

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1791

4-5 minutes

The Antique Bed Within the spacious bedroom, there stood an antique bed.

Rather than calling it a bed, it would be more apt to describe it as a room.

She once heard that the young ladies of ancient times never left their beds. At the time, she was quite curious, wondering if they really spent all their time in bed without moving around.

Upon seeing the bed her grandparents had prepared for her, she finally understood how it worked. Some beds were as large as rooms, complete with amenities like a vanity, a washstand, and so forth.

The creation of such a bed was said to have begun even before the daughter was born.

At the very least, it would take five years to complete the project.

As for its worth, it naturally couldn’t be measured in monetary terms. Cecilia stepped inside and lay on the bed, finding it very comfortable.

She couldn’t help but wonder that if she hadn’t been taken and sent to an orphanage, she would have perhaps grown up in a loving home.

Unfortunately, there were no what-ifs.

As Cecilia regained her thoughts, she felt that her current situation could be considered fortunate. At the very least, she managed to be reunited with her family.

She wasn’t tired at the moment. Now that she was there, she could call Vivian to check on her.

Cecilia made a phone call, and before long, the other party picked up.

“Ceci.”

“Vivian, I’ve arrived in Drocver. How are you doing?” Cecilia asked.

When Vivian heard the question, she took a deep breath. “I’m okay. It’s just that…”

She was on the verge of speaking but then hesitated.

“What exactly is it?”

“Wait a moment.”

After Vivian finished speaking, she walked out to the balcony. She closed the floor-to-ceiling doors behind her before saying, “It’s just that Zachary followed me here.”

She had come over primarily to avoid the Sinclair family, but unexpectedly, Zachary had actually followed her.

“Why did he come? Did something happen?” Cecilia asked.

Vivian shook her head. “How would I know what has gotten into him? All I’m thinking about now is how to send him packing.”

As she spoke, her gaze drifted toward the interior of the room.

At that moment, Zachary was still sitting on the living room couch.

Vivian was afraid that he might suddenly come over and overhear her conversation with Cecilia.

After exchanging a few quick words with Cecilia, she ended the call.

one As expected, Zachary came over and leaned lazily against the wall pulling open the glass door with hand. He asked Vivian, “Who were you calling?”

He felt that something was off with Vivian. The latter even had to avoid him when making a simple phone call.

Could it be that she’s calling Eric?

Zachary recalled how he had finally managed to find Vivian on his first day there. He had seen her dining with Eric. As they laughed and chatted, their chemistry was unmistakable.

Vivian gripped her phone tightly. “Why does it concern you?”

“How can it not concern me? I am your husband after all.”

“In name only,” Vivian snapped as she walked in.

Zachary was somewhat frustrated. “What do you mean by just in name? Can there be any possibility of intimacy if it’s just in name?”

As soon as he said those words, a blush instantly spread across Vivian’s face.

“What are you babbling about?” she whispered.

Zachary didn’t notice her shyness as he hammered on his point. “I don’t care. You already have me. Now, you have to take responsibility for me.”

Vivian hadn’t expected him to be so shameless.

“Just go away.”

She decided to leave in a huff, but Zachary grabbed her hand. “Where are you going?”

For reasons unknown, he had grown somewhat fearful of Vivian.

“I’m going to get a drink,” Vivian said, sounding a bit annoyed. She pulled her hand away and poured herself a glass of water. After taking a sip, she asked him, “When are you planning to return to Tudela?”

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An Argument “Why would I go back if you’re not? I’ve made up my mind. If you’re staying here to work for a year, then I’ll do the same. We can go back together next year.” Zachary stated matter-of-factly.

Vivian was taken aback once again. Regaining her composure, she pleaded earnestly, “Most of the Sinclair family’s businesses are in Tudela. Wouldn’t your presence here just get in the

way? Besides, Grandpa is getting on in years and needs someone by his side. You should really go back.”

Zachary’s eyes were firmly fixed on her, hoping to discern something from her gaze.

“Vivian, why do I get the feeling that you don’t want me here? Why is that?”

Vivian’s throat tightened.

Zachary continued to speak. “Isn’t it good that I’m here? We can take care of each other.”

Upon hearing his words, Vivian was utterly at a loss for an excuse.

She turned her head away, her hand tightening into a fist.

“I don’t care. I just want to be alone. You can go back. I don’t want to be with you.”

These words pierced Zachary’s heart like a knife.

Suddenly, he felt the room become stifling, somewhat suffocating.

