

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1831 -

4-5 minutes

Take It Slow Originally, everything was wonderful.

After the two became engaged, Madeline spent most of her time visiting Darren at Faust Group in addition to attending university.

During that period, Darren wasn’t exactly warm toward her, and his demeanor was rather indifferent.

To outsiders, Madeline appeared to be having a one-sided crush on him.

After she graduated, both sets of parents discussed their marriage. Everything seemed to fall into place naturally.

However, not long before their wedding, the Foster family suddenly went bankrupt with no warning signs, and tragically, both her parents passed away soon after.

Madeline suffered an unprecedented blow to the extent that she was left speechless.

Darren had brought her into the Faust residence after marriage. However, on their wedding night, he had said some things that left her heartbroken.

Ever since that incident, Madeline completely ignored Darren.

The two individuals bore a resemblance to a married couple, yet they did not at the same time.

The moment Madeline thought of those incidents, she withdrew her hand again.

Darren’s hand was left empty. He looked at her, somewhat puzzled, “What’s wrong?”

Madeline clenched her hand. “It’s nothing.”

She continued to turn her back, not wanting to lay her eyes on Darren.

For some reason, perhaps because she had been alone for too long, she was finding it difficult to adjust to Darren's kindness.

Darren's gaze dimmed when he saw that.

Then, Madeline said, "Let's take it slow."

After hearing that, Darren smiled. "All right. Take your time."

The fact that Madeline was willing to say that was already a significant compromise on her part.

When they returned home, they saw Monica and Richard playing with Amelia.

Upon seeing Madeline and Darren return together, they couldn't help but ask, "Why are you only coming back at this hour?"

"After work, we went to the hospital to visit a friend," replied Darren.

"I see." Monica picked up Amelia and walked over to Madeline. "Madeline, could you step outside with me for a moment? I have something to discuss with you." After she finished speaking, Monica handed the child over to the nanny for care. Instinctively, Darren was protective of Madeline, fearing that his mother might say something that would upset her. "Mom, what can't be discussed here?"

Seeing her son's impatient protectiveness over Madeline, Monica felt somewhat helpless. "Darren, are you still my son? Don't worry, I won't mistreat her."

Richard also remarked, "They're just going to discuss some trivial family matters. Why should a grown man like you be so inquisitive? It's not like we would harm her."

Darren was about to say something else when Madeline spoke up. "All right, let's take this outside."

She was aware that Darren's parents were not particularly fond of her. However, they had always treated her with respect and politeness, never uttering any unkind words.

Only then did Darren allow Madeline to leave with her mother.

Upon reaching the courtyard outside the mansion, Monica gestured for Madeline to take a seat before she began to speak. "Maddie, you and Darren have been married for quite a few years now, haven't you?"

Madeline nodded.

"Normally, it's not our place as elders to interfere in the matters between you and Darren. However, I believe there are some things I need to discuss with you."

"Go ahead." Madeline always treated Monica with the utmost respect.

After a moment of hesitation, Monica continued, "Darren is our only son, so Amy can't be your only child. Your father and I would like you two to consider having a second child."

Madeline blinked, stunned.

She had never considered having another child.

Seeing her reluctance, Monica continued, "know there have been some disagreements between you and Darren, but what I need to tell you is that Darren truly loves you. Did you think you could join the Faust family simply because of your family background?"

Madeline didn't understand what Monica was saying and looked at her with confusion. It wasn't a marriage alliance?

Monica continued, "Back then, Darren insisted on marrying you, practically forcing us to come to your home to propose."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1832 -

4-5 minutes

I Thought You Loved My Son Madeline couldn't believe it.

In her understanding, Darren was rather indifferent toward her. He wasn't particularly fond of her, but it also couldn't be said that he disliked her.

Especially at the beginning, Darren barely whispered any sweet nothings to her. He didn't confess his feelings, let alone showered her with gifts or tokens of affection like others did when they were in love.

As such, Madeline was skeptical of what Monica said, which the latter could tell.

Monica sighed and explained, "Maddie, there's no reason for me to lie about something like this. Just think about it, your family went bankrupt, and your parents passed away. Technically, my family could have easily called off the engagement. Or rather, we could have backed out of it."

Madeline tightened her hand.

Monica continued, "If we proceeded this way, though it would be a blow to our reputation, it would be more beneficial for the Faust family. However, Darren wouldn't allow it. He was adamant about marrying you. Your father and I really couldn't control him, so we had no choice but to let him marry you. However, during that period, he was truly under immense pressure, even resorting to prolonged kneeling."

