

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1901

4-5 minutes

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## Stop At Nothing

Cecilia frowned, pulling Charlotte away from her verbal spar with the man. Her gaze, somewhat icy, fell onto the man.

“Let me give you a piece of advice. Watch your words. Who made the rule that women can’t go to bars for a drink? Does it mean that a woman who drinks at a bar is not a good woman?”

The man had been embarrassed twice already, and when he heard Cecilia’s words, he became even more irritated, his gentlemanly demeanor completely gone.

“Do you know who my father is?”

“Didn’t your mother tell you?” Cecilia questioned in return.

With just one remark, the others around them broke into applause. However, the man’s face visibly darkened at an alarming rate.

“Very well. You all just wait and see.”

After the man finished speaking, he left.

Unfazed, Cecilia continued to drink.

From the side, Madeline suggested, “I’ll give Darren a call, so he can come over and sort this out.”

“Don’t bother Mr. Faust anymore. Let’s carry on. If he dares to do anything, aren’t there other people here too?”

Cecilia had bodyguards outside, and she wasn’t afraid of that man at all.

Hearing that, Madeline nodded in response.

Charlotte also said, "Don't forget that I can fight."

"Oh, yes. I almost forgot about that. We definitely need to give that guy a good lesson." Madeline chuckled.

When the man was leaving, he unexpectedly bumped into Chelsea, who was there for some fun.

His face changed instantly, and he asked, "Chelsea, what brings you to a place like this?"

The man standing before her was one of Chelsea's prospective blind dates, known as Alec Leighton.

His father was indeed a formidable figure in the business world, also serving as the CEO of a renowned aviation group.

Chelsea's father had always maintained that Alec was a man of integrity.

However, she had clearly heard this man unsuccessfully flirting with five women earlier, which had left him embarrassed and angry.

"Why can't I come here? Does coming here make me a bad woman?" Chelsea asked mockingly.

The expression on Alec's face changed instantly. "Chelsea, you've misunderstood. I was just joking with them. Did you hear everything just now?"

"Yes. I heard it all, every single word." Chelsea regretted not recording that man's behavior to show her parents.

Alec's palms were slick with nervous sweat. "Don't get me wrong. It was really just a joke."

"You don't have to explain anything to me. We're not going to end up together anyway," Chelsea enunciated.

Upon hearing those words, Alec

swiftly grasped her wrist. "Chelsea, don't be so cold and distant. I've already told you that it was a misunderstanding." fo FindNovel

Chelsea attempted to pull her hand away, but he held it firmly in his grip.

He pulled Chelsea toward Cecilia.

Paying no mind to her resistance, he said to Cecilia and the others,

“Ladies, apologize for earlier. I was merel joking with you all. Unfortunately, my girlfriend arrived and misunderstood the situation.”

All five people turned their attention to Chelsea.

Chelsea was young and beautiful, exuding an aura of nobility all around her.

They found it hard to believe. Seeing

how sophisticated Chelsea was,

they couldn't believe that she could

really be the girlfriend of the O

unkempt man before them.

Cecilia found Chelsea somewhat familiar, yet for a moment, she couldn't remember who the latter was.

“Let go of me. I'm not your girlfriend.”

“All right. Don't be mad anymore, Chels,” Alec shamelessly said. “Once we get

home, I'll make it up to you.”

He was absolutely determined to marry Chelsea.

If Chelsea didn't agree, he was determined to find a way to make her agree.

In other words, he would stop at nothing to marry her.

“Let go!” Chelsea sternly warned once more. “Alec, if you continue like this, don't

blame me for being merciless!”

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Marry You Off

Naturally, Chelsea’s response was merely a verbal protest. Given the significant physical disparity between men and women, she couldn’t even manage to break free from Alec’s grasp.

“All right. All right... Don’t be upset. Come on. Let’s go home.”

Right then, a troubling thought surfaced in Alec’s mind. *With Chelsea’s level of pride, I have to employ some tactics if I want to win her over.*

With just a glance from him, the bodyguard accompanying him quickly approached.

He immediately covered Chelsea’s mouth, pulling her into his embrace. “Let’s go, Chels. Don’t be angry. I promise I won’t come to places like this anymore.”

As Alec spoke, he simultaneously led Chelsea outside.

The bodyguard was also assisting him.

Chelsea was just a woman, so she couldn’t possibly overcome two grown men. She was essentially being dragged along by them.

She hadn’t expected that, in front of such a large crowd, Alec would actually dare to treat her like that.

Cecilia and the others observed that peculiar scene, feeling that something was amiss.

“That man is not worthy of the pretty lady,” Charlotte commented.

