

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1881

4-5 minutes

Be More Mindful

Upon hearing Nathaniel’s final words, a weight was finally lifted from Zachary’s heart. “Nathaniel, are you saying that Vivian is with Cecilia right now?”

“That’s right.” Seeing that Zachary didn’t take his words to heart, Nathaniel reminded him again, “It was one thing for you to fool around in the past, but now you’re married and have become a father. You need to be more mindful.”

Zachary was already in the car. “Nathaniel, what are you talking about? I’m not the frivolous person I used to be. Why would I fool around now?”

“Okay. It’s good that you’re not,” Nathaniel said.

“Is Vivian currently at the hospital?” Zachary asked again.

“Yes.” After giving his response, Nathaniel ended the call.

That day, he had to spend another night alone in his room.

Meanwhile, Zachary was swiftly driving toward the hospital to find Vivian.

On his way, he pondered over the words spoken by Nathaniel. It took him a while to fully comprehend them. Could it be that Vivian has misunderstood me?

Zachary slapped his forehead. “I’ve been such a fool. Vivian must’ve heard while I was on the phone with her.”

He picked up his phone and dialed his assistant’s number. He instructed his assistant to send him a copy of the video they had shot featuring Stella.

Finally, he arrived at the hospital.

Just as Vivian was about to fall asleep, there was a knock on her room door.

"Who is it?" Vivian asked, puzzled.

Cecilia was also quite puzzled. "Could it be a nurse doing rounds? Let me go check."

Vivian nodded. "All right."

Cecilia slipped into her slippers and walked to the door. Upon opening it, she found Zachary standing at the entrance.

"Cecilia, is Vivian here?" Zachary asked anxiously.

Cecilia hadn't expected him to find her so quickly. Without hiding anything, she simply nodded. "Yes."

"May I come in?" Zachary asked.

Before Cecilia could respond, Vivian had already heard the voice and stepped out. "Don't come in. Cecilia, you should go to bed. I'll go out and talk to him."

After she finished speaking, she shot Zachary a cold glance, then left first.

Zachary hastily followed her out.

"Vivian, you've misunderstood me," Zachary said.

Vivian's expression was cool. "Oh? What did I misunderstand about you?"

"I lied when I came back today. I had met with someone."

"Who?"

"Stella," replied Zachary.

Vivian's hand tightened into a fist without herself realizing it.

She knew the relationship between Stella and Zachary was anything but simple.

There was a time when Zachary would have done anything for Stella.

“Are you two reigniting an old flame?” Vivian asked.

Zachary was taken aback for a moment. When he regained his composure, he couldn't help but let out a wry smile. “What are you talking about? What do you mean by that? I've never been with her.”

Vivian wore a face of disbelief. “Everyone knows you used to have a thing for Stella.”

Zachary's face suddenly stiffened. “Don't talk nonsense. I don't like her.”

“Oh, you don't like her? But over the phone, she even affectionately called you ‘Zach.’” Vivian continued to ignore him.

Left with no other choice, Zachary pulled out his phone and showed her a video. “Take a look at what Stella looks like now.”

Vivian couldn't help but look over.

In the video, Stella was in a state of utter disarray, shouting everywhere like a madman. “Zach, why are you ignoring me? Zach, have you

forgotten? Weren't you going to

protect me? Cecilia is far from being

a saint. Don't let her fool you.”

Vivian watched the person in the video, who no longer possessed the outstanding temperament she once had. “How did she end up like this?”

“Perhaps she's done too many wrongs, and now it's time for retribution,” Zachary responded.

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4-5 minutes

Mental Evaluation

Vivian’s anger had significantly subsided. She then asked, “So, why did you go see her?”

“Of course, I wanted to see what she has become now. I’ve had someone conduct a mental evaluation on her. If she’s truly gone mad, then so be it. However, if she’s faking it, she better be prepared,” Zachary enunciated. After he finished speaking, he turned to Vivian and said, “Vivian, you know how badly she deceived me in the past, don’t you? If I had known earlier that the person who saved me was my Cecilia, I would never have helped Stella. All I want now is for her to get what she deserves.”

After listening quietly, it took Vivian a while before she finally said, “I’m sorry that I misunderstood you. I thought you were out there fooling around.”

Upon realizing that he had finally made himself clear, Zachary couldn’t help but tease her, “Vivian, don’t tell me you’re jealous?”

Vivian’s face instantly turned a deep shade of red. “What kind of joke is this? I’m not jealous! I was just angry. I was angry at you for betraying me and angry at myself for being so blind.”