Madeline had never imagined that Darren would actually kneel to marry her.

She lowered her gaze, unable to lift it for a long time. "I..."

Monica held her hand. "To be honest, up until now, I've not been entirely satisfied with you as my daughter-in-law. However, my son is very fond of you. As his mother, I must love what he loves."

Even though Monica's hand was clearly cold, Madeline felt it was scorching.

She was somewhat unable to bear the words said by Monica. "Why didn't you mention these matters to me before?"

"It's because thought you loved my son too!" Monica became serious. "However, never expected that your love for him was only superficial. The love you once had for him was only seven or eight out of ten yet you acted as if it was a full ten. As for my son, even if his love for you was a full ten, he only ever showed four or five. Like his father, he'd always been a man of few words, unsure of how to express his emotions, but that wasn't a reason for him to be hurt, was it?"

Monica somehow came to understand the relationship between Madeline and Darren.

She knew her son well. Like his father, Darren was a devoted individual who wouldn't do anything outrageous.

Madeline listened to Monica's reprimand, utterly at a loss for a rebuttal. If everything Mom said is indeed true, then I really did misinterpret Darren's good intentions.

Seeing Madeline remain silent, Monica tightened her grip on Madeline's hand. "Don't blame me for being so intense with my words. You're a mother too. You wouldn't be able to turn a blind eye to everything your child goes through, would you? From what I see, you're always so cold to Darren. Isn't that what you young people call 'cold violence'?"

Upon hearing those words, Madeline lifted her gaze to meet Monica's, a peculiar look flickering in her eyes. "I didn't intend for it to be this way."

Monica sighed deeply. "But you did hurt him. Consider this as my plea to you, either be with him wholeheartedly or put an end to his hopes, all right?"

Monica would have preferred if her son was hurt by Madeline all at once and then slowly healed rather than enduring long-term pain.

Madeline didn't remain silent anymore. She nodded heavily. "I've made up my mind. I will start over with him again."

The weight on Monica's heart finally lifted at that moment.

A smile graced her face as she said, "Thank you."

As a mother, Madeline could empathize with Monica's actions for her son.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1833 -

4-5 minutes

No More Secrets The two of them headed back together.

Darren and his father were sitting in the living room, sipping coffee. When they saw Madeline and Monica return, they instinctively stood up.

Seeing how her son appear to be worried that she might've bullied Madeline, Monica couldn't help but shake her head, calling out to her husband, "Richard, let's go. We should head back now. We shouldn't disturb them."

Upon hearing that, Richard stood up, beaming. "All right."

As he left, he gave Darren's shoulder a friendly pat. "Get along well with Maddie. Avoid any arguments."

That kind of talk was no different from the usual advice parents give to their children.

After Roland and Monica had left, only Darren and Madeline remained in the living room. He quickly walked toward her.

"Did Mom say anything out of line?" he asked, filled with worry.

At that moment, Madeline was acutely aware of his attention on her. She looked up at the man she had been married to for many years and slowly shook her head. "Mom was just discussing the family wealth with me."

After speaking, she somewhat stiffly raised her hands. "Do you want to hug me?"

Apart from the time when they were engaged, the two of them hadn't embraced each other again.

Without a hint of hesitation, Darren embraced her tightly.

Madeline placed her hand on his back, saying softly, "Darren..."

"Mhm," Darren responded, his voice notably soft and magnetic.

"From now on, let's be open with each other," Madeline suggested again. "If there's anything, let's just say it. No more secrets between us."

Darren didn't understand why her change of heart had come so abruptly, but he was immensely grateful that she had finally decided to give him a chance.

Without any hesitation, he agreed. "All right." Madeline closed her eyes, holding him tightly.

Darren held himself back, careful not to embrace her too tightly.

The two were locked in an embrace for a long time, only interrupted when the nanny returned Amelia, breaking the silent apologies. "We will leave right away."

Madeline couldn't help but smile. "It's all good."

She emerged from Darren's embrace, walked over to the nanny, and took Amelia from her. Gently, she planted a kiss on Amelia's little cheek.

Amelia seemed to sense the improvement in her parents' relationship, and she beamed with joy. Then, she asked Darren for a hug.

Darren simply pulled both of them into his embrace.

Amelia became even happier, her laughter filling the room, creating a warm and joyful atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had been delegating her work to her subordinates, opting instead to convalesce in the same ward with Queenie.

