

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1761

5-6 minutes

Stella Begs Nathaniel Cecilia had only gotten Stella blacklisted, yet the woman was already unraveling, her panic bordering on hysteria.

“Mr. Rainsworth, I beg you, for the sake of our past relationship!” Stella pleaded desperately.

Past relationship?

Nathaniel recalled their past, his gaze filled with disgust.

“Stella, you actually have the audacity to bring that up?” His voice dropped to an icy whisper as he took slow, deliberate steps toward her. A suffocating chill radiated from him, making Stella instinctively shrink back.

At that moment, she was truly afraid.

“I had no choice!” she blurted out, her voice trembling. “It was Mr. Nicholas-he ordered me to do it! If I hadn’t obeyed, he would’ve taken my life!”

Nicholas again?

Nathaniel’s patience with Nicholas had already worn thin. This time, he was done. Once and for all, he would make sure Nicholas was sent to a place where he could never cause trouble again.

“You fear for your life at his hands,” Nathaniel murmured, his gaze sharp as a blade. “But did it never occur to you that you should fear me more?”

Stella still wanted to explain, but before she could utter another word, a car pulled up nearby. Sven and Charlotte had just finished their work for the day. As soon as the vehicle stopped, they stepped out one after the other.

“Stella!” Charlotte’s voice rang out, laced with fury. Her eyes blazed with contempt as she stormed forward. “Are you trying to ruin Boss’ family again? How can you be so shameless?”

Stella had long abandoned any shred of dignity. Her body trembled slightly as she forced a weak smile. "Ms. Talbot, you've misunderstood. I came here hoping that Mr. Rainsworth and Cecilia would show me mercy."

Charlotte let out a cold laugh. "Then why didn't you show Boss some mercy back then?"

Stella lowered her head, falling into a defeated silence.

Charlotte scoffed. She had no sympathy for someone so heartless.

Turning to Nathaniel, she asked, "Mr. Rainsworth, how should we deal with this person?"

Nathaniel's voice was void of warmth as he issued his order. "Throw her out."

Cecilia had instructed him to keep Stella alive-she would deal with her personally.

"All right," Charlotte responded without hesitation, rolling up her sleeves, fully prepared to take action herself.

Just as she was about to step forward, Sven reached out and caught her hand. "Let the men handle it."

"It's okay, I'm quite strong," she said, completely serious.

Sven was momentarily speechless.

With a helpless sigh, he gently patted her shoulder. "All right, be good now."

Charlotte opened her mouth to argue, but before she could, two bodyguards had already stepped forward. They each grabbed one of Stella's arms and dragged her away.

Nathaniel commanded, "From now on, make sure she doesn't come within two hundred meters of this place."

The bodyguards nodded firmly. "Yes, Boss."

Stella was unceremoniously thrown onto the bustling roadside, completely at her wit's end.

Just when she had managed to claw her way back into the glamorous life of a star, everything had crumbled once again.

But what terrified her most was the uncertainty of what lay ahead.

In the past, Zachary had cast her into a hellish place like the Elite Club.

And now, she had no idea how Cecilia would deal with her-but she was certain of one thing: Cecilia would be far crueler than Zachary ever was.

Dragging herself to her feet, she stumbled forward, engulfed by sorrow.

her Meanwhile, Cassandra found herself in a similarly dire situation. She had already been taken into cus once-pristine appearance now shambles. Sitting disheveled in the corner, she glared at the guards with resentment.

“I demand to see my lawyer. You’d better release me quickly, or you’ll regret it,” she threatened weakly.

The guard stationed outside barely spared her a glance. To him, she was nothing more than a joke.

“Dad... Mom...”

In the dead of night, Cassandra could no longer hold back. Tears streamed down her face as she sobbed uncontrollably.

Since young, she had lived a life of privilege, adored like a princess. This was the first time she had falle so far, stripped of everything she once took for granted.

“Why couldn’t it have been Cecilia who died? Why is she always so lucky? Mom!

Dad!” she wailed, her voice trembling with resentment.

She thought of Paula.

If Paula were still here, she would never have let Cassandra suffer like this.

But it was too late.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1762

4-5 minutes

Nicholas Visits Cassandra Time crawled by, each passing second more unbearable than the last.

She had no one left to turn to. It wasn't until the following day that she finally managed to get in touch with Nicholas.

She had initially thought Nicholas wouldn't come. Yet, he did.

The moment she saw him, Cassandra hastily smoothed down her disheveled hair, doing her best to make herself look presentable.

She sat across from him, her eyes brimmed with affection as she gazed at him. "Nicholas, thank you for coming to see me," she said softly.