Lucille furrowed her brows, saying, “Why do I get the feeling that the lady doesn’t seem to be that man’s girlfriend?”

Cecilia stood up and said, “I also feel something’s off. Let’s go and check it out.”

She felt a vague unease in her heart. *If something bad happens to this girl at the hands of that repulsive man, it'll be terrible.*

Vivian was asked to stay, and she was accompanied by Madeline.

Lucille, Charlotte, and Cecilia stepped out to assess the situation.

Outside Royale Club, Alec was trying to pull Chelsea into the car. He knew for certain that Chelsea was not willing to marry him then.

Therefore, he had to resort to unique tactics. He would sleep with her and reveal it all to the media afterward. By then, it would be hard for Chelsea to refuse to marry him.

Chelsea evidently realized his intentions and struggled fiercely, biting down on Alec's hand.

In the throes of a throbbing pain in his hand, Alec instantly let go of Chelsea's mouth, roaring, "How dare you bite me? Who do you think you are?"

Seizing the moment, Chelsea hastily pleaded for help from the people around her.

"Help! Please save me! I'm not his girlfriend."

Upon noticing some people looking over, Alec quickly responded with a laugh, ¶¶It's just a lovers' quarrel There's no need for others to interfere."

Upon hearing his words, everyone decided not to meddle in his affairs.

Chelsea's mind was in complete chaos, and she was glaring at Alec furiously.

"Think it through, Alec. If you dare harm me today, my parents will never let you off the hook," she warned.

"Your parents simply want you to marry me, so they would be thankful to me in the end." Alec was unfazed.

Previously Kingston and Phoebe

had met with him, and their attitude toward him was quite positive. They also subtly hinted at their intention of welcoming him as their son-in-law.

He was the second son of the Leighton family, not as outstanding as his older brother. If he could marry Chelsea and become a matrilocal son-in-law to her family, then whatever his brother had, he could have in the future as well.

“You’re sick! If my parents found out, they would tear you to pieces.”

Alec lowered his voice to reply, “You have no idea how much your parents want to marry you off.”

Chelsea was truly heartbroken at that time. Her parents wanted her to get married, believing that she was getting too old and had lost her senses.

Exactly because of that, individuals like Alec emerged. She knew someone like him couldn’t possibly have genuine feelings for her.

“Help! Help!” Seeing that she was about to be taken into the car, all she could do was desperately struggle and call for help.

She had thought that no one would come to her aid.

Suddenly, a sound echoed from not too far away.

“I’ve already called the police and taken your picture,” said Cecilia. “Do yourself a favor and let this lady go.”

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Some Sleazy Man

Alec was taken aback, turning to look at the three women, somewhat baffled.

However, he still said, “This is between me and my girlfriend. You all should mind your own business.”

“Bullsh\*t! I’m not your girlfriend!” Chelsea hastily retorted.

Subsequently, she turned her gaze toward Cecilia and her group.

Previously, the lighting was too dim in Royale Club, and she didn't take a closer look at Cecilia. It was only then that she recognized it was Cecilia.

Cecilia had only encountered her once, so she didn't recognize her.

However, Cecilia was Nathaniel's wife, and Chelsea had seen her a few times at family gatherings.

"Please, I need your help. I swear I have absolutely no connection with him. Save me, please," Chelsea pleaded to Cecilia and the others.

She didn't call out to Cecilia directly.

After all, Cecilia didn't recognize her. Chelsea didn't know Cecilia well enough to know if she was a good person.

If Cecilia were to turn out to be a mean person, Chelsea could end up facing various rumors circulating among high society.

Chelsea knew that people's intentions were hard to predict.

After hearing that, Cecilia nodded. She then turned to Alec once more to say, "Didn't you hear that? She said that she's not your girlfriend!"

"I urge you to let her go!" Cecilia said once more.

Upon seeing the situation, Alec decided not to engage with the three any longer. His only desire was to get things done swiftly.

Hence, he continued to drag Chelsea along.

Charlotte could no longer hold back. She rolled up her sleeves and headed toward Alec, executing a perfect over-the-shoulder throw.

*Thud!*

The man was curled up on the ground in pain, his face contorted in agony.

His bodyguard was about to lay a hand on Charlotte, but at that moment, several bodyguards from behind Cecilia stepped forward, effectively blocking the bodyguard off.

Alec's bodyguard instantly lost his nerve. He dared not do anything else but assist Alec.

"Mr. Alec, they outnumber us," the bodyguard said in a hushed tone, expressing his concern.

"Y-You're useless!" Alec merciless rebuked.

The bodyguard's face darkened, and he lowered his head.

Alec slowly rose to his feet, glaring menacingly at the trio of Cecilia, his gaze particularly directed at Charlotte, who had just assaulted him. "How dare you lay a hand on

me? Have you no regard for your life?"

