

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1631- 1640

Chapter 1631 Anything More Than Friendship “And?” Cecilia asked.

“I took that picture by chance when I was young. I thought it looked good, so I kept it.” Nathaniel paused for a moment, then continued, “It wasn’t until one day, when I was observing your profile, that I realized it was you from your younger days.” Cecilia was somewhat incredulous. “Really?”

“Yeah.”

When Nathaniel discovered this, he was abroad, under a sky filled with cherry blossoms.

However, he didn’t tell Cecilia that day.

Cecilia thought it was romantic.

“What a coincidence,” she murmured.

Nathaniel also found it incredibly coincidental. He had kept that picture for a long time, never realizing that the person in the picture was the very same person beside him now.

Perhaps he had fallen in love with Cecilia at first sight.

As they chatted, they were no longer as awkward as before.

Unable to contain his curiosity, Nathaniel asked, “What happened during the year you spent abroad? What did you do every day?”

During the year that Cecilia was gone, not a moment went by that he didn’t find himself thinking about her.

He wondered where she was and what she might be doing at that very moment.

Cecilia pondered for a while and replied, “While I was abroad with Nicholas, apart from undergoing hypnotherapy, I mostly stayed alone in the mansion. Over there, I was a stranger

in a strange land, always alone when I stepped out.” Nathaniel fell into a deeper silence, berating himself for his inability to protect her.

“I’m sorry.”

Cecilia shook her head. “There’s no need to apologize. It’s not like I’ve suffered any harm.”

Even though Nicholas had done some pretty questionable things, he had always respected her wishes and met her various needs.

The two of them were deep in conversation, and before they knew it, they were almost there.

From a distance, Miranda waved at them. “Nathaniel, Ceci, you’re finally here. Over here.” Cecilia said, “All right, you can put me down now. It’s not much further. I can walk by myself.” Nathaniel gently set her down.

By now, she had felt much better and could walk without the dizziness she had experienced earlier. At that moment, Miranda walked down. “Why aren’t you guys wearing raincoats? You’re all soaked.”

As she spoke, she completely

Cecilia’s presence. She

tissue and brought t

toward Nathaniel’s face.

Taken by surprise, Nathaniel instinctively stepped back.

Miranda’s hand stiffened.

Cecilia realized that Miranda was intentionally flirting with her husband.

“Miranda, thank you for the tissue.” She reached out and took the tissue

She hand, then turned

from

around and wiped the rain off Nathaniel’s face.

Nathaniel remained completely still, allowing her to dry him off.

With a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes, Miranda said, "Nathaniel, Ceci, you two are still so in love after all these years. But Ceci, I heard that during the year you disappeared, you were with Nicholas. Didn't you lose your memory? Did anything more than friendship happen between you and Nicholas?"

Anything more than friendship?

That single sentence caused both Cecilia's and Nathaniel's expressions to darken.

Cecilia didn't like the underlying mockery in Miranda's words, while Nathaniel felt uneasy.

He had once wondered if anything inappropriate had happened during the year Cecilia and Nicholas lived together.

He knew that even if something did happen, he couldn't blame Cecilia.

However, any man would have cared about it.

Therefore, he never dared to ask Cecilia about this matter.

"What do you mean by 'anything more than friendship'?" Cecilia calmly asked Miranda.

Chapter 1632 I Will Be With You

A lump formed in Miranda's throat again, and a glint of coldness flashed across her eyes.

"We're all adults here. Don't you get what I'm saying?" Miranda's tone was dripping with sarcasm. "Or are you too embarrassed to admit it?"

Cecilia maintained a calm demeanor. "What's there to be embarrassed about? Nicholas and I have always been just ordinary friends."

Miranda didn't believe her at all.

"Really? That's interesting. I've never seen a platonic friendship between a man and a woman." She glanced at Nathaniel. "Nathaniel, I'm just speaking my mind. You two should live your lives well. Don't take my words to heart." Naturally, Nathaniel believed what Cecilia had said, which made him feel even more relieved.

“Thanks for your concern. We’ll be just fine.” He was grateful to Miranda for bringing up the topic he dared not ask about.

Miranda’s lips twitched before she turned and walked away.

Once she left, a look of discomfort washed over Cecilia’s face.

After she returned, no one brought up her past with Nicholas, and she didn’t mention it either.

Miranda’s direct questioning made her feel uncomfortable.

She looked at Nathaniel. “Do you trust me?”

It was difficult to believe that a man and a woman could live together for a year without experiencing anything significant.

Before Nathaniel could respond, Cecilia quickly added, “It’s all right, you don’t have to answer. Whether you trust me or not, I can accept it.”

She lowered her head and moved forward.

Nathaniel took a few steps to reach her side, taking her hand in his.

“Of course I trust you. But even if something did happen between you two, I wouldn’t mind because I know you no longer remember me.”

He held her hand tightly, filling her heart with warmth.

Cecilia felt a pang of guilt. All these days, she had only managed to recall fragments of her past. Her memories were still far from fully restored. “I’m sorry I forgot you,” she whispered.

“It’s all right. We can start getting to

know each other from now on,”

Nathaniel said, forcing a smile.

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However, his heart an unspeakable bitterness.

They had been through so much together, yet she had forgotten him.

“Mhm.” Cecilia nodded emphatically.

The gap between the two seemed to have closed.

Miranda had intended to sow discord between them with her

words. Unexpectedly, it only served

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to bring them closer together Sol net

She stood against the cold wind, her eyes filled with undeniable jealousy.

She picked up her phone and dialed a number.

A man’s gentle voice came over the phone. “Miranda, you’ve finally called me. Have you not missed me during this time?”

“When are you free? Let’s meet up.” Miranda simply couldn’t bear the days of being alone.

“Aren’t you afraid Adrian will find out?”

The mention of Adrian made

Miranda angry. “Why should I be afraid of him? He’s all bark and no bite. He wouldn’t dare to do anything to Nathaniel.” She took a deep breath. “Now that his leg is better, he’s back to his philandering ways again.”

Upon hearing this, the man couldn’t help but laugh.

“All right, my dear, make some time to come out tonight. I’ll be with you.”

A hint of amusement flashed in Miranda’s eyes. “Okay, bye.”

Reluctantly, she ended the call, but her mood improved considerably afterward.

From the mountaintop, everything below appeared so tiny.

Cecilia and Nathaniel stood together.

Cecilia couldn't help but take a photo and send it to her closest girlfriends.

Chapter 1633 You Cannot Leave

Responses quickly filled up the group chat.

Lucille: Wow, where is this place? The view is incredible.

Vivian: It's likely the spot where Ceci took Jon camping. It's quite pristine.

Charlotte: I don't feel like going to work anymore. Once the holiday starts, let's go out and have some fun. It's been a while since we last went out.

Madeline glanced at the messages and responded with a few emojis before quickly immersing herself back into her work.

Lately, she hadn't been resting well. Every moment of downtime she had, her thoughts would drift to her daughter, Amelia.

She wondered how the child was doing with Darren.

She had already initiated the divorce proceedings, and it was inevitable that a custody battle would ensue.

Observing her deep in thought, Calvin, who had appeared before her at some point, asked, "Did something happen at home recently?"

Madeline was stunned. "Is something wrong?"

Calvin placed a few documents in front of her.

"There are quite a few mistakes in these documents. Take a look."

Madeline realized that many of the numbers in the documents were filled in incorrectly.

She tapped her forehead and rose to her feet, eyes filled with guilt. "I'm sorry. I'll fix it right away."

"You don't have to. You should go home now and get some rest."

Madeline's face shifted immediately. Fearing she was about to be fired, she pleaded, "Mr. Reese, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Please give me a chance to make amends. I promise I won't make the same mistake again." She sounded as if she was on the brink of tears.

Calvin realized that she had misunderstood him.

"Maddie, that's not what I meant. I've noticed that you haven't been yourself these past few days. Why don't you take a couple of days off to rest at home before coming back to work?"

Upon hearing this, Madeline finally breathed a sigh of relief.

With a smile, Calvin added, "Besides,

even

You though you work under r

Ceci's employee.

could I possibly fire you?"

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"I truly need a break," Madeline admitted, realizing just how tense she had been lately.

"Go home now."

"Thank you." After tidying up her things, Madeline returned to her residence.

Nathaniel had secured a mansion for her to live in, conveniently located not far from Darren.

