

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1771

4-5 minutes

Barbecue Meal Zachary was momentarily taken aback.

Back at Sinclair Manor, Vivian always ordered the chef to cook simple and mild dishes-never anything remotely this spicy.

As she grilled the beef, she said casually, “You might not know this about me, but whether I’m feeling down or in a great mood, I enjoy eating something spicy.”

Zachary frowned slightly. “Does it actually help?”

“Of course. I think spicy food helps me relax. If you don’t believe me, try it for yourself.”

Without waiting for his response, Vivian grilled a piece of meat and placed it on his plate.

Zachary hesitated but didn’t want to reject her kindness. He took a bite. The heat exploded on his tongue-numbing, fiery, and intense. His eyes widened as he immediately reached for his water.

“It’s too spicy. You should eat less of this; it’s not good for your health,” Zachary warned.

Vivian gave a small smile, understanding his concern. “I know. I only have it occasionally.”

She was pregnant, and most home-cooked meals didn’t sit well with her. But this barbecue meal was different-it was irresistibly appetizing.

“Here, have a bit more. You’ll get used to it,” Vivian encouraged.

Zachary nodded and started eating.

She was right. At first, the spice overwhelmed him, but the more he ate, the more tolerable it became. Before long, both of them were sweating, gulping down water to cool the heat.

After a hearty meal, Vivian leaned back, patting her stomach with satisfaction.

Zachary felt much better-relaxed, even. His mood had noticeably lifted. "Your method really works."

"Of course! I always do this," Vivian replied with a beaming smile.

Zachary found himself staring at her, momentarily lost in thought.

Noticing his gaze, Vivian shifted uncomfortably. "Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked.

Zachary quickly looked away, clearing his throat. "I guess I ate too much and spaced out for a moment. I didn't mean to stare."

"Oh, okay." Vivian didn't dwell on it.

She took another sip of milk to soothe the lingering heat. Given her condition, it would have been wiser to cut back on spicy food. However, her doctor had reassured her that, in the early stages, she should eat whatever she could manage without being too restrictive.

After the meal, Vivian and Zachary walked back together.

The sky had deepened into dusk, with stars sprinkled across the night. Beneath their quiet glow, the two of them made their way home.

The house was unusually silent.

Both Vivian and Zachary's rooms were deserted.

Vivian frowned. "Where is everyone? Where have all the housekeepers gone?"

"Maybe Grandpa called them away," Zachary replied casually as he moved to fetch a quilt.

Although they had already consummated their marriage, they still slept separately.

After a refreshing bath, Vivian lay down on the bed. Her hand instinctively rested on her lower abdomen as her gaze drifted toward Zachary, who wasn't too far away.

"Zachary, do you like children?"

Zachary froze, caught off guard by the sudden question. Without much thought, he replied, "Not really prefer not having kids-especially if they end up being as mischievous as Jon."

Jonathan had given him a hard time before, but that wasn't the whole truth of how he felt.

Sometimes, when he saw Nathaniel's four sons or Darren's daughter, a quiet sense of envy crept into his heart.

Especially Darren's daughter, Amelia-she was simply too adorable.

Now that she could talk, she would always call his name whenever they met. It was impossible not to be charmed by her.

A flood of thoughts surged through his mind. By the time he snapped back to reality, he realized Vivian had already turned away, no longer looking at him.

When Her “Death” Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1772

4-5 minutes

Do You Want A Child “What's wrong? Do you want a child?” Zachary asked directly, oblivious to Vivian's feelings.

Since Zachary had already said he didn't like children, what else could Vivian say?

She furrowed her brows. “Of course not. I'm not good with kids anyway. Forget it.”

As she spoke, her fingers unconsciously tightened around the corner of the blanket.

Hearing this, Zachary felt a subtle pang of disappointment.

He had always assumed Vivian liked children-after all, she spent so much time with Jonathan.

Both of them were lost in their own thoughts, feeling blue.

Vivian tossed and turned, unable to sleep. In the end, she made up her mind— tomorrow, she would speak with George about her upcoming business trip.

In the morning, Vivian woke early, and so did Zachary. He seemed noticeably more energetic than the day before, as if completely rejuvenated.

“You’re up. When will you have some free time? We should go for barbecue again.” He wanted to spend more time with her.

Vivian, however, wasn’t particularly enthusiastic about the idea. Seizing the moment, she replied, “That might have to wait until next year.”

George, who was sitting at the dining table, looked utterly perplexed. “Next year? Vivian, why so long?”

Vivian turned to him. “Grandpa George, I was just about to tell you—I’m planning to move to Drocver for work. I might not be able to return for a year, maybe even longer.”