"But Nicholas remained unmoved. His expression was cold, detached.

"You don't need to thank me. I came here to tell you something."

776666 Cassandra frowned slightly. "What is it?"

Nicholas asked, "Do you remember how you were humiliated back then?"

Memories Cassandra had long buried came rushing back-nightmares she had desperately tried to forget.

Her face paled. "Nicholas... what are you talking about?"

Nicholas leaned back in his chair, exuding an air of nonchalance. "I was behind it."

His words struck Cassandra like a bolt of lightning.

Disbelief flooded Cassandra's features as she stared at him. No wonder she had never been able to uncover the culprit. It had been him all along.

It was as if her blood had run cold. She slammed her hands against the table, her voice trembling with outrage. "Why? What did I ever do to you?"

Cassandra had always been ruthless-toward her biological mother, her adoptive mother, everyone. But she had never wronged Nicholas.

She couldn't believe he would do that to her.

Nicholas regarded her without an ounce of guilt, his voice as indifferent as ever. "You were the one who crossed me first."

"What?" Cassandra's confusion deepened. "How did I ever cross you?"

"Did you really think I wouldn't notice the drug you slipped me? Did you honestly believe I didn't know who was behind what happened to Cecilia and her son?" he asked.

Nicholas' words shattered Cassandra's composure. Her voice cracked as she demanded, "You did all this for Cecilia?"

Her hands clenched into tight fists before she slammed them against the table, her frustration erupting. "Why? Just why? Why does everyone choose Cecilia? Why?"

Her eyes were bloodshot as the table trembled under the force of her pounding.

The nearby guard acted swiftly, grabbing hold of her. "Calm down! Or we'll take you back right now!"

Cassandra stiffened at the warning, forcing herself to regain some control.

Slowly, she lowered her gaze, masking the turmoil flickering beneath her expression.

"How could you treat me like this?" she whispered.

Nicholas remained unmoved. Not a shred of sympathy crossed his face.

"I've said what needed to be said," he remarked, rising from his seat. "You'd better behave yourself."

As he turned to leave, panic seized Cassandra. She shot up from her chair, clutching his arm desperately. "Nicholas, don't go! Do you even know how much I love you? In this world, you're the only one I could never bear to hurt. Please, don't leave me... don't hurt me anymore. What about Dahlia?"

Nicholas slowly pried her fingers away, his expression unreadable, his tone laced with cold detachment. "But I really hate you."

With those parting words, he turned and walked away, his figure fading from Cassandra's sight.

She stood frozen. Even as the guards led her away, she remained in a daze, unable to process the cruel reality.

The person she had cherished the most had discarded her without hesitation.

The thought alone sent a sharp ache through her chest-not just heartbreak or rage, but an unsettling fear creeping into her veins.

"I need to get out," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

But no one would pamper her anymore. No one would come rushing to her rescue.

Time passed, and as the first light of dawn crept in, an idea suddenly struck Cassandra.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1763

4-5 minutes

Cassandra And Her Idea Cassandra requested a visit to see her daughter. With the last of her remaining funds, she hired a lawyer. Given Dahlia's critical condition, the prison granted her a day to visit.

At the hospital, she stood by the sickbed, gazing down at the frail, pale-faced child. But there was no trace of maternal love in her eyes-only seething resentment.

"This is all your fault!" She placed a hand around the child's delicate neck.

Dahlia, too young and too weak, didn't cry or struggle.

Every time Cassandra thought about how Nicholas had used Dahlia as a tool for revenge, a dark hatred consumed her. If only this child had never existed.

The lawyer, Jonas, approached. "Ms. Evans."

Cassandra quickly withdrew her hand, masking her emotions with an expression of helplessness. "Mr. Jonas, look," she said, her voice pitiful. "My child is still so young, and there's no one else to care for her. You have to help me I can't stay behind bars."

Jonas was unaware of Cassandra's true nature. Seeing the frail child, he couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy.

"Ms. Evans, rest assured, your case will be handled with discretion." His words implied that her sentence might be reduced.

A flicker of triumph flashed in Cassandra's eyes-she hadn't expected this sickly child to be useful to her.

That day, she played the role of a devoted mother, tenderly caring for Dahlia. She even had Jonas take photos and videos, hoping to garner sympathy and sway public opinion in her favor.

Meanwhile, Queenie received word of the situation.

She frowned. "Cassandra doesn't even love that child. Will she truly care for her now?"

Caliste shook her head. "Not a chance. She's just trying to manipulate people's emotions."

Queenie sighed. "That poor child."

Hearing this, Cecilia couldn't help but ask, "Isn't Dahlia their biological daughter? Do they not care about their own child?"