During her working hours, Yuliana went to the company. Over the weekend, unable to suppress her inner frustration, she sought out Cassandra.

When Cassandra saw her approaching, her eyes were filled with disdain. "Yuliana, what are you doing here again?"

Yuliana was stung by the contempt she saw in Cassandra's eyes.

Before Cassandra could react, Yuliana slapped her.

A sudden, searing pain spread across Cassandra's face. She looked at Yuliana, disbelief etched in her eyes. "Yuliana, what are you doing? How dare you hit me!"

"So what if I hit you?" Yuliana retorted.

Cassandra was quick to retaliate.

At that moment, the driver, who also served as Yuliana's bodyguard, swiftly grabbed Cassandra's wrist.

Yuliana raised her hand, delivering yet another slap across the other side of Cassandra's face. "I'll slap both sides of your face to give you some symmetry."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1834 -

4-5 minutes

Does Not Deserve It was the first time Cassandra had been slapped so openly.

She was breathing heavily, her eyes full of shock. The naïve cousin, who once practically worshipped her, had surprisingly raised a hand against her! "Yuliana, just you wait!"

Yuliana crossed her arms over her chest, looking down at her with an air of superiority. "Wait for what? For you to emerge decades later, old and faded?"

That sentence nearly sent Cassandra into shambles. "I won't end up in prison. Someone will definitely come to rescue me."

"Oh, who's going to come to your rescue?" Yuliana asked.

Cassandra was rendered speechless.

Originally, Yuliana was her last lifeline, but she had managed to mess that up.

Seeing her at a loss for words, Yuliana continued to twist the knife. "Let me tell you, I've not been idling these past few days. I had someone look into Nicholas. Do you know what he's been up to?"

When that terrifying man, Nicholas, was mentioned, a great shock seized Cassandra's heart. "What is he doing?"

"He's been meeting potential partners everywhere. He's probably seen every eligible lady in town by now. I can't figure out why he's in such a rush to get married. Could it be he's trying to move on from you quickly?"

Upon hearing that, Cassandra couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh. "Whoever married such a man would bring a disaster upon themselves."

Her innocence was entirely ruined by Nicholas.

Yuliana propped her chin, somewhat puzzled by Cassandra's words. "Didn't you really like him?"

Cassandra involuntarily tightened her grip when she heard the word "like." "He doesn't deserve anyone's affection."

"Why?" Yuliana's interest was piqued.

Cassandra went silent because that incident caused her agony that would last her entire life.

Yuliana's curiosity intensified. "What exactly did Nicholas do?"

"What's it to you?" Cassandra refused to answer.

Yuliana didn't press further. "It's none of my business, but our feud isn't over yet. Brace yourself for what's to come."

She rose to her feet, and as she was about to leave, she turned to the lawyer and said, "Haven't you heard of Cassandra?" "Understood," replied the lawyer.

Yuliana might have been a bit naïve, even a little foolish, but that didn't mean she was without a temper. It certainly didn't imply she was penniless or lacked resources.

Cassandra returned in a state of despair, unaware her nightmare was about to descend.

Meanwhile, Nicholas was seated on the couch in his company and drank water, his gaze fixating on the scene outside.

The weather had been growing increasingly colder recently, and light snow had begun to drift down outside that day.

"Jocelyn," called Nicholas.

However, the one who walked in was a different secretary. "Mr. Nicholas, Ms. Wright has gone for her engagement. Have you forgotten?"

Ripples of emotion stirred within the depths of Nicholas' profound gaze. Right, how could I have forgotten? She Toas returned to her hometown to get engaged.

“How long has she been gone?” Nicholas asked.

“About two days. She should be back soon, I think,” the secretary responded.

Nicholas took another sip of water. “Understood. You may leave now.”

After hearing that, the secretary couldn’t help but express her confusion. “You don’t have anything for me to do, Mr. Nicholas?”

She initially thought that Nicholas had called Jocelyn over for some matter.

“No, get out,” Nicholas said again, his tone laced with a hint of impatience. “Understood.” The secretary had also picked up on it and immediately retreated from the office.

After she left, Nicholas lost his motivation to work. He shut down his computer and stepped out of the door.

Upon reaching the underground parking garage, Nicholas drove away.

Nicholas had no idea where he was going. He kept driving aimlessly, and before he knew it, he had parked in front of a hospital.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1835 -

4-5 minutes

Three Times The Compensation Nicholas had heard about Cecilia’s situation a while ago. He knew she had recently undergone surgery and had been staying in the hospital due to Queenie’s health conditions.

He rolled down the car window, gazing into the hospital with an exceptionally calm demeanor.

He had been sitting in the car for quite a while when he pulled out his phone again. His eyes lingered on Cecilia’s phone number. Despite a lengthy hesitation, he never made the call.

Nicholas was just about to drive off when he noticed two figures emerging. One was Cecilia, and the other was Nathaniel.

He saw Nathaniel carefully guided her, treading cautiously.

Nicholas gripped the steering wheel tightly.

He seemed lost in thought, with no indication of what was going through his mind.

Nathaniel and Cecilia didn't pay attention to his direction. They had stepped out of the building together to make a few purchases. As they were crossing the road, out of nowhere, a car was heading straight toward them.

With quick reflexes, Nathaniel swiftly moved to protect Cecilia.

Startled, Cecilia barely had time to react when she saw the car halt, stopping just a mere centimeter away from the two of them.

Her heart was pounding fiercely, gazing at Nathaniel in panic.

Nathaniel carefully protected and gently reassured her, "It's all right now. Don't be afraid."

In truth, Cecilia couldn't quite catch what he was saying, but she knew he was trying to comfort her. "Mhm."

Nathaniel cast a sharp gaze at the vehicle, his brow furrowed.

Nicholas turned the car around and left.

Nathaniel didn't get a clear look at the driver, but he noted down the license plate number. He then picked up his phone and dialed Mason's number. "Look into this license plate number for me."

Cecilia accompanied Nathaniel to go shopping, and afterward, he escorted her back to the hospital.

"Take a good rest. I'm off to work now." Nathaniel carefully tucked her in with a blanket.

"All right." Cecilia smiled.

Queenie observed from the side, feeling reassured by the couple's way of interacting with each other.

Nathaniel returned to his company.

It was then Mason called him and revealed who the driver was on the phone.

"It belonged to Nicholas?" Nathaniel asked.

Mason nodded. "Yes. I had someone review the footage of this route, and it was indeed his car."

Nathaniel was taken aback. He hadn't anticipated his younger brother to be that insane. "What has he been up to lately?"

Recently, there had been too many things happening on Cecilia's end, to the point that Nathaniel didn't even have the time to pay attention to matters concerning Nicholas.

"I was informed he's collaborating with Mr. Blaine on several projects," Mason answered.

Nathaniel's expression shifted when he heard Blaine's name.

"Do you want someone to keep a close watch?" Mason asked.

"There's no need," Nathaniel stated solemnly.

"All right."

Nathaniel then called Blaine, who answered the call quickly. "Nathaniel, what's gotten into you today? Why are you calling me?"

"End your project with Nicholas," Nathaniel said.

There was a brief silence on the phone, followed by Blaine's languid voice. "Wouldn't that be inappropriate? We've already signed a contract. If I were to break it, I would have to pay compensation."

"I'll give you three times the compensation," Nathaniel declared.

After hearing that, Blaine couldn't help but wonder, "Nathaniel, he's your own little brother. Isn't that a bit much?"

"If you refuse, don't blame me for taking action." Nathaniel didn't bother with further conversation.

Blaine was utterly bewildered. “I’m your cousin, though.” After uttering those words, he wished he could smack his face.

After all, if Nathaniel had no qualms about dealing with his own younger brother, why would he care about a cousin?

“Will you agree or not?” Nathaniel was running out of patience.

“All right, all right. I’ll do as you ask. However, if any issues arise between you brothers in the future, don’t blame me—” Before Blaine could finish his sentence, Nathaniel had already hung up the phone on him.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1836 -

4-5 minutes

A Plan After the call ended, Blaine, in a bar, grimaced.

His companions nearby couldn’t help but ask, “Mr. Blaine, what’s wrong?”

Blaine lit up a cigarette. “Nathaniel demanded that I end my collaboration with Nicholas.”

“Huh? But why? Isn’t Nicholas his younger brother?” someone asked, puzzled.

Before Blaine could respond, another person interjected, “That’s just how it is with powerful families. There’s no room for familial affection. Those two brothers are nothing more than rivals.”

“I see.”

Blaine completely lost his temper. The woman who came over to pour him a drink was abruptly pushed away by him.

“Get out!” Upon hearing his icy tone, the women hastily grabbed their clothes and scrambled out.

