

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1781

4-5 minutes

The Ice Cream Deception Feigning sincerity, Miranda pretended to reassure Cecilia. “Cecilia, don’t worry. We won’t put you in a difficult position. We will definitely cooperate with the Jamieson family.”

Cecilia stood up. “There’s no need for further discussion. You can take me to court.”

When she left, she glanced back at the two of them.

“The Jamieson Group legal department will get in touch with you.”

After leaving the remark, she left without looking back.

Inside the conference room, both Robert and Miranda wore expressions of displeasure.

They initially thought that by intimidating Cecilia, she would capitulate. However, they hadn’t expected her to be so resolute.

“Dad, what do we do now?”

“What else can we do? These contracts are essentially worthless now.” Robert clenched his fist, slamming it onto the desk. “I underestimated this woman.”

They had initially thought that with Queenie being ill, they could easily manipulate Cecilia. However, it turned out to be more difficult than that.

“Can’t we just sue her?” Miranda questioned.

Robert gave her a stern look. “Are you out of your mind? Do you really think we stand against Jamieson Group’s legal department?”

After Miranda was scolded by him, her complexion alternated between one of anger and embarrassment.

She remained silent, yet deep down, she couldn't help but wish for George to kick the bucket as soon as possible.

This old geezer's own son is utterly useless, and yet, he expects his daughter-in-law to step up. I can't believe he even has the audacity to scold me.

After returning home, the fuming Miranda gave Adrian a call.

"Didn't you say you were going to deal with those four brats? Why haven't you made a move? Cecilia has already taken over as the CEO of Jamieson Group, are you planning to wait until her son takes over the Rainsworth family?"

Adrian was also constantly scheming on his end, but with his limited capabilities, he didn't have the guts to harm Nathaniel's child.

"Miranda, maybe we should just let it go?" Adrian suggested, sounding rather dispirited.

Miranda was on the verge of laughing out of sheer exasperation. "Adrian, think this through. If you don't pave the way for our son, don't come crying when things go south later on."

Adrian naturally understood what she meant.

"Alright, alright, I get it."

He ended the call and headed toward Elena's place. Coincidentally, he overheard Elena making a video call outside.

"Jon, Eli, you two are leaving for Drocver in a few days. Why don't you come over for a meal at my tomorrow? I worry that I'll miss you too much if I can't see you "Alright then."

Adrian stood a short distance away, his eyes slightly narrowed.

Tomorrow? That's a great opportunity!

The following day, Cecilia dressed her two sons in brand new outfits. Together with Nathaniel, the family set off for Rainsworth Manor.

The two children had now seamlessly become a part of the Rainsworth family.

Watching them play joyfully, Cecilia felt a wave of happiness wash over her.

She was unaware that not too far away, someone had been keeping a watchful eye on them.

After entrusting the children to the housekeeper, Cecilia and Nathaniel hadn't been gone for long before Adrian appeared in front of the four children.

"Jon, Eli."

Jonathan and Elliot looked in his direction.

At a glance, Elliot could tell that this so-called uncle had ill intentions. He subtly signaled to Jonathan with a look.

Jonathan also noticed it. Nevertheless, he still responded politely, "Hello, Uncle Adrian."

"Hello, kids. We have a professional ice today, you guys like to net chef over at my place and give it a try?" Adrian asked.

Upon exchanging glances, Jonathan and Elliot both thought that Adrian was a fool.

After all, they weren't naive children, and being deceived by ice cream was the last thing that could happen to them.

Elliot was about to refuse, but Jonathan interjected, "Sure, why not."

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Serving Vengeance Elliot wore a look of confusion as he tugged at Jonathan's sleeve.

Nevertheless, Jonathan gave him a reassuring glance.

Due to the seemingly telepathic bond between twins, Elliot seemed to understand what the look in his brother's eyes conveyed and turned to look at Adrian.

"Uncle Adrian, I want to go too."

Adrian hadn't expected things to progress so swiftly, causing him to break into unrestrained laughter.

"Sure, bring your two younger brothers along. Let's all go together," he said. "No, my brothers are too young, they can't eat cold food," Jonathan refused. Adrian furrowed his brow. "That can't be right, aren't they all over a year old?"

"They still can't eat it," Jonathan said with a serious face. "If we bring our brothers along, Mommy will scold us."

Jonathan knew Adrian didn't have good intentions, so he pretended to make things difficult. "If you insist on bringing our brothers along, I'll have to consult our mother. If she agrees, we'll bring them along."