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Charlotte swung her fist at him once more.

Even though the fist was nowhere close, Alec was so terrified that he instinctively shrank back, retreating continuously. He almost took a tumble to the ground.

"D-Don't come any closer!"

With that, he pulled open the car door and settled himself in. "What are you waiting for? Let's go! I'll deal with them later!" he said to his bodyguard.

Alec wanted to head back to rally reinforcements.

The car sped away in a cloud of dust, but Cecilia didn't instruct her bodyguards to

give chase. Instead, she stepped forward, asking, "Are you hurt?"

Chelsea shook her head. "I'm fine. Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Us girls should help each other out when we're out and about," Cecilia said with a smile.



Chelsea had initially intended to reveal her identity to Cecilia, but the ringing of a phone interrupted her. Apologetically, she had to step aside to answer the call. “What’s up?” she asked on the phone.

“Get back here quickly. Your dad’s so upset that he’s passed out,” Phoebe said.

Chelsea was instantly flustered. “I’m sorry, but something urgent has come up. I’ll thank you all next time,” she said to Cecilia and the others.

After she finished speaking, she located her car, settled into it, and drove off.

Charlotte slightly furrowed her brows. “We saved her, and she just left like that. She said she’d thank us next time, but she didn’t leave any contact information. How is She supposed to express her gratitude?”

Cecilia gave her shoulder a reassuring pat, saying, “It’s okay. We didn’t help her just to hear her thanks. Come on. Let’s go and continue our drinks.”

“Okay.” Charlotte nodded in agreement.

The group returned to Royale Club, indulging in food, drinks, and entertainment.

In less than a few minutes, Darren arrived. “I heard there was some trouble?”

He had a look of anxiety written all over his face.

Madeline hadn’t reached out to him. It was his concern for Madeline that led him to inquire about the situation there, and that was how he found out.

Madeline waved her hand dismissively, saying, “It’s already taken care of. Just some sleazy guy.”

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A White Lie

“It wasn’t just that he was a sleazy guy, but also a criminal. Moments ago, he tried to force a girl into his car. Who knows what he was planning?” Charlotte remarked from the side.

“I’ll go see who this person is.” Darren furrowed his brows. Daring to stir up trouble on my turf, is he tired of living? The most important thing is that he even flirted with Madeline! This is absolutely intolerable!

Darren summoned the manager and requested that he pull up the surveillance footage to ascertain the individual’s identity.

Within less than ten minutes, he had managed to uncover Alec’s background and identity.

A phone call was then made to the Leighton residence.

Meanwhile, after rushing home, Chelsea discovered that her parents were sitting perfectly fine on the couch.

She was exasperated. “Did you guys just trick me?”

“Would you have come back if we didn’t trick you?” Phoebe was somewhat displeased. “Come here. We have set up a few more dates for you.”

The moment Chelsea thought of her blind date, Alec, she lost her temper. She raised her voice to say, “I’ve said it before, haven’t I? No more blind dates! Do you have any idea what happened to me today?”

Phoebe asked in confusion, “What happened?”

“I almost got caught up with that blind date you guys set up for me, Alec...”

Chelsea found it hard to finish her sentence.

Sensing that something was amiss, Phoebe immediately rushed to her daughter’s side, gently probing for the cause.

Only then did Chelsea gradually reveal it to them.

Upon hearing that his daughter had been nearly taken advantage of by Alec, Kingston was filled with fury.

“That b\*stard!” Kingston clenched his fists tightly.

His precious daughter, whom he’d raised since she was a child, had nearly fallen into the jaws of danger.

“Dear, how did you manage to come back?” asked Phoebe.

“A few young ladies saved me,” Chelsea responded.

“Who were they? We must express our gratitude to them.” Phoebe still felt a lingering fear in her heart. After

all, no one knew what could’ve gone happened if Alec had forcibly taken Chelsea away.

Chelsea informed them that one of the individuals was Cecilia, and the other women were likely Cecilia’s close friends.

“Cecilia? Nathaniel’s wife?” asked Phoebe.

“Yes.” Chelsea nodded emphatically.

“We must thank them.”

After Phoebe had finished speaking,

she turned to Kingston and said,

“You were the one who found Alec,

right? Stop looking for other

candidates. We’re putting our

daughter at risk.”

Kingston was also somewhat regretful. “I really didn’t expect it. One shouldn’t judge a book by its cover.”

Kingston had thought that Alec seemed quite sincere and had a decent

appearance. Little did he know that the latter was all glitter and no gold.

After that incident, the two didn't dare to set up any more dates for Chelsea. They decided to let her rest well, assuring her that they would handle the matter.