“All right, all right. Don’t be upset. It’s not good for a pregnant woman to be angry, and it’s not good for the baby either.” Zachary reached out and held Vivian in his

arms.

Vivian was suddenly embraced by him, causing her face to grow even hotter.

She was so shocked that she dared not move an inch.

Zachary noticed her stiffness and couldn’t help but chuckle. “What’s wrong? Are you feeling shy?”

“I-I’m not,” Vivian stuttered. “It’s just a hug. What’s the big deal?”

Then, she also embraced Zachary.

This time, for some unknown reason, Zachary also started to feel a bit nervous. On a chilly night, the two of them found themselves wrapped in each other's arms. Though there weren't many people around at the moment, it didn't mean there was no one at all. Those who happened to pass by couldn't help but stare at the two.

Upon discovering this, Vivian immediately pushed Zachary away. "That's enough.

I need to go back and sleep now. You should go home."

"Aren't you coming back with me?" Zachary furrowed his brows.

"What's the point of me going back with you?" Vivian waved her hand

dismissively. "Now that I'm here, I want to spend time with Ceci and chat with her."

"All right, then." Zachary felt somewhat disappointed.

As Vivian was leaving, she turned to him and said, "Could you send me a copy of the video?"

She wanted to show it to Cecilia.

Zachary knew what she intended to do and reminded her, "You need to inform Cecilia that I'm still arranging for Vivian's psychiatric evaluation. We're not sure if she's really mentally ill."

"Okay, I understand."

With that, Vivian returned with the video.

Cecilia hadn't slept at all, nor could she fall asleep. Seeing Vivian return, she assumed she had argued with Zachary and was quite worried. "What's wrong? Did Zachary bully you?"

Vivian shook her head. "No. I misunderstood him."

She informed Cecilia about everything Zachary had done that day.

Only after learning about it did Cecilia finally feel at ease.

She watched the video of Stella going crazy once again.

“How did she suddenly become like this?” Cecilia recalled that when they met, Stella was still lucid.

“I’m not sure,” said Vivian as she lay down. “Zachary suggested that she might be faking it, so he had her taken for a mental evaluation. It’s like they say. What goes around comes around.”

After a brief moment of silence, Cecilia nodded.

She lay next to Vivian, her mind involuntarily replaying images of Stella from that video.

If Stella had truly lost her mind just like that, she would indeed be unwilling to accept the outcome.

After a night had passed, Cecilia saw Vivian off before heading to the office.

Upon reaching the company’s entrance, she once again saw a familiar face.

The person was none other than Miranda.

Miranda made her way toward Cecilia. “Ms. Smith.”

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4-5 minutes

Return To Rainsworth Manor

Miranda reached out her hand, but Cecilia did not respond. She looked at Miranda indifferently. “Ms. Miranda, is there something you need?”

Feeling a tad awkward, Miranda tucked her hands into her pockets before she spoke with a smile. “It’s nothing much. I just heard that Cassandra has been sentenced, so I came to congratulate you.”

Cecilia knew there was definitely more to Miranda's appearance than met the eye. During this period, Miranda and Robert had been keeping a low profile.

Yet, the more it was like this, the more it felt wrong.

"Thanks for that," said Cecilia, preparing to leave. "If there's nothing else, I'll get back to work now."

Miranda was quick to react, seizing Cecilia's wrist. "We're a family, after all, Ceci. Is there really a need for such coldness?"

Now we're a family? "What exactly are you trying to say?" Cecilia was getting impatient.

"Dad hasn't been feeling well lately. He wants me to find you and Nathaniel and hopes for us to spend some quality time as a family. Can you go back tonight?" Miranda asked nicely.

Cecilia knew that Niel's health had always been poor. Now that he was asking her and Nathaniel to return, it was likely that he wouldn't be able to hold on much longer. "Okay, I got it."

Only then did Miranda let go of Cecilia's hand. As soon as Cecilia left, the gentleness in Miranda's eyes was instantly replaced by a chilling frost.

She settled into the car, a look of displeasure etched in her eyes. "What with the pretense? If it weren't for her fortunate birth, she's no better than me."

There was also a strange man in the car.

"Why are you upset with her? Your current task should be to win over Old Mr. Rainsworth's favor, so he'll transfer his shares and funds to you," the man said.

Miranda sighed. "Ah, I know. Didn't we already discuss this last time? Nathaniel and Cecilia are acting aloof, not wanting anything. Conveniently, this allows me to reap the benefits. However, I detest Adrian. I really can't stand being around him for even a moment longer."