"Ah, no!" Adrian almost exposed himself, quickly covering his mouth. "You can just come with me. I agree they're still too young, eating ice cream isn't good for them."

"Alright," the two boys chimed in unison.

With that, they followed Adrian. As they were leaving, Jonathan asked, "Uncle Adrian, should we let the housekeeper know?"

"No need," Adrian said. "You're just going over to my place. It's not dangerous, so there's no need to inform them."

"Oh, alright."

Adrian thought to himself that although he had only managed to take away the two elder children, he had indeed done his best.

As for those two younger ones, they would be dealt with later.

While evading the surveillance cameras, he led the child outside.

Meanwhile, Jonathan and Elliot followed behind him, communicating through text messages on their phone watches.

Elliot: Jon, this guy clearly has bad intentions. If we follow him and something dangerous happens, what will we do?

Jonathan: Don't worry, I've already informed Mr. Sven. He'll be protecting us from the shadows.

Baffled, Elliot scratched his head and continued typing: If that's the case, why do we need to leave with him?

Jonathan: It's to teach him a lesson of course. He had been unkind to Mommy before. After ending the chat on his wristwatch, a fiery glint flashed across his eyes.

His face, at that moment, was like a miniature version of Nathaniel's stern countenance, triggering a sense of fear in others.

Finally, they had made it outside, where a sleek black MPV was parked not too far away.

Jonathan pretended not to understand. "Uncle Adrian, why are we leaving? Aren't we going to your house?"

"Ah, yes, we're headed to my private villa, not this place. Don't worry, it's not far. Let's get in the car," Adrian said with a grin.

"Ouch!" All of a sudden, Jonathan clutched his stomach.

"What's the matter?" Adrian asked, his face filled with confusion.

Jonathan wore a pained expression as Adrian Coked at Adrian, "Uncle Adrian, my stomach hurts all. of a sudden. I need to go to the toilet."

"What?" Adrian was stunned. "Hold on for a bit. You can use the one at my place."

"No, no, I need to go now. Quick, find me some tissues," Jonathan said urgently. As he spoke, he found a secluded spot in a bush ando squatted down.

Adrian hadn't expected that just as success was within his grasp, Jonathan would have an upset stomach.

He immediately went to get tissues from the car.

Jonathan winked at Elliot, and Elliot instantly understood what his brother was planning to do.

He glanced around and, not too far away, he spotted a pile of dog feces.

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4-5 minutes

The Prank Meanwhile, Adrian rushed back, holding a stack of tissues, which he then handed to Jonathan with a look of distaste.

“Come on, finish up quickly, and we can go get some ice cream.” “Mmm...” It seemed as if Jonathan was making an effort to poop, then he said, “Alright.”

He reached out to accept it.

Suddenly, Adrian felt as if his hand had brushed against something.

He then heard Jonathan’s sobbing voice, saying, “Oh no, Uncle Adrian, I’m so sorry. I accidentally got poop on your hand.”

Though Adrian was not a clean freak, he had never come into contact with shit his entire life.

He immediately leapt up, flinging aside what he had in his hand.

“Ah!” His screams echoed one after another.

While Jonathan managed to hold in his laughter, Elliot covered his own mouth.

Feigning an apologetic voice, Jonathan sobbed, “Uncle Adrian, you’re not mad at me, are you? I’m sorry, I really didn’t mean it.”

Adrian was on the verge of tears, yet he couldn’t lose his temper in front of the two children.

“Sigh, be more careful next time, alright? Just clean up quickly!”

Adrian raised his hand, heading back to the car upon recalling that there might be some water inside.

However, he searched for a long time but couldn’t find any, so he had no choice but to return empty-handed.

“Jon, Eli, wait here for me. I need to wash my hands.”

“Alright.”

The two children appeared to be particularly obedient.

“Uncle Adrian, come back soon. We’re waiting for you to go get ice cream.”

“Mm-hmm.” Adrian departed with a gloomy expression on his face.

The moment they saw him leave, the two children could no longer contain their laughter.

“Jon, that was so satisfying!” exclaimed Elliot.

Jonathan emerged from the bushes. “This is merely a minor lesson. Compared to how he bullied Mom, it’s not even worth mentioning.”

He clenched his fist. “We can’t just let him get away with this.”

Elliot kept on nodding. “Of course. So, what should we do now?”

After some thought, Jonathan glanced at the car parked not too far away where Adrian’s jacket was left.

He walked over, reached into it and sure enough, he found keys. “Let him suffer a bit more. There’s no rush,” he said.