They were well aware of Blaine’s reputation and that he didn’t care about women.

They heard that a couple of years ago, a young lady from the Quill family met a truly tragic end.

“Mr. Blaine, please don’t be upset. Both of them are your cousins. Who are you going to support?” someone asked.

Naturally, Blaine wanted to help Nicholas.

After all, as his cousin, he was constantly overshadowed by Nathaniel. His grandparents always compared him to Nathaniel.

He yearned to make a significant impact, one that would outshine Nathaniel, to show his family what he was truly capable of.

However, Blaine did not dare to confront Nathaniel directly, as he feared that he might not be able to bear the consequences if things went awry.

“Nathaniel, of course,” responded Blaine to the crowd.

“Makes sense. Nathaniel is currently the CEO of Imminence Corporation and Orion Corporation. Compared to him, Nicholas still has a long way to go.” Everyone agreed in unison.

Upon hearing those people’s words, Blaine rose to his feet, no longer in the mood to continue drinking. He stood up and left the private room.

After leaving the hospital, Nicholas didn’t head home. Instead, he unintentionally drove toward Jocelyn’s childhood home.

Jocelyn’s hometown was quite distant, requiring a four to five-hour drive to reach.

Throughout the journey, Nicholas was focused on driving.

Then, Blaine called him. He glanced at his phone and answered, “What’s up?”

“Nathaniel asked me to end our collaboration, and I agreed,”

Blaine, getting straight to the point, asked “Do you intend to stand by Nathaniel’s side?” Nicholas asked.

Blaine scoffed, "If I had been on his side, I wouldn't have collaborated with you from the start. However, we both know we're still no match for him. I'm thinking of using this opportunity to take a shot at Nathaniel." swnovel "What's your idea?" Nicholas' interest was piqued.

Blaine revealed his plan to Nicholas.

After hearing it all, Nicholas grinned. "All right, we'll do it your way."

"Remember to communicate well with Robert and his team on your end," said Blaine.

"Don't worry," replied Nicholas before he hung up.

Halfway through the journey, Nicholas couldn't resist and called Jocelyn again.

Jocelyn must have been quite busy, as it took her a while to answer the phone. "Mr. Nicholas."

"When will you return?" Nicholas asked.

Jocelyn had just finished arranging her engagement. "Tomorrow. Is that okay?"

"Yes."

Nicholas didn't ask any more questions. Instead, he turned around and went back. Since Jocelyn was already on her way back, he did not need to make the trip specifically.

Up until that point, he had no idea why he was driving to Jocelyn's hometown.

Jocelyn, on the other hand, was at confused as she looked disconnected call on Ookonet no Yannick walked up to her, puzzled, and asked, "Who was that on the phone?"

When he spoke, the scent of alcohol on him was pretty noticeable.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1837 -

4-5 minutes

Targets For Gossip When Jocelyn saw him approaching, she didn't try to hide it. "It was Mr. Nicholas who hit me, asking when I would return."

Mr. Nicholas... Yannick asked, "Nicholas?"

"Yes." Jocelyn nodded.

Yannick was feeling a bit down. Perhaps due to the alcohol, he leaned on Jocelyn and said, "In that case, just call him by his first name. Can you stop calling him Mr. Nicholas?"

He found it particularly irritating to hear that form of address.

Jocelyn was somewhat perplexed. "Why? Isn't it just a form of address?"

Yannick furrowed his brows. "It's more than just a form of address."

"I'm already used to calling him that, though," Jocelyn said.

"From now on, when you're in front of me, just call him by his first name. Forget about that form of address or anything of the sort, all right?" Yannick asked.

Jocelyn didn't make a fuss either. "All right. If you don't like hearing it, I won't refer to him that way in front of you in the future," she said.

The two were already engaged. Jocelyn knew that from then on, she and Yannick would be the closest of strangers, so they had to consider each other's thoughts and feelings.

Yannick clearly hadn't expected Jocelyn to agree so readily. A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth as he swept her into his arms, lowering his head to plant a kiss on her cheek. "You're truly wonderful," he said.

Jocelyn was completely frozen, unable to move in disbelief.

She seemed to have turned into a piece of wood. Her cheeks, which felt as if they were on fire, were incredibly hot and burning.

Yannick could feel Jocelyn's body stiffen. He lowered his head and asked, "What's wrong? You seem a bit off..."