In an instant, George’s mood soured. “Why the sudden decision to go so far away?”

Vivian glanced toward Jonathan, hoping the boy might chime in and help her out.

Jonathan’s mind was preoccupied with thoughts of George’s health. Feeling powerless to help, he simply lowered his head and continued eating in silence.

“Grandpa George, I’m still young. I just want to go out and explore the world— please?” Vivian pleaded, her tone light and playful.

Ever since she had married into Sinclair Manor, George had never denied her anything. He had always granted her every request without hesitation.

But now, thinking of his health, he hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“All right,” he finally said. “Let Zach go with you. Our family has business there anyway, and once you go there, there will be people to look after you.”

Vivian’s expression stiffened. If Zachary went with her, her secret would be exposed.

“There’s no need. I can handle it on my own. Zachary, you should stay and focus on managing the company. Besides,” she said, turning to look at Zachary. “Didn’t you mention scheduling Ceci’s surgery?”

Zachary was still trying to process the sudden news of Vivian’s departure when her question pulled him back to reality. He nodded absentmindedly. “Yeah...” he murmured.

Turning to George, he said, tet Ave “Grandpa, for the past few years, I’ve been researching treatments for hearing impairment, and I finally made a breakthrough recently.”

“Oh.” George looked crestfallen.

Vivian grinned playfully. “Grandpa George, it’s not like I’m never coming back. I’ll return next year, so don’t worry about me.”

Seeing how determined she was, George knew he couldn’t always impose his will on her.

“All right,” he relented. “You may go.”

“Thank you, Grandpa George!”

Vivian hadn’t expected things to go so smoothly. She was too relieved to notice the complex look in Zachary’s eyes.

Once she was alone, Vivian couldn’t wait to call Cecilia, excited to tell her that she could go with her.

As soon as the call ended, a knock sounded at the door.

Startled, Vivian walked over and opened it, only to find Jonathan standing outside. “Jon, did you hear what I just said?”

Jonathan didn’t answer right away. Instead, he looked at her with an unusually solemn expression. “Vivian, could you please not leave?”

“Why not?” Vivian crouched down, playfully pinching his cheek. “Can’t bear to part with me, huh?”

Jonathan immediately turned his face away. “I just think... Great-grandpa is getting older. It’d be best if you and Zachary spent more time with him.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1773

4-5 minutes

Family Of Three “Don’t worry,” Vivian reassured him. “Grandpa George had a check-up, and the doctors said he’s in good health.”

She had no idea that the doctors were merely sugarcoating the truth-just as George had instructed them to.

Jonathan let out a silent sigh. He had to keep the secret-he couldn’t reveal the truth to Vivian.

“I still think you should stay,” he insisted. “I know you’re pregnant.”

Vivian stiffened, her eyes widening in shock. She quickly pressed a finger to her lips, signaling him to lower his voice. “Jon, you absolutely must not tell Grandpa George or Zachary. Do you understand?” she whispered urgently.

Jonathan nodded. “I know. Otherwise, I would’ve already told them.”

Indeed.

Vivian knew that, despite his age, Jonathan could be remarkably mature. She trusted him completely.

“Good. Stay out of this. Adults will handle our own matters,” she said gently. “Now, hurry up and get to school.”

Realizing she wouldn’t change her mind, Jonathan had no choice but to leave.

Meanwhile, Zachary was reminded of Cecilia’s upcoming surgery. He gave her a call to check if she was available recently.

Cecilia informed him that she needed to make a trip to Drocver first but would undergo the surgery upon her return.

Zachary frowned. Cecilia’s going to Drocver? And Vivian’s going there too? Vivian’s job mainly involves online product promotions and managing employees there is rarely a need for her to travel. Even if there is, it shouldn’t take this long... right?

Zachary, confused, picked up his phone and made a call. “Keep a close eye on Vivian for me. I want to know what she’s been up to lately.”

After making the necessary arrangements, Zachary headed to the hospital.

As soon as he arrived, he spotted Darren and Madeline with their daughter, Amelia.

“Darren, what are you guys doing here?” he asked, approaching them. “Amelia caught a cold, so we brought her in for a check-up,” Darren explained. Zachary nodded. “I see.”

The two chatted for a while before finally parting ways.

As Zachary watched the small family walk away, a wave of envy washed over him.

When will I have a child of my own? When will Vivian and I be able to walk together like that-with our child?

Even after they disappeared from sight, the lingering sense of longing remained.

Outside the hospital, Darren cradled Amelia in one arm while carrying her medicine in the other.

Beside him, Madeline stood with stern expression. “If you can’t take care of her properly, then give her back to me. She never had a fever when she was under my care.”

Darren paused for a moment before replying, “You know I have to go to work.”

“And you think I don’t?” Madeline shot back.

Darren fell silent. She moved back in too-so why is she putting all the blame on me?

“Can you be reasonable?” he asked, exasperated.

Madeline snapped, “If you want to talk about reason, then give me full custody of Amy.”

At this point, Madeline was still contemplating divorce and fighting for custody.

Darren’s expression darkened. “I’m being civil right now-for our daughter’s sake.”

Before Madeline could respond, Amelia slowly opened her eyes, her small voice breaking through the tension. “Daddy, Mommy... no fighting.”

Madeline’s heart softened instantly. She quickly reassured her, “Amy, Daddy and Mommy aren’t fighting. We’re just playing around.”

Darren let out a quiet chuckle. “She may be young, but she’s not foolish.”

Lying to her face-don't you feel st even a little ashamed?"

Madeline's face flushed deep red. "I..."

Darren cut her off. "What? Just get in the car."

Left with no choice, Madeline climbed in, then reached out to take Amelia from him.

Darren sat beside them. Amelia, still drowsy, leaned against Madeline's shoulder and reached out for Darren's hand.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1774

4-5 minutes

Separate But Do Not Divorce Without hesitation, he took her tiny fingers in his own. Only then did Amelia relax, drifting back to sleep.

Madeline watched their quiet interaction, an indescribable feeling stirring in her chest.

Am I being too selfish? Always thinking about divorce, about taking custody... but Amelia clearly loves her father. And Darren-he truly is good to her.

Before she could dwell on it further, the car suddenly came to a sharp stop.

Before Madeline could even react, Darren's strong arms had already wrapped around her and Amelia, shielding them both.

Darren's gaze turned cold as he looked toward the driver. "What happened?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Faust. Someone suddenly rushed onto the road," the driver explained hurriedly.

Darren didn't press the issue. Instead, he simply instructed, "Drive slower."

"Yes, sir."

Meanwhile, Madeline remained in his arms, holding Amelia close. A whirlwind of emotions surged within her-too tangled to decipher.

Just then, Darren lowered his gaze, his eyes locking onto hers.

For a brief moment, neither of them spoke. A charged, unspoken tension filled the space between them.

Then, Amelia's small hand tugged at Darren's sleeve. "Daddy..." she murmured sleepily.

Darren finally snapped out of his thoughts, exhaling softly as he settled back into his seat.

The car cruised steadily down the highway. For some inexplicable reason, Madeline's heartbeat quickened. She turned to gaze out the window, keeping a distance from Darren.

Before long, they arrived at the Faust residence. Darren carried Amelia in his arms and strode forward, while Madeline silently followed behind.

The moment they stepped inside, Aliyah hurried over, her face filled with concern. "Is Ms. Faust all right?"

"It's nothing serious-just a mild fever and a cold," Darren reassured her as he handed Amelia over.

Aliyah let out a relieved sigh. "That's good, that's good."

She had always taken care of Amelia and never intended for the child to fall ill. Seeing her so weak and feverish had left her deeply worried.

Aliyah carried Amelia back to her room to rest.

Madeline was about to leave for work when Darren suddenly stopped her. "We need to talk."

She frowned slightly. "About what?"

As they stepped aside, Darren's voice lowered. "Are you seriously considering divorce?"

Madeline hesitated this time, unwilling to give a direct answer.

Her silence spoke volumes. Darren exhaled, his gaze darkening. "What if we separate but don't divorce?"

Madeline was confused. "What do you mean?"

“I want Amelia to have a complete family,” Darren said, his tone calm but firm. “don’t want her to experience the pain of her parents splitting up at such a young age. So, we won’t divorce- but you can live your life however you like, as if you were single.”

He paused briefly before adding, “Just don’t let our daughter find out.”

Nearly two years had passed since Madeline left home. At first, Darren had believed he could win her back, but as time went on, he realized the gap between them only widened.

Rather than holding onto someone who no longer loved him, perhaps it was better to let go.

Madeline stared at him in disbelief, momentarily stunned by his words.

“In that case, there’s no need to fight over custody,” Darren continued, his voice steady. “When Amelia grows up, we can finalize the divorce.”

Madeline hadn’t expected such a drastic change in him. Once, he had been so desperate to keep her by his side that he controlled her every move, refusing to let her go.

After a long silence, she finally spoke. “All right.”

Madeline had thought that once everything was settled, she would finally feel at ease. But even as she sat in the car on her way to the company, an unshakable weight pressed down on her chest, lingering without relief.

At work, she found herself unusually distracted. Only when she fully immersed herself in tasks did she manage to push Darren’s words to the back of her mind.

By evening, while most employees had left, Madeline remained at her desk, working overtime with no intention of going home.

Noticing the light still on in her office, Calvin hesitated for a moment before knocking and stepping inside.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1775

5-6 minutes

Calvin And Madeline “Why are you still here?” he asked.

Madeline immediately stood up. “Mr. Reese, I still have some unfinished work. Once I’m done, I’ll head home.”

Calvin chuckled. “Work never really ends, but your health should come first. Don’t push yourself too hard.”

Madeline’s fingers tightened slightly before she ultimately shook her head. “I’m fine. I’m not tired.”

Calvin wasn’t usually one to interfere in others’ personal matters. However, being Madeline’s superior for so long, he considered her a friend.

He walked over and took a seat. “Did something happen at home?”

Recalling how Darren had taken Amelia away last time, he couldn’t help but wonder if Darren had caused trouble again.

Madeline quickly shook her head. “No, everything at home has been settled.”

As soon as she finished speaking, an idea struck her. “Oh, Mr. Reese. You helped me clean up such a big mess last time. I’ve been meaning to treat you to a meal as a thank you. Why put it off? How about today?”

Previously, when Darren had taken Amelia away, Madeline had been so distracted that she made several mistakes at work. If not for Calvin’s help, she wouldn’t have been able to handle it.

Calvin didn’t decline. Instead, he gave a small nod. “Sure.” Madeline tidied up her desk, grabbed her bag, and left the office with him.

Unbeknownst to her, a sleek Maybach was parked just outside the company entrance.

Inside the car, Darren sat in silence, watching her through the glass. He saw the way she walked beside Calvin, her expression relaxed, even laughing at something he said. With a sharp flick of his lighter, he lit one cigarette after another.

The smoke curled around him, but it did nothing to mask the bitterness in his eyes, which had turned slightly bloodshot.

He had intended to drive away, yet his hands remained clenched around the steering wheel, trembling slightly, making it impossible to start the car.

By the time Madeline and Calvin finished dinner, the night had deepened.

She returned to the Faust residence alone.

The mansion was still brightly lit.

Amelia had already gone to bed, leaving only Darren sitting alone in the living room. A steaming cup of coffee rested in his hand. When he saw her walk in, he didn't react-his expression remained unreadable, and he made no effort to acknowledge her presence.

Madeline broke the silence. "Why are you still awake at this hour?"

Darren set his cup down, his gaze never lifting to meet hers. "Aren't you still awake, too?"

"I was working overtime," she replied.

"You don't need to report your whereabouts to me," Darren said flatly.

You don't need to lie, either."

He didn't say the last part out loud.

Madeline was momentarily taken aback, but she didn't notice anything wrong with Darren. "I was just making casual conversation, not reporting my schedule to you. We may not be husband and wife anymore, but we're not strangers either, right?"

Their relationship, bound by Amelia, was complicated an intricate knot that neither of them could untangle, no matter how much time passed.

Darren still didn't look up. Without a word, he stood and brushed past her.

"I'm going out for a drink," he muttered.

Before she could respond, the door slammed shut behind him.

Madeline stood frozen in place, bewildered. What's with him?

At the Royale Club, the concept of night didn't exist. The place was alive with music, laughter, and a crowd as diverse as the drinks being served.

Darren and Zachary sat in a secluded corner, their glasses in hand as they silently observed the revelry around them.

"Darren, what's gotten into you? You never ask me out for a drink," Zachary remarked.

Ever since Darren and Nathaniel had built their own families, they had stopped frequenting this place. Zachary, on the other hand, still came occasionally-usually with a group of friends, never alone.

Darren took a slow sip before replying, "I'll have plenty of free time from now on. If you ever need a drinking buddy, just call me."

Zachary narrowed his eyes. "What's going on with you?"

"Nothing," Darren said, forcing a smile that barely reached his eyes. "Just feeling happy."

Zachary didn't buy it, but he didn't push. Instead, he continued drinking.

As Zachary drank past his limit, he heard Darren slur. "Calvin's quite an exceptional man, isn't he?"

Zachary, though reluctant to admit it, shrugged. "He's decent, I suppose. But his moral compass? Not so much. He has a habit of fancying other men's wives."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1776

4-5 minutes

Do You Think I Could Beat Him Darren turned to Zachary, asking seriously, "If we were competing... do you think I could beat him?"

Zachary blinked, momentarily caught off guard. What kind of question is this?

He paused, considering his words carefully. "The Reese family's influence runs deep... beyond what we can fully grasp, I think-"

"I'm not talking about power or wealth. I mean when it comes to fighting for a woman."

