

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1871

4-5 minutes

Camila Was Found

She knew he was trying to ease her thoughts.

Jocelyn let out a faint hum in response, her mind drifting to what Cecilia had said earlier. Maybe Nicholas wasn’t the person she thought he was.

Maybe she’d spent too much time idealizing him-only ever seeing the gentle side he showed abroad, when he was ill and far from home. But now she was beginning to realize he was far more complicated. Far less pure than the version she’d held in her heart.

“All right, let’s not talk about this anymore.” Noticing her slight unease, Yannick quickly changed the subject.

Jocelyn didn’t pursue it further.

Meanwhile, Meredith had already heard that things weren’t going well on Cecilia’s end-Nicholas had refused to relinquish custody of Dahlia.

Though disappointed, she remained calm. “Even if I can’t adopt Dahlia, I’ll make sure to visit her often.”

Cecilia didn’t know how to respond.

Then Meredith added, “By the way, Ceci, did you hear? I found Camila.”

“That fast?” Cecilia raised her brows.

“I actually thought it was too slow,” Meredith replied, filled with fury as she thought of Camila’s face.

“So, what’s your next move?” Cecilia asked.

Leaning back against the chair, Meredith didn't hesitate. "I already passed her address to Zeke through a third party. Let them tear each other apart first."

She had someone shadowing Camila-any of her movements were under constant watch.

Right on cue, her phone buzzed with a video message.

Camila had tried to steal Zeke's mother's jewelry and flee the country, but her escape plan was cut short before it could even begin.

She had taken refuge in a motel, hoping to lay low.

When Zeke arrived, he didn't bother knocking-he kicked the door open with a force that echoed through the room.

Allison followed close behind, and when she and her son laid eyes on Camila, their expressions darkened, as though they were staring at their greatest enemy.

"You lowlife," Zeke spat, his voice seething with rage. "Give me back what's mine, now!" His eyes were bloodshot, the dark circles beneath them a testament to days of sleepless nights.

Camila hadn't anticipated they'd track her down so quickly. She feigned

innocence, playing dumb. "What are you talking about? I don't know what you're saying."

"You don't know?" Zeke's anger boiled over. He strode toward her, seized the collar of her dress, and delivered a sharp slap across her face.

The impact sent a jolt through her, and her vision blurred as her cheek burned with pain.

Allison wasn't far behind. She rushed forward, hands clawing at Camila's clothes. "I worked hard my whole life in exchange for those jewelry, you vixen! You'd better give it back!"

The jewelry and money Camila had stolen were Zeke's lifeline the very capital he needed to rebuild.

Camila tried to push back against them. But there was no fighting them. Her strength was no match for their fury. All she could do was endure the punishment.

Finally, she couldn't take it any longer. "Zeke-Zeke, stop! Please! I don't have it anymore. I don't have the stuff."

The two of them paused, a flicker of confusion crossing their faces. "If you don't have the jewelry, where is it?"

At the mention of the missing items, Camila was disheartened too. "It's been stolen..." she muttered, her voice barely above a whisper.

Her mind flashed back to the airport-she had gone to buy some food, distracted and careless. In the blink of an eye, someone had slashed her bag and taken everything inside.

Allison's face went pale as the news settled in. Her vision darkened, and she almost crumpled to the floor in despair.

Zeke's fury surged. His eyes widened, bloodshot and filled with rage. With no more consideration a any semblance of their past relationship, he lunged at Camila, gripping her neck with crushing force. "Are you joking? Where is the money?"

Camila's cheeks flushed a deep crimson, her breath becoming shallow as the pressure on her neck made her head spin. She couldn't form a word-her body paralyzed with fear and suffocation.

Zeke wasn't done. His face was a mask of fury, his voice low but menacing as he spat, "Give me the money!"

Camila shook her head and tried to pry his hands off her.

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4-5 minutes

Sending Camila To The Hospital

Allison, still holding onto a shred of reason, quickly stepped forward, her voice trembling with urgency. "Zeke, stop. You're going to kill her."

Hearing his mother's voice, Zeke snapped out of it before abruptly releasing Camila.

She collapsed onto the floor, her body wracked with coughs as she struggled for breath.

But Zeke, completely unmoved by her suffering, took a step toward her, his eyes cold. Without hesitation, he aimed a vicious kick at her side. "I'll ask you one more time-where's the money?"

Camila, her chest heaving with the force of her coughing, could barely speak. "I... I swear, it was stolen..."

Zeke didn't care for her words any longer. He motioned to his mother, and the two of them began to scour the room.