“Alright.”

Meanwhile, Adrian had washed his hands. He gave them a tentative sniff and found that they stunk.

The smell was so bad that he almost threw up.

How can this kid still fail to clean himself at this age?

He walked back, only to find that both children had vanished from the side of the road.

“Oh no!”

Adrian initially thought that the two children had run away. To his surprise, he heard their voices coming from inside his car.

“Uncle Adrian, we’re in the car. Hurry up and come over,” she called out.

A glimmer of relief flashed in Adrian’s eyes.

Thankfully these two naive kids hadn’t run away. Before, my son kept saying how intelligent Jonathan was. But now, it seems that he’s no different from an ordinary child.

Adrian, with a cheerful grin, walked toward the vehicle. “Alright, I’m coming over now,” he said.

However, he hadn’t taken more than a few chins when he suddenly save the unexpectedly roar to life, charging straight at him.

Sitting in the driver’s seat, Jonathan feigned a look of confusion.

“Uncle Adrian, why is the car moving?”

“Uncle Adrian, does your car have autonomous driving?”

Adrian’s face had turned pale.

What autonomous driving? My car doesn’t have that feature!

“Jon, s-step on the brakes now!”

“Brakes? Where are they?” Jonathan asked.

“Right under your feet!” Adrian exclaimed as he dodged backward.

Jonathan lowered her gaze, focusing on the accelerator, and pressed down hard on it.

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Getting What He Deserved Bang! A loud noise echoed.

Adrian had been thrown into the ditch by the road. He was so scared that he was dumbfounded.

His car was really robust. Even if it crashed into a wall, the safety of Jonathan and Elliot was guaranteed. There was nothing much to worry about.

However, the same couldn't be said of Adrian. One could vaguely see a liquid flowing from his pants.

"Uncle Adrian... are you okay?" A mischievous smile crossed the adorable face of Jonathan, yet his words were filled with concern.

Adrian was not just terrified, but he also felt as if his painstakingly healed leg had broken again.

The commotion was so loud that it quickly drew the attention of the housekeepers and security personnel inside the mansion.

The security guard rushed over immediately, instantly noticing the disheveled state of Adrian.

Did Mr. Adrian actually get so scared to the point of wetting himself? Oh my goodness!

Their professionalism kept their laughter in check. They rushed over, asking, "Mr. Adrian, are you alright?"

Adrian's face was twisted in pain, his forehead slick with sweat. He glared at the security guards rushing toward him and bellowed, "Are you blind? Do I look like I'm okay?"

The security guards weren't particularly fond of him to begin with. Hearing him screaming at them only added to their resentment.

Had they known earlier, they would have feigned ignorance and not come at all. "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and call an ambulance."

Adrian raised his voice in reprimand once again.

"Right away...."

The security guards outwardly expressed respect, but inwardly, they thought he got what he deserved.

Elliot and Jonathan approached. Observing Adrian's current state, they had to force themselves to hold back their laughter.

Cecilia and Nathaniel had also rushed over, only to witness the scene of Adrian being lifted onto a stretcher and taken to the ambulance.

Just as Cecilia was wondering what had happened, she spotted the two youngsters and quickly made her way toward them.

"Eli, Jon, are you guys okay?"

Upon seeing Cecilia, the two children immediately nodded. "We're fine, Mommy." Cecilia let out a sigh of relief and walked over, asking, "What on earth happened?"

"I really don't know." Jonathan shook his head. "It's possible that Uncle Adrian's driving skills weren't up to par, and he ended up in a ditch."

Elliot also chimed in. "I guess that's it. His fall was quite bad."

Cecilia hummed in acknowledgment but didn't give the matter much thought.

She simply didn't care about what had actually happened to Adrian.

"Let's go. We shouldn't be standing here, it's too dangerous."

"Alright," the two children chimed in unison.

Not far away, Nathaniel was observing this scene, yet he found it hard to believe the words of the two youngsters. He called over a security guard to clarify the situation.

The security guard explained to Nathaniel that when they arrived, they found Adrian in the ditch. Following that, the two children emerged from the car.

Emerged from the car?

Nathaniel turned his gaze back to the two innocent children, having a vague inkling of what had occurred.

Upon returning home, he pulled the two kids aside.

"Did you guys have something to do with what happened to Adrian today?" he asked.

Elliot initially thought Nathaniel was going to reprimand them, instantly shaking his head in denial. “Dad, what are you talking about? We absolutely did not.” fo FindNovel “Oh, I’ll go get the surveillance footage,” Nathaniel said.