Chelsea returned to her own room afterward.

Once she reached the bedroom and lay down, she still found her heart fluttering with lingering fear.

She truly didn't expect to encounter such an incident upon returning to Tudela. Alec was simply taking advantage of her lack of brothers.

Chelsea heaved a deep sigh, pulling out her phone in search of Cecilia's contact information.

If it hadn't been for Cecilia and the others stepping in that day, Chelsea would have truly been ruined.

That same night, at the Leighton residence, Duncan Leighton received calls from Darren and Chelsea's father, one after another.

He was livid, leaving Alec kneeling outside.

The cold wind was howling, causing Alec to shiver uncontrollably from the chill.

"Dad, I was just thinking about the Leighton family's best interests. It's clear that Chelsea won't marry me easily. We have to employ some tactics, don't we?" Alec argued.

Duncan stepped out, aiming a kick straight at his chest.

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Seeking Death

Caught off guard, Alec quickly clutched his chest in pain.

He even started coughing.

He truly hadn't anticipated that his return would be met with such a reception.

He had initially sought out Duncan, intending to complain about the injustice he had suffered, expecting Duncan to right the wrongs done to him. Unexpectedly, he ended up being scolded by Duncan instead.

"You dumb\*ss! Do you even know who you were flirting with today?"

"Huh?" Alec was somewhat baffled.

"One of them is Darren's wife, another is Nathaniel's wife, and another is the daughter-in-law of the Sinclair family. Do you wish to die?" Duncan nearly had a heart attack.

It was important to note that he couldn't afford to offend even a single person among them.

"Especially that woman you mentioned to me, Cecilia, she's the CEO of Jamieson Group! Jamieson Group has always been in partnership with our family, and you had the audacity to flirt with her. It's like you have a death wish!"

"What?" Alec was also taken aback. No wonder those five women exuded an extraordinary aura. They were all quite beautiful, with a daring spirit to boot.

"W-What do we do now?"

"What else can we do? Apologize in person!" Duncan pointed at Alec's, enunciating, "Thank goodness we have your older brother. If we had to rely on you, our family would be ruined."

"You're just too biased. Would I have resorted to such measures if you weren't?"

Duncan swiftly slapped Alec across the face.

The sting of heat radiated from Alec's cheeks, and he covered his face, not daring to utter another word.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had fun into the wee hours of the night before bidding farewell to everyone else.

When she stepped outside, she saw Nathaniel's car parked at the entrance.

Cecilia couldn't help but be surprised.

Nathaniel opened the car door and stepped out.

Outside, the cold wind was rampant, with light rain falling.

Nathaniel approached Cecilia, his large hand enveloping her slightly chilly ones. "Why are your hands so cold?" he asked.

"Maybe I caught a chill when I first came out." Cecilia then asked, "What brings you here at this hour?"

"Darren mentioned there was a bit of a situation here, so I came to check it out. Is everything all right?"

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warming her hands. Check

iel asked, all the while

Cecilia nodded. "Everything's fine."

When she was speaking, she could hear Zachary's voice from not too far away.

"Gosh! You're pregnant! How could you come to a place like this?"

Cecilia looked over and saw Zachary standing before Vivian, constantly murmuring to her.

Vivian clearly had no patience for him, responding with irritation, "You're married, so why on earth would you be in a place like this?"

"I just came over for a drink and a chat. I didn't do anything else," Zachary said.

"I just came over for a chat, and I didn't even have a drink," said Vivian.

Zachary was completely at a loss for words.

Cecilia couldn't help but smile as she watched the two of them. These two lively characters seem to be growing more and more compatible as time goes on.

“Let’s go. Get in the car. I’ll take you to the hospital,” Nathaniel said,

observing that she was so focial. neq

on others that she had forgotten about herself.

Only then did Cecilia come back to her senses, joining him in the car.

Sitting in the car, the heat was more than sufficient. Feeling slightly drowsy, Cecilia almost fell asleep leaning against Nathaniel.

Nathaniel held her hand tightly, saying, “Ceci, did you forget something?”

Cecilia seemed a bit bewildered. “Huh? What did I forget?”

“Didn’t we agree to get our marriage certificate?” Nathaniel asked.

Finally, Cecilia remembered, a hint of guilt coloring her face. “I’m sorry. I forgot,” she said.

“Let’s go tomorrow, and this time,

don’t stand me up,” Nathaniel

pleaded, fearing that if things

getting delayed, Cecilia might lose interest in marrying him.

“All right,” Cecilia promptly agreed.

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A Wedding Ring

Nathaniel had more to say, but they had already reached the hospital entrance.

“See you tomorrow.”