The moment she returned, she noticed that the gates of the neighboring mansion were wide open.

Madeline was unusually excited.

Since moving in a few days ago, she had been longing to see her child every moment. Unfortunately, the gates were always tightly shut, keeping her from entering.

Once she stepped out of the car, she nervously made her way toward the Faust residence.

Before she even reached the entrance, she could already see the nanny with Amelia from a distance.

“Amy...” she called out softly. Unable to contain herself any longer, she quickly moved toward the child.

The nanny recognized Madeline and

upon seeing her rushing over, she

couldn't

help but express her

surprise and joy. “Mrs. Fause

back.”

Madeline scooped up the child in her arms.

Amelia hadn't seen her mother in a long time. She pouted, her eyes welling up with tears.

“Mommy...”

“Amy, my darling, I've finally seen you.” Madeline embraced her child, feeling as though she had gained the entire world.

Having reclaimed her child, Madeline was now preparing to leave.

The nanny stopped her. “Mrs. Faust, where are you going?”

“You don't need to worry about it. Step aside.”

“You can't leave. Mr. Faust will hold me responsible,” the nanny said anxiously.

As the two were caught up in their tug of war, a voice echoed from not too far away. “Madeline, where are you taking my daughter?”

Chapter 1634 Figure It Out Yourself

Darren had arrived unnoticed. With a few long strides, he stood before Madeline. Extending his hands, he said, "Amy, come to Daddy." Amelia was at a loss as she looked at the hands Darren had extended toward her. Confusion and turmoil filled her eyes. Madeline held her tightly and stepped back.

The gates behind her slammed shut with a loud bang.

Madeline was getting desperate. "Darren, open the door right now and let me out."

Darren found the situation amusing. After all the effort he put into tricking her into coming, there was no way he would let her leave. "And what if I don't?"

Madeline cradled Amelia in one arm, while her other hand reached for her phone.

Darren effortlessly scooped up Amelia from her arms.

The child was too young to understand what her parents were doing. She thought they were just playing with her and laughed in delight. Madeline's hand was suddenly empty. Without bothering to grab her phone to make a call, she tried to snatch the child from Darren's arms. However, as a woman, she was no match for a man.

Darren gently held her with one hand while nonchalantly handing over the child to the nanny with the other. "Take her back to the room." "Yes, Mr. Faust." The nanny picked up the child and started walking inward, not daring to look back.

Madeline watched helplessly as her child was taken away. Anger surged within her. "Darren, you b*stard! Give me back my child. Amelia is the child I carried for nine months and gave birth to. You only spent three seconds. How dare you take away my daughter?" Darren listened as she now cursed in innovative ways, increasingly feeling that he shouldn't have let her pick up bad habits from outside in the past.

"Very well, you're becoming quite eloquent now, aren't you?"

Darren grasped her hand, leading her further in.

Surprise filled Madeline's eyes. "Where are you taking me? Let me go."

"What do you think? I'm taking you somewhere to cool off," Darren said, dragging her back to their original room and tossing her inside.

Madeline looked around at the familiar surroundings, memories of the past once again enveloping her. "Don't lock me up. Let me out!"

"Don't worry, I won't lock you up again. I just want you to understand something."

Darren steadily made his way inside, guiding her to take a seat. He then pulled out his phone and handed it to her.

Madeline didn't understand what heoveldrama

was up to this time. She looked down at his phone screen, only to see news about when her family went bankrupt and her father was tragically killed. en

"Take a good look. Did I do it?"

During this period, he had been relentlessly uncovering the truth of the past.

"Even if I were foolish, I wouldn't harm my future father-in-law before marrying you. As the only daughter

of the Foster family, all its wealth will eventually be mine, won't it?

Madeline didn't respond. She took the phone with trembling hands and read the news. Then, she came across some evidence related to what had happened.

It turned out that there had been numerous signs before the Foster family went bankrupt. It wasn't the Faust family's doing, but rather a rival company from overseas.

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"How could this be? Then why did my father, on his deathbed, tell me it was you who did it? And why did you admit to it?"

Darren was also somewhat bewildered. "You mean, your father told you before he passed away?"

Regardless of how he explained, Madeline still didn't believe him.

Who wouldn't believe what their father said on his deathbed?