He feigned indifference, casually asking with a teasing tone, “You don’t happen to have someone else, do you? Are you afraid I’ll find out?”

He was joking, of course, but when he looked at Vivian, he was incredibly serious, fearing that she might actually admit to it.

“Of course not,” Vivian immediately denied. “I’m not that kind of woman. Regardless, we’re married, so don’t worry. Even if I were to stay here alone for a year, or even ten years, I would never betray you.”

She had her own moral boundaries.

Otherwise, after she initially parted ways with Ernest, she would have already found someone else instead of staying single the entire time.

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

“Well, if that’s the case, there’s no need for you to push me away. If you don’t like living with me, that’s fine. I can find another place and we can just meet up occasionally.”

“No way!” Vivian refused again.

However, Zachary was persistent. “I don’t care. I’m staying right here. Wherever you are, that’s where I’ll be. You have to take responsibility for me. Even if you really can’t stand me, you still have to put up with me.”

The two of them ended up in a stalemate.

Despite the room being quite large, the air seemed to be filled with tension.

Vivian was truly at a loss for what to do.

Should I tell Zachary about my pregnancy? But what if he doesn’t like the news, or rather, what if he de want the child? What would I content belongs to Vivian was utterly torn inside. She didn’t want to stay there any longer, so she picked up her bag and left.

When Zachary saw her leaving, he immediately followed.

“Why are you following me?” Vivian was on the verge of losing her temper.

Zachary touched his nose. “It’s no big deal. I’m just worried about you getting into danger. I want to protect you.”

“I don’t need protection.”

“Come on, don’t be so hostile.”

Zachary continued to follow her.

Left without any other options, Vivian allowed him to do as he willed.

She wasn’t sure where to go and wandered aimlessly around. Picking up her phone, she called Cecilia, asking if she was free to hang out.

“No, I can’t. I just arrived here today. I’ll only be able to see you tomorrow,” Cecilia stated.

“Alright then,” Vivian replied with a sigh.

She was at her wits’ end.

Since they were already there, she decided to make the best out of the circumstances by taking Zachary to various places to eat.

With Zachary by her side, Vivian didn't have to worry about spending a dime.

Plus, she had a free pair of helping hands to carry her things.

In the early stages of her pregnancy, she found herself unable to stomach regular meals. Instead, she developed a peculiar fondness for what many would consider junk food, such as barbecue skewers. Zachary had been accompanying her all the way, eating quite a himself. "Don't eat too much."

Kvernet Consuming too much of Copet isn't good for your health."

"If you insist on following me, don't say anything to upset me," Vivian snapped as she chewed on her skewer.

Zachary had no choice but to keep quiet.

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The Dilemma Of Vivian It wasn't that Vivian was neglecting her own health. Rather, she was suffering from severe morning sickness from the early stages of her pregnancy. She couldn't stomach any food, and even when she forced herself to eat, she was likely to throw up.

Her appetite was fairly good that day, allowing her to eat barbecue skewers.

The doctor had said that under her current condition, she should eat whatever she could. The most important thing was to not starve.

Upon returning to the hotel, Vivian initially planned on having a late-night snack. However, she suddenly felt a churning in her stomach.

She could no longer hold it in and ran to the bathroom, throwing up violently. Immediately, Zachary followed her, bringing her tissues and water.

“Do you have a stomachache? Come on, let’s go to the hospital and have it checked out.”

Vivian knew what the reason for her illness was and repeatedly waved her hands. “No need. I’m not going to the hospital.”

“Why are you so stubborn? You’re grown up now, yet you don’t listen when I tell you to cut back on junk food. And now, you’re even reluctant to go to the hospital,” Zachary murmured with concern.

Vivian had never found him so irritating before. Suddenly, she exploded in anger, “Ah! If you keep nagging... Ugh, just... just get out... Ugh...”

Seeing her in such distress, Zachary was incredibly worried.

However, he dared not say more, fearing that it might upset her further.

After a considerable length of time, Vivian finally stopped retching. She then freshened up before she returned to the living room and settled comfortably on the couch to rest.

“Feeling any better?” Zachary asked.

“Mmm-hmm. I’m much better now.”

Vivian felt completely drained.

When Zachary raised his hand toward her face, she swiftly dodged.

“What are you doing?”

“Nothing. I’m just checking if you might be running a fever. Your face is so red,” said Zachary.

Vivian found herself meeting his gaze, feeling slightly awkward. She gently pulled away from his hand. “I’m fine. I’m going to take a shower now; you should get some rest too.”

After she finished speaking, she quickly stood up and headed toward the bathroom.

Once inside the bathroom, Vivian gazed at her slightly protruding belly, her anxiety deepening.

“Sweetie, don’t give your mom a hard time. What if we get caught?” she murmured to herself.

Meanwhile, Cecilia and her companions had just finished their dinner.

Her grandparents held her hand, engaging her in casual conversation about her life. They continuously asked her questions about how it was.

Cecilia explained it to them in detail.

Upon hearing about the past hardships that Cecilia had endured, they couldn't help but feel heartbroken.

"Ceci, you've had a tough time, haven't you? We're to blame for not taking better care of you when you were younger."

Cecilia shook her head. "It's alright. It's all in the past now."

In the past, every time she thought about what had happened, it would upset her greatly. But now, she found that talking about it wasn't as big a deal as she had expected.

Seeing that it was getting late, Queenie put a halt to their ongoing conversation.

"Mom, Dad, it's getting late. Even if both of you don't need rest, Ceci needs it."

"Right, right, Ceci, you should rest early. We can continue our chat tomorrow," said Bethany.

Cecilia thought of Vivian and couldn't help but say, "Granny, I have a friend here. I need to see her tomorrow morning."

"Sure, let's continue our conversation tomorrow afternoon."

After all, we have plenty of time now Bethany said, her smile warm and tender.

Cecilia nodded. "Yeah."

The two elders departed first. After instructing the nanny to take the two children to rest, Queenie remained behind to speak with Cecilia.

"Ceci, didn't you say you wanted to know more about your father?"

After hearing this, Cecilia put on a serious expression. "I do."

Queenie let out a deep sigh before she said, "He has passed away for a long time now..."

Passed away...

A complex emotion swept across Cecilia's eyes.

Over the years, aside from the time Scorpius had mentioned about Regas, this was the only occasion Queenie reminisced about him.

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Memories Of Regas “Your father was actually just an ordinary man.” Queenie paused, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth as if a thought had just occurred to her. “But he was incredibly handsome. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have been with him.”

Cecilia gave a nod.

Queenie let out a sigh. “Actually, I don’t know where to start. But let me put it this way, his family background is very simple-he’s just a child from an ordinary family. However, he worked hard and managed to achieve success in Damn on his own effort alone. I first met him at a business gathering. Somehow, we just ended up together. Then we got engaged, and you came into our lives.”

Queenie was recounting her past in a simplified manner.

“Things weren’t exactly peaceful in the Jamieson family back then. I had a brother who was adopted. When he found out I was pregnant, and that I was with your father, he feared we would vie for the Jamieson family’s wealth. So, he decided to undermine us discreetly. He sent you to the orphanage. To be precise, he wanted you dead. But fortunately, his subordinate had a soft heart at that time and let you go. As for me, after giving birth to you, I was extremely weak and nearly perished in the fire. It was your father who saved me from a sea of flames. Yet, while I survived, he didn’t...”

Talk of Regas’ death brought tears to Queenie’s eyes, her fists clenching in response.

“He had clearly promised me that he would survive and live on with me, but he broke that promise, and I can’t forgive him even now.”

Her voice was choked with emotion.

She claimed she couldn't forgive him, but in truth, it was just an excuse she had crafted for herself, one to stop herself from thinking of him.

After hearing everything in silence, Cecilia didn't know what to say.

After a long pause, she said, "Mom, Dad would have definitely wanted you to live happily."

Queenie held back her tears, managing not to let them fall, and nodded.

"Mmm-hmm, I know," she said.

She looked at Cecilia again. "By the way, your father's surname is Evans too."

Cecilia was taken aback.

Queenie elaborated, "Years ago, when I returned to Drocver and made that ungrateful brother pay, I married Ralph because he reminded me of your father."

She gave a self-deprecating laugh, "It was all my fault. I was so foolish and naive back then. Now that think about it, I really let your father down."

After hearing this, Cecilia didn't respond.

After all, seeking someone else as a replacement for a deceased loved one just wasn't right.

It was unfair to everyone, no matter who they were.

"In the end, I was betrayed by Ralph and his daughter. I deserved it, so don't blame anyone but myself only regret dragging you into this," Queenie added.

Not wanting her to continue on this topic, Cecilia deftly changed the subject.

"Mom, are any of Dad's relatives still around?"

Queenie narrowed her eyes before shaking her head.

"They're gone. His parents passed away the year before last."

That year, Queenie mistakenly identified two girls as her daughters.

She was desperate due to the illness of her in-laws, as the two elders yearned to see their son's child.