Adrian had completely detached himself from worldly concerns. He neither worked nor played. Instead, he spent his days holed up at home.

Occasionally, he would also pick up his child, Felix, from school.

Miranda had truly had enough of such an incapable man.

“Don’t rush. You still need him right now,” the man comforted her.

Leaning into the man’s embrace, Miranda said, “Okay. Once I’ve completely secured what I desire, let’s be together.”

“All right.”

In the evening, after work, Cecilia and Nathaniel, along with their child, went to Rainsworth Manor. Jonathan was also brought over by George.

Compared to the last time, Niel’s condition had significantly deteriorated. He lay there on the hospital bed, his eyes devoid of any spark, his body riddled with various medical devices.

“Dad, we’re all here. If there’s anything you need to say, just tell me, and I’ll relay it to them,” Robert whispered into Niel’s ear as he sat beside the latter.

Not far off, George saw Niel, a man around his own age, transformed into his current pitiful state, and he couldn’t help but sigh.

George wondered if he would end up like this in the future.

Niel struggled to start a conversation with Robert.

Robert said to everyone, “Dad expresses his wish for all of you to live in harmony in the future and to stop fighting.”

This statement was primarily meant for Nathaniel.

Niel’s other grandchildren remained silent.

Robert leaned in close to Niel’s ear and added, “Dad said that Nathaniel and Nicholas are capable, so they don’t need his assistance. He will leave all his inheritance to Felix.”

Upon hearing that, Elena was displeased. “Robert, did Dad really say that?”

Robert was instantly infuriated. “Is there even room for doubt? If you don’t believe me, come and listen for yourself.”

Just as Elena was about to step forward, Robert glared at her menacingly. “Wren isn’t As his wife, don’t you think it’s inappropriate for you to be here?”

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4-5 minutes

Last Words

Nathaniel’s father was abroad and hadn’t returned yet.

Elena frowned. “Robert, even if Wren wanted to come now, he couldn’t. He’s on his return flight. It would take at least two hours.”

Robert gave a cold snort. “Let’s wait for him to return before discussing this further. As an outsider, it would be best if you don’t interfere.”

Gritting her teeth, Elena exclaimed, “I’ve given birth to two sons for the Rainsworth family. How can you say I’m not part of the family? No, I need to ask Dad why he is being so unfair! My son is more capable than yours. Does that mean they should be subjected to unfair treatment just because of that?”

Over the years, Niel had owned a substantial amount of equity.

Even though Nathaniel held the majority stake now, there was an element of danger if Niel were to transfer his shares to Robert and the others.

Besides, Nicholas also needed the shares.

Over the years, Niel had surely amassed a considerable amount of assets. Elena was not keen on simply handing them over to her Robert’s family.

Robert stood in front of Niel. “If you want to blame someone, Elena, blame yourself for not being able to hold onto Wren. Without him here, all your arguing is pointless.”

Elena wanted to say something else but was stopped by Nathaniel. “Mom, let it be.”

Nathaniel knew that arguing would be pointless, as the Niel had always favored Robert’s family.

At that moment, a dark look flitted across Nicholas’ eyes, but he also said, “Mom, Nathaniel is right. We don’t need to fight over these things. Whoever Grandpa wants to give it to, he can.”

Niel’s breathing became increasingly labored as he lay on the sickbed.

As his life was drawing to its close, he was terrified of simply fading away. Yet, watching his descendants squabble over his assets, he also felt somewhat disheartened.

He struggled to utter, “Wren...”

Wren was rather disobedient and showed no interest in managing the family business, which constantly kept him out of favor with Niel.

Yet, at that moment, Niel found himself missing Wren a bit.

“Dad, Wren will be here soon. Please hang in there,” Robert urged

immediately, gripping his father’s

hand

fearing he might

change his mind.

Perhaps feeling a bit guilty, Niel added, “L-Let’s split the assets in half...”

The look in Robert’s eyes darkened. Pretending as if he hadn’t heard a thing, he tightened his grip on Niel’s hand. “Dad, don’t be upset with. Wren You know how he is. He

doesn’t come home often

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throughout the year. Please, don’t be angry.”

Niel looked at him in disbelief, somewhat incredulous that Robert wasn't following his instructions.

He had handed over all his shares to Robert, yet the latter desired his entire fortune.

Niel wanted to get up and slap Robert, but he just couldn't manage to rise.