Elliot was instantly agitated. “Sc*mbag daddy, don’t you trust us?”

He was about to say something else, but Jonathan grabbed his hand, stopping him.

Subsequently, Jonathan stepped forward, fooking intently at Nathaniel. “Yes, we were behind it.

He was the one who tried to harm us first. We just taught him little lesson.”

When Jonathan ran Adrian down, he had held back slightly. Otherwise, Adrian would have ended up dead or crippled.

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A Lesson Upon hearing Jonathan’s admission, Elliot feared that Nathaniel would scold them, so he immediately pleaded, “I’m sorry, Dad, we promise not to misbehave again. Please don’t blame Jon.”

Nathaniel stared intently at the two individuals, his facial expression remained utterly unchanged.

“You guys don’t have to apologize to me.”

Both kids were taken aback upon hearing the remark.

“Both of you did the right thing. When someone tries to bully you, it’s only natural to fight back. However,” Nathaniel paused before continuing, “you’re too young. If something like this happens in the future, make sure to inform me first. Secondly, you’re all too careless in your actions, making it easy for others to see through your plans.”

After hearing all this, Jonathan couldn’t help but nod in agreement. “You’re right. We didn’t think it through earlier.”

“Be more careful in the future,” Nathaniel warned.

Both children nodded in unison.

Their fondness for Nathaniel was now elevated to the next level.

Nathaniel looked at the two younger versions of himself, then asked, “What did Adrian intend to do to you?”

Jonathan shook her head. “Actually, we weren’t really sure what he was up to. All we knew was that he was attempting to trick us, saying he was taking us to his place for ice cream. I had a feeling he was up to no good.”

“Yes, yes, I can vouch for it. H was trying to deceive us just now,” Elliot added.

Ice cream?

Nathaniel couldn’t quite grasp what Adrian was planning, but thankfully, both children were unharmed.

“Let’s not mention this matter to your mother; it would only cause her unnecessary worry.”

“Alright.”

Meanwhile, Adrian was in the hospital, screaming in agony.

Miranda rushed over and seeing him in this state, she couldn’t help but express her disdain.

“What on earth happened to you? Weren’t you supposed to deal with the two kids? How did you end up in such a state?”

Adrian had finally pieced together the sequence of events. Gritting his teeth, he exclaimed, “It’s all because of those two rascals!”

He clenched his fists, saying, “Miranda, I was so close to getting them, but those two cunning brats nearly got me killed.”

“Aren’t they just kids? Why can’t you even deal with them?”

“You don’t understand, they’re not just ordinary children.” Adrian knew his words sounded unconvincing, but that was the reality.

Miranda was in no mood to speak to him further. After leaving the hospital room, she called her lover.

“It seems we can’t rely on Adrian anymore. He’s utterly useless, outsmarted by two kids, and now, he’s even broken his leg.”

The person on the other end of the phone first comforted her, then said, “Don’t worry. If it really doesn’t work out, just forget it.”

“How could we just let it go? The Rainsworth family’s vast estate, or even the wealth in the old man’s hands alone, is something an average person couldn’t earn in a lifetime.” Miranda was not willing to give up just like that.

“What can we do about it? We can no longer rely on that good-for-nothing Adrian anymore,” the man said in a languid tone.

Miranda clenched her fists. “If all else fails, you have to help me. We need find a way to ensure they never have any claim to the inheritance.”

However, the man fell silent.

“Miranda, believe neither of us should handle this matter directly just in case something were to go wrong. It would be better to have another person to do it.”

Miranda realized that the man had backed down, and a wave of disappointment washed over her instantly.

“Didn’t you keep saying you love me?”

“Of course I love you, but shouldn’t we also consider our future?”

Miranda stopped talking and ended the call.

Now, she had no one left to rely on.

Just when she was wearing a frown, a sound echoed from behind her.

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Forget It “Miranda, I’m sorry. It’s all my fault for being useless,” Adrian said, seated in his wheelchair as he emerged from the hospital room.

Miranda turned around to look at him.

This time, Adrian genuinely felt remorse. Despite being a man, he was unable to assist his own wife and child.

On the surface, Miranda showed no signs of it, but deep down, she detested him intensely.

She stepped forward to ask, “What are you doing out here?”

“Seeing that you hadn’t returned, I came looking for you. I was worried something might have happened,” Adrian replied.

After he finished speaking, he again grasped Miranda’s hand. “Miranda, let’s just forget it.”

“Huh? What do you mean forget it?”