Queenie had put considerable effort into this; her eagerness for results was palpable. Despite the nagging feeling that the other party might not be her daughter, she chose to believe it nonetheless.

Silence had descended upon the room.

Cecilia was also deeply saddened, having missed the chance to bid a final farewell to the two elders.

Queenie took her hand and said, "It's alright. I'll apologize to them when I see them in the afterlife."

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The Difficult Truth "Mom, don't talk nonsense." Cecilia grew slightly unsettled.

She had just reunited with her birth mother and didn't want to hear such ominous words.

Queenie initially intended to disclose her current health condition. However, seeing how anxious Cecilia was, she decided against it.

"Alright, I'll stop," she said. "You should get some rest. Also, take the kids around; it's important to have fun."

"Sure." Cecilia nodded, escorting Queenie out the door.

Queenie then stepped out, returning to her own room.

Meanwhile, Caliste had already prepared her medicine.

"Mdm. Queenie, have you told Ms. Cecilia?"

Queenie shook her head, accepting the medicine and placing it in her mouth. It was exceptionally bitter.

“No.”

She gazed out into the pitch-black night. “I simply can’t bring myself to tell her.” Even though it was just a few simple sentences, she just couldn’t do it.

“Alright.” Caliste sighed, her gaze filled with concern. “But it’s better to address the matter sooner rather than later. You should talk to her as soon as possible to avoid any regrets.”

“I know.” Queenie handed her the empty glass. “Anyway, you’ve had a long day too. Go get some sleep. I’ll be fine.”

Caliste nodded. “Understood.”

She then left with the water cup in her hand.

When Cecilia awoke the next morning, everything was already prepared.

Jonathan and Elliot also got up, and one after another, a multitude of housekeepers attended to them in succession.

She was somewhat unaccustomed to such lifestyle.

Upon learning that she was meeting her friend today, her grandparents had specifically arranged for a gift to be brought for her friend.

“Ceci, we’ve prepared this for you. Give it to your friend and see if she likes it,” Bethany said with a smile.

Cecilia instinctively declined, “Granny, there’s no need for this. I’ve known this friend for a long time. Such pleasantries aren’t necessary.”

“You silly child.” Bethany advised her, “it’s precisely because you’ve known each other for so long and that you’re so close that you should. strive to surprise each other more.” She continued, “Also, this gift is from us to her. Tell her we are grateful for her friendship with you.”

Bethany and Alphonse treated Cecilia as if she were a child, showering her with affection.

Somewhat helplessly, Cecilia agreed, “Alright, thank you, Granny, Granddad.”

After having her breakfast, she reminded both Jonathan and Elliott to stay put and behave themselves before she left the house.

Queenie had arranged for a luxury car and a group of bodyguards to accompany her.

Initially, Cecilia wanted to refuse, but Queenie wouldn’t allow it. “Cecilia, you’re the only child I have. You cannot put yourself in any danger. Otherwise, it would scare me to death.”

“Alright.”

Cecilia found herself unable to turn down Queenie’s concern for her and simply nodded in response.

“That’s more like it.”

Queenie watched as Cecilia climbed into the car, waving her goodbye.

In an ordinary restaurant, Vivian sat by the window, lost in thought.

Suddenly, she noticed quite a number of people outside, seemingly observing some spectacle. Intrigued, she also leaned out to take a look.

Not far away, a limousine, followed by a fleet of luxury cars, drove over.

“Who’s that that’s trying so hard to impress?” Vivian commented sarcastically.

Before long, that fleet of luxury cars surprisingly pulled up outside the restaurant where Vivian was.

The commotion naturally caught the attention of the restaurant’s owner.

The boss, trembling, made his way from the front desk as he watched the fanfare outside. He muttered to himself, “I must have offended someone, haven’t I?”

Upon hearing this, Vivian couldn’t help but feel anxious.

At that particular moment, it wasn’t mealtime, and she was the only one in the restaurant.

Should I just leave the owner alone and make a run for it? But doing so seems a little harsh...

During the time when Vivian was undecided, the person in the lead vehicle had already stepped out.

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Arriving With Fanfare Upon seeing that the person who came down was Cecilia, Vivian felt a twitch tugged at the corner of her mouth.

What’s going on? Since when did Ceci become so pretentious? Weren’t we just supposed to have a meal, chat a bit, and stroll around? Why are there so many people involved now?

Cecilia had actually noticed the peculiar gazes around her. She got out of the car, feeling somewhat embarrassed, wishing she could find a place to hide.