His eyes were filled with anger as he mustered all his strength to yell, "B-Bastard!"

As the final syllable fell from his lips, his hand dropped limply to his side. He showed no signs of life thereafter.

"Dad... Dad!" Robert cried out in anguish.

The rest of his descendants also gathered around.

"Grandpa!"

"Great-grandpa!"

The sound of sobbing lingered persistently around Rainsworth Manor.

Though Nathaniel didn't have much affection for his grandfather, he still felt somewhat saddened.

Elena was even more distressed. "Dad, how could you just leave like that, not even waiting for Wren? Wren will be back very soon."

At the mention of Wren, Robert,

standing beside Elena, roared, "Why are you even bringing him up? Dad

was infuriated to death because he heard of Wren's doings."

Cecilia stood at a distance, feeling it inappropriate to interfere. However, hearing

what Robert was saying, she couldn't help but find it absurd.

Niel was already on his last legs, so why was the cause of his death being blamed on Wren?

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4-5 minutes

Let Us Divorce

Upon being yelled at by Robert, Elena was also startled.

She was at a loss for words, choosing to remain silent.

At that moment, she felt a profound sense of sorrow. Why was it that Wren left her

to shoulder everything on her own? Why was he free to enjoy himself outside?

Loss of hope toward someone didn’t happen all at once, but rather, it was the result of a gradual accumulation of disappointments.

That night was destined to be sleepless.

By the time Nathaniel’s father rushed back, some of the Rainsworth family’s relatives had also arrived.

Elena had already changed into mourning clothes.

Wren first glanced at his father, then moved closer to Elena. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

Gazing at him, Elena’s weary eyes were filled with disappointment. “Are you certain I never mentioned it? A month ago, I informed you that Dad’s health was deteriorating. I asked you to return so he could sort out his affairs.”

“I thought you asked me to come back just to fight over Dad’s inheritance,” Wren enunciated.

Shock filled Elena’s eyes.

Her hand dropped to her side, tightening into fists. “Wren, you truly have surprised me. You’re right. I did want you to return so that Dad could act a little more fairly. Did you know? When Dad died, he left all his inheritance to Robert’s family.”

Upon hearing all this, Wren simply found it uninteresting.

“It’s just some money. What’s the big deal? So be it. After all, we’re all family,” Wren said. After finishing his words, he left to attend to the guests who had arrived.

He even chatted cheerily with Robert.

From a distance, Elena watched, disappointed to her core.

Standing by Nathaniel’s side, Cecilia, as Niel’s granddaughter-in-law, was also tasked with greeting the guests.

She also witnessed the falling out between Elena and Wren.

Over the years, ever since she married into the Rainsworth family, she rarely saw Wren.

She had heard from others that Wren had been quite the rebel in his youth. He had no interest in managing the company, preferring to spend his days traveling and living life on his own terms.

Throughout the year, the time Elena and Wren spent together was quite limited. Cecilia walked up to Nathaniel. “Nathaniel, you should go over and comfort Mom.” As a woman, having to constantly manage the household and yet not receive understanding from her husband was far from easy.

Nathaniel nodded. “Okay.”

He wasn’t really sure how to comfort his mother, but he knew that she needed him.

Nathaniel walked toward Elena, engaging in a lengthy conversation with her. Once they finished, he then went to meet his father.

Wren gave him a pat on the

shoulder. “Nathaniel, thank you for

taking care of the household

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matters. You’ve truly done an outstanding job, just like your mom.”

His two sons' personalities were similar to Elena's. They were both hardworking and competitive.

Wren had grown accustomed to his leisurely lifestyle, and he felt fortunate that they were not like him.

Nathaniel said calmly, "Dad, you should appreciate Mom more. She's the one who held our family together."

Choked with emotion, Wren could only nod in silence, unable to utter another word.

As dawn approached, the number of people arriving began to dwindle gradually.

Everyone could also take a brief break.

Wren and Elena made their way into their own room.

Elena could no longer hold it in. "Let's get a divorce."

Wren was just about to take a shower when he suddenly heard these words. He couldn't help but express his surprise. "What did you say?"

"I'm saying let's get a divorce. I no longer wish to be with you."

The mere thought of the words spoken by Robert during Niel's passing caused waves of disappointment to wash over Elena.

Having been a daughter-in-law in their family for so many years, she felt it was unjust that she didn't have a say in anything. The fact that her husband wasn't there by her side it even more unbearable. She felt it was all not worth it.