Upon hearing the words “forget it” once again, Miranda furrowed her brows tightly.

“We have everything we would ever want now. There’s really no need to compete with Nathaniel and his lot. Besides, Orion Corporation was originally built up single-handedly by Nathaniel. We have the inheritance from Grandpa, which is already more than enough.”

As a prestigious family, the Rainsworth family’s wealth wasn’t built on a single company.

Niel still had a considerable amount of wealth and a vast network of connections at his disposal.

Miranda’s expression slightly hardened. “Why are you so unambitious?”

“No, I’ve realized it now. I truly want to live a peaceful life. I’m done with all the constant plotting.”

Adrian wore a bitter expression on his face.

At first, he was genuinely infuriated by the antics of the two rascals, contemplating a fitting revenge.

But now, he had calmed down. On careful reflection, he realized he could never be at peace if he had ended up harming the children.

Moreover, if it really came down to taking the lives of two young children, he wouldn't have the heart to do it.

Even though he was a jerk and was fond of womanizing, taking a child's life was beyond him.

"You're really going to be the death of me!" Miranda nearly choked from the anger that was surging within her.

She took several deep breaths, then turned her gaze back to Adrian. "You should just stay in the hospital."

Miranda didn't want to stay any longer and wallow in pity together with Adrian.

As Adrian watched her retreating figure, he let out a deep sigh, uncertain of what to do next.

He never had much ambition to begin with. Even before marrying Miranda, he was content to live in the shadow of Nathaniel.

However, ever since marrying Miranda, she had always demanded that he be more successful than Nathaniel.

After Miranda left, she found herself in of where to go. A certain crossed her mind, instructed her driver to head Sashe where they were.

Inside the mansion, the doorbell rang, and it sent a chill through the person inside, who dared not to answer the door.

Growing impatient, Miranda continued to press the button. She then addressed the security camera. "It's me. Open the door."

The person inside the house, upon hearing Miranda's voice, finally felt their anxiety ease a little. They then proceeded to walk outside and open the door.

Miranda saw Stella standing pitifully at the door, looking rather forlorn. She was dressed in her nightgown, her hair unkempt.

When Stella saw Miranda, it was as if she had seen her savior.

“Ms. Miranda, are you here to help me?”

Originally, Miranda had sought out Nathaniel’s ex-girlfriend to teach Cecilia a lesson. Unexcet state.

had ended up in such a pity Her expression gradually darkened, disbelief creeping into her eyes. “How did you end up like this?”

The best way to describe Stella right then was a lunatic.

Stella sensed the curious gaze upon her, which led her to instinctively lower her head and dust herself.

“Ms. Miranda, could you lend me some money?” she asked.

Money?

Miranda’s eyebrows cocked slightly. “Are you short on cash? What do you need the money for?”

“Many of my contracts have been cancelled, and I’ve accumulated significant debt...” Stella shuddered at the mere thought of it.

She no longer dared to leave the house casually, nor did she dare to answer the phone.

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4-5 minutes

The Consequences “Sigh, I never thought you’d end up like this.”

Miranda’s words were laden with many different emotions.

She still remembered how Stella used to flaunt her status in front of Cecilia.

“Stella, do you still remember what you said back then in front of the reporters, Cecilia, and Nathaniel’s friends? Didn’t you say you would win Nathaniel back?”

The color drained from Stella’s face in an instant.

“I... I was wrong,” she admitted, remorse clear in her voice. “I won’t let my imagination run wild again, nor will I have a loose tongue.”

After she finished speaking, she looked at Miranda with eyes full of hope. “Ms. Miranda, I beg you, please help me. I just want to live a simple and peaceful life.”

Miranda was utterly disappointed in Stella, and without another word, she turned around and walked away.

“Ms. Miranda!” Stella was about to follow her when Miranda turned around and scolded her, “Stop following me, or you’ll regret it!”

Stella’s steps came to a halt.

With that, Miranda left the place, feeling increasingly unsettled within.

If Stella still had the fight in her, no matter how little, she could still be of help to Miranda, but as it turned out, the former was completely defeated.

Stella had become useless, a stark contrast to her past self, where she behave with impunity. Now, all she wanted was to lead a simple and peaceful life, making it impossible for Miranda to recruit her into her cause.

At that moment, Stella had returned to her room once again.

Inside her mansion, there was no electricity or running water.

The place was also about to be auctioned off.

In reality, the only thing Cecilia ever did to her was to ensure that all their business partners refused to collaborate with her.