"Didn't you know, Ceci? Dahlia isn't actually Nicholas's child. Cassandra had her by accident." She gave Cecilia a brief rundown of the situation.

Of course, aside from Cassandra and Nicholas, no one else knew that Cassandra's pregnancy had been orchestrated by Nicholas himself.

Cecilia was stunned. "Then why did Nicholas marry her?"

"Probably to secure a marriage alliance with the Jamieson family," Queenie speculated.

That was the official reason, at least. The true motive, however, was something Queenie could never have predicted-nor could she have fathomed the depths of darkness some people were capable of.

Cecilia didn't dwell on it any further.

"Who's taking care of Dahlia now?" she asked.

With both Cassandra and Ralph out of the picture, someone had to be responsible for the child. In the past, Queenie might have stepped in, but she no longer had the desire to play the saint.

"I'm not sure, but it should be her so-called father, Nicholas," Queenie replied.

She took Cecilia's hand gently. "Cecilia, I was blind before. I always misjudged people. Now, I don't want to waste my kindness on those who don't deserve it. I just want us to be okay."

Queenie didn't have much time left. In what remained of her life, all she wanted was to be with the family she had left.

Cecilia nodded firmly. "All right."

As they continued talking, time slipped away unnoticed. Soon, it was time for Cecilia to head to the office.

"Mom, I'm off to work now. If there's anything you need, just give me a call," she said.

"All right."

Cecilia left the hospital and made her way to the company.

Inside, Scorpius paced back and forth, his expression tense, as if he had finally reached a decision. The moment he heard of Cecilia's arrival, he took a deep breath, steadied himself, and walked toward her.

"Ms. Cecilia," he called out.

Cecilia glanced at him, noticing the unusual seriousness in his demeanor. "Mr. Jimenez, what's wrong?"

"I'm here to resign," he stated firmly.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1764

4-5 minutes

Scorpius And His Decision His words took her by surprise. "Why so suddenly?"

Scorpius lowered his head slightly, as if trying to hide the guilt flickering across his face. "Back when you lost your memory, you didn't forgive Mdm. Queenie. So, I thought I should stand by her side and help her more. But now that you've regained your memories... it's time for me to take responsibility for my own actions."

His meaning was clear-he intended to turn himself in.

Back then, he had kidnapped Jonathan, nearly leading to the deaths of both Jonathan and Cecilia.

Now that she had regained all her memories, Cecilia had often thought about this matter. Truthfully, it was impossible to completely forgive and forget.

Even now, the scar on her right cheek remained, a permanent reminder of what had happened. However, Scorpius wasn't the sole culprit behind it all.

"If you're turning yourself in, does that mean my mom should do the same?" Cecilia asked calmly.

Scorpius was visibly startled before quickly shaking his head. "No! This whole mess is entirely my fault. It has nothing to do with Mdm. Queenie. She was deceived by others. Ms. Cecilia, she's your mother. She would never harm you— she would give her life for you without hesitation! And besides, her health... she wouldn't survive imprisonment. She's suffered enough over the years..."

He kept defending Queenie, completely missing the underlying meaning of Cecilia's words.

Cecilia cut him off. "Mr. Jiminez, what I mean is, if I were to hold you accountable, then I would have to hold my mom accountable, too."

Scorpius stared at her, confused.

Taking a deep breath, Cecilia continued, "Let's just drop this matter."

"Ms. Cecilia..." Scorpius looked at her in disbelief. "But your face... and Jon..."

Cecilia's gaze remained steady. "People are inherently selfish. Back then, you hurt me for Cassandra's sake. Now, you regret it only because I am Queenie's biological daughter. Likewise, as Queenie's daughter, I can't turn you in."

In this world, perfect solutions rarely exist—someone always has to compromise.

Cecilia had already chosen to forgive Queenie, and in turn, she wasn't willing to see harm come to someone who had unwaveringly stood by her mother's side.

She continued, "That doesn't mean I condone what you've done. I just have my own reasons. I know how much you mean to my mother—if you were sent to prison, it would break her heart. Now that I'm safe, all Fask is that you think twice before acting in the future. Don't take advantage of those weaker than you."

Scorpius hadn't expected such generosity from Cecilia. He nodded repeatedly. "All right. From now on, I'll live an honest life. I promise I won't hurt anyone else."

Cecilia gave him a slight nod and was about to leave when he stopped her again.

"Still, I want to resign."

Cecilia frowned in confusion.

Scorpius sighed. "Over the years, I've grown weary. I want to adopt the younger generation's mindset—take it easy, enjoy life." He didn't seem to be lying, so she agreed. "All right."