Wren didn't take her words seriously at all. "Stop joking around. We're not exactly young anymore. Even our grandson is already so grown up. What's with the talk about getting a divorce?"

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4-5 minutes

The Day After Tomorrow

“It’s precisely because I’m not getting any younger that I refuse to waste any more of my time on you!” Elena enunciated.

After she had finished speaking, she rose and retreated to the guestroom to rest.

Wren stood alone in his spot, staring at Elena’s departing figure, unable to believe what had happened.

He was a carefree man. He believed that since Elena didn’t divorce him after being married for so many decades, she must’ve brought it up at that moment because of Niel’s inheritance. Wren figured things would be fine after a few days. The following day, the funeral proceedings for Niel went on as usual.

Cecilia’s friends also came to pay their respects.

“My condolences,” Meredith said.

Cecilia nodded.

Gradually, more people started to come over.

Unlike the somber atmosphere over at Cecilia’s end, Miranda was all smiles. She was discussing Niel’s last wishes with some people.

Wren and Elena, on the other hand, remained friendly in appearance but were estranged at heart.

Niel’s funeral lasted for three days and three nights, followed by the burial.

Elena announced to Cecilia, Nathaniel, and Nicholas, “I’ve decided to divorce your dad.”

The entire family was taken aback, each one of them in sheer disbelief.

Wren's expression was rather grim. He had initially planned to resume his carefree travels right after Niel's funeral.

He never anticipated that Elena would propose a divorce.

He had assumed that when Elena mentioned divorce before, she was just joking. "Are you sure you want to mention a divorce in front of our children?" Wren asked. "That's right." Elena nodded solemnly. "I've thought this through. I don't need a husband who's never around. Let's get a divorce today."

Elena was informing everyone about her intention to divorce, not seeking her children's approval.

Wren was temperamental, too. Without hesitation, he agreed, and the two of them proceeded to handle their divorce.

Neither of their two sons tried to persuade them.

They were adults. Moreover, they were elders, and they had the right to make decisions about their marriage.

When Cecilia and Nathaniel were on their way back, she couldn't help but lament

in the car, "I didn't expect Mom to suddenly bring up divorce."

Nathaniel firmly held her hand. "We must stay together."

Cecilia was momentarily taken aback before turning around to look at him.

A determined look was etched on Nathaniel's face.

Choked up, Cecilia nodded heavily in agreement. "Okay."

Nathaniel then asked, "So, when are we getting married?"

"What?" Cecilia was stunned.

Nathaniel turned back to look at her intensely. "Have you forgotten that we've already filed for divorce? We haven't even gotten our marriage certificate yet."

He was constantly preoccupied with this matter in his heart, but unfortunately, Cecilia had been swamped. She had been spending time daily with Queenie and was never free.

Only then did Cecilia remember this matter. "Let's do it in a couple of days."

"In a couple of days, so it's the day after tomorrow?" Nathaniel persistently inquired.

Originally, Cecilia intended to tease him a bit, but he didn't expect Nathaniel to take it so seriously, insisting on knowing the exact day.

Reflecting on her journey with Nathaniel, she couldn't help but acknowledge how difficult it had been for them to be where they were. She nodded with all

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seriousness.. "All right. The day after tomorrow it is."

Only then did Nathaniel feel contented.

Meanwhile, Nicholas found himself alone, lingering in the vast residence.

He lit a cigarette, but before he could take more than a few puffs, he was seized by a violent coughing fit.

Right then, Robert approached him.

"Nicholas, what about our agreed collaboration? When will you take action against Nathaniel?"

Robert had successfully inherited all of the estate from Niel. He began setting his sights on the company and various projects under Nathaniel's control.

Nicholas snuffed out the cigarette he was holding. "The sooner, the better."

"Good, good! You truly live up to my expectations!" Robert exclaimed joyfully.

Inscrutable emotions swirled within Nicholas' eyes.

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I Am Resigning

Nathaniel kept a close watch on Nicholas and Robert, knowing their every move. Still, he chose not to step in. He wanted to see for himself what exactly they were planning.

The next day, a team of tax auditors showed up at Imminence Corporation.

Mason frowned. “They’re really going all out to drag you into this. But what’s in it for them if Imminence Corporation ends up in trouble?”

He couldn’t wrap his head around it—especially when it came to Nicholas. They were brothers, after all. It was puzzling why Nicholas would go so far as to scheme against his own sibling.

Sure enough, the audit revealed problems in the company’s books-illegal fund transfers and other irregularities. But none of it was real.