As for the rest, it wasn’t Cecilia’s doing.

However, Stella was seized by irrational fear, constantly feeling that Cecilia would suddenly come to harm her. He also suspected that Zachary and Nathaniel were out to get her.

She was unaware that the current Zachary and Nathaniel simply didn't care about her, nor did they bother to concern themselves with her affairs.

"How did I end up like this?"

Stella slumped onto the couch, her eyes vacant as she stared at the ceiling.

It was at this moment she found herself reminiscing about the past, recalling her childhood.

Back then, she was financially supported by the Smith family.

Regas was a kind and amiable man. He was cultured and well-educated, but more importantly, he treated her exceptionally well.

It was the first time she experienced the warmth of fatherly love.

She was indeed grateful for the treatment, and she had always thought that when she grew up, she would definitely repay the kindness and treat Regas well.

However, as she frequently visited the Smith residence, she noticed that Cecilia was treated with the adoration befitting a princess.

From that, she realized the deep affection that Regas had for the latter.

Gradually, Stella had inexplicably begun to feel jealous. Why is it that Cecilia is able to live with such a wonderful family, while I am an orphan?

Stella had once felt a pang of sympathy for Cecilia because Cecilia's mother, Paula, resented the latter.

Yet, this feeling of pity faded over time, eventually morphing into jealousy.

In her mind, Cecilia might have lacked motherly love, yet she was still the apple of the Smith family's eye, the daughter of a renowned dancer, always a class above her.

Why should I feel pity for someone who's better than myself?

Stella found herself thinking that, her heart becoming increasingly twisted as she began to crave everything that belonged to Cecilia.

Back in university, Stella knew that Cecilia had feelings for Nathaniel. Therefore, she made an effort to interact with Nathaniel.

Also, upon discovering that Cecilia had once saved Elena, she immediately stepped in to take credit for it.

She could still remember the day when Nathaniel found her and asked, “You saved my mother. What do you want in return? Feel free to ask.”

Stella could have demanded a large sum of money, but she didn’t. Instead, she wanted something that Cecilia didn’t have.

“Mr. Rainsworth, I want to be with you.”

As soon as these words were spoken, the expression on Nathaniel’s face clearly turned sour. “Impossible.”

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4-5 minutes

The Flashback At that time, Nathaniel rejected Stella outright.

However, Stella was persistent, “Mr. Rainsworth, this is my only request. Other than this, I don’t need anything else.”

After listening to her, Nathaniel let out a soft chuckle.

“You should be well aware that even if you and I were to date, you wouldn’t gain anything. I simply don’t have feelings for you. And besides, there’s no chance you could use this as an opportunity to climb the social ladder and become my wife.” Nathaniel had stated everything clearly.

He had assumed that Stella would back down upon recognizing the futility of her request, but to his surprise, she said, “It’s alright. I don’t need anything else. All I want is to experience a

relationship with you, to be your girlfriend just once. Just for one year, one year is all I ask for.”

“So, what you’re saying is, you just want a title?” asked Nathaniel.

Stella nodded emphatically.

In response, Nathaniel agreed.

The moment Stella received Nathaniel’s agreement, the first person she shared the news with was Cecilia.

She knew that Cecilia had feelings for Nathaniel.

“Cecilia, do you know that Nathaniel has confessed his feelings to me? Now, I’m his girlfriend. I’m so happy. You should be happy for me too, right?”

Even now, Stella could still remember how pale Cecilia was that fateful day.

That was the first and only time she had ever outdone Cecilia, obtaining something that was beyond her reach.

It was undeniable that Cecilia was a person of high moral standing. Ever since she found out about Stella’s relationship with Nathaniel, she never once mentioned his name, nor did she display any signs of affection toward him.

Before long, a year had passed.

Stella and Nathaniel had broken up.

That day, she even told Cecilia proudly, “Actually, I feel Nathaniel is just like any other man. We are not a good match.”

She initially thought she had played her cards right and won.

However, it wasn’t long before the Rainsworth family found Regas and proposed a marriage alliance between Nathaniel and Cecilia.

In that instant, the hard-earned satisfaction that Stella had gain was utterly gone.

Only then did Stella realize that no matter what, she was just a pawn in the grand scheme of things. She w and then flew overseas.

see Cecilia, secured a sum of At the time, Cecilia felt a pang of guilt and compensated her with a substantial amount of money.

Looking back now, Stella found it quite amusing.

Stella stared at the ceiling, memories of her life abroad flooding back.