Only then did Scorpius, at ease, submit his resignation and leave.

After stepping away from work, he rented a small house near the hospital. He visited Queenie, nearly every day, spending time chatting with her.

Queenie, of course, understood his feelings for her.

As she sat in her wheelchair, she suddenly called out, "Scorpius."

He lowered his head slightly. "What is it? Do you want to go back inside?"

Queenie shook her head. "No. I just want to say... you're not getting any younger. It's time you found someone, got married, and started a family of your own."

For years, Scorpius had remained by her side, living a life filled with danger and uncertainty.

Now that things had finally settled, Queenie knew it was time to let him go.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1765

4-5 minutes

Settle Down Upon hearing her words, Scorpius refused without hesitation. "What are you talking about? I'm so rough and tumble. Who would want to marry me? Besides, I have no intention of settling down."

Queenie knew that deep down, everyone longed to have a family of their own. For most of her life, she had been searching for her daughter.

With a helpless smile, she finally admitted, "Scorpius, I don't have much time left."

Her words hit him like a bolt of lightning.

His ears buzzed, his mind refusing to process what he had just heard.

"What are you saying? What do you mean by that? Stop overthinking things."

But Queenie remained calm, as if she had already accepted her fate. With a chuckle, she said, "I'm not overthinking. It's what the doctor told me. He said if I make it past two years, it would be a miracle."

Scorpius' hand, gripping the wheelchair handle, tightened. His face drained of color in an instant.

Scorpius scowled. "What kind of lousy doctor says something like that? I'll go confront them later. If they're not good enough, we'll find you another one."

Queenie turned to look at him. “Don’t cause trouble for the doctor. Have you forgotten what Ceci said?”

Scorpius opened his mouth but had no words. “I…”

She cut him off gently, a serene smile on her lips. “All right, everyone dies eventually. What’s there to fear? If my time is up, maybe it’s a kindness from the heavens. At least I’ve found my child, and she has finally forgiven me. I have no regrets.”

Scorpius, however, lowered his head, his eyes burning with unshed tears.

The sunlight bathed them both, a golden warmth that Queenie found comforting. Yet, for Scorpius, it felt cold, distant—like a cruel joke.

After a moment, Queenie spoke again, her voice softer this time. “Don’t waste your time on someone like me who’s on death’s door. You should take care of yourself.”

That was the final straw. Scorpius clenched his fists, his voice hoarse as he finally asked, “Mdm. Queenie, all these years… you’ve never forgotten him, have you?”

Him?

The mention of that man finally stirred something in the tranquil depths of Queenie’s eyes.

Her voice wavered. “How could I possibly forget? I’ll never forgive him—not in this lifetime.”

Scorpius felt a sharp, prickling ache in his chest. He had always known he could never compare to that man. From beginning to end, Queenie had only ever seen him as a friend, a subordinate, nothing more.

“Take me back,” Queenie said.

“All right.”

Scorpius escorted her back to her ward. As he stood by her bedside, watching her rest, his thoughts pulled him back to the past.

He had been taken in by the Jamieson family-or more accurately it was Queenie who had insisted on bringing him back. At that time, he was nothing but an orphan, nameless and forgotten by the world.

It was Queenie who had given him a name. Scorpius. A name she chose for him when they were just children.

Back then, Queenie had been especially endearing. With a bright, cheerful smile, she had declared, "From now on, you're my big brother. protect his A brother should always brother.

sister. Scorpius, you're like a mighty Scorpion-strong and untouchable, no one can ever bring you down!"

A soft, unconscious smile spread across Scorpius' face as he reminisced about those childhood days. But when he snapped back to the present, that smile was tinged with bitterness.

When the weekend arrived, as promised, Cecilia brought Jonathan and Elliot to visit Queenie.

She didn't bring the two younger children along due to inconvenience, but even so, the attitudes of Jonathan and Elliot toward Queenie had improved significantly now that Cecilia had forgiven her.

Queenie's face lit up with pure joy when they came. She seemed noticeably more spirited, taking the children outside to the hospital's garden, where she spent the afternoon with them.

However, her strength was limited. It wasn't long before fatigue set in, and she could no longer keep up with the children.

Noticing this, Cecilia stepped forward. "Shall I take you back to rest?"

Queenie waved a hand dismissively. "No need. I'll be fine resting here for a bit."

Seeing that Queenie was determined to stay, Cecilia had no choice but to fetch a blanket and drape it over her.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1766

4-5 minutes

Something Is Wrong With Zachary Not much time had passed before a sleek luxury car rolled up.

Cecilia turned and saw Elena stepping out with the two little ones in tow.