Still, despite everything, Nathaniel, as the company’s legal representative, was taken away for questioning.

Before he left, he told Mason, “Tell Ceci not to worry about me.”

Mason nodded firmly.

But even if Mason hadn’t said anything, Cecilia would have learned about it soon enough.

The media ran wild with the story during the press conference. Sure enough, while at work, Cecilia saw the news herself. She was shaken and upset. “How did this happen?”

Then, a call came from Elena. “What happened to Nathaniel, Ceci?” she asked. Cecilia wasn’t sure. She shook her head. “I don’t know either. I just saw the news. Don’t worry I’ll ask Mason.”

“All right.” With that, Elena ended the call. She had just finalized her divorce with Wren. Now was not the time for anything to happen to their son.

Soon after, Mason called Cecilia. He told her the truth and assured her that they had everything under control. Only then did Cecilia feel somewhat relieved.

Still, Mason added, "Let's hold off on telling Mdm. Elena, for now."

"All right," came Cecilia's response. With Nicholas involved, she understood the need for caution.

Once all was said and done, Mason ended the call.

Meanwhile, Nicholas was at the office. Jocelyn had returned and caught wind of the news as well. After working closely as his personal assistant for so long, she had a gut feeling that he was connected to the situation.

"Mr. Nicholas, there's a problem at Imminence Corporation. Do you think we should step in?" she asked carefully.

Nicholas looked up. "Isn't Nathaniel pretty capable? We're just side characters in this story. No need to get involved."

He and Roberth

had been planning

this for quite some time, placing a number of their people inside Imminence Corporation. There was no way to take Nathaniel down through normal channels. Their only choice had been to take a shortcut.

Jocelyn didn't respond. She had nothing more to say. She returned to her own office, opened a drawer, and pulled out a letter. Then she went back to Nicholas' office and handed it to him.

Nicholas looked at her, puzzled. "Jocelyn, what's this?"

"I'm resigning."

His expression changed, his eyes narrowing in disbelief. "Why?"

For a moment, Jocelyn said nothing. She didn't bring up the car accident involving Yannick or what she knew about who was behind it. Instead, she said, "I just want a fresh start."

"You could have that working with me," Nicholas said.

“Mr. Nicholas, I’m asking you to sign this. Even if you don’t, I’m still leaving,” Jocelyn said, firm in her decision.

Nicholas gripped the pen tightly. “Is this about Yannick? You haven’t even known him that long.”

Jocelyn’s throat tightened. “Mr. Nicholas, I don’t know if I’m just imagining things, but... I feel like you’ve changed.”

He seemed so unfamiliar to her now-like someone she barely recognized.

Nicholas didn’t know if it was anger or something else, but he suddenly let out a short laugh. “Fine,” he said. “I’ll sign. You can go.” He picked up the pen and signed his full name on her resignation letter.

Jocelyn took the letter, told him, “Take care,” and walked out.

Nicholas didn’t quite know what hit him. It was like a massive weight suddenly

crushed his chest. He began to cough violently, and when he covered his mouth, his palm came away streaked with blood.

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4-5 minutes

Make The Same Mistake Over And Over Again

As soon as Nathaniel was taken in, Robert’s family threw an all-out celebration.

Miranda looked quite pleased, while only Adrian seemed unsettled.

He asked hesitantly, “Dad, are we really doing the right thing? I mean, he’s family. If Nathaniel actually gets arrested, it could come back to bite us. And if he finds out we were behind it, he’ll come after us for sure!”

Robert scowled. “Why are you even worrying about this? You’re useless. Not even fit to be my son.”

Adrian fell silent at those harsh words.

But the boy sitting next to him, Felix, took those words to heart.

“Grandpa,” he said, “I think you made the right call. As the saying goes, ‘It’s every man for himself.’”

Robert burst out laughing at his words. “Ha! My grandson really gets it. You’re right—we’ve got to put ourselves first in this world. Don’t grow up to be as cowardly as your father.”

Looking at his grandfather with admiration, Felix nodded. “Yes, Grandpa. I understand.”

But they’d celebrated too soon.

That afternoon, Nathaniel returned and went straight to the Rainsworth Manor. He called in Robert’s entire family, Nicholas included.

At the time, Nathaniel’s father, Wren, was still at home. He found the whole thing odd. “Nathaniel, what’s going on here?” he asked.

“Dad, I’m here to show you who they really are.”

In front of the stunned family, Mason stepped forward with a thick stack of documents. He dropped them in front of the group.