Zachary felt a chill run down his spine-it was as if he had just seen another Nathaniel.

"Well... to be completely honest, I don't think you can quite match up to Calvin," Zachary admitted bluntly. "He's single, no baggage, and let's be real-he's got the whole 'refined gentleman' look going for him."

Zachary didn't like to lie.

His words struck Darren like a sharp blade. For a moment, he was silent. Then, with a hoarse voice, he asked, "Do you think he would accept a woman with a child?"

Zachary scoffed. "Isn't that obvious? He was fine with Cecilia having two sons. There's nothing he can't accept."

A wave of bitterness surged within Darren. So, my daughter will have to call Calvin 'Daddy' one day?

"Why are you suddenly asking this? Is Calvin pestering Cecilia again?" Zachary asked, his brows furrowing.

He found Calvin unbelievably shameless. Cecilia and Nathaniel had been together for years, had four kids, and yet Calvin still wouldn't back off. What an a*s.

"No." Darren leaned back against the chair.

Perhaps it was the alcohol clouding his judgment, or maybe he simply didn't care anymore, but he threw caution to the wind. His voice was low, almost detached. "It's Madeline..."

Madeline?

Zachary blinked. It took him a few seconds to process what Darren had just said. Then, realization hit him like a freight train.

"You're saying he's now got his sights set on your wife?" His voice was a notch louder than intended.

Several patrons in the club turned their heads in curiosity.

Zachary shot them a cold glance, his voice sharp as a blade. "What are you staring at? Scram!"

The onlookers, realizing he was the young heir of the Sinclair family, quickly averted their gazes and scattered. No one wanted to get involved with this lunatic.

Meanwhile, Darren was truly drunk. His words came out slurred, barely comprehensible. "Maybe the two of them are already together."

Zachary froze, his jaw dropping wide enough to fit an egg. "What?"

"You're absolutely right," he admitted. "Calvin is better than me now. It's good fortune that Madeline found him." He reached for his wine glass again, tipping it back to drown himself in alcohol.

Zachary snatched the glass away before Darren could take another sip. "Darren, that's enough. You know what? I'm going to confront that shameless jerk. I need to ask him why the h*ll he's so obsessed with married women with kids. Is he some kind of pervert?"

As he spoke, Zachary simultaneously helped Darren to his feet, guiding him toward the exit.

Darren, feeling dizzy, staggered slightly. "Where... where are we going?"

"Taking you home," Zachary replied firmly.

Thankfully, he hadn't drunk much himself, so he remained clear-headed enough to handle the situation.

Outside, Darren's driver rushed over, catching his swaying figure. "Mr. Sinclair, what happened?"

"Just take him back," Zachary instructed.

The driver nodded. "Understood. What about you, sir?"

"I suddenly have something to take care of." Without another word, he turned on his heel, climbed into his car, and sped off into the night.

With one hand on the wheel, he picked up his phone, and as soon as Calvin's address popped up on the screen, he headed straight there.

Late at night, the sharp ringing of his phone roused Calvin from his sleep.

Frowning, he answered it groggily. "Who is this?"

"It's me, Zachary," came the curt reply.

Zachary?

Calvin, still half-asleep, asked. "Mr. Sinclair? I don't believe we're that close, for have we ever collaborated. So, what's the reason for this late-night call?"

"I'm outside. Get out here!" Zachary ordered.

Calvin had no clue what had happened, but sensing the hostility in Zachary's voice, he grabbed his coat and draped it over himself before stepping outside.

The moment he emerged, still drowsy, Zachary stormed forward, grabbed him by the collar, and landed a solid punch across his face.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1777

5-6 minutes

Confronting Calvin "Have you no shame? First Cecilia, and now you're actually going after Darren's wife? What's wrong with you? Can't you find someone who's single?" Zachary was on the verge of outright cursing.

Calvin, still groggy from sleep, barely registered the words before the punch landed. The sharp pain jolted him awake, but before he could even react, Zachary was already winding up for another strike. This time, Calvin dodged, frowning. "Is there a misunderstanding?"

"Misunderstanding?" Zachary scoffed, fists clenched. "You're sickening. You deserve to be hit!"

The first and second times, Calvin let it slide. But when Zachary threw his fist a third time, Calvin had had enough. Without hesitation, he retaliated, delivering a punch of his own.

Calvin had been trained for this. The kind of discipline and combat he endured since childhood was worlds apart from the relatively cushy life Zachary had led.

Zachary was knocked to the ground, wincing from the impact.

Calvin slowly stepped forward.