“Sure thing.” Cecilia waved him goodbye and headed back to the hospital.

Inside the ward, the caregiver noticed Cecilia’s return and said to her, “Mdm. Queenie is having a particularly deep sleep today and hasn’t woken up at all.”

“That’s good. Thank you.”

“No worries. You should go rest now,” the caregiver said to Cecilia.

“Okay.”

Cecilia arranged for a few caregivers for her mother. They took turns looking after Queenie, with that particular caregiver assigned to the night shift.

Cecilia then settled down to sleep in the adjacent room.

The following morning, upon awakening, she had breakfast with Queenie.

Upon receiving a call from Sven, Cecilia learned that the investigation results were ready.

Magnus had recently accrued a substantial amount of debt. However, if he could marry Chelsea, he would receive a handsome dowry that would cover his financial shortcomings.

Cecilia knew that Magnus couldn’t possibly have changed dramatically, managing his business so effectively.

In the past, he had single-handedly used up all of the Smith family’s resources.

“I understand. Thank you.” Cecilia ended the call.

She felt it was time for Magnus to face some hardships. Otherwise, he would continue to act irresponsibly, expecting to marry someone’s treasured daughter. No one could have it so easy in life.

Not long after Cecilia hung up the phone, she received a call from Nathaniel.

She recalled their plan to pick up their marriage certificate and decided that it would be the perfect opportunity to discuss with Nathaniel about retracting all the actual rights he had given to Magnus’ company.



Outside the hospital, Nathaniel stood by the car, his attractive eyes focused intently on Cecilia.

Cecilia moved swiftly toward him, but even before she could reach him, Nathaniel suddenly said, "Wait a moment."

"Huh?" Cecilia appeared somewhat puzzled. "What's wrong?"

Nathaniel opened the car door and took out a beautiful bouquet of roses.

When Cecilia saw the vibrant flowers, her eyes lit up.

However, shortly after, she heard Nathaniel sneeze.

"Here. Let me take that," Cecilia said, as she reached out and took the bouquet from Nathaniel's hand.

"Don't worry. I took allergy medication before I came."

After Nathaniel finished speaking, he took hold of Cecilia's hand.

Cecilia felt something cool, as if something had been slipped onto her finger.

She lifted her hand and, upon inspection, she discovered it was an incredibly beautiful gemstone ring.

"Why did you suddenly buy me a ring?"

Nathaniel was at a loss for words. He embraced her and said, "This is our wedding ring."

Back when the two of them got married, Mason was the one who purchased the wedding rings. At that time, Cecilia treasured hers like a precious gem, carefully storing it away.

Later on, the two had a falling out and decided to divorce. In the aftermath, Cecilia discarded wedding ring. Content below

Up until then, Cecilia's fingers had always been bare.

Cecilia toyed with the ring, feeling as if everything were just a dream.

She couldn't help but ask, "What about yours?"

"I'm waiting for you to give me mine," Nathaniel said, his voice laced with a playful whine.

Cecilia was somewhat dazed. "How am I supposed to find a matching one?"

"I've already made some arrangements. You just need to help me pick one," Nathaniel said.

Cecilia let out a chuckle. "All right, then. Let's go. Get in the car."

Concerned that the pollen might affect Nathaniel, Cecilia decided to place the flowers in the back seat.

The two of them got in the car, heading together to the City Hall.

She still remembered the first time they went to register their marriage. That time, she was particularly nervous, while Nathaniel was simply standing beside her, his demeanor indifferent. They walked into the City Hall and walked out just like any other strangers.

That day, however, Cecilia and Nathaniel were walking hand in hand.

To be precise, Nathaniel was holding onto Cecilia's hand tightly, as if he were afraid she might run away.

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### **Suffer A Setback**

The two of them processed their remarriage paperwork together, and before long, they received their certificates.

Marriage certificate. Cecilia stared at the words on the paper, feeling somewhat dazed.

Nathaniel was particularly elated. He reached out to Cecilia and said, "Give me your copy, too."

“Why?” Cecilia was somewhat puzzled, but she still handed over hers to him.

Nathaniel kept their marriage certificates and then tucked them away.

“From now on, I’ll keep our marriage certificates,” he said.

That would make it difficult for Cecilia to discuss divorce in the future.

Cecilia pursed her lips in response. “All right, then.”

“Shall we go celebrate now?” Nathaniel suggested.

At that moment, he was like a young man who had just fallen head over heels in love.

After some thought, Cecilia nodded. “All right. I feel like having something delicious.”

“Sure! You can eat whatever you want today,” Nathaniel said as he opened the car door for her.

Afterward, Nathaniel drove the car, with Cecilia guiding him on which restaurant to choose for their meal.