“Mom,” she greeted.

Elena nodded with a warm smile. “Ceci.”

Hearing the voices, Queenie slowly opened her eyes.

Elena immediately walked over. “Mdm. Queenie.”

The two women, both of similar age, quickly struck up a conversation. It was as if they had an endless list of topics to discuss.

Cecilia sat nearby, keeping an eye on the four children.

“Mommy...” The two young boys were still struggling with their words, their speech slightly clumsy. But to Cecilia, they couldn’t have been more adorable.

Just then, her phone rang. Glancing at the screen, she saw Vivian’s name flashing.

“Ceci.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Could you come to Sinclair Manor?” Vivian’s voice was low, almost cautious. Sensing that something was off, Cecilia didn’t hesitate. “All right, I’m on my way.”

After informing Elena and Queenie, she prepared to leave.

Jonathan, who had been watching her closely, immediately spoke up. “Mommy, let me go with you.”

Cecilia nodded. “All right.”

With Jonathan by her side, she got into the car and headed straight for Sinclair Manor.

Vivian had been waiting at the entrance of the Sinclair Manor for Cecilia. The moment she saw Cecilia and Jonathan approaching, she let out a sigh of relief.

“For some reason, Zachary has been in his room all day. He hasn’t come out, and he won’t respond when called.”

"Where's Old Mr. Sinclair?" Cecilia asked.

"He went to the hospital for a check-up. I didn't want to worry him," Vivian replied.

Cecilia followed Vivian inside.

Outside Zachary's room, Vivian knocked gently. "Zachary, could you open the door? Ceci and Jon are here."

Inside the room, Zachary stirred in his chair at the mention of Cecilia's name.

After a brief pause, his muffled voice finally came through the door. "What is it?"

"Could you step out for a moment?" Vivian pressed gently. It was her first time seeing Zachary in such a state.

After a long silence, the door finally creaked open. Zachary stood in the doorway, his exhaustion evident. His usually sharp features were dulled by fatigue, a faint stubble shadowing his jaw.

"Cecilia, what brings you here?" He tried to sound composed.

Cecilia hesitated, unprepared for the question.

Fortunately, Jonathan stepped in. "Zachary, my mom came to drop me off."

"Oh." Zachary nodded slowly. "Is there anything else?"

Cecilia found herself at a loss for words. Vivian had called her here, yet she still wasn't entirely sure what was going on.

The Zachary standing before them now was a shadow of the man he once was. He had become so lifeless and so despondent.

Vivian exchanged a quick glance with Cecilia before stepping in.

"You've been locked in your room all day. I was worried something might've happened, so I asked Cecilia to come check on you."

For a fleeting moment, something unreadable flickered across Zachary's face. Then, he sighed, offering a vague explanation. "There's nothing to worry about just needed some time alone to think."

Vivian hesitated but nodded awkwardly. "As long as you're okay."

Without another word, Zachary retreated into his room, closing the door behind him.

Vivian sighed and motioned for Cecilia and Jonathan to follow her into the living room.

"Phew." Vivian let out a deep breath. "Thank goodness it wasn't anything serious."

Cecilia raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure you're not just overthinking?"

Vivian shook her head firmly. "No. When he came back late last night, he looked like he was at death's door, tasked him what was wrong, but he wouldn't say. He just brushed it off and said he was fine."

She didn't know why, but she couldn't stop worrying about Zachary.

Maybe it was because she was carrying his child-fearful that something might happen to the father of her baby.

Glancing at Jonathan, Vivian quickly decided to send him off. "Jonathan, why don't you go do your homework?"

Jonathan could tell they wanted to have a private conversation.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1767

4-5 minutes

George Is Acting Weird Jonathan didn't call them out on it he simply obeyed and returned to his room.

After all, he was already privy to most of the secrets between Vivian and his mother.

Once only Vivian and Cecilia remained in the living room, Vivian finally sighed and confessed, "Ceci, I still haven't told Zachary or Grandpa George about my pregnancy."

"Why haven't you said anything?" She glanced at Vivian's figure, faintly noticing the subtle signs of pregnancy.

Vivian lowered her gaze, absentmindedly fiddling with her fingers. "Zachary's attitude toward me is so unpredictable. Sometimes he's warm, sometimes he's distant. To be honest, I don't trust rich heirs like him. I don't think he's reliable."

From the beginning, she had only ever been in love once-and that love had shattered her.

Even now, despite being married, her walls remained firmly in place.

"But you can't hide this forever," Cecilia stated bluntly.

"I know."