Time passed slowly as they tore the place apart, but after nearly half an hour, they found nothing.

Camila, having regained some strength, wiped her tear-streaked face. "I didn't lie. It was really stolen. If I had the money, I'd have already left the country."

Zeke kicked her again. "I'm amazed you still have the nerve to say that."

Allison, heartbroken, pointed a trembling finger at Camila. "You didn't care about Zeke, fine, but you should at least think about your son. This money was all we had left-how could you steal it?"

Camila lowered her head, her fists clenched tightly.

She didn't want to live a life of hardship, but she couldn't say that now.

"Zeke, can you just let me off this time? After all, I'm Conrad's mother. Do you really want him to grow up without a mother?" she begged.

Zeke sneered, his voice thick with contempt. "You? You're not fit to be his mother. I must have been blind to fall for you."

Regret gnawed at him more than ever. He couldn't believe he had left Meredith, who had given him nothing but unconditional love, for someone like Camila.

Allison, equally regretful, spoke through gritted teeth. "I should have stopped you from breaking Meredith's heart. Look at the mess we're in now..."

At that moment, Zeke's phone began to ring.

He glanced at the screen, seeing yet again it was from the debt collector. With a frustrated swipe, he hung up. But the call came right back.

This time, Zeke accidentally answered the call. A furious voice boomed from the other end. "Zeke, don't think you're safe hiding. If you don't pay back the money, be ready to lose your limbs."

The voice on the phone sent a chill down Zeke's spine.

He quickly responded with a nervous laugh, "Please, sir, don't be angry. I'll gather the money, I promise."

The caller hung up abruptly.

Camila watched the scene unfold in silence, realizing that she could no longer depend on Zeke.

She stumbled to her feet, desperate to escape.

Zeke was quick to act, grabbing her firmly.

t to run? Ever, como a

Youou betrayed me, and now

apart because of you."

"Zeke, please, spare me..." Camila pleaded, her voice shaking.

The person standing guard outside the room could only hear the woman's cries of pain.

Soon after, only Zeke and Allison emerged from the room.

The person Meredith had hired entered shortly after, finding Camila bruised and battered.

He immediately reported back to Meredith.

Meredith, though pleased, still felt it wasn't enough.

“Ms. Seiler, it seems Camila is on the brink

ruthless with her,” the person said.

eath. Zeke has been f

t belongs to Sw to

too

Meredith paused for a moment, then replied with a cold determination, “Take her

to the hospital.”

“What?” The person sounded incredulous.

Camila had been evil, relentlessly targeting Meredith in the past. Yet now,

Meredith wanted to save her?

“Just take her to the hospital. Whether she survives or not is up to fate,” Meredith continued.

She had no intention of letting Camila die too easily.

The person quickly understood. Given Camila’s condition, even made it to the hospital, her
she o’s condition, even i of recovery were slim at best.

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4-5 minutes

Allison Contacted Meredith

After hanging up the phone, Meredith settled down to rest. But before she could get comfortable, her phone rang again. She glanced at the unfamiliar number, puzzled. When she answered, a voice she recognized came through.

“Meredith? Is that you?” It was Allison.

Since Zeke's divorce from Meredith, Allison had severed all ties with her. Now, she was using someone else's phone to reach out, with Zeke standing beside her. To prevent Meredith from hanging up immediately, Allison chose to contact her herself instead of having Zeke do it.

Meredith's brows furrowed slightly. "It's me."

"Great, I finally reached you," Allison said, her tone overly warm. "When will you have some time to visit me at the Turner residence?"

Meredith couldn't help but chuckle, a sharp edge to her voice. "Oh, Mrs. Turner, it seems you've forgotten. Your son and I are divorced. You're no longer my mother-in-law."

Allison's smile faltered, but she quickly suppressed the discomfort.

Knowing she needed something from Meredith, she softened her tone. "Zeke was immature and foolish back then. I've always regretted not stepping in to try and mend things between the two of you."

She continued, "I've already spoken to Zeke, and he understands his mistake now. He won't be involved with Camila, ever again. You can come back now."

After finishing her words, Allison gently nudged her half-asleep grandson, Conrad, who was sitting beside her. "Conrad, talk to your mother and ask her to come back," she said softly.

Conrad's face wore an expression of impatience, but he knew how serious the situation was. "Mommy, please come back soon. Mommy, I miss you so much. You're the only mother I have. Please, I beg you..."

Hearing Conrad's voice, a sharp pang struck Meredith's heart-not because of the child, but because of the sacrifices she had made in the past.