“Zachary, never one to back down from a fight, braced himself to get back on his feet, ready to go another round. But before he could, Calvin spoke.

““Madeline and I simply have a professional relationship. You and Darren misunderstood.” His tone was calm, matter-of-fact.”

The only explanation Calvin could come up with was that Darren had misinterpreted the situation and then relayed his assumptions to Zachary.

Zachary, still skeptical, narrowed his eyes. “Are you sure? You don’t have feelings for her?”

“Of course not,” Calvin answered without hesitation.

He had feelings for Cecilia because she was irreplaceable.

As for Madeline, their relationship was nothing more than a simple friendship.

There were no romantic feelings involved.

“So, you two aren’t together?”

“No,” Calvin replied firmly.

Zachary pulled himself up, rubbing his sore jaw as he sat down.

Calvin continued, “She treated me to dinner today as a way of thanking me for helping her at work. That’s all there is to it.”

Hearing this, Zachary started to believe he might have overreacted. “If what you’re saying is true, then I owe you an apology.”

“Before you act on impulse next time, make sure you get your facts straight.” Turning to leave, he added one last remark, “Just like last time when you failed to investigate who actually saved you and ended up making Ceci suffer for nothing.”

After finishing his words, Calvin swiftly turned and walked away.

Zachary watched his retreating figure, his admonishing words lingering in his mind, making his face heat with embarrassment. He had acted too impulsively, driven solely by the desire to stand up for his buddy. He hadn't considered the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Letting out a sigh, Zachary dusted himself off and made his way toward the Faust residence.

Meanwhile, Madeline had long since gone to bed. However, in the early hours of the morning, she was stirred awake by a commotion outside.

She saw the driver struggling to support Darren as he stumbled through the doorway.

The man was completely wasted, slumping onto the couch.

Madeline frowned. This was the first time she had ever seen Darren drink so much. "Why did he drink this much?"

The driver shook his head. "I'm not sure. Mr. Faust was drinking with Mr. Sinclair.

By the time Mr. Sinclair sent him out, he was already like this."

Madeline sighed. "All right, you should get some rest too."

"Understood," the driver replied before taking his leave.

Darren lay sprawled on the couch, his face slightly flushed from the alcohol. He looked utterly miserable, his brows furrowed as he groaned softly in discomfort. His stomach was churned, and his head spun.

Madeline rarely saw him in such a vulnerable state. Despite herself, her heart softened. After a brief hesitation, she turned toward the kitchen.

She wasn't particularly skilled at making hangover remedies-her knowledge came solely from online tutorials-but she did her best, carefully following each step.

When it was finally done, she glanced down at the bowl. The liquid inside was pitch black.

"I wonder if this is even edible," Madeline muttered to herself, eyeing the inky liquid with doubt.

Still, she carried the bowl into the living room. Darren's low groans of discomfort made her hesitate for only a moment before she knelt beside him.

"Here, drink this," she coaxed, carefully bringing the bowl to his lips.

Darren barely took a sip before his stomach violently rebelled. Without warning, he lurched forward, retching as everything he had consumed came rushing back up.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1778

4-5 minutes

Taking Care Of Darren Madeline reacted quickly, stepping back instinctively-but not fast enough. Darren's vomit splattered onto her clothes.

She had never taken care of anyone like this before. The moment the vomit hit her, she bolted straight to the bathroom, scrubbing herself clean. After changing into fresh clothes, all she wanted was to crawl into bed and forget the whole ordeal.

But as she passed by the living room and saw Darren lying there utterly disheveled, a flicker of sympathy stirred in her chest.

Memories surfaced-memories from years ago, when things were different. Back then, they had just gotten married, and her world had crumbled when her family fell into trouble. She had drowned herself in alcohol, seeking an escape from reality.

And every single time, she would end up just as intoxicated as Darren. However, she would wake up the next morning tucked neatly into bed. Darren would be seated beside her.

She slowly approached Darren, picked up a clean set of clothes, and began changing him.

However, the task proved far from easy. Darren was not only too tall but also completely uncooperative. After much effort, she finally managed to change his jacket.

As for the rest, she decided to leave it. After tidying up the space and covering him with a blanket, she finally felt a sense of relief and returned to her room.

But before she could fully settle in, a sudden knock echoed through the quiet night.

Who is it this time?

Suppressing her irritation, Madeline got up and went to check.

When she opened the door, she was met with the sight of Zachary, his face marred by a fresh bruise, as if he'd been in a fight.

"Zachary? It's late. What brings you here?"

Zachary didn't respond immediately. Instead, his gaze drifted past her into the living room, where Darren lay sprawled on the couch, completely drunk.