After arriving at the restaurant, Cecilia ordered some food. While waiting for the meal, Cecilia thought of Magnus and mentioned it to Nathaniel.

“Nathaniel, I had Sven do some digging. Magnus has gotten himself into more debt. He’s planning to marry Chelsea, get his hands on her dowry, and then use it to pay off his own debts.”

After hearing everything, Nathaniel also wore a serious expression on his face. In this world, a man who uses a woman’s dowry to pay off his debts is simply not human.

“Recently, I’ve been too swamped to keep an eye on him,” said Nathaniel.

“It’s not your fault. People like him, even under constant watch, would still end up doing some outrageous things.”

Cecilia had a profound understanding of all that.

Back when Regas was still alive, Magnus was nothing more than a rich and spoiled brat. He spent his time indulging in food, drink, and entertainment, surrounding himself with all sorts of fair-weather friends.

Moreover, he often found himself being scammed.

In order to discipline him, Regas had expended quite a bit of time and effort.

However, it was all in vain, as Magnus continued to do as he pleased.

Regas had also sent people to supervise him, but it was all in vain.

“What I’m thinking now is to let him suffer a setback this time and taste real hardship. Otherwise, he will never grow up,” Cecilia said.

She initially didn’t want to concern herself with Magnus’ fate, but he was the only son of Regas.

Whenever Cecilia thought about how well Regas had treated her in the past, she couldn’t help but project all of it onto Magnus.

“I understand.” Nathaniel quickly grasped what Cecilia meant. “Don’t worry. Leave this matter to me.”

Cecilia gave a nod.

A thought seemed to strike her, and she couldn’t help but ask, “By the way, has Robert agreed to give you that piece of land?”

“He’ll have no choice but to give it,”

said with a wry smile,

“I’ll let it out and gently rub his cheek. “I’m no pushover.”

“That’s true.”

Meanwhile, a steady stream of individuals had recently arrived at Robert’s company to scrutinize his financial records.

His company was no longer functioning properly, and the employees were all filled with apprehension.

Robert knew who was responsible, yet he was powerless to do anything about it.

“Dad, why don’t we just give that piece of land to Nathaniel? Otherwise, when will this ever end?” Adrian lived in fear every day.

Every time he fell asleep, he would dream of the past incidents where he was beaten by Nathaniel.

“Useless fool! I refuse to believe that Nathaniel can always let those Robert was still determine come over for an audit to resist.

He then asked his assistant, “What has Nicholas been up to lately?”

“It seems he’s been spending almost all his time in his office,” the assistant replied.

“He’s Nathaniel’s younger brother, living quite the carefree life. Now, he’s bringing all sorts of issues my way.”

Right after Robert’s words fell, representatives from other companies promptly arrived and expressed their desire to cancel their collaboration.

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### **An Excuse**

Over at Rainsworth Manor, Elena received a phone call. The caller was none

other than Niel’s brother’s daughter-in-law, who happened to be Chelsea’s mother.

Elena, with a smile, asked, “Yes, Phoebe?”

“Elena, I’m calling you because I want to find an opportunity to thank your daughter-in-law in person,” said Phoebe.

“What?” Elena was somewhat bewildered. “What are you thanking Ceci for?”

Phoebe then relayed everything that happened the day before to Elena.

Elena couldn’t help but be surprised. “Did Ceci save Chelsea?”

“Yes. It was all thanks to Ceci. If it weren’t for her, Chelsea would be in deep trouble. Could you possibly arrange a meeting with her for me? I want to bring Chelsea along to thank her in person,” Phoebe said.

“Of course!” Elena readily agreed.

Afterward, she called Cecilia and invited her over for dinner that evening. She mentioned that there was something important to discuss.

Cecilia, having nothing much to do that day, agreed to it.

“Mom asked us to return to Rainsworth Manor this evening. She said she has something important to discuss,” Cecilia said to Nathaniel.

Nathaniel’s grip on his fork tightened. He then nodded. “Yeah.”

Whenever Elena was mentioned, both Nathaniel and Cecilia couldn’t help but recall Elena’s proposal for divorce from Wren.

At that time, Elena was still residing in Rainsworth Manor. No one knew what would happen after the divorce.

Meanwhile, over at Rainsworth Manor, after Elena put down her phone, she saw Wren dressed in a brand-new outfit, his hair neatly combed and shining. He was also sporting a luxury watch on his wrist.

She slightly furrowed her brows, engrossed in her coffee, paying no mind to Wren.

As Wren reached the door, he looked back at her, asking, “Aren’t you going to ask where I’m going?”

Upon hearing his question, Elena finally looked up, her gaze landing on him with a serene calmness.