It took Jocelyn a moment to react. When she finally looked up, she found herself staring into Yannick's handsome face. She quickly averted her gaze, too flustered to meet his eyes again.

"N-Nothing... Why did you suddenly kiss me?"

She turned her head away, her eyes filled with panic, her heart pounding relentlessly.

Yannick chuckled. "You're going to be my wife in the future. Why can't I kiss you? I just want to kiss you."

He went on to kiss Jocelyn once again.

Jocelyn's eyes widened in alarm, her heart pounding wildly as she pushed him away. Unsteady, she ended up falling and landing squarely on her backside on the ground.

Yannick immediately took a few steps forward to help her up, asking, "Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself when you fell?"

His eyes were filled with concern, but he couldn't resist reprimanding her.

"Why did you suddenly fall backward? You need to be more careful in the future. What would we do if you got hurt?" Yannick's eyes were full of worry.

Jocelyn found herself being pulled up by him, watching as he brushed the dust off her clothes.

"Does your bottom hurt?"

Jocelyn felt as if she had been frozen in place, unable to utter a single word in response to his words of concern.

In the past, she was always the one taking care of others. That was the first time she was cared for and shown concern by someone else.

"It doesn't hurt."

"That's good. You're like a child, aren't you?" He raised his hand and asked, "Do you want a massage?"

Once again, Jocelyn was startled, immediately stepping back a few paces. "N- No... I-I don't want one..."

Yannick didn't notice anything amiss with his words. Scratching his head, he said, "If you feel pain, let me know. We can go to the hospital."

"Okay." Jocelyn was then contemplating finding a place to hide.

Luckily, most of the relatives had left by then Otherwise, if they were to see the two of them interacting in such a way, that would be quite inappropriate.

“Let’s go. Stay at my place tonight, and I’ll accompany you home tomorrow,” Yannick casually suggested, taking Jocelyn’s hand.

Things weren’t convenient on Jocelyn’s side, and she only had her grandmother around. Hence, their engagement ceremony was to be held at the Hayes residence.

Upon hearing that, Jocelyn immediately rejected it.

“No... I should go back home.”

If the two of them were to live together before they were even married, that would make them easy targets for gossip.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1838 -

4-5 minutes

A Wonderful Fellow Yannick couldn’t comprehend why Jocelyn was rejecting him. He tightened his grip on her hand, saying, “We’re engaged, so what’s wrong with that? Besides, you can trust me. I’m a gentleman.”

A true gentleman? Who would proclaim themselves as such? Jocelyn let out a sigh.

“It’s still not right. I’ll live here after we’re married,” she said.

Jocelyn had always lived with her grandmother, who greatly shaped her thoughts and beliefs. Her grandmother disapproved of moving into a man’s home without being married first.

It took a while for Yannick to grasp the meaning of Jocelyn’s words. Once he understood, he responded, “In that case, I’ll take you and your grandmother home later.”

“Okay. Thank you,” Jocelyn responded politely and courteously.

“I am your fiancé, so can we drop the formalities?” Yannick was upset again. Taking Jocelyn’s hand, he continued, “From now on, you can just order me around, tell me to pick you up and drop you off, and skip the thank you’s, got it?” Jocelyn felt that Yannick, once drunk, seemed like a completely different person, even showing a hint of playfulness.

She couldn’t quite pinpoint why, but her heart was pounding like a drum. She glanced at Yannick’s face before quickly averting her gaze.

“Got it.”

“That’s good, silly girl.” Yannick moved closer again. Jocelyn thought he was going to kiss her face, so she quickly turned her head.

However, Yannick wasn’t doing that. He was just a bit tired and sleepy, leaning his entire body against her shoulder.

When Jocelyn’s grandmother, Freya Jones, and Sofia emerged, they were greeted by that heartwarming and harmonious scene.

“Yannick is a grown-up, yet he still leans on Jocelyn to sleep.” Sofia picked up her phone and snapped a photo of the two.

In the photograph, Jocelyn’s face was flushed with embarrassment, while Yannick appeared as innocent as a child.

Freya also laughed heartily. “Jocelyn has always insisted on not getting married. I think she just hadn’t found the right person. Now, hasn’t the right one finally shown up?”

The two elders were joking around, laughing heartily. Upon hearing those words, Jocelyn felt even more embarrassed.

“Let’s go... Let’s go.” Jocelyn tugged at Yannick’s clothes.

Only then did Yannick slowly raise his hand, saying, “All right. Let’s go.”