Only then did he shift his focus back to her.

"Madeline, what exactly is going on between you and Darren now? Hasn't he already explained everything? That incident had nothing to do with him."

Madeline hadn't expected Zachary to show up at this hour just to interrogate her about this matter.

She remained silent for a moment before finally replying, "I understand, but this is between Darren and me. It has nothing to do with you."

Zachary fell silent.

He knew he had no right to interfere, but he'd grown up with a bond stronger than family. "You've seen Darren's state. When has he ever drunk this much?" Zachary's voice was filled with frustration. "Whatever issues we two have, can't you just talk it out like adults? You were once so close-how did things get to this point?"

Madeline and Darren had been childhood sweethearts, their engagement arranged early in life.

The air between them grew heavy with silence.

Taking a deep breath, Madeline finally said, "If there's nothing else, I'm going to rest."

Without waiting for a response, she turned and walked back to her room.

Zachary didn't leave. Instead, he walked over to the couch, looking down at Darren's disheveled form and sighing.

Why are all my buddies tortured by women? Not me, though. I am open-minded when it comes to .ne women. I can have as many of them as I want.

The next morning, Darren woke up to find Zachary sprawled out beside him.

With a look of pure disdain, he shoved him aside.

Zachary stirred, slowly blinking awake. "You're up," he mumbled groggily.

"Why did you follow me back?" Darren's disdain was barely concealed.

Zachary felt like all his efforts—the punch he took, the confrontation—had been in vain.

"I'm here to tell you something," he said.

"What is it?"

"Yesterday, I went to see Calvin." He gestured at his bruised face. "See this? He punched me."

Darren frowned. "Why?"

"I was trying to stand up for you, but unfortunately, I was no match for him." Zachary spoke pitifully.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1779

4-5 minutes

The Urgency To See Her Darren didn't know whether he should be thanking Zachary or laugh at the latter.

He stepped forward, a hint of defiance in his tone, "Justice? Have you perhaps misunderstood something?"

Darren had too much to drink the night before, and he doesn't remember a single word I said.

Zachary sighed, choosing not to reveal the full story. He simply said, "I spoke with Calvin yesterday. He and Madeline are not in a relationship. Their dinner last night was nothing more than Madeline showing gratitude for his help. Nothing more.' ҏ Upon hearing these words, Darren could feel the tight squeeze in his heart ease. Subsequently, he felt somewhat perplexed.

"How did you come to know about all this? Why did ask Calvin about it?"

Zachary knew Darren was a proud man, so he didn't mention the latter's drunken antics. He just stood up, saying, "Of course it was just a guess, but my guess is spot on, isn't it? Anyway, I'm hungry now. Hurry up and ask your housekeeper to make breakfast."

After he finished speaking, he went to the bathroom.

After Zachary had left, Darren let out a helpless laugh, then turned his gaze toward the mirror.

His coat had been changed at some point, though the clothes he wore underneath remained the same. He was reeking of alcohol, coupled with the nauseating stench of vomit.

Hence, he immediately went to take a shower.

It must have been Zachary who helped me change my clothes yesterday.

After taking a bath, Zachary was already eating the breakfast prepared by the housekeeper. Darren walked over and said, "Thank you."

"No need for formalities. We're buddies after all. It's no trouble at all," Zachary mumbled, his mouth full as he spoke.

"Did you also change my clothes?" Darren asked again.

Zachary was taken aback as he looked up at his friend. "How could I possibly change your clothes? You must be overthinking."

It wasn't Zachary? Then who could it be?

Darren was about to say something when the housekeeper stepped forward. "It seems that it was Mrs. Foster who changed it. I heard some commotion yesterday and saw her carrying clothes for you."

It was Madeline?

Darren's eyes were filled with disbelief.

As Zachary ate, he couldn't help but marvel at the changes on Darren's expression.

Ah, men, they always prioritize love over friendship.

He hadn't yet had his fill with food when a call came in. Picking it up, he saw it was from Jonathan.

"What's up, brat?"

"Ms. Kennedy left for Drocver ahead of time," Jonathan said, sounding rather annoyed.

The food in Zachary's mouth suddenly lost its flavor.

He rose to his feet, grabbed his coat, and prepared to leave.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?" Darren asked.

Zachary didn't have time to respond to him. "Mmm-hmm, let's drink another time."

He then drove all the way back and saw Jonathan seated in the garden of the mansion upon his arrival.

Zachary immediately asked the latter, "Where is she?"

"She's already left," Jonathan stated. "Where were you last night? I tried calling you, but you didn't pick up."

Only then did Zachary remember that he had been drinking, likely causing him to miss the ring of his phone.