Darren wasn't sure how to respond. "All I can tell you is that I've been wronged. As for the rest, you'll have to figure it out yourself."

Chapter 1635 A Downright Cruel Reality

Madeline sat alone on the chair, watching as the door swung open before slamming shut and Darren completely disappearing from her line of sight.

Her head throbbed slightly, and the phone in her hand felt as heavy as lead.

Within it was a detailed account of how the Foster family was framed and sabotaged by their rivals back then. Yet, there was no mention of the Faust family. "Dad, could you have made a mistake?" Madeline muttered to herself. Unfortunately, there was no response forthcoming in the empty room.

She was so exhausted that she didn't know what to do anymore.

All these years, she had hated Darren to the core, only to suddenly learn that she had misunderstood him all along one day. That was a downright cruel reality. Meanwhile, Darren made a call and ordered an investigation into who exactly the person Haider had met with all those years ago.

Regrettably, too much time had passed, so many things could no longer be unearthed.

Darren lit one cigarette after another, but his mood remained incredibly gloomy.

At some point in time, Amelia tottered out of the room. "Daddy."

Upon hearing his daughter's voice, Darren quickly stubbed out his cigarette and opened the window. Then, he called for the nanny, hollering, "Aliyah!" The nanny, Aliyah, promptly came out of the room.

"Boss."

"Why is my child out here?" Darren's face was a mask of irritation.

Aliyah wore an expression of guilt. "I'm sorry. Amy cried non-stop for her mommy and daddy just now, so I accompanied her out."

Worried that his daughter might be exposed to the cigarette smoke on him, Darren instructed, "Take her to play with Madeline. Just make sure that Madeline doesn't take her away." "Okay." Aliyah led Amelia away to look for Madeline with a smile.

After the two of them had left, Darren took a shower. Once he had changed into fresh clothes, he went to Madeline's room but stopped outside.

Through the door, he heard Madeline and Amelia's joyful laughter.

He stood at the door for an eternity but ultimately chose to leave.

Cecilia and the others hiked to the top of the mountain, snapped some photos and took a break before participating in activities with the teachers. Then, they all went back.

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Throughout it all, everyone was both exhausted yet happy.

Right after they had gotten into the car, Jonathan and Cecilia promptly succumbed to exhaustion and fell asleep. Nathaniel sat beside them both, feeling incredibly content.

The driver asked, "Shall I send Mr. Jonathan back to Sinclair Manor?"

Gazing at Jonathan who held Cecilia's arm, Nathaniel shook his head and replied, "No. We'll all go home together."

Subsequently, he called Zachary, informing him that Jonathan would be spending a couple more days at home before going back to Sinclair Manor.

Upon hearing that, Zachary pleaded

bitterly, "Nathaniel, please don't do this. Jon has only been gone on an outing for a few days, and my

grandfather hasn't stopped nagging

Now you even want to take

him

home for a few days. It'll make things hard for me."

“That’s your problem,” Nathaniel retorted mercilessly.

“Please, no. If you do this, he’ll start pressuring me and Vivian to have a child again,” Zachary hastily begged.

“Then, hurry up and have one instead of always having your eyes on my son,” Nathaniel countered.

Zachary wanted to argue further, but the man on the other end had already hung up the phone.

Feeling scared right then, he didn’t dare break the news to George at all.

Vivian happened to walk past. Noticing his unpleasant expression, she couldn’t help but ask, “What’s wrong? Why the bitter look?” “Nathaniel has taken Jon home to stay for a few days.”

“That’s nothing major. Why are you acting as if it’s the end of the world?” Vivian was somewhat puzzled.

Zachary rolled his eyes at her. “Are

you an idiot? Without Jon here, my grandfather will undoubtedly pressure us to have a child even more.”

Sure enough, George sighed repeatedly when he didn’t see Jonathan in the evening.

“When will I ever have a great-grandchild of my own? Oh well, it seems like there’s no hope for me in this lifetime.”

As George lamented, he shot the housekeeper a meaningful look.

Chapter 1636 Fanning The Flamesnoveldrama

The housekeeper instantly understood George’s meaning. She swiftly went to the kitchen and returned with a pot of soup.

“Have some soup,” George said to Zachary and Vivian.