She quickly made her way into the store.

The bodyguards were about to follow her, but Cecilia couldn’t help but order in a low voice, “That’s enough. You guys wait for me outside.”

The bodyguards looked at her, their gazes filled with worry.

“No, Mdm. Queenie has made it clear that we can’t be more than ten meters away from you.”

Cecilia was left speechless.

She had no choice but to enter with the group of bodyguards.

Luckily, there was no one in the restaurant at that time.

The boss, upon seeing them, immediately approached and cautiously asked, “Excuse me, did I do something wrong?”

Cecilia wore a face full of confusion.

She surveyed her surroundings before responding, “I think this place is pretty nice. It’s peaceful and the decor isn’t half bad. What’s the problem?”

The boss became even more bewildered.

“So, what is this about?”

His voice couldn't be any softer.

Cecilia then explained, “We simply came here to eat. My friend is waiting here.”

As she spoke, her gaze wandered around the room, eventually landing on Vivian, who was seated by the window in the corner.

Vivian was not accustomed to such fanfare; she didn't even want to admit that she knew Cecilia.

Nevertheless, Cecilia still called out to her, “Vivian.”

Vivian pretended not to hear, keeping her head down in silence.

Cecilia had no choice but to walk toward her.

The bodyguard behind her quickly followed suit, leaving one person behind who addressed the boss. “We're reserving the entire place for today.”

Upon hearing this, the boss was initially taken aback, but then he repeatedly nodded, saying, “Alright.”

The bodyguards scanned the surroundings, each positioning themselves strategically to prevent any harm from befalling Cecilia.

Meanwhile, Cecilia took a seat opposite Vivian.

Vivian lowered her voice as she asked, “Cecilia, isn't this a bit too much? Are you sure you're just here to have a meal and chat with me?”

Cecilia felt somewhat helpless.

“Originally, I didn't want them to tag along, but my mom insisted, fearing we might encounter some danger.”

After hearing this, Vivian couldn't help but gasp.

“Oh my, Mem. Queenie is being too cautious. That said, Ceci, I’m truly happy for you now. You’ve finally found a mother who cherishes you,” Vivian added with a knowing smile.

Cecilia was truly joyful. This period was indeed the happiest time of her life.

A thought occurred to her, and she retrieved a gift box from her bag, placing it before Vivian.

“Vivian, this is a gift that my maternal grandparents asked me to give you.”

Vivian was left stunned. “For me?”

“Yup.” Cecilia nodded.

Vivian hesitantly accepted the box, a hint of disbelief etched on her face. Upon opening it, she was met with a pair of emerald bracelets, the beauty and craftsmanship unrivaled.

Although she didn’t have much knowledge about emerald bracelets or jewelry, she could tell they were quite expensive just by looking at them.

“Are you really giving me something this valuable?” asked Vivian.

“That’s right.” Cecilia nodded again.

Vivian was extremely flattered.

You, Ceci, and thank your grandparents for me, I really love it. However, I came in such a hurry that I didn’t prepare any gifts for them.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll convey your well wishes to them. And knowing how much you like the gift, they’ll surely be delighted,” said Cecilia.

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The Revelation Both Bethany and Alphonse were particularly amiable.

Vivian nodded repeatedly, as she was well aware that a family like the Jamiesons wasn't lacking in anything.

"Let's go shopping later; see if we can find something special to buy, okay?" said Vivian.

"Sure."

Cecilia then summoned the waiter to order food.

What she hadn't expected was the boss himself coming over, respectfully addressing them, "Ladies, what would you like to eat? Here's the menu; feel free to order anything you wish."

Cecilia wasn't too hungry, so she let Vivian order.

In the end, they ordered a few signature dishes.

Before long, the meal was served. While eating, Vivian informed Cecilia that Zachary had clung onto her and refused to leave, no matter what.

"What should I do now?" Vivian managed to take a few bites before her appetite disappeared. She felt like throwing up and quickly looked for the washroom.

The boss was terrified and hurried over to ask Cecilia, "Miss, is the food not to your liking? What happened? Is she having an allergic reaction?"

Seeing the worry etched across his face, Cecilia clarified, "No, it's not what you think. My friend is in the early stages of pregnancy, so she's dealing with morning sickness."

"Oh, that's a relief." The boss finally felt at ease.

Seeing his reaction, Cecilia felt a little embarrassed.

Indeed, she had made quite a spectacle when she showed up. Noticing that Vivian had lost interest in her meal, she decided to take Vivian out for a stroll.