He was about to head to the airport when Jonathan stopped him. "Don't ne's surely on the plane by now and will be long gone by the time you get there."

Zachary halted in his tracks, muttering to himself, “How did she leave so quickly? Wasn’t she supposed to wait for Cecilia before going together?”

Jonathan rested his chin on his hand. “I’m not sure. Perhaps she’s worried that certain things might be exposed.”

Zachary didn’t pay any attention to what was being said, and all he felt was a sense of desolation.

He planned to buy a plane ticket and fly there too.

Upon realizing Zachary’s intention, Jonathan couldn’t help but suggest, “Shall we go together in a couple of days?”

“No, I’ll go ahead alone.” Zachary’s eyes filled with urgency, see t help but feel the nee His reaction filled Jonathan’s large eyes with curiosity. “Mr. Zachary, you really like Ms. Kennedy, don’t you?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1780

4-5 minutes

Flames Of Jealousy “Nonsense, how could I ever be attracted to a tomboy like her?” Zachary denied vehemently. “She’s also a violent woman; there’s no way I could like her. I’m just worried about her going to unfamiliar places alone and getting bullied. At the end of the day, she’s still my woman. How could I let anyone else bully her?”

Jonathan simply watched as Zachary lied, choosing not to expose the latter. “Oh, you don’t need to worry. I heard Mr. Eric went with her too.”

“Eric?” Zachary’s pupils suddenly constricted. “The actor?”

“Yeah, he’s a really handsome actor, quite the heartthrob now,” Jonathan added.

Zachary’s mood soured in an instant. “How did they end up going together? How did Vivian get to know him?”

“Mr. Eric is a superstar within the stable of my mom’s company. It’s only natural for Ms. Kennedy to know him, isn’t it? Besides, we both know how much Ms. Kennedy adores handsome guys.”

A glint of mischief flashed in Jonathan’s eyes, “Ms. Kennedy heard that Mr. Eric was heading to Drocver to shoot a promotional video, so she suggested they go together. Although Mr. Eric may look like a boy toy, he’s actually quite muscular and tough. With all his bodyguards around, Ms. Kennedy would never be mistreated. Mr. Zachary, there’s nothing for you to worry about.”

Nothing to worry about... but my unease has only grown.

Zachary swiftly picked up his phone, hurriedly dialing his assistant. He instructed that his private jet be readied as he was intent on going to see Vivian.

Observing from behind, Jonathan continued to tease Zachary when he saw the latter’s anxious expression after hanging up the phone.

“Mr. Zachary, why are you in such a rush to go there? Ms. Kennedy might not be pleased. You’re essentially getting in the way of her opportunity with Mr. Eric.”

“What do you mean by opportunity? She and I are married! Why would she be looking for an opportunity with someone else?”

After he spoke in a somewhat irritated tone, Zachary then instructed Jonathan, “Please tell Grandpa that I’m off to find Vivian.”

“Alright,” Jonathan obediently agreed.

Zachary then hopped into the car, impatiently starting the engine.

Jonathan watched as Zachary’s car disappeared into the distance, then returned home. There, he explained the situation to George.

“Has Zach gone there too?” George asked.

Jonathan nodded empathetically. “Yes, Great-grandpa, you can rest easy now.”

He knew that what George desired most was to see Vivian and Zachary happily together.

George let out a deep sigh. "I certainly can. As long as the two of them are happy together, my mind will be at ease."

"Great-grandpa, you must make sure to rest. Don't worry too much."

"Okay."

Meanwhile, at Jamieson Group, Cecilia was dealing with the mess left behind by Cassandra, one of which was the collaboration with Robert.

Inside the conference room, Robert was shamelessly being difficult. "These contracts were all signed when Cassandra was with the company. Now you want to terminate them? Are you kidding me?"

Miranda was also present, taking a seat beside Robert.

"Cecilia, we're all family here. You shouldn't go too far."

Robert followed up, saying, "Yeah, you should also start calling me Uncle Robert, just like Nathaniel."

Despite being confronted by the two individuals, Cecilia didn't display an ounce of fear, nor did she bother with any pleasantries.

"Apologies Uncle Robert, Miranda, but business is business. These contracts were never approved by the board of directors, so they are not legally binding. I can't recognize these contracts."

After going through them, she felt that Cassandra had gone too far.

All the profit belonging to the Jamieson family were handed over to Robert and his faction. It was also anyone's guess as to what was agreed to behind closed doors.

Upon seeing that Cecilia remained unmoved, Robert couldn't help but furrow his brows.

"Fine, since you don't recognize the contract, let's take it to court. Otherwise, you owe us compensation!"