“What does it matter to me where you’re going? We’re already divorced.”

“It’s just a cool-off period. We’re not actually divorced yet,” Wren said.

Elena chuckled lightly. “Is there a difference?”

Wren’s brows were furrowed tightly, never once relaxing.

“When will you finally stop creating a fuss?”

Elena was stunned. Creating a fuss? Does this man think my request for a divorce is just to create a fuss?

She then rose to her feet, her eyes and brows cold as ice.

“Wren, I need ed you to understand something. I’m not creating a fuss. I truly want a divorce. Over the years, you’ve never treated me as your wife. Now, I no longer want you as my husband.” Elena paused before adding, “I’ve wasted my best years on you. Looking back, it’s truly pitiful.”

Had it not been for her two sons, Nathaniel and Nicholas, she would have long since ended her relationship with the man who could barely make it home a few times a year.

Unfortunately, Wren was still rather narcissistic, thinking he was irreplaceable. Wren fell silent.

Elena continued, “You’re always out there fooling around. Why don’t you consider visiting our sons? Don’t you see what kind of situation they’re in now? Things have escalated to the point where they’re like mortal enemies.”

“The kids are all grown up. What can I possibly do?” Wren finally spoke.

Elena was utterly exasperated. “You’re just lazy and irresponsible! How is that an excuse?”

She was just about to scold Wren when her two grandsons came over, taking hold of Elena’s hand.

Upon seeing the two little ones, Elena immediately suppressed her anger, lowering her voice.

“Go check on Nicholas. See what

has really happened to him. If you can't even do that, then don't ever claim to be their father again, Elena said, her heart filled with sorrow.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1909**

4-5 minutes

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Honest And Straightforward

Wren fell silent for a moment before nodding.

That day, he was actually planning to visit Nicholas. After that, he planned to meet a few old friends he hadn't seen in many years.

Only after he had left did Elena's mood slightly improve.

In the evening, Phoebe went over with Chelsea.

Originally, Chelsea wanted to contact Cecilia privately, but she couldn't find her contact information. Besides, she felt that reaching out to Cecilia on the phone didn't seem sincere enough.

“Chelsea, have a seat.”

Elena hurriedly invited her to sit down.

Chelsea looked around, asking, “Has Cecilia not arrived yet?”

“She told me she was on her way here,” Elena replied.

Chelsea gave a nod.

Phoebe then said, “Chelsea's father was supposed to come as well, but there were some unexpected issues at the company, so he couldn't make it. He said he'll come by to express his thanks next time.”

“We're all family here, so there's no need for such formalities,” Elena said with a smile.



They both hailed from the same ancestry.

Phoebe nodded in response.

After that, the two of them began discussing the incident that had occurred.

“Since Alec is a member of the Leighton family, I thought he was a good man. Who would’ve thought that he would turn out to be a b\*stard? He nearly ruined my daughter’s life.” Phoebe heaved a sigh.

Elena then said, “We can never judge the book by its cover. Who would have thought that the second son of the Leighton family could turn out to be such a person? You shouldn’t blame yourself.”

Chelsea had also regained her senses, so she said, “That’s right, Mom. Stop blaming yourself. All I ask is that you stop pressuring me into these random blind dates. When it comes to marriage, let’s just go with the flow.”

“All right.” At that point, Kingston and Phoebe finally understood that it was impossible to find a decent son-in-law by rushing Chelsea to get married.

Elena’s face was filled with a warm smile as she gazed at the well-behaved Chelsea. “Chelsea is such a beauty. She doesn’t need to worry about finding a good match.”

Elena was always honest and straightforward.

Chelsea was a beautiful girl. With her distinguished family background and exceptional beauty and talent, she was in no rush to find someone to marry.

Upon hearing Elena’s compliments about her daughter, Phoebe also felt quite pleased.

However, she said, “Elena, don’t praise her too much. If you do, she might think she’s on top of the world.”

“I’m just telling it like it is,” Elena said.

At that moment, the sound of the housekeeper’s voice rang out, and it was accompanied by the pitter-patter of the children’s running feet.

“Gabe, Luke, you two ought to slow down. Don’t trip and fall.”

The two rosy-cheeked children had suddenly scampered over.

Both children threw themselves into Elena's arms, looking incredibly adorable.

"These are Ceci's sons, right? They're just too adorable." Phoebe couldn't help but dote on the two little ones upon seeing them.

Without hesitation, she pulled out two gifts and handed them over.

"Elena, this is a small token of my affection."

"Phoebe, what are you doing?" Elena did not accept the gifts.

"Just accept them. They're just a pair of little gold pendants." Phoebe slipped the gifts into the small pockets of the two little ones.