Not long after the two individuals had left, another person arrived at the restaurant.

When Zachary came over, he saw Vivian and Cecilia together. He didn't interrupt them, but upon seeing Vivian throwing up again, he couldn't help but ask the boss about what had happened.

The boss spoke candidly. "Oh, the lady is pregnant, which is why she experienced morning sickness when she ate."

Morning sickness!

Zachary was completely stunned, frozen in his tracks.

He couldn't believe it and asked again, "Did you just say she's pregnant and suffering from morning sickness?"

"That's right." The boss eyed him with a touch of suspicion. "It was another young lady who told me. Why are you asking? What's the purpose of these questions? You're not looking for trouble, are you?"

The boss recalled the fact that Cecilia had brought along a whole slew of bodyguards earlier. He was certain it was to ward off unsavory characters and felt somewhat regretful for having spilled everything to Zachary.

Zachary didn't respond to him. After collecting his thoughts, he hurriedly left the restaurant.

He settled into the car, turning to the driver to ask, "Where did Vivian and Cecilia go just now?"

"Probably the city center," the driver replied.

"Hurry up and follow them," Zachary said.

His voice was shaking slightly as he spoke.

Vivian is pregnant. Doesn't that mean... the child is mine? Did she suddenly decide to work in Drock for a reason? Could it be that she was trying to avoid me?

Zachary's mind was a mess, his thoughts consumed by Vivian.

But if she is carrying my child, why would she choose to hide? Could it be that the child isn't mine?

He clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white as they cracked out loud.

The car was suddenly filled with tension.

The driver didn't dare to look at the person behind him, cold sweat trickling down his forehead as he gripped the steering wheel tightly.

Cecilia and Vivian made their way to the city center, strolling around leisurely. They shopped for some local specialties, planning to take them back home.

It turned out that the bodyguards were quite useful, as they could help carry things for them.

No matter how much the two of them bought that day, there was always someone there to carry them.

If it became too much to handle, the driver could always be asked to take them back first.

Upon spotting a place to pray, Vivian had an idea. She took hold of Cecilia's hand and led her inside.

"Ceci, why don't I offer my prayers to the two elders?"

Both of them are not short of money and have everything they need. Therefore, a prayer would be more meaningful.

Chapter 1798 Offering A Prayer Cecilia followed her inside, and upon their arrival, Vivian started to pray eagerly.

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Offering A Prayer Cecilia followed her inside, and upon their arrival, Vivian started to pray eagerly.

Right then, Vivian was still unaware that Zachary had found out about her pregnancy.

She sought out a priest, who penned a wishing charm which she used to offer her prayers.

Cecilia had also come in and proceeded to pray for the safety of Elliot, Jonathan, Luke, Gabe, Nathaniel, and Queenie.

By the time they finished, more than half an hour had already passed.

Upon stepping out, Vivian immediately spotted Zachary in the crowd.

The latter's gaze was visibly strange.

Vivian was a bit stunned by the sight. "Why are you following me again?"

Zachary's eyes were tinged with red. He initially wanted to confront Vivian on the spot. However, seeing that Cecilia was present, he had no choice but to hold back.

"When are you going back? I have something to ask you." Zachary tried his best to keep his voice steady.

Vivian hadn't realized that something was up, showing her impatience. "I'm finally having a good time shopping with Ceci, why do you care when I'm going home? Stop following us."

Meanwhile, Cecilia was a keen observer. She had a vague feeling that Zachary must have discovered something.

Cecilia gave Vivian's hand a gentle tug. Turning to Zachary, she said, "We've pretty much seen everything, why don't you take Vivian home?"

On Zachary's somewhat pale face, he managed to force a smile. "Thank you, Cecilia."

Vivian hadn't expected that Cecilia would come to Zachary's aid. She turned around, disbelief evident in her voice. "Cecilia, what are you doing?"

"I have a feeling Zachary has something important to discuss with you. You should head back first. We can go shopping next time," Cecilia gently reminded her.

Vivian was rather clueless, completely unaware that Cecilia was hinting at something. She dismissed it nonchalantly, "What's so important that it can't wait?"

"Alright, off you go," urged Cecilia as she gently nudged Vivian forward.

Reluctantly, Vivian followed Zachary as they departed. Before getting into the car, she didn't forget to remind Cecilia, "Ceci, send my regards to your grandparents and Mdm. Queenie."

"Sure."

Cecilia waved with a smile.

Vivian was seated in the car when she rolled her eyes at Zachary.