Papers scattered everywhere. Robert picked up a few, his eyes widening in shock

as he read. He gave a sheepish laugh. “Nathaniel, this is all a big misunderstanding. How could you accuse us of causing problems for your company?”

Nathaniel’s brows furrowed. “Do you want me to point out every single person you’ve planted inside the company?”

Robert’s fake smile froze.

Wren stepped up to take a look himself. After going through the documents, he looked truly shaken. “Robert, we’re biological brothers. And Nathaniel is your nephew. How could you do something like this?”

Robert's expression darkened. "I don't know what you're talking about. I told you it's a misunderstanding."

Wren looked back at Nathaniel. "Nathaniel, is all of this true?"

Nathaniel was taken aback that his father still had doubts. He spoke slowly and clearly. "Dad, what would I gain from making all this up?"

Wren turned to Nicholas. "Were you involved too?"

Nicholas lowered his head in silence.

That was enough for Wren to finally understand his family wasn't nearly as united as he once believed.

"Robert, I've never fought you over anything. All I ever wanted was for our family to stay at peace."

Robert was clearly rattled. He forced a smile. "Wren, don't be mad at me. I made a mistake this time-it's on me."

Growing up, and even as adults, Robert had always gotten away with things by apologizing. Every time he slipped up, Wren would stand by him without question.

But this time was different. Elena arrived as well. She stood to the side, sneering.

"Robert, do you even remember? Back when Nathaniel had just taken over Orion Corporation, you tried to sabotage him, too. If he hadn't been competent enough, he'd have gone under, thanks to you. And you-back then, you were sent overseas. That's what you told everyone," Elena said.

She scoffed, her voice biting. "How can someone make the same mistakes over and over again?"

She had finally gotten her chance to speak out after everything that had happened a few days earlier.

Robert's expression darkened, but he knew how to keep up appearances. His signature smile returned, like a wolf in sheep's clothing.

He chuckled. “Elena, you’ve really misunderstood. It was Nicholas who came to me for help. I didn’t even want to get involved at first. After all, he and Nathaniel are brothers. But I couldn’t just sit by and do nothing.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1889

4-5 minutes

Treat Both Of You Fairly

Every time her other son was brought up, Elena’s mood would instantly drop. She couldn’t understand how such deep conflict could exist between her two children.

Nathaniel understood what his mother was going through. He cast a cold look at Nicholas and said, “This isn’t something that can be settled with just an apology. Uncle Robert, don’t think siding with Nicholas is going to get you off the hook.”

His tone was calm—not too soft, not too harsh-but it carried a weight that sent chills down spines.

Robert’s smile slowly vanished.

Miranda, his daughter-in-law, stepped forward. “Nathaniel, come on, we’re all family. Your Uncle Robert made a mistake this time. Can’t you find it in your heart to let it go?”

Adrian spoke up, too. “Nathaniel, we really do know we were wrong. My father’s getting older, and sometimes he just doesn’t think straight.”

Robert knew it wasn’t the time to argue. “Nathaniel, just tell me what you want. I’ll give it to you as an apology,” he offered.

Nathaniel had been waiting to hear that. “I want the piece of land you just got downtown.”

That land had originally belonged to Niel. After his death, everything went to Robert. This particular plot was priceless—something even money couldn’t easily buy. It had been a reward given to Nathaniel’s great-grandfather years ago in recognition of his service.

When Robert got his hands on it, it was like acquiring an entire commercial hub. Whether he planned to build or invest, it was a gold mine.

“No way!” Robert rejected instantly. He’d been after that land for years, but Niel had held onto it tightly. Now that it was finally his, he had big plans for it.

“Then get ready to receive a lawyer’s letter from my company,” Nathaniel said, ending the conversation without another glance.

Robert opened his mouth to say more, but Nathaniel had already lost all interest. He turned to a housekeeper and said, “Please show our guest out.”

The housekeeper politely asked the whole family to leave.

Robert was ushered away.

Once the others were gone, only Nathaniel’s immediate family remained in the room. Wren and Elena stood there, facing their two sons, looking completely overwhelmed.

Elena turned to Nicholas. “Nicholas, Nathaniel is your brother. Why are you siding with outsiders?”

Nicholas’ expression was steady. “No real reason. I’m just bitter.”

“You’re bitter?” Wren exploded. “What do you even have to be bitter about? The Rainsworth family has always treated you both fairly. Because of your poor health, we let Nathaniel run the company. And when Nathaniel had his issues, didn’t you step in and manage it too?”