Initially, Yannick insisted on driving Jocelyn and Freya home, but since he had been drinking, he was eventually stopped from doing so.

On the way back, Jocelyn had a conversation with Freya.

“Jocelyn, has Yannick been treating you well?” asked Freya.

Without any hesitation, Jocelyn nodded. “Yes.”

Yannick was always generous toward her. Ever since they started dating, he had gifted her numerous presents.

During the engagement, he was not stingy at all. Whatever he saw, he would buy for her.

Moreover, Yannick would comply with her in everything. If she had any opinions, everything would be done according to her wishes.

“That’s good to hear. Yannick is quite a wonderful fellow in my opinion. You must treat him well.”

Jocelyn nodded.

Freya, once again filled with concern, advised, “As for your boss, it’s best to limit your interactions with him. Maintain a proper professional relationship, understand?”

Freya could tell what was going on. If Jocelyn’s boss truly fancied Jocelyn, he would have married her long ago, instead of constantly stringing her along. It’s obvious how much Jocelyn adores him. As for him, he’s always remained noncommittal. He’s neither rejected nor accepted her, a perfect example of a scumbag. He simply doesn’t deserve love.

Upon hearing Freya mention Nicholas, Jocelyn fell silent for a moment before nodding.

“Okay. I understand, Grandma. Don’t worry. I’m engaged to Yannick now, so there won’t be any feelings, beyond our professional relationship.”

“That’s good to hear. I’ve always known you’re well-behaved,” Freya murmured.

Jocelyn forced out a bitter smile, choosing to remain silent.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1839 -

4-5 minutes

A Concerned Employer The following morning, Jocelyn bid Freya farewell because she was returning to Tudela.

Yannick was waiting for her at the door.

He got drunk the previous night, and he was still nursing a bit of a headache at that moment. However, he was genuinely happy.

When Jocelyn stepped out, he immediately approached her, taking her luggage in a gentlemanly manner. "Allow me."

"Thank-" Jocelyn was about to say thank you, but remembering what Yannick said the day before, she quickly corrected herself and simply said, "Okay."

With a cheerful grin, Yannick placed her luggage into the trunk.

Afterward, he led her to the car.

The driver initially wanted to lend a hand, but he was deterred by a single glance from Yannick.

The driver understood that Yannick wanted to show off in front of his future wife. I shouldn't be a third wheel.

Once she got into the car, Jocelyn received a text message. Upon opening it, she saw it was a text from Nicholas.

The text read: When are you arriving?

Jocelyn was just about to respond when Yannick uttered from the side, "Jocelyn, let me clarify something. I unintentionally saw the content on your phone."

Jocelyn looked at him, not understanding.

"Oh. It's all right."

She didn't mind if Yannick saw the content of her chat.

Only then did Yannick continue, "Didn't you take a five-day vacation this time?" Jocelyn nodded. "Yes. I took a leave of absence."

In the past, Jocelyn had hardly ever taken any leave. That was the only time she had requested such a long period off.

“If I’m not mistaken, today is only the fifth day, right? Why do you have to go to work?” Yannick thought Nicholas was acting oddly.

A man’s sixth sense could sometimes be remarkably accurate.

Jocelyn also didn’t understand what was going on. After shaking her head, she replied, “Perhaps there’s been an issue at the company.”

assistant. Do you “You’re just an as really think the company can’t function without you?” Yannick spoke quickly, only realizing his. mistake after the words had left his mouth. “Jocelyn, I didn’t mean that your job isn’t good or that you don’t play a significant role in the company. I think you’re very important to me.” Yannick clumsily tried to explain himself.

Jocelyn understood his intentions and didn’t really mind the words he said.

She was self-aware, understanding that she was merely a personal assistant, only a notch above the average assistant.

“I understand. You don’t need to bet explain Jocelyn sincerely said. “I’m not upset, but I also don’t how to explain to you.” Contents to FindNovel “Good! I’m glad you’re not angry.” Yannick nodded.

He realized that compared to other women, Jocelyn wasn’t as sensitive.

If it had been any of his previous girlfriends, they would probably have started a fuss with him by then.

Yannick was increasingly finding Jocelyn to be exceptional, unlike anyone else he knew.

Upon noticing that he didn’t say much else, Jocelyn finally responded to Nicholas, letting him know when she would arrive in Tudela.

She then quickly received a reply that read: Once you arrive, I’ll come get you.

Yannick saw that message. Why would a boss go out of his way to fetch his employee?