“What do you want to talk about?”

“Let’s talk when we get back,” Zachary said, lowering his voice.

It wasn’t convenient to discuss the matter, given the presence of the driver.

Vivian noticed the air of mystery around him, but she couldn’t be bothered to probe any further. After shopping for such a long time, she too was feeling weary. Exhausted, she leaned back in her seat to rest.

After she closed her eyes, she didn’t notice Zachary’s gaze occasionally resting on her lower abdomen.

She’s in her first trimester, so it isn’t showing yet.

Zachary reached out, taking hold of Vivian’s wrist.

Vivian was jolted awake by his action. “What are you doing?”

Zachary’s frown deepened.

He wasn’t an expert in traditional medicine but he had learned a bit, to determine whether she was pregnant.

Vivian is really pregnant!

Zachary quickly let go of her hand. “It’s nothing. It was an accident.”

Vivian was left speechless. How many accidents? How often can one accidentally grab another’s wrist?

Finally, they arrived at the hotel they were staying in.

Vivian was the first to get out of the car, hurrying forward as if she was in a rush.

Seeing her in such a frantic state, Zachary couldn’t help but voice his concern. “Slow down!”

Vivian turned around and shot him a glare. “Are you going to start dictating how fast or slow I walk now?”

Zachary didn’t get angry; he simply moved to her side.

“Just slow down when I tell you to.”

She is pregnant, yet she’s walking around without a care, seemingly unafraid of tripping and falling.

Finally, they returned to the room, and Vivian sat on the couch.

She gazed at Zachary with her large eyes, asking him emphatically, “Can we talk now?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1799

4-5 minutes

My Child Zachary, however, seemed somewhat hesitant.

What if the child is not mine? But if the child’s not mine, whose is it?

Ever since Vivian married him, his grandfather had a habit of keeping them together all the time. There was hardly a night when they slept separately.

In the end, curiosity still took the upper hand.

“You’re pregnant!”

This was a statement, not a question.

Vivian felt as if a bolt from the blue had struck her; her face instantly paled.

Her sudden shift in emotions led Zachary to question whether she had done something to betray him.

“The child, it’s mine, right?” he asked uncertainly.

Finally, Vivian came back to her senses, her face flushed red. "What do you think?" she asked.

Upon hearing these words, Zachary was certain that the child was indeed his.

For reasons unknown, in that fleeting moment, his heart felt like it was about to leap out of his chest. He had an overwhelming urge to sweep Vivian into his arms.

Lost in his thoughts, he moved unconsciously, finding himself in front of Vivian. Without a second thought, he lifted her up in a princess carry.

"I have a child?" The corners of his mouth lifted, unable to contain his laughter.

Vivian found herself suspended in mid-air, a wave of panic washing over her. One hand instinctively clung to Zachary's arm, while the other protectively covered her abdomen.

"What are you doing? Put me down now!"

She used to be quite brave, but for some reason, ever since she became pregnant, she felt a bit scared, even when crossing the road alone.

It was then that Zachary realized he might have frightened her. "I'm sorry, did I scare you?" he asked.

He carefully settled her down.

"Are you okay?" His eyes were filled with concern.

After Vivian sat down, nothing was really amiss. However, having learned a secret, she felt somewhat uneasy and her emotions were complicated.

"Don't spout nonsense. I'm not pregnant," she retorted, turning her head away. Her eyes were filled with guilt.

"Vivian, don't forget, I am a doctor," Zachary articulated each word carefully. "I merely took your pulse for a moment, and I found out."

Vivian hadn't expected that Zachary knew how to take pulse.

"What a blunder," she murmured to herself in a hushed tone.

Zachary was puzzled. “What did you say?”

Vivian pursed her lips. “What are you talking about? I didn’t say anything.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about the pregnancy earlier? And why did you leave Tudela? Were you avoiding me?” Zachary asked her earnestly.

Vivian felt somewhat uneasy under his intense gaze.

“Don’t ask so many questions,” she said, unsure of how to explain.

Zachary reached out and held her hand. “Are you worried about me?”

This time, Vivian neither refuted nor admitted, but Zachary grasped the situation.

In the past, he was nothing more than a reckless playboy, always stirring up trouble with various women. It was only natural for someone as devoted as Vivian to feel insecure about him.

“Vivian, I’m at a loss as to how to alter the image you hold of me in your heart. But I beg you to grant me a chance, to gradually prove myself over time, that I can indeed be good to you and our child.” He crouched down, his gaze meeting Vivian’s, his eyes full of sincerity.