“Honestly, you should do some serious self-reflection!” Wren

continued, getting more worked up. “When you headed Orion

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Corporation, it was a disaster. But

Nathaniel didn’t have those

problems...”

Wren didn’t notice Nicholas’ face growing darker and darker with every word.

Nicholas gave a bitter smile. "Yeah, I'm always second-best compared to Nathaniel." They looked exactly the same, but when they stood side by side, Nicholas always felt like the background character.

Wren kept going. "Since you were kids, I've always told you both to stick together.

Your brother's always followed that. He's never turned on you!"

"Dad, your idea of raising us was showing up now and then and having a few conversations?" Nicholas looked up at his father, that flash of contempt clear in his eyes.

To him, Wren had always been a distant, hands-off parent-not someone who'd really been there.

Wren's face went rigid, clearly at a loss for words.

Elena picked up on the tension. She reached for Nicholas' hand. "Nicholas, don't talk like that."

But Nicholas pulled his hand away. Her hand froze in mid-air. Her heart ached in a way she couldn't put into words.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1890

4-5 minutes

Take On The Responsibility Of A Father

"Mom, you made the right call divorcing him," Nicholas said, then turned and walked straight out of the room.

As he passed Nathaniel, he muttered, "I've lost again. It's my own fault for not being good enough."

Nathaniel stayed quiet, his expression cold. Nicholas didn't care how his brother reacted. He was just overwhelmed with a deep, hollow feeling.

Once outside, he pulled out his phone, planning to call someone but he couldn't think of a single name to dial. Eventually, his gaze landed on Jocelyn's number. He stared at it for a long time but didn't press the call button. Instead, he turned the phone off.

Inside, the room fell into a heavy silence. Wren sighed again and again. "How did Nicholas turn out this way? He used to be so well-behaved... so thoughtful."

Elena didn't say a word.

When Wren talked about the past, it was anyone's guess how far back he was really thinking.

Seeing that Elena remained silent, Wren turned to her. "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing," she replied, getting to her feet. "About the divorce—I'd like you to stay home for this month. Once the cooling-off period ends, we can go sign the divorce certificate."

Getting divorced nowadays came with all kinds of hassles. That mandatory cool-off period was dragging on. But Elena couldn't wait another minute.

As she reached the stairs, she turned back one more time. "And one more thing- this month, I expect you to actually take on the responsibilities of a father."

Without waiting for a response, she walked upstairs and disappeared into her

room.

Meanwhile, back at the Smith residence, Cecilia had just returned. She was still worried about Nathaniel. Mason had already told her he'd be fine, but she couldn't shake the anxiety.

She heard the sound of a car pulling up and immediately stepped outside. Nathaniel's car had just arrived. Cecilia ran out the door and straight into his arms. "You okay?"

Nathaniel held her close, gently running his fingers through her hair. "I'm fine," he said softly. "Didn't Mason tell you? There's nothing to worry about."

Cecilia nodded. "I just feel uneasy when I can't see you."

"You dummy." Nathaniel held her even tighter.

At that moment, he felt like nothing else mattered. Whatever came his way, he could handle it—as long as she was there.

“Come on, let’s get some rest,” Cecilia said. She’d already told Queenie she’d be spending the night there.

Later, nestled in Nathaniel’s arms,

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she listened quietly as he told her who had been behind the whole scheme. Without thinking, she

asked, “So you’re just lettin

them go?”

“Of course not,” Nathaniel replied, pausing for a beat. “But totally crushing them isn’t easy. So I’m going to take something really

valuable from Robert—some net

that make sure he doesn’t act up again.”

“What is it?”

“A piece of land downtown.”

Nathaniel went on to explain just how important and valuable that land was.

“Would Robert really agree to give it up?” she asked.

“He won’t, not willingly. But I’ll make him.” His eyes were calm and steady. He was determined.

Cecilia knew he never made empty promises. “If you ever need help with anything, don’t forget to ask me,” she said.

Nathaniel smiled. “Okay.”

He leaned in closer. “I missed you, Ceci.”

Cecilia looked up at his handsome face, her cheeks instantly turning red. She quickly looked away, not daring to meet his gaze. "Well I kind of missed you too," she mumbled, a little shyly.

Nathaniel didn't hesitate. He picked her up and carried her back into the room.

That night, Cecilia's whole body felt like it no longer belonged to her. The pain was overwhelming.

How long has he been holding back? I wasn't expecting this side of him. If I'd known, I wouldn't have come back at all.