Allison had once insisted that Meredith accept Conrad, even going so far as to tell her that Conrad's biological mother was long gone. She even coached Conrad to speak in that way.

Meredith, soft-hearted and without children of her own, had accepted him, treating him as if he were her own son.

But the truth came to light when Meredith overheard Conrad telling Allison, "She's not my mom. I have my real mom. I can't stand that old witch. She's so annoying and controlling."

Instead of reprimanding Conrad,

Allison had burst into laughter. “My sweet grandchild, you’re right. But don’t let Meredith find out. If she does, she won’t be kind to you anymore.”

At such a tender age, the child had already been deeply influenced by Allison- and not for the better.

Reflecting on everything that had happened, Meredith felt nothing but indifference toward Conrad.

“Kid, I’m not your mother. Your mother’s name is Camila. I have no connection to you whatsoever, so don’t confuse me with someone else.”

Her voice over the phone was cold and unfamiliar.”

Conrad froze, stunned. Was this really the same stepmother who used to shower him with affection? She sounded like a completely different person.

At a loss, he turned to his grandmother for comfort.

“Allison quickly snatched the phone from his hand, shooting him a glare.

“Useless,” she muttered under her breath.”

Then, in a sudden shift, she spoke sweetly into the phone, her tone dripping with false charm. “Meredith, please... What will it take for you to forgive Zeke? Just tell me. Whatever it is, I’ll make sure he does it.”

Meredith stood, gripping the phone tightly as she gazed into the dark night beyond the window. A cold, bitter laugh escaped her lips. “I’m not that naive woman anymore-the one who used to fall for your empty words. I want nothing to do with any of you ever again. Don’t call me again.”

With that, she ended the call and immediately blocked the number.

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4-5 minutes

Cut Ties

Allison tried to redial, but the call wouldn't go through.

Zeke asked hastily, "How is it going?"

"Meredith is determined to cut ties with us," Allison replied, irritation flashing in her eyes.

Conrad grew impatient. "Daddy, Grandma, I want to go home. I want my plane. When can we go back?"

Zeke snapped, "Stop it. Can't you see we're dealing with a crisis here?"

But Conrad couldn't care less. "I want Mary's apple pie. Bring her back."

After the Turner family went bankrupt, Zeke had let Mary go.

Allison quickly tried to soothe her precious grandson. "Sweetie, just wait a little longer. We'll have Mary make it for you soon."

"No, no, I want it now..." Conrad, as spoiled as ever, wouldn't take no for an answer.

"All you do is eat! I swear I'll smack you!" Zeke exploded.

That was the first time Zeke yelled at Conrad. His crying stopped instantly-only

to return louder than before. Soon, his wails filled the room, and no amount of coaxing could calm him.

The Turners were utterly drained-physically, emotionally, and financially.

But the creditors weren't nearly as forgiving.

The very next morning, Turner Manor faced foreclosure.

In the blink of an eye, Zeke went from being a small business owner to a man without a home.

Allison, overwhelmed with frustration, fell ill and was rushed to the hospital.

Conrad, inconsolable, sobbed uncontrollably-crying to go home, crying for Meredith.

Only now did the child truly grasp how well he'd been cared for when she was around.

But it was far too late.

When Meredith's subordinates informed her of the Turners' situation, she felt nothing.

Back when they had mocked and mistreated her—had they ever once thought a day like this would come?

As for Camila, she had been

resuscitated in the hospital-but the damage was irreversible. Both her

legs were left paralyzed, putting an end to any dreams of becoming a model.

She broke down in tears in the hospital. With no money to cover the medical bills, she was forced to arrange for an early discharge.

Just like that, it was all over.

Meredith let out a long, steady breath. "From now on, I don't have to care about any of them."

Her revenge was complete. The Turner family and Camila were no longer her concern.

Now, what she longed for most was to adopt Dahlia. The only question was: how could she persuade Nicholas?

Meredith visited the hospital again. After checking in on Queenie, she went to see Dahlia.

At first, Dahlia thought Meredith didn't truly want her. But day after day, Meredith came to keep her company.

Gradually, Dahlia began to open her heart. Their bond grew stronger, as if they were truly mother and daughter.

Silently, Cecilia watched their warm interaction. She felt happy for

them but also began to wonder

how she might help Meredith adopt Dahlia for real. Śwnovel

The court proceedings involving Cassandra moved swiftly.

Her long list of offenses left no room for leniency, and she was ultimately sentenced to thirty years in prison.

Thirty years from now-if she lived that long-Cassandra would emerge as an old woman, utterly out of step with the world.

She clearly hadn't expected such a harsh outcome. Devastated, she collapsed on the spot.

With the case finally settled, Cecilia felt as though a heavy weight had been lifted from her chest.

As they stepped out of the

courtroom, Xuliana let out a long sigh. "She squandered all her blessings. Why was she so greedy? If she hadn't hurt Aunt Queenie Aunt Queenie would've shared half her fortune with her. But no-she

wanted everything. I just don't

understand it."

Yuliana truly couldn't fathom that kind of mindset.

Cecilia nodded, equally puzzled. "Some people's thinking just... doesn't follow the

same path as ours."

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4-5 minutes

Putting An End To Her Peaceful Life

News of Cassandra's downfall spread like wildfire-and even reached Stella, who had been holed up at home.

Stella's life had become a miserable mess. She was constantly dodging debt collectors and living in quiet panic, tormented by the fear that Cecilia and Nathaniel might come knocking on her door at any moment.

What she didn't know was that this was exactly what Cecilia intended for her to live each day in dread.

Once Cassandra's case was wrapped up, Cecilia turned her attention to the next name on her list. She sought out Sven to ask how Stella had been faring lately.

Sven reported that Stella had secluded herself in a rented apartment, barely stepping outside except to pick up deliveries or takeout.

"Seems like she's still living comfortably," Cecilia remarked flatly.

After everything Stella had done—and how close she'd come to dragging Vivian down with her-Cecilia had no intention of letting her off easy.

"It's time her so-called peace came to an end," she said coldly.

Sven understood at once. Without a word, he set the wheels in motion.

That day, like usual, Stella stepped out to collect a parcel-only to find herself suddenly surrounded by a group of men.

"Where are you off to, superstar Ms. Ross?" the man in front sneered.

Stella's eyes widened in panic. "I... I'm not going anywhere..."

"Why haven't you repaid the money yet?" the man demanded, grabbing her arm.

"If it weren't for you, our boss wouldn't have been stuck in a losing deal, right?"

"I don't have any money left. Please... I'm begging you," Stella pleaded, her voice trembling.

“If you’re broke, then you should be working to pay it off-not hiding out here.” The men closed in around her.

Stella tried to run, but there was nowhere to go. Cornered and desperate, she had no choice but to agree to work off her debt.

But she was already blacklisted-there was no way for her to earn money through legitimate means.

With no other option, Stella returned to the Royale Club.

Once, she had strutted through its halls posing as Queenie’s daughter, lording her fake status over the staff.

Now, walking back through those same doors, she was met with scorn. The employees who once bowed to her now looked at her with open contempt.

She had no choice but to endure it in silence, clinging to the hope that, eventually, the debt collectors would forget her.

But they didn’t. Every now and then, they came looking again.

Each day, Stella lived in a state of constant anxiety. She looked like someone on the verge of

madness-disheveled, unstable, as if she had completely lost her grip on reality.

Then, she saw the news. Cecilia had officially become the president of Jamieson Group, fully taking over the reins.

Jealousy flickered in Stella’s eyes as she muttered bitterly, “Why is life so unfair? Why does Cecilia get everything?”

Frustrated but helpless, she seethed

in silence. While cursing Cecilia in her heart, she was also busy pulling strings, trying to arrange a meeting with her.

Meanwhile, Cecilia spent her days at the company and the hospital, trying to spend whatever spare time she had with her mother.

“Stella’s at the entrance again,” Sven informed her one day.

He sent her a video, and Cecilia played it immediately. It showed Stella huddled

near the company gates-unkempt and pitiful, like a beggar.

Lately, Stella had been appearing often, sometimes showing up at the hospital, other times loitering around Jamieson Group.

Cecilia stared at the video for a moment before speaking. “Set up a meeting with her somewhere.”

Sven gave a nod. “Understood.”

At a high-end restaurant, Stella sat

waiting for Cecilia. She glanced around at the elegant interior, then lowered her eyes to her own disheveled reflection in the cutlery. She looked completely out of place.

Finally, Cecilia arrived.

She hadn’t changed much over the years or so it seemed at first. But then Stella

noticed something. Cecilia was no longer wearing a hearing aid.

Cecilia walked directly to the table, took a seat across from her, and asked flatly, “What do you want from me?”

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4-5 minutes

A Foreign Reality

“Cecilia, I made a mistake. Please, I’m begging you to help me.”

Stella reached out, gripping Cecilia’s hand tightly, desperation shining in her eyes.

“I have no one else to turn to. After I was blacklisted, the debt piled up. It’s so much I can’t possibly repay it.”

Cecilia met her gaze, calm and unshaken. “And why would you think I’d pay it off for you?”

Stella was momentarily stunned.

Lately, she’d been haunted by dreams of the past-memories of when she and

Cecilia had once been close. Back then, Cecilia had been genuinely kind, shielding her from bullies, always offering a helping hand without expecting anything in return.

Cecilia’s father had treated her well too-not only funding her education, but also ensuring she could attend the same school as Cecilia.

Sometimes, when Stella woke from those dreams, the reality she faced felt completely foreign. As if she had stumbled into someone else’s life-one where everything had gone terribly, irreversibly wrong.

“Ceci, I truly regret everything. I shouldn’t have hurt you.” Stella’s voice trembled as tears streamed silently down her cheeks.

But Cecilia remained unmoved. Without a word, she gently pulled her hand out of Stella’s grasp. “Stella, you don’t need to put on this act.”

Stella looked at her in shock.

Cecilia’s tone stayed even. “If your life hadn’t fallen apart, would you feel the same regret?”

Stella was silent.

Cecilia continued, “If you were still the shining star you once were, if Nathaniel and Zachary had never learned the truth and kept shielding you would you still be here? Would you regret? Would you even think of apologizing?”

She knew the answer. In that version of the world, Stella would have stepped over her without a second thought.

Stella was at a loss for words.

Cecilia's gaze was cold, still, and unreadable-like a pond frozen over, void of any ripple or warmth.

"I once saw you as my best friend," she said quietly. "But clearly, I was wrong. I don't expect anything from you anymore. You're on your own now."

With that, she rose from her seat.

Desperation clawed at Stella. She couldn't bear the thought of returning to that dark, hopeless life. Looking around at the other guests in the restaurant, she dropped to her knees before Cecilia. "Ceci, I'm begging you-please stop targeting me. Help me, just this once... Look at me. I can't go on like this."

She broke down completely, her sobs echoing through the restaurant as curious onlookers began to stare. But she no longer cared.

Someone in the crowd had taken out their phone, aiming it at Stella to snap photos and record videos.

Cecilia caught the movement. She shot the person a cold glance. "If footage from today leaks, don't blame me for filing a lawsuit."

The person filming brushed off the threat until someone beside him whispered

urgently, "Are you crazy? That's the new CEO of Jamieson Group!"

With that, the person lowered his phone and deleted the video.

Stella had noticed the commotion too. At first, she'd hoped the crowd might pressure Cecilia, make her soften. But clearly, that tactic held no weight now. Cecilia was untouchable.

Stella's face went ghostly pale.

Before leaving, Cecilia tossed out one last line, calm and final. "You're on your own."

Stella couldn't remember how she managed to leave the restaurant. At some point, she found herself

standing dazed in front of Royalton et

Club. Then, out of nowhere, one of her female colleagues shoved her from behind.

Too weak to keep her balance, Stella stumbled forward and collapsed onto the ground, pain shooting through her limbs.

The woman behind her let out a cruel laugh Well, well. Superstar Ms. Ross, back on the grind again? Weren't you supposed to be some big-shot heiress? Guess you're just like the rest of us now. How many more years do you think you've got left, huh? Hahaha..."

The mocking voices gradually faded into the distance, leaving Stella sprawled on the ground-seething with humiliation, yet completely powerless.

"Why... Why is this happening..." she murmured again and again, her voice trembling with disbelief.

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4-5 minutes

Out Of Her Mind

Just then, a piercing gaze locked onto her.

She felt it immediately. When she looked up, her eyes met Zachary's.

He was standing not far away, having brought a few clients out for lunch.

He hadn't expected to run into her but upon seeing her disheveled state, lying on the cold pavement, his expression turned frosty.

Stella, however, saw a glimmer of hope. It was as if she'd found a lifeline. She scrambled to her feet and rushed toward him, crying out, "Zach!"

Before she could reach him, one of Zachary's bodyguards stepped forward and blocked her path.

Stella sobbed, tears streaming freely down her face. "Zach! Please! Let me go, I'm begging you!"

Zachary's brows drew together, his face unreadable.

One of the clients beside him leaned in and asked, "Mr. Sinclair, do you know her?"

Zachary's eyes lingered on Stella for a beat longer. Then, without a flicker of emotion, he turned away. "How could I possibly know a woman like that?"

"True, true," the client quickly agreed, forcing a placating laugh. "I spoke out of turn. A woman like her-clearly trying to cling to you for favor."

Everyone in Tudela knew Zachary Sinclair's reputation.

After the client finished speaking, he said to his bodyguard, "Get rid of that lunatic. I don't want her causing a scene here-she's a disgrace."

"Yes, sir." The bodyguard promptly lifted Stella and dragged her away, eventually tossing her unceremoniously onto the side of the road.

Even as she was being hauled off, Stella continued to shout, "Zach! What's wrong with you? Why are you ignoring me?"

"Let go of me!" she screamed, struggling against the firm grip. "Zachary is a friend of mine if he finds out what you're doing, you'll be sorry!"

She wouldn't stop talking, her words increasingly incoherent. She was clearly no longer in her right mind, her thoughts consumed by fragments of the past-by memories of the glory she once held, and the days when Zachary and Nathaniel stood firmly by her side.

"The bodyguards spat in her direction, their faces twisted with disdain.

"Who do you think you are?" one of them sneered. "You might think you know Mr. Sinclair, but he sure as hell doesn't know you."

"No... that's not possible. I saved him once he promised he'd protect me for life. She scrambled to her feet, attempting to approach Zachary again, only to be blocked and shoved back by the bodyguards.

“Back off!” one of them barked. “Come any closer and we won’t be so polite.”

At those words, Stella froze. Fear flickered across her face as she stood trembling, not daring to take another step forward.

Meanwhile, Stella’s colleagues began noticing something off about her.

She would often ramble about her past achievements, boasting of grand exploits abroad and claiming she was a famous celebrity.

Her roommate exchanged a look with the others.

“Has she gone mad?” one of them whispered.

“Seems like it. She’s acting stranger by the day.”

“Good. Maybe now they’ll kick her out. I’m sick of her pretending she’s still someone important.”

They were deep in a heated discussion, completely unaware that the manager had approached with someone in tow.

Zachary, having overheard part of the conversation, interrupted coldly, “Did you just say Stella has lost her mind?”

The group turned, startled. Seeing Zachary, they were instantly gripped by a mix of awe and fear.

“Mr. Sinclair,” one of them stammered, “we’ve noticed something strange about S lately. She’s... not quite

doesn’t seem normal annet

Zachary’s expression darkened. “Bring her here.”

Not long after, Stella was led out. The moment she laid eyes on him, her entire face lit up with joy. “Zach! You came to pick me up, didn’t you? Zach!”

Her childlike tone and erratic excitement only confirmed his growing suspicion.

The Zachary standing before her

now was no longer the naive man of the past. He said to his

subordinates, “Take her for a fumet

psychiatric evaluation. I want to know whether she’s genuinely lost her mind-or just playing a game.”

If she was faking it, he would make sure she regretted it for the rest of her life.

“Yes, sir,” the bodyguard responded, already moving to carry out the order.

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4-5 minutes

Vivian And Her Suspicions

Lately, Vivian had been staying home, focusing on her pregnancy and getting plenty of rest. Still, she couldn’t help feeling puzzled-Zachary had been coming home late for several days in a row.

She tried asking the housekeepers about it, but they hesitated to tell her.

George, noticing her unease, finally spoke up. “Vivian, Zach’s your husband. If you’re worried, just give him a call and ask where he is. And if he dares get annoyed with you or refuses to say anything, come to me I’ll make sure he straightens out.”

Vivian had never been one to pry, but ever since getting pregnant, a strange, persistent fear had taken root inside her.

Maybe it was the hormones, or maybe it was the fact that she now carried a piece of Zachary within her. Whatever the reason, she found herself plagued by anxious thoughts—what if something happened to him? What if he got into an accident? What if he encountered danger while he was out?

“All right,” Vivian replied softly.

Since George had offered his support, she didn't dwell too much on it and decided to call Zachary directly.

At that moment, Zachary was still at the Royale Club.

He answered quickly, his voice unconsciously gentler when he realized it was her. "What's wrong, Vivian?"

"Where are you right now?" she asked.

Zachary glanced around. Not wanting Vivian to worry, he decided to lie. "I'm on my way home now."

On his way home?

But Vivian could clearly hear laughter and background chatter through the phone -voices that didn't belong in a car.

Her brows furrowed. "Are you sure?"

"Of course. Why would I lie to you?" Zachary replied smoothly, completely

unaware that her suspicion was already growing.

Unfortunately, just then, Stella's voice rang out from behind him. "Zach, where are we heading?"

Zach?

Zachary immediately signaled someone to cover Stella's mouth.

"Vivian, I'm with a client right now. I can't talk," he said quickly before hanging up.

Then, turning to Stella, he said coldly, "Are you looking to die? Don't think I'll go easy on you just because you've lost your mind."

Meanwhile, on the other end of the line, Vivian sat frozen, the color draining from her face.

Zach? That voice just now... It was soft. Clearly a woman's voice. A client? A pretty female client, is that it?

Vivian clenched her phone tightly, her heart pounding for reasons she didn't want to admit. She'd always told herself she didn't love Zachary. But at this moment, the sharp Sting in her chest betrayed her. What was I expecting? A man like him, changing for someone like me?

That's wishful thinking.

George, noticing her pale expression, grew concerned. "What's wrong? Is that rascal coming back?"

Vivian quickly composed herself, forcing a smile. She didn't want to worry George. "Yeah, he said he's on his way."

"Oh, that's good then," George said warmly. "I'll make sure that rascal gets home earlier to keep you company." He knew well-pregnancy came with all kinds of changes, and a woman needed her husband's

presence now more than ever.

As Zachary's grandfather, it was his duty to keep an eye on him and make sure he didn't take Vivian for granted.

Vivian nodded and quietly returned to her room without saying another word.

Once inside, her composure began to crack. Unable to hold it in, she picked up her phone and dialed Cecilia.

Cecilia was at the hospital keeping Queenie company. "What's wrong, Vivian?" Vivian's voice was filled with frustration. "Ceci, I think Zachary's cheating on me."

Cecilia was in disbelief. "What? That doesn't sound like him..."

"It's true. I called him, and I heard a woman calling him 'Zach.'" Vivian gritted her teeth, her stomach turning at the memory.

If she could, she really wanted to give that despicable couple a good beating.

"Could there be some

misunderstanding? Vivian, don't

upset. Wait for Zachary to come and ask him directly,” Cecilia said quickly.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1879

4-5 minutes

Flowers For Vivian

Vivian sighed. “Don’t worry, I might be angry, but I’m still holding it together.”

She exhaled again and added, “It’s not that I have feelings for him. I just feel... indignant. I’m carrying his child, and yet he...”

Cecilia didn’t know what to say to comfort her.

Vivian then asked, “Ceci, can I come see you?”

“All right, I’ll come pick you up,” Cecilia replied, aware that pregnant women could be emotionally volatile and worried something might happen.

“No need, I’m already in the car, on my way to you,” Vivian said, sniffing. She really didn’t want to stay home and face Zachary’s lies.

Cecilia hadn’t expected Vivian to be so decisive and quick.

She immediately replied, “I’ll wait for you at the door.”

“All right.”

Meanwhile, on his way home, Zachary spotted a flower shop by the roadside. He told the driver to pull over, then quickly got out and bought a large, beautiful bouquet of assorted flowers.

Back in the car, he smiled and said to the driver, “Let’s go. Step on it.”

Zachary used to gift flowers to women in the past, but it was always handled by his subordinates. This time, however, the bouquet in his arms was personally selected and arranged by him.

The driver noticed the joy on Zachary's face and couldn't help commenting, "Your wife's really lucky-you always keep her in mind."

"She's carrying my child. Of course I think about her, even if she..." A triumphant smile tugged at Zachary's lips. His voice trailed off. Even if she wasn't pregnant, I'd still think about her.

Zachary didn't say the rest out loud.

He rushed back in haste, his body faintly carrying the fragrance of flowers.

"Where's Vivian?" he asked George and Jonathan, who were playing chess in the living room.

They were both aware that Vivian was upset. Out of concern, George had even discreetly arranged for someone to follow her, worried something might happen.

Once he learned Vivian had gone to see Cecilia, George felt relieved.

He played dumb, replying, "She might be sleeping. Pregnant women tend to tire easily."

Jonathan nodded in agreement. "Yeah, I think she turned in pretty early."

"That early?" Zachary sounded a bit disappointed. He could only find a vase for the flowers.

George and Jonathan exchanged a look before the boy asked, "Why did you buy flowers?"

"For Vivian, of course," Zachary replied.

George had originally planned to

scold Zachary for coming home so

late. B

seeing the fresh flowers in

his hands, he was pleased by the thoughtful gesture.

“Try to come home earlier from now on,” George advised. “Don’t go wandering around after work.”

Zachary nodded. “I understand. I’ll make sure to be back before she falls asleep next time.”

“Aren’t you going to check on her?” Jonathan prompted.

Zachary shook his head. “No, she’s already asleep. We shouldn’t disturb a pregnant woman’s rest. I’ll see her tomorrow.”

George and Jonathan were speechless. Vivian had stormed out in anger, yet Zachary truly believed she’d just gone to bed.

Jonathan felt compelled to nudge him again. “But I’ve heard it can be tough for pregnant women to get up during the night. You should at least go check-maybe she needs something.”

“This happens in the early stages too?” Zachary looked genuinely puzzled, but quickly turned serious. “Right, the early months are the most uncomfortable. Okay, I go check on her now.”

He made his way to Vivian’s room.

The door was slightly ajar. Pushing it open, Zachary was met with darkness. He

didn’t dare switch on the light, worried it might disturb Vivian’s rest.

“Vivian?” he called softly, stepping quietly toward the bed.

A few moments passed.

“Vivian!” he called again, this time flipping on the light-only to find the bed empty. There was no sign of her anywhere.

“Wasn’t she supposed to be sleeping?” he murmured, a frown slowly forming on his face.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1880

4-5 minutes

Vivian Is Gone

Zachary couldn't find Vivian anywhere. Panicking, he hurried to question Jonathan and George.

George, however, deliberately held back the truth, hoping the moment would teach Zachary a valuable lesson.

"I'm not sure," George said calmly. "Wasn't she in her room? Maybe she just went to the restroom. Did you check there?"

Zachary frowned. "She's not there."

"That's strange," George replied, feigning concern. "Well, what are you standing here for? Go find her! She's pregnant-if anything happens to her, it's on your head."

Jonathan added, "She didn't seem very happy today. What if she ran away from home?"

Zachary's heart clenched with worry. Without another word, he rushed off to search for Vivian.

Meanwhile, Vivian had already arrived at the hospital. After a brief conversation with Queenie, the two slipped into another room to chat.

"Vivian, did you tell Old Mr. Sinclair or the others before coming here?" Cecilia asked.

Vivian shook her head. "No, I snuck out. I just didn't feel like talking to them."

"You should give them a call. Otherwise, they'll start to worry," Cecilia advised gently.

Vivian waved it off. "No need. They all think I'm asleep. I'll head back early tomorrow morning."

She was pregnant, and she and Zachary were sleeping in separate rooms. Whether she was there or not, no one would notice.

"All right then," Cecilia sighed. After a pause, she asked, "By the way, about that woman who called out to Zachary do you know who she was?"

Vivian shook her head again. "I really don't know anything about the people around him."

After thinking it over, Cecilia said, "How about this-I'll give Nathaniel a call and see if he knows anything. It might just be a misunderstanding."

“All right.” Vivian nodded. She didn’t want things between her and Zachary to spiral out of control either.

Cecilia then made the call.

Nathaniel had just returned home when he saw her name flash across the screen. A faint smile played on his lips as he answered, “Ceci, are you calling because you missed me?”

His voice, warm and magnetic, came through the speaker.

Vivian’s eyes widened in disbelief. In her mind, Nathaniel had always been a distant, untouchable figure-cold and aloof. She never expected him to have such a soft, affectionate side. The tenderness in his voice was almost too much to take in. Content belongs to FindNovel

Worried that Nathaniel might say something inappropriate again, Cecilia quickly cut in, “Vivian’s with me right now. I have something I need to ask you.”

Nathaniel’s playful tone vanished when he realized Vivian was present. Clearly, Cecilia hadn’t called because she missed him.

“What’s going on?” he asked, his voice shifting back to its usual calm and reserved tone.

Cecilia hesitated, then asked, “Who are the women around Zachary?”

Nathaniel frowned slightly, pausing to think before replying, “There are too many

-I can’t remember them all.”

Vivian muttered under her breath, “D*mn you, Zachary.”

Nathaniel was confused. “What’s this about?”

Cecilia’s expression darkened. “He’s already married, yet he still surrounds himself with so many women. Don’t you think that’s crossing a line?”

“I wouldn’t know,” Nathaniel replied honestly.

Vivian shot Cecilia a look. Catching the cue, Cecilia ended the call without another word.

Nathaniel stared at the disconnected call, sensing something was wrong. Without hesitation, he decided to call Zachary.

Zachary, still frantically searching

Vivian, answered the call with an

edge of irritation. "What is it,

Nathaniel?" he asked, his voice tight with frustration.

"Ceci just called me," Nathaniel replied, his tone serious. "She was asking about the women you know."

"What?" Zachary's confusion was evident.

Nathaniel's voice took on a more solemn tone. "Vivian was right there when she called."