For both families, the small gold pendants weren't a big deal, so Elena did not refuse them any further.

She instructed the housekeeper to take the children away and store the gold pendants.

Phoebe watched as the two children

were taken away. She couldn't help but turn to Chelsea. "You're not much younger than Ceci. She already has four children at your age. When will you give me a little

grandchild?" sŵnovel

Chelsea's expression changed

rapidly. She had just managed to et

escape the pressure of marriage. At that moment, however, she was being rushed into having children.

"Mom..." A hint of impatience was evident in Chelsea's voice.

"All right... Fine. I'll stop talking about it. Let's just go with the flow," Phoebe said,

fearing Chelsea might do something drastic again.

Only then did Chelsea stop talking and sit properly and patiently, waiting for Cecilia to arrive.

At that moment, Cecilia and

Nathaniel had already arrived. From

a distance, they spotted a luxury car with an unfamiliar license plate parked at the entrance.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1910**

4-5 minutes

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Lip Service

“Do we have a visitor?” Cecilia couldn’t help but ask.

The housekeeper approached them, nodding with a smile. “Yes. They’re here to see you.”

Me? Cecilia was somewhat bewildered. Who would come looking for me in Rainsworth Manor?

Cecilia couldn’t think of anyone who would be there to see her. When she entered with Nathaniel, she instantly saw Chelsea.

Chelsea’s clear gaze also fell upon Cecilia’s face, her eyes filled with warmth.

“Hi, Cecilia. Hi, Nathaniel,” she called out.

Phoebe also rose to her feet, saying, “Hi, Ceci. Hello, Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel introduced them to Cecilia, “This is Aunt Phoebe, and this is my cousin, Chelsea.”

Cecilia was somewhat taken aback. Isn’t Chelsea the girl I saved last night? What a coincidence!

When Cecilia regained her senses, she courteously greeted them.

Elena saw everyone standing and hurriedly urged everyone to sit down, "Quick! Let's sit down and talk."

The group took their seats.

Phoebe didn't beat around the bush. She got straight to the point, saying, "Ceci, we owe you and your friends a debt of gratitude for yesterday. Without your help, something terrible would have happened to Chelsea."

Cecilia shook her head. "It was nothing."

"That's not it, Cecilia. You were really brave last night. Also, the woman by your side was quite the fighter."

Chelsea took over the conversation and told everyone about what Charlotte did.

"You wouldn't believe it, but that girl was surprisingly strong despite her petite frame. With just a simple judo throw, she effortlessly took down Alec, a towering figure who weighed over a hundred and fifty kilograms."

"Really?" Elena was also taken aback. She looked toward Cecilia and asked, "Who is that?"

"It's Charlotte, my assistant," replied Cecilia.

Elena instantly remembered the sweet and adorable-looking Charlotte.

In a surprised tone, she said, "Who would have thought? Charlotte, that petite girl, is unexpectedly so capable."

Cecilia then revealed, "Charlotte has been trained since childhood. She can easily handle two opponents at once."

Chelsea's face was full of admiration when she heard that.

"Cecilia, when you're free, could you introduce me to your friends? I'd like to thank them in person."

"Sure," Cecilia readily agreed.

At this point, Chelsea's mother, Phoebe, called for her accompanying secretary.

The secretary respectfully approached, delicately holding three beautifully wrapped gift boxes.

“Ceci, this is a token of appreciation that Chelsea’s father and I have prepared for you and your friends. The gift may not be extravagant, but it’s a sincere expression of our gratitude.”

Cecilia, with her thin-skinned nature, was particularly ill-suited for such situations. She hastily shook her head in response. “Oh! There’s no need for gifts. Thank you.”

“This is just a token of appreciation, so you should take it. After all, you saved our daughter, and this small token of gratitude is only right,” Phoebe said.

Observing the situation, Elena also said, “Ceci, you should accept it. It’s okay.”

Despite hearing those words, Cecilia still felt bad because she thought she hadn’t done anything particularly remarkable.

Beside her, Nathaniel held her hand tightly, and he said, “Feel free to accept Aunt Phoebe and Chelsea’s gratitude. Besides, this isn’t just for you alone. It’s also for your friends. You can’t possibly reject it on their behalf, can you?”

Once those words had been spoken, it was rather awkward for Cecilia to continue refusing.

Hence, she had no choice but to reluctantly accept the gifts, not daring to open them to see what was inside.

The group of them had a meal together. Afterward, Cecilia and Nathaniel saw Chelsea and Phoebe off.

Before she left, Chelsea asked for Cecilia’s contact information.

“Cecilia, I’m truly grateful. If there’s anything you need from me in the future, you must let me know,” she said, her eyes full of sincerity. It wasn’t just lip service.