

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1911

4-5 minutes

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## Innermost Thoughts

Cecilia nodded heavily, watching as the mother and daughter departed.

Elena then approached Cecilia. “Ceci, hurry and see what gift your aunt has given you.”

Only then did Cecilia remember the gift, nodding in agreement.

“All right.”

She arrived at the three gift boxes.

Phoebe stated that the items within the three gift boxes were quite similar. What she implied was that they were of equal value, without any bias or distinction as to who they belonged to.

One of the gift boxes, measuring half a meter square, was opened to reveal its contents. Upon inspection, Cecilia discovered it contained a beautifully crafted piece of fine porcelain.

Cecilia wasn’t familiar with porcelain pieces, but she could still discern that the fine porcelain had some years behind it. The craftsmanship was exquisite, clearly indicating it was an antique.

She opened the rest to have a look, finding they were all similar antique porcelain.

“Her family is in the antique business. They’ve been rather generous toward you,” Elena couldn’t help but say when she saw the three porcelain pieces.

“These must be quite valuable, right?” asked Cