to comfort her as she couldn't truly empathize with her plight.

She quietly listened to Vivian talking about her unease. Only after Vivian said she was going to sleep that she hang up the phone. Nathaniel was lying next to Cecilia, so he faintly overheard the conversation.

He said, "Such matters should have been addressed upfront. What was once a misunderstanding now seems insurmountable." "Yeah, but that's just how some things are. After all, we don't have a God's eye view," Cecilia said.

“Get some sleep,” Nathaniel said, embracing her. “You’re pregnant. It’s not good for you to overthink.

Besides, we have to visit the hospital to check on Eli tomorrow.”

Cecilia obediently closed her eyes and drifted off into a deep sleep.

Nathaniel looked at her sleeping face, feeling grateful that their misunderstandings had been cleared up, allowing them to be together.

He dared not contemplate what he would do if Cecilia were to marry someone else.

Chapter 1390 Vivian Was Kidnapped

Throughout the day, Vivian was in a daze. She spent her time inside the hotel, showing no interest in preparing for the wedding.

In the afternoon of the following day, she was ready to share her decision with Zachary when a knock on the door from outside interrupted her.

She had no choice but to put down her phone, and in her slippers, she opened the door.

However, as soon as she opened the door, several individuals clad in black immediately covered her mouth and nose.

Vivian quickly passed out.

At the Sinclair Manor, Zachary was distracted all day, anxiously awaiting Vivian’s decision. As the afternoon wore on, creeping toward five or six o’clock, he had yet to receive a message from her. His heart couldn’t help but flutter with unease and frustration. He sent a message: Have you made up your mind?

A minute passed, then ten, but there was still no response from Vivian.

Zachary was restless, grumbling in his mind. If she doesn’t want to marry me, she should just type it out. Why is she not replying to me?

At that moment, he truly wished he could teleport straight to Vivian's side to get some answers.

Jonathan watched him pacing back and forth until he felt dizzy from all the movement. "Mr. Zachary, could you please sit still?"

Zachary paused, turning to Jonathan. "Give Ms. Kennedy a call."

Left with no other choice, Jonathan called Vivian and discovered that her phone was turned off.

"Why is it still turned off?" Zachary frowned.

George came over and asked, "Did you upset Vivian?"

Zachary wore an innocent expression. "I wouldn't dare."

"Why did Vivian suddenly stop contacting you? Even her phone is switched off, and you two are supposed to get married tomorrow." As George spoke, he lightly tapped Zachary's head. "Tell me the truth. Did you go around stirring up trouble again?" Zachary was at a loss for words. "You're really overestimating me. You're always tying me to Vivian. Where would I find the freedom to flirt around?"

"You better not. Later, head to the Kennedy residence to apologize to Vivian," said George.

Although Zachary was reluctant, he agreed due to his concern for the old man's health.

He knew clearly that Vivian was no longer at the Kennedy residence, so he went to the hotel to look for her.

However, upon arriving at the hotel, he discovered that Vivian had already checked out.

Zachary stood there, stunned. Could she have escaped because she didn't want to get married?

He was just about to call Vivian

again when he received an unexpected message from here Zachary, the wedding will proceed as planned tomorrow.

Upon seeing the message, Zachary, for reasons unknown, felt a profound sense of relief.

He sent a message to Vivian: Where are you now? Why didn't you reply to me earlier?

At that moment, the person holding Vivian's phone was actually Stella.

She was somewhat upset when she saw how concerned Zachary was. The Zachary she knew from the past would only worry for her, treating all other women as strangers.

Yet, at that moment, he had fallen for a nouveau riche's daughter and wanted to marry her! At least, that was how Stella saw it.

Stella typed: Just pick me up at the Four Seasons Hotel tomorrow. I'm a bit nervous about the wedding.

Zachary couldn't help but feel puzzled. Why would Vivian feel nervous? Shouldn't she be torn about whether or not to marry me? Zachary couldn't understand, nor did he bother to inquire further, so he replied: Okay.

After that, he got into his car and headed back.

Stella put away the phone, then shifted her gaze back into the room, where Vivian still lay unconscious. really don't get it. What's so special about a gal like you that Zachary would even consider marrying you? Old Mr. Sinclair must be going blind to have chosen you."

Once, George threatened Stella, warning her that she would pay if she dared target Zachary.

Stella had always assumed it was due to her status, thinking that George was seeking someone of equal social standing for Zachary.