Vivian let out a sigh, then suddenly turned her gaze toward Cecilia. "Ceci, I heard from Jon that you're planning a trip to Drocver. Can I tag along?"

"Huh?" Cecilia was caught off guard. "Why do you want to go to Drocver?"

"I told them I'd be working there for a year or so and wouldn't be coming back."

She was genuinely terrified of what would happen if she and Zachary went their separate ways-of fighting over their child in the aftermath.

Cecilia immediately understood. Vivian wanted to leave, give birth in secret, and return only when everything was settled.

"Will Old Mr. Sinclair even agree?" Cecilia asked.

Vivian flashed a confident smile. "Don't worry about Grandpa George. He adores me-he'll definitely agree."

"All right then. Once you've made up your mind, let me know." As Vivian's best friend, Cecilia would support her without hesitation.

"Thank you, Ceci," Vivian said, pulling her into a tight embrace.

Cecilia gently patted her back. "Just make sure you think this through-not just for yourself, but for your child as well. Would they want to grow up without a father?"

She laid out the pros and cons, ensuring Vivian understood the weight of her decision.

Vivian held on a little tighter. "Okay, I will."

After talking for a while, Cecilia was preparing to leave when she saw George returning.

The old man's eyes lit up at the sight of her. "Ceci!"

"Old Mr. Sinclair," Cecilia greeted warmly. "How was your check-up? How's your health?"

George coughed a few times before managing a wry smile. "It's bearable. Been like this for years-just dragging along."

Cecilia knew the old man was concerned that she might take Jonathan away.

"You need to take better care of yourself and avoid overexerting," she advised gently.

"All right, I will," George assured her. Then, after a brief pause, he sighed, a wave of guilt crossing his face "Ceci, thank you for letting Jon stay here. If there's ever anything you need, you must let me know."

"Of course," Cecilia nodded.

George wasn't one for empty words. During Cecilia's disappearance, he had helped oversee Ceci Corporation, ensuring it remained stable. Even now, as she took over the Jamieson family business, he leveraged his network of old friends in the business world to support her.

As Cecilia left, George stood at the doorway, watching her retreating figure with a sense of melancholy.

"Vivian," he called out.

Vivian approached him. "Grandpa George, what's wrong?"

George glanced at Vivian's face and let out a faint, bitter smile. "It's nothing."

Vivian sensed something was off. He was acting strangely today, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

Before she could press further, George changed the subject. “By the way, where’s Zach?”

Vivian pointed upstairs. “He’s been in his room all day. Hasn’t come out once. I have no idea what’s going on with him.”

George’s expression shifted slightly, as if hi Something had just clicked in his mind. He gestured for Vivian to take a seat, explaining to her what was going on.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1768

4-5 minutes

I Will Not Tell Anyone “Ah, I forgot to mention,” George said slowly, his voice tinged with sorrow. “Today is the anniversary of Zach’s parents’ passing.”

Vivian’s eyes widened in disbelief. Everything suddenly made sense the way Zachary had locked himself in his room, his exhaustion, his silence.

“No wonder he was like this last year too,” she murmured, recalling how she had barely paid attention to him at the time. She didn’t care much about him back then to ask.

George let out a weary sigh. “Back then, Zach was just a child. Witnessing his parents’ deaths left scars that never truly healed.”

A brief silence settled between them before George spoke again. “Vivian, if it’s possible... could you help him?”

Vivian blinked. “Help him? How? This isn’t something I can fix.”

“I believe he has feelings for you,” George said, watching her closely. “You don’t have to say anything profound. Just be there for him. He can’t just stay in his room all day. Despite how carefree and outspoken he seems, Zach has always been fragile deep down. More than anything, he needs companionship.”

After listening to everything George had to say, Vivian couldn’t help but feel a pang of sympathy for Zachary.

She had lost her mother to illness, but even in her absence, her father had always been there for her, showering her with love and care. She had never truly known the kind of loneliness Zachary must have felt growing up.

“All right, I’ll give it a try,” Vivian agreed.

Hearing this, George finally let out a breath of relief.

He made his way to Jonathan’s room, giving the door a gentle knock. “Jon.”

“Great-grandpa, please come in,” came the boy’s response.

George eagerly stepped inside. His gaze fell on Jonathan, and his eyes brimmed with tender affection. “Jon, guess what I brought for you today?”

George placed his hands behind his back, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Jonathan, already familiar with George’s habits, didn’t even need to guess. “Where did you buy food from this time?”

“Ah, it’s not food this time,” George said playfully.

Jonathan tilted his head. “Is it chess?”

George shook his head. “Of course not. Can’t you think of something more suitable for your age?”

Jonathan frowned in thought but still couldn’t figure it out.