Originally, she held a substantial amount of money and had even attended a prestigious school. Her future was looking bright.

However, she was too greedy.

นอญเฒ Initiallly, she leveraged a relationship with a man who was already engaged to climb her way to stardom. But when the man was no longer of use to her, she discarded him without a second thought and returned to her home country.

Right then, the buzzing of the cell phone snapped Stella back to reality.

Her memories gradually started to return as she staggered to her feet. Seeing an unfamiliar number on the phone, she immediately hung up.

No sooner had she done so than the same person called back again.

Without a second thought, she knew it was someone calling to collect a debt.

Left with no other choice, Stella powered off her phone, curling herself up into a ball and unsure of what to do next.

Meanwhile, Cecilia wasn't overly concerned with Stella's actions. Instead, she began to pack her bags, readying herself for the journey to Drocver.

The original plan was to take all four children along, but Luke and Gabe were too young, and for the time being, they couldn't be away from their nanny and Elena. So, only Elliot and Jonathan joined her on the trip.

Cecilia brought out several boxes and asked, "Are these clothes enough?"

Nathaniel had the impression that she was planning to move out.

“Enough, definitely enough. We can always buy more if it isn’t.”

Nathaniel had to work, so he couldn’t accompany them on their journey. However, he planned to meet them in Drocver a day before their return.

“True, it’s not like we’re going for long anyway.” Cecilia then closed the suitcase.

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4-5 minutes

Meeting Her Grandparents At Sinclair Manor, upon learning that Jonathan was planning to visit Cecilia’s maternal grandmother, George had promptly arranged for a variety of items to be prepared for him.

“Jon, once you’re there, remember to video call me. Otherwise, I’m going to miss you,” he said.

Jonathan obediently nodded. “Don’t worry, Great-grandpa.”

George looked at him, his face filled with reluctance.

The following day, he personally escorted Jonathan to the airport.

At the airport, Queenie, Cecilia, and Elliot had already arrived.

George had a quick chat with Queenie before he reluctantly left.

Observing the elderly man’s hunched silhouette, Queenie couldn’t help but remark, “George truly adores Jon.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Cecilia nodded.

George was genuinely fond of Jon, treating him as if he were his own great- grandson. At present, Jon held a significant amount of the Sinclair family’s assets.

“Given Old Mr. Sinclair’s age, he must surely yearn for a great-grandchild of his own,” remarked Queenie.

In the past, when she hadn’t found Cecilia, she would look at others her age who were already blessed with grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and she couldn’t help but feel a pang of envy.

Sometimes, she would even dream of being surrounded by many grandchildren.

Due to her age and the fact that her life might be nearing its end, familial love seemed especially precious.

Caliste walked over and said, “We can board the plane now.”

“Alright.”

With that, Cecilia assisted Queenie in boarding the plane.

Seated on the airplane, two children were chattering and laughing, yet Cecilia was somewhat nervous.

She was about to meet relatives she hadn’t seen in decades. She had no idea what they looked like now, or what she would say when she saw them.

Throughout the journey, Cecilia was constantly on edge.

Queenie had noticed it too. She reached out and grasped Cecilia’s hand. “Cecilia, don’t be scared. Your grandparents and aunt are all nice people.”

Previously, Cecilia felt uncomfortable to be around Queenie. But now, she had grown accustomed to the latter’s touch.

She gave a slight nod. “I know.”

A gentle look filled Queenie’s eyes. “You mentioned wanting to know what happened with your father, right? Once we get there, I’ll tell you everything.”

“Alright,” Cecilia agreed.

The journey took several hours.

Upon arrival at Drocver, they stepped off the plane, only to be greeted by a convoy of luxury cars waiting at the airport entrance.

Queenie and Cecilia promptly settled themselves into one of them. They journeyed through a bustling stream of traffic. Upon arrival, Cecilia could already see the opulent Jamieson Manor from a distance.

The Jamieson family's home was unlike the typical mansions of the elite. It was an ancient structure, exuding an impressive and majestic aura.

In between the two colossal gargoyles at the entrance, a group of people stood, led by two elderly individuals with gray hair.

Queenie pointed at them and informed Cecilia, "That's your granny and granddad."

The two elders had been waiting outside for quite some time. Upon seeing Cecilia's car approaching, they were overwhelmed with excitement and quickly began walking toward the vehicle.

The car soon came to a steady halt.

Its door swung open, and as soon as Cecilia stepped out, two elderly folks, along with some other relatives she didn't recognize, swiftly gathered around her.