Just as Zachary was about to decline, George looked at him pitifully. “Why, you refused when I asked you to give me a great-grandchild, and you’re even going to turn down the soup now?” Since he had said as much, Zachary could no longer demur.

“Grandpa, as long as you stop pressuring me to have a child, I don’t mind drinking ten bowls of soup, let alone one.”

Vivian was also amenable, picking up the bowl and downing a big gulp. “Grandpa, this soup is really good.”

George wore an expression of amicability, but a glint of slyness flittered across his eyes.

“In that case, have more.”

Inwardly, his thoughts went in another direction.

Vivian, Zach, don’t blame me. I’m only fanning the flames of your relationship. Otherwise, when would you two finally become a couple for real?

Zachary and Vivian had never imagined that George would do anything untoward. They finished the entire pot of soup.

Then, they ate quite a lot.

Zachary even took his jacket off. “Grandpa, this soup must be truly nourishing, huh? I feel particularly warm and energized right now.”

When George heard that, the corners of his mouth curved into a meaningful smile.

“Yeah. I added quite a few nourishing ingredients in there.”

“In the future, it’d be best not to drink such nourishing soup at night.” Zachary stood up, intending to go outside for some fresh air. George stopped him, asking, “Where are you going?”

“It’s too hot, so I’m going outside for some cool air.” While saying that, Zachary made to leave.

“No way. Jon is away, so both of you must stay here and accompany me,” George stated sternly, leaving no room for refusal.

Zachary and Vivian exchanged a glance. Not daring to demur, they could only stay on.

They sat together in the living room and watched a television series.

For some reason, George was acting out of character that day. He had only ever watched the news, but right then, he was watching a romance series. Zachary was struck dumb. "Grandpa, you enjoy watching this?"

"Why, is that a crime?" George retorted.

Afraid that he might get upset again, Zachary quickly shook his head. "Of course not. Feel free to watch whatever you like."

Vivian, on the other hand, enjoyed the romance series. However, she also noticed that she felt particularly hot that day.

"It's not even summer yet. Why is it so hot?" She fanned herself with her hand.

Zachary also felt hot. He got up and turned on the air-conditioner.

George watched it all silently. Feeling that the time was ripe, he stood up and made an excuse, saying, "You two stay put and watch first. We'll talk when I return. Neither of you is to leave."

"Okay," Zachary and Vivian answered in unison.

After George had left, he immediately had someone lock the door of the living room.

As the minutes and seconds ticked by, the two people in the room gradually became aware that something was off with them. "D*mn it!" Zachary was the first to realize what had happened.

He turned his gaze to Vivian. The latter looked flushed, a thin layer of sweat coating her skin. "Zachary, I don't feel well. I'm so hot." Zachary immediately got up. "Come, let's go to the hospital quickly."

Vivian was a touch bewildered. "Why are we going to the hospital? Did something happen to someone?"

"It's not someone else in need of

medical attention, but us.” Zachary heaved a long exhale, forcefully suppressing the indecent thoughts within him.

Vivian was still lost. “Why would we need medical attention?” Despite her question, she still rose to her feet alongside him.

The moment she did so, she was met with Zachary’s handsome face. She couldn’t help but become a bit dazed, swallowing hard. “I’m just realizing now that you’re seemingly quite good-looking.”

Chapter 1637 Crawling With Cockroaches

That remark left Zachary somewhat speechless. “Of course. I’m much more handsome than that toy boy you like.” “Which toy boy?” Vivian was lost for a moment.

“Ernest.” Zachary hadn’t forgotten about that love rival of his.

Vivian’s expression changed slightly. “I no longer like him for a long time now.”

Despite her claim, Zachary still noticed the change in her expression.

“Really?” Zachary enunciated, grasping her shoulders and looking right into her eyes.

For some reason, Vivian found herself unable to meet his gaze. She lowered her head. “Yes. I’m over him.”

But the more she said so, the less Zachary believed her.

After all, he had investigated Vivian and Ernest’s past.

Back then, Vivian was determined to marry the impoverished man despite the Kennedy family’s objection.

The impoverished man, Ernest, was also fearless in his quest to be with Vivian, almost losing his life in the process.

Such a strong relationship is one I had never experienced. Who could ever forget such precious memories associated with youth?