George finally revealed what he had been hiding—a checkers piece.

“Let’s play checkers,” he announced proudly.

Jonathan stared at him, momentarily speechless.

“You spend all your time glued to the computer. It’s not good for your eyes. Why not take a break and play with me? Checkers was my favorite game when I was your age,” said George.

Jonathan sighed helplessly, but he couldn’t bring himself to refuse this overgrown child of an old man, so he agreed.

The two of them settled on the outdoor lawn, each armed with their own set of checkers, vying for dominance over the board.

At first, everything was going smoothly. However, all of a sudden, George's face turned pale. A sharp pain gripped his chest, and cold sweat beaded on his forehead.

"Great-grandpa!" Jonathan's heart pounded in panic as he rushed to George's side. "What's wrong?"

He raised his wrist to call an ambulance using his smartwatch.

But before he could make the call, George grasped his arm, stopping him. "Don't call an ambulance. It's just a minor heart palpitation, nothing serious."

This time, George wasn't pretending.

Instead of seeking medical help, he slowly eased himself onto a nearby bench to rest. It took a long while before he finally recovered.

Jonathan watched him closely, his young face etched with worry. "Great-grandpa, how did your check-up go today?" Jonathan asked earnestly.

Even though George wasn't related to Jonathan by blood, he had always treated Jonathan with more love and care than his actual great-grandfather ever had. Seeing the deep concern in Jonathan's eyes, George smiled.

"Don't worry," he reassured him. "The doctor said it's just old age catching up with me. When you get older?

all sorts of ailments start creeping in. It's nothing serious."

But Jonathan wasn't convinced. His fingers clenched slightly, his eyes tinged with red. "Just tell me the truth. I promise I won't tell anyone."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1769

4-5 minutes

George Is Sick George studied him for a moment, realizing once again how mature this boy was for his age.

“All right. But if I tell you, you must promise me not to let Vivian or Zach know. Understood?”

Jonathan hesitated for a brief moment before nodding. “All right. I promise.”

Only then did George finally reveal the truth to him.

In reality, his health was far worse than he let on. He frequently experienced heart palpitations, and after a thorough examination at the hospital, he had been diagnosed with heart disease. The doctors had warned him—he could pass away at any moment.

Despite this grim prognosis, George remained optimistic. He carried himself with the same playful, carefree attitude as always, making it easy for others to believe he was merely feigning illness rather than truly suffering.

“Why won’t you tell Vivian and Zachary?” Jonathan asked, his brows furrowed in concern. He couldn’t help but recall how, just a few days ago, Zachary had been grumbling about what a mischievous and unserious old man his grandfather was.

If he had known the truth, if he had known George was really sick, he surely wouldn’t have spoken that way.

And then there was Vivian. She was already pregnant, soon to bring George a real great-grandchild—yet he remained completely unaware of the wonderful news.

“Silly child. Everyone ages, and death is inevitable—what’s there to dwell on?” George said with a gentle smile. “If I told them, they’d only be heartbroken. What good would it do to spend our days in sorrow?”

Jonathan fell silent, his head lowered.

George patted his shoulder reassuringly. “Jon, you must keep your promise. You absolutely cannot tell them, or I’d be very upset.”

“All right.” Jonathan’s voice trembled slightly.

Meanwhile, after agreeing to George’s request to keep Zachary company, Vivian found herself standing hesitantly outside his door. She lifted her hand to knock but hesitated.

Just then, the door suddenly swung open.

Zachary stood there, momentarily taken aback to find her outside his room.

“What’s the matter? Is there something else?”

It took Vivian a moment to collect herself before she quickly shook her head- then nodded.
“Yes... and no.”

Zachary’s brows knitted slightly. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Um...” Vivian hesitated, then smoothly changed the subject. “Are you heading out for a meal?”

Zachary shook his head. “No, I have something to take care of. I won’t be coming back tonight.”

“Then I’ll go with you,” Vivian declared without hesitation.

Zachary looked at her, bewildered. He couldn’t quite grasp what had gotten into her.

Vivian had always kept her distance from him.

“If Grandpa asked you to follow me, don’t bother. There’s no need for this,” Zachary said flatly, assuming his grandfather had once again’ pressured Vivian into keeping him company.

Vivian quickly realized his misunderstanding. “No. I just wanted to go out with you.

You don’t mind, do you?”

Silence settled between them in the hallway.

After a long pause, Zachary finally gave a stiff nod. “Okay.”

Vivian’s eyes lit up, and she smiled as she followed him out.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” Zachary admitted, his voice devoid of energy. He sounded utterly disheartened.