Upon hearing his words, Vivian turned to look at him. “I thought you didn’t like children?”

“Who said that?” Zachary suddenly remembered the question Vivian had asked him before. He scratched his head. “I just casually mentioned it at that time. Actually, I’m quite envious of Nathaniel and Darren. I really want a daughter as beautiful and adorable as Amelia. If that’s not possible, having a well-behaved and sensible son would also be okay.”

Vivian said, “You really have high expectations, don’t you? You want a daughter who’s pretty and cute or a son who’s obedient and sensible. What if they can’t meet your standards?”

Zachary was momentarily stunned, then quickly responded, “Even if she’s a bit plain, or if he doesn’t listen to us, it’s going to be all right.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1800

4-5 minutes

Looking Pale “They are my children; no matter what, I love them,” Zachary said with a warm smile.

Vivian could feel that he was telling the truth.

She had made up her mind. “Alright, I’ll give you a chance. But remember, if you ever treat me or our child poorly, we will leave you.” Vivian paused for a moment. “That’s right, you still owe us compensation.”

She was no saint. Naturally, after being betrayed, she sought compensation.

Zachary nodded repeatedly. “Sure, I can sign a contract with you right now. If I ever fail to treat you and our child well, I will give you all of the Sinclair family’s wealth. I will end my days alone, living in utter misery.”

Despite his grandiloquent speech, Vivian wasn’t an innocent or naive woman. She stood up and requested the front desk to bring over some paper and pen. “Here, write this down.”

Zachary wasn’t making empty promises. He immediately picked up a pen and paper and began to write.

He had studied law in the past, so he found penning his promises to be quite effortless.

Vivian had also been a lawyer. After he finished writing, she reviewed it, ensuring everything was in her and her child’s favor.

“Alright, sign it and put your handprint on it,” she said.

Without uttering another word, Zachary signed his name and stamped his handprint.

Once everything was done, Vivian held the agreement in her hands, finally feeling completely at ease.

“Let’s head back then,” Zachary suggested, “and tell Grandpa. He’ll definitely be thrilled.”

“Let’s wait a couple of days. Now that we’re here, I haven’t had the chance to fully explore this place yet.” Vivian pulled out her travel guide. “Look, there are still so many places I want to visit.”

“Sure, I’ll accompany you,” said Zachary.

This time, Vivian didn’t refuse. “When the time comes,” she said, “we’ll invite Cecilia to join us. When we head back to Tudela, we can all go back together.”

“Alright.”

Zachary would heed every word of Vivian’s.

“Ah, I’m feeling a bit hungry,” she said.

“I’m going to get you some food,” Zachary said, preparing to leave.

“We can have the hotel staff bring it over,” Vivian suggested.

“No, it’s not acceptable. You’re pregnant now, so you need to be especially careful with your diet. I will personally go buy the groceries and supervise the chef while they cook.”

After Zachary finished speaking, he grabbed his coat, cheerfully heading out to buy food for Vivian.

At that moment, his mind and heart were filled with visions of his future child. He was uncertain whether the child would be a boy or a girl, but he was fervently hoping for the child’s birth. He was relieved to think that he would no longer be alone in the future, and he wouldn’t have to endure others flaunting their children anymore.

At Jamieson Manor, after Cecilia returned, she gave the wishing charm from today’s prayer ceremony to her family members.

Upon receiving it, Alphonse and Bethany were particularly delighted. “Cecilia, thank your friend for us. She truly is thoughtful.”

Queenie had also received her own wishing charm. She stared at the wishes on it, signifying peace and health, somewhat in a daze.

“Queenie, what’s the matter?” Bethany called out to her.

It took her a moment to collect herself before Queenie asked, “What’s the matter?”

Bethany chuckled. “My dear, why are you daydreaming?”

“No, nothing. I probably just didn’t sleep well last night,” Queenie replied with a smile, although her face was somewhat pale.

“Mom, are you feeling unwell?” Cecilia asked with concern.

“No, I’m fine. It’s just that I’ve been a bit anemic recently, which is why I might look a bit off,” Queenie explained.

Cecilia was still somewhat uneasy. “Did the doctor prescribe you any medication? Has the place where you were injured last time healed?”

“It’s all good, don’t worry. The doctor said there’s nothing serious. I just need plenty of rest.” Queenie brushed it off.

Cecilia decided not to press on with more questions.

Most of the Jamieson family were particularly kind to Cecilia. However, on her way back to her residence, she encountered someone with a rather unfriendly gaze.