As Zachary dwelled upon it, an inexplicable surge of anger rose within him.

“Aren’t we going to the hospital?” Vivian couldn’t help but ask when the man suddenly fell silent.

I wonder what’s wrong with me today. I feel incredibly unwell despite leaning against him. Moreover, some bizarre thoughts are swirling around in my mind, tempting me to strip him bare to see if his figure is as good-looking as his face.

Upon hearing her question, Zachary forced himself to stay lucid.

“Yeah. We’re going to the hospital. Let’s go.” He headed toward the door while dragging Vivian along.

But when he reached the door, he found out that it had been locked from the outside at some point. “Open up!” he yelled angrily.

Regrettably, no one responded to him, for the housekeepers outside had all left.

Vivian leaned against the door. “Who locked the door? How is Grandpa supposed to come in later?”

“If he were to come in, he’d be nothing but a creep,” Zachary muttered under his breath. Vivian was baffled. “Don’t speak of Grandpa like that.”

When Zachary saw that she was still defending George, he found her downright naive and innocent. If she were to be duped in the future, she’d probably be blissful oblivious.

“Go back to your room.”

He felt that if Vivian were to remain by his side any longer, he wouldn’t be able to hold back.

However, Vivian shook her head.

“Grandpa told us to wait for him here. Otherwise, he’ll get upset again when he comes back and finds us

gone.”

On the brink of snapping, Zachary grabbed her hand.

“Are you genuinely naive or just feigning it? Haven’t you noticed something off about our conditions? Grandpa spiked the soup.”

As he spoke, he headed toward the bedroom, pulling Vivian along by the hand.

It took Vivian quite some time before she grasped his meaning.

“What? How could he do that?”

No wonder! I’ve been wondering why I feel unusually hot that even turning on the air-conditioner didn’t help.

“There’s no point speaking about

take a cold

that now. Just bear with it in your room. If it gets too much, shower,” Zachary said.

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Vivian nodded fervently. “Okay, okay.”

Once in the room, Zachary felt even more keyed up.

Just as he was about to leave, Vivian shrieked, “Ah, cockroaches!”

While doing so, she threw her arms around Zachary.

Only then did Zachary notice that the room was crawling with cockroaches.

Without a doubt, it could only be George’s handiwork.

Vivian clung to him like a koala, not daring to let go. “Q-Quick, take me out of here.”

Immediately, Zachary scooped her up and left the room.

When they had gone out, Vivian finally let out a sigh of relief.

However, their current postures and distance had then grown suggestive.

Chapter 1638 The Pot Calling The Kettle Black

Zachary felt as if he was going to lose his mind, constantly teetering between retaining his sanity and surrendering to his desire.

Vivian wasn't any better. Having been single for so many years, she had needs too.

"Zachary, y-you..." she stammered with her head lowered.

Zachary realized their suggestive postures and immediately dropped his hold on her.

"I'll go and check out the other rooms."

"Okay," Vivian agreed fervently.

She initially thought that keeping her distance from Zachary would help. Unfortunately, it proved to be of no use.

She felt as though she was on the verge of breaking down.

Zachary also felt terrible. He went to the other rooms, only to discover that all of them were locked.

He wearily returned to the living room.

Vivian sat there awkwardly, neither of them daring to utter a word.

"How about I call for backup?" Vivian suggested on a rare moment of cleverness.

However, Zachary shook his head. "It won't do any good. I just checked, and our phones are nowhere to be found."

"What?" Vivian felt all the more depressed.

She truly felt miserable right then, wishing nothing more than to devour Zachary bit by bit.

Zachary was in no better shape. He decided to divert their attention by initiating a conversation. "How about we talk for a bit?"

"Sure." Vivian nodded repeatedly. "What should we talk about?"

Zachary wasn't sure what to talk about either. Suddenly, he asked, "How did you and Ernest get acquainted?"

Speaking of Ernest, Vivian felt like a bucket of cold water had been poured over her, offering her a brief respite.

“It was a chance encounter at school. He was strikingly handsome and a law student back then. Rumor had it that he’d never been in a relationship, so I decided to pursue him.” As she recalled the past, indescribable emotions assailed her. “I initially thought he’d be hard to win over, but surprisingly, it turned out to be very easy.”

When she spoke of that, an unprecedented tenderness colored her features.

Conversely, Zachary felt a tinge of jealousy as he listened. “What happened then?”

“Then, we got together.” After Vivian had finished speaking, she turned to him. “What about you? I saw on the news that you dated many women. Were you hurt by your first love in the past?” en

Zachary scoffed. “What a joke. How could a woman ever hurt me?”

“Why did you date so many women, then?” Vivian didn’t quite understand it.

“I have money, so I naturally want to try dating different women. Isn’t that normal? I’m just a regular guy,” Zachary said.

Vivian sighed. “Fine.”

“You seem unhappy?” Zachary asked.

“Of course. How could I possibly be

happy when my husband has been intimate with countless women?” Vivian subsequently continued, “Even though there’s no actual relationship between us, it’s still somewhat offputting.”

Hearing that, Zachary derided mercilessly, “What’s the difference between a man and countless women? Isn’t this a case of the pot calling the kettle black?”

He sighed deeply before adding, “At the end of the day, we’re both tainted.”

Tainted...

Recalling the incident that befell her before marriage, Vivian was hit by a wave of sorrow.

Only then did Zachary realize that he had misspoken. He immediately got up and walked over to Vivian.

“I wasn’t referring to the incident the day we got married. Don’t misunderstand.”

Vivian pursed her lips tightly without saying a word.

Zachary knew she was upset. “I truly misspoke earlier. I’m sorry. I was referring to you and Ernest.”

Vivian lowered her gaze, remaining silent.

“Alright, I shouldn’t have spoken ill of

you and Ernest. After all, you two were serious about each other. Contrarily, I was just fooling around. I take relationships lightly, but you are a decent girl who takes things seriously.”

Zachary wasn’t quite good at complimenting others, so saying that made his face burn with embarrassment.

Chapter 1639 Both Their First Times

“A decent girl?” Vivian muttered. “Really?”

Zachary nodded emphatically. “Yes. I find you different from other women.”

As he spoke, he unconsciously moved closer to her.

Vivian didn’t know what was wrong with her either, but she inexplicably remained still.

And so, everything fell into place.

Zachary still had his wits about him. He scooped Vivian up and went to a secluded spot to avoid being spied on by George.

George wasn’t that shameless either, so he naturally didn’t install any surveillance cameras in the living room this time.

Nonetheless, he couldn't help but send someone to the door to eavesdrop on things. The housekeeper ran back over joyfully. "Old Mr. Sinclair it's done."

"Really?" George couldn't believe his ears.

"I'm pretty sure about it," the housekeeper affirmed.

The immense weight that had been weighing on George's heart finally lifted. "I'm tired, so let's go to sleep."

"Sure, sure."

After a night had passed, Vivian woke up the next day to her entire body aching painfully.

She vividly remembered everything that happened last night and wished nothing more than to kick herself then. Just why hadn't I held out

Zachary was still asleep yet instinctively pulled her back into his embrace.

"Sleep a bit longer," he murmured languidly.

Vivian was unaccustomed to the sudden intimacy between the two of them. She patted him awake. "Let go of me, and stop sleeping." Roused by the noise, Zachary slowly opened his eyes to look at her with a hint of confusion.

"Why did you hit me?"

After all, she had consented to what happened last night.

Vivian's face flushed bright red. "What happened last night was an accident. Both of us are well aware of that. Don't worry, for I won't hold you accountable. We can carry on as we did previously-"

She kept distancing herself from Zachary, oblivious to the increasingly grim expression on his face.

What does she mean by not holding me accountable? Is she kidding me? So, she's just going to turn her back on the morning after? However, Zachary noticed something. "It was your first time?"

Having been abruptly interrupted, Vivian looked at him. "I..."

She found it peculiar herself, for she had been kidnapped the day before her wedding, and it seemed like something irreversible had happened that night.

Thus, it couldn't possibly have been her first time.

Yet, it was clear from last night that it was indeed her first time.

"I don't know either."

"You don't know?" Zachary was struck speechless. "Didn't you and Ernest="

Before he could finish his utterance, Vivian cut him off. "Ernest and I indeed dated, but we were never intimate."

Sheer disbelief filled Zachary's eyes.

Vivian clenched her fists tightly, her

eyes fixed on him. "I'm serious.

Ernest never touched me. But I had always thought something

happened to me the night before our wedding. Unexpectedly, I was wrong."

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Had I known, I would have certainly restrained myself last night.

Upon hearing that, Zachary was stunned for a long time.

Then, he lifted his hands and pulled Vivian into his embrace.

Vivian was taken aback by his sudden action.

"What are you doing? Why are you suddenly hugging me?"

Zachary wasn't quite sure why he did so either, but he reckoned it was because he felt incredibly fortunate.

If one truly fell for another person, he would indeed be bothered about her past.

“I’ll take responsibility for you. Let’s

have a good life together. I’ll be

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honest with you too. I was merely putting on an act with those celebrities. I had no interest in them whatsoever. I value my life too much to have ever gotten intimate with them,” he stated seriously.

Vivian hesitated for a moment before venturing, “Don’t tell me, it was your first time too?”

“Yeah.” Zachary nodded awkwardly.

Chapter 1640 You Must Take Responsibility

Vivian pushed Zachary away, her brows furrowed as she scoffed, “Are you taking me for a three-year-old kid?”

Given his exceptional background, how could he possibly still be a virgin?

Seeing that Vivian didn’t believe him, Zachary bit the bullet and came clean with her. “Something happened when I was young, leading to a lack of interest in intimacy with women.” Vivian stared at him wide-eyed.

“And?”

“I had no choice but to seek out the company of numerous women to convince others that I was normal,” Zachary confessed.

Still, Vivian couldn’t quite believe it. “What happened when you were young?”

Zachary initially didn’t want to speak of it. But ultimately, he relented.

“Do you know how my mother died?”

After moving into Sinclair Manor, Vivian had once inquired about Zachary’s parents. All she knew was that they had passed away a long time ago but had no idea about the cause of their deaths. Thus, she shook her head.

Only then did Zachary divulge, "Childbirth complications, amniotic fluid embolism." From her curious expression at the start, Vivian began to sympathize with Zachary. Zachary continued, "When I arrived at the hospital, I was met with the gory sight." "I'm sorry," Vivian murmured, feeling somewhat guilty.

Had I known this was the reason, I would never have pressed for an answer. Zachary shook his head. "It's okay. Many years have passed, so it's much better now."

It was only last night that he discovered that he was a normal man.

Vivian didn't know what else to say to comfort him.

Noticing the pity in her eyes on him, Zachary felt a bit irked and changed the subject. "So, you must take responsibility for me."

"Huh?" Vivian was somewhat bewildered. "What for?"

"Are you suggesting that a man's

first time doesn't warrant

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responsibility? Is a man's youth worth nothing? It's only fair that both of us take responsibility for each other, Zachary asserted

shamelessly.

Vivian found it downright absurd. "In that case, we're even. Neither of us is on the losing end."

She stood up to leave, but Zachary grabbed her, stopping her from doing so.

"Let go of me quickly," demanded Vivian.

"No, unless you agree to my request," Zachary countered, beginning to play hardball.

At just that moment, the door to the living room was opened from the outside.

Zachary and Vivian both turned their gazes over, only to see George standing there.

Feigningnoveldrama

his eyes, George covered

his eyes with a hand. "Oh my, what are you two doing? Why did you sleep on the couch in the living room?"

Vivian's face flushed crimson in an instant. She pushed Zachary away and scrambled to her feet.

Luckily, she had already put on her clothes.

Zachary quickly got up as well and reproached, "Grandpa, could you please knock next time?"

"I even need to knock before

entering the living room now?"

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George feigned ignorance. "Oh well, it looks like I can't simply come home anymore. You newlyweds should also have some decorum."

He spoke casually, amusing the housekeeper beside him to laughter.

Zachary rolled his eyes.

"You should be telling yourself that. What a creep."

Despite his words, there was no resentment in his voice.

At that precise moment, a shriek echoed from Vivian's room.

Without a second word, Zachary rushed toward the room. "What's wrong? What happened?"

"Cockroaches!"

"Don't be scared. I'll drive them away."

The couple's conversation drifted out of the room.

George chuckled knowingly. "It was all my credit. Otherwise, who knows when the two of them would have finally gotten intimate."

After he had said that, he had the housekeeper call someone over specifically for extermination.