Jocelyn replied: No need. My fiancé will take me to the office.

Seeing that, Yannick suddenly felt better.

The corners of his mouth curled up high, his gaze fixed on Jocelyn's screen, curious to see what response Nicholas could muster.

He had waited for a long time, but there was no response from Nicholas.

Yannick's mood improved significantly after that.

At that moment, Nicholas was staring at the response he received from Jocelyn. He couldn't quite put into words how he was feeling, but he knew he was incredibly frustrated.

He set his phone aside, no longer sending messages to Jocelyn.

At three in the afternoon, Jocelyn returned punctually.

She got out of Yannick's car, and Yannick said to her, "I'll take your luggage home for you."

"All right."

Jocelyn took out her house keys before saying, "I'll send you the code for the door lock later."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1840 -

4-5 minutes

Second Thoughts The interaction between the two was witnessed by the secretaries who had stepped outside to collect the courier sent to the company. They couldn't help but be astonished.

"Ms. Wright sure is lucky."

"Isn't that so? No one knows how she's managed to get involved with Mr. Hayes." "What's the big deal? We all know about Mr. Hayes' reputation. He's no saint, and he's had quite a few girlfriends in the past."

“That’s true. I suspect that Ms. Wright only got to know Mr. Hayes when accompanying Mr. Rainsworth to social events. I didn’t expect her to have such skills. While others have failed to climb the social ladder, she’s surprisingly done it.”

Everyone was exchanging words, and the bitterness in their conversation was so palpable that one could sense it from a distance.

However, even after hearing all that, Jocelyn wouldn’t mind what those people said.

That was just the way she was, aloof and distant. She didn’t have many friends around her, particularly lacking those of the fair-weather kind.

Upon noticing Jocelyn approaching, the secretaries immediately halted their chatter, greeting her with congratulations and smiles. “Ms. Wright, congratulations on your engagement,” they said.

Jocelyn calmly looked at them. “Thank you.”

“So, when are you planning to get married?” a secretary inquired.

“Perhaps during the New Year.”

Freya and Sofia mentioned that it would be particularly lively during the New Year.

Upon hearing that a wedding was indeed on the cards, the secretaries looked at Jocelyn differently.

In the future, Jocelyn would no longer be a mere assistant. She would become a lady of a prominent family.

“Will we be able to attend when the time comes, Ms. Wright?” a secretary asked.

If they could attend a wedding hosted by the Hayes family, they would surely get to meet a number of wealthy individuals.

They thought Jocelyn would agree. After all, little would have the audacity to refuse.

However, Jocelyn said, “I’m sorry, but I only invite my close friends and family.” That single sentence left the three secretaries dumbfounded.

These days, it wasn't common to come across someone like Jocelyn, who could reject others so decisively.

Jocelyn didn't bother with the three people anymore, and she briskly walked toward the office.

Not long after she left, the three secretaries began to gossip again.

"What's the big deal? She's merely marrying into a prominent family and climbing the social ladder.

She thinks she's superior to everyone else? I wouldn't even bother going."

"Exactly! I've always disliked her holier-than-thou attitude. She's so rigid it's unbearable. I have no idea what Yannick sees in her."

"It's all about novelty. I've seen it repeatedly. People get married, and within a year, they're headed for divorce..."

The three secretaries gossiped as they ascended the stairs.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Jocelyn had already arrived at the CEO's office.

"Mr. Nicholas, what did you need me for?"

Nicholas was seated in his office chair, sipping a cup of coffee, when he saw her walk in. His lips slightly parted as he asked, "Did the engagement go smoothly?"

Jocelyn was taken aback momentarily, and then she nodded and said, "Yes. It went smoothly."

"That's good." Nicholas took another sip of his coffee. "If anything upsets you, make sure to let me know. Don't keep it to yourself."

Jocelyn didn't understand why he would say such a thing, so she asked him, "Mr. Nicholas, why would you say that? My engagement went smoothly. There isn't anything that's upsetting me."

At that moment, Nicholas handed her a sealed bag.

"Take a look," he said.

Jocelyn took a few steps forward and picked up the sealed bag.

After she opened the bag, she found a thick stack of photos inside.

Jocelyn carefully pulled out the stack of photos, effortlessly identifying the person depicted in them.

Her expression changed there and then.

Nicholas then said, "You're only engaged right now. If you're having second thoughts but feel uncomfortable calling off the wedding, I can help you arrange it."