Vivian didn't press him further. Instead, she simply got into the car beside him.

When she noticed he was about start driving, she instinctively offered to drive, walking toward the driver's seat "Let me drive. Just tell me where you want to go."

She wasn't just offering to help-she was genuinely worried. Given his current state of mind, she didn't want to risk him losing focus on the road.

Zachary met her gaze, his deep eyes unreadable. After a long pause, he finally gave a slight nod.

Without hesitation, Vivian slid into the driver's seat and started the car.

The engine purred to life as they drove off.

| From a distance, George watched them leave, a wave of relief washing over him. "Vivian is a good worry that Zach might give her trol in the future."

Just He had always believed Zachary was too naive-someone who needed a strong- willed woman to ground him.

Jonathan, standing beside him, reassured, "Actually, he's more reliable than he seems."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1770

4-5 minutes

Visiting The Cemetery Meanwhile, behind the wheel, Vivian didn't know where to go-Zachary hadn't told her where they were going. With no clear destination, she simply kept driving, letting the open road decide their path.

Usually a chatterbox, Zachary was uncharacteristically silent today, his gaze fixed on the passing scenery outside the window, lost in thoughts she couldn't decipher.

Several times, Vivian opened her mouth, wanting to offer him some words of comfort, but each time, she hesitated. In the end, the words remained lodged in her throat.

She had never been skilled at consoling others. All she could do was quietly accompany him, hoping he would find his own way to heal.

“Take a right turn ahead.” Zachary finally spoke.

“Okay.” Vivian did as told.

Following his directions, Vivian continued driving until the road narrowed into a secluded, winding path.

From a distance, she noticed a cemetery nestled halfway up the hill.

“You can stop here,” Zachary said quietly.

“Okay.”

The car rolled to a halt, and he stepped out. Vivian followed suit, closing the door behind her before making her way to his side.

“Where is this?” she asked.

“The Sinclair family cemetery,” Zachary replied, his voice void of emotion.

Vivian fell into step behind him, remaining silent.

They walked past rows of tombstones until Zachary finally stopped in front of one. Here, a couple lay buried side by side.

Vivian’s gaze landed on the two black-and-white portraits engraved in the stone- one on the left, one on the right. The man and woman bore a striking resemblance to Zachary, appearing to be in their twenties or thirties.

They had passed away far too soon, their lives cut short in their prime.

Zachary stood still, his gaze locked onto the etched portraits of his parents. His expression remained unreadable as he softly called out, “Dad, Mom.”

Vivian stepped up beside him and spoke. “I’m Vivian, Zachary’s wife.”

She had never visited the Sinclair family cemetery before. Ever since their marriage, George-knowing her aversion to large gatherings-had always been considerate, allowing her to return to the Kennedy residence during occasions like Halloween or All Souls' Day.

Zachary turned slightly, a flicker of surprise crossing his face. "Why did you..."

Before he could finish, Vivian cut in, "What do you mean? I'm just stating facts. I am your wife, so of course, I have to introduce myself properly to your parents."

Zachary found himself gazing at Vivian's cherubic face, and for reasons he couldn't quite understand, a rare smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

In the past, Vivian had thought Zachary's smile carried an air of arrogance, almost insincere. But today, she found him charming.

Turning back to the tombstones, Zachary spoke with quiet conviction. "Yes, she's my wife now. I've settled down, built a career. You'd be proud of me, wouldn't you?"

A gentle breeze swept through, rustling the leaves and brushing against his skin.

It was almost as if his parents were answering him.

Vivian smiled softly. "Of course, they would. Seeing you standing here-strong, successful, and healthy-is all they could ever wish for."

Zachary nodded.

For the first time that day, the weight on his heart seemed a little lighter.

Vivian reached out, her fingers curling gently around his arm. She turned to the gravestone and spoke with quiet sincerity. "Mom, Dad, rest easy. I'll take good care of Zachary."

Zachary's arm tensed beneath Vivian's touch, his muscles going rigid for a brief moment. His gaze lingered on her, reluctant to look away.

They remained in front of the tombstone for a long while before finally leaving.

As soon as Vivian settled into the driver's seat, she turned to him. "I'm hungry. Let's get something to eat. I know this amazing Cadrexian restaurant-want to go together?"

She wasn't really hungry, but Zachary hadn't eaten all day. That concerned her. Zachary nodded. "Alright."

At the restaurant, Vivian wasted no time ordering. A plate of blazing hot barbecue arrived at their table, followed by an assortment of side dishes-each one drenched in fiery spices.

Zachary stared at the spicy feast before him, gasping.

"You enjoy spicy food this much?" he asked, eyeing her warily.