"Cecilia, is that you?" Bethany Roberts, Queenie's mother, looked at Cecilia with a tender expression, her eyes glistening. "You truly are the spitting image of your mother when she was young."

Alphonse Jamieson, Queenie's father, was also overwhelmed with emotion. "My dear, you have finally returned to us."

The other relatives also chimed in, each expressing their heartfelt emotions. When Cecilia saw how warm they were to her, she was somewhat stunned. Fortunately, Brooklyn came to her rescue. "They've just arrived by flight. There's no need to stand and chat at the door. Let's go inside and let them rest first." "Right, right, right." Only then did the others remember that their guests might be tired.

Bethany and Alphonse then led Cecilia by hand into the mansion.

They had barely taken two steps when they saw the two little ones alighting from the car, their eyes instantly lighting up.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1790

4-5 minutes

The Two Children “Is that Jon and Eli?” Bethany looked at the two children, who were identical and had delicate features. Her eyes were sparkling with delight.

Jonathan and Elliot respectfully greeted, “Great-granny, Great-granddad.”

“Alright, hurry up and come over to here. Let’s go in together.”

Hearing the child address her as great-granny filled Bethany with joy.

Alphonse was also visibly excited. They had initially thought that the Jamieson family would have no heirs, but now, they didn’t have to worry about it anymore.

As they walked in, they couldn’t help but ask, “Are there two more great- grandchildren?”

Queenie replied, “Yeah, but they’re too young. I was worried they might not adapt well to a sudden change in environment, so I didn’t bring them over. I’ll bring them in the future.”

The two elders waved their hands repeatedly. “No worries, we’ll visit them in Tudela after this.”

“Huh?” Queenie was momentarily stunned.

She initially wanted to say that Alphonse was too old and shouldn’t be traveling unnecessarily, but her words were held back by a tug from Brooklyn.

Brooklyn shot her a look, then lowered her voice to speak. “Queenie, your parents are really happy, so let’s not spoil their mood, okay?”

With a sense of helplessness, Queenie let out a wry smile.

That's true. Dad has just made a casual mention of it, and there's no concrete action yet. It wouldn't be nice to dampen their spirits.

"I got it."

The family arrived at the living room, brimming with joy.

Inside, a large wooden table was laden with an assortment of delicacies, all unique to Drocver.

"Ceci, you must be hungry after your flight, right? Take a look and see if there's anything you fancy. We can have a little snack now and then have lunch later," Bethany said.

She knew that the younger generation nowadays didn't really enjoy eating regular meals; they preferred snacking instead.

Now that Cecilia had made the effort to come all the way, she wanted to ensure her guests had a great time.

"Alright."

Everyone sat together, enjoying their snacks, and later, they went to have a meal.

The meal was prepared by a professional chef who was invited to the house. Some dishes were specialties of Drocver, while others were traditional dishes from Tudela.

They were worried that Cecilia wouldn't be able to adjust to the local food.

During the meal, Cecilia and the two children were treated to a variety of delicious dishes.

She felt as if her stomach was about to burst after stuffing herself.

Both Jonathan and Elliot repeatedly waved their hands, indicating they couldn't eat anymore.

"We're full. We really can't eat anymore. Thanks, Great-granny..."

After the two little ones had their fill, their endearing antics kept everyone in fits of laughter.

Initially, Cecilia thought that the Jamieson family, being a wealthy family, would certainly have a lot of rules. However, she found that they were a quite easy to get along with, not much different from an ordinary family.

After they had their fill of food and drink, Queenie, concerned that Cecilia and the others might be exhausted, suggested they return to their rooms to rest first. They could continue their conversation later in the evening.

The two youngsters finally found their freedom and couldn't wait to return to their room.

And so, Cecilia was also led to her room.

Meanwhile, Queenie followed her inside.

The room was remarkably spacious, filled with all sorts of items one could possibly need.

She also spotted a baby crib tucked away in the corner.

The craftsmanship of the baby crib was exquisite. Made from the finest mahogany, it was adorned with intricate carvings that were nothing short of breathtaking. It was clear that a significant amount of effort and dedication had been invested into its creation.

Queenie also noticed Cecilia's gaze and couldn't help but explain, "Your grandparents had prepared it for you when you were a child. It's such a pity..." After expressing a sigh of regret, Queenie quickly spoke again, fearing she might stir up unpleasant memories for Cecilia.

"Rest well. I'm stepping out for a while. We'll catch up tonight."

Cecilia nodded.

After she entered, the sight of the bedroom took her by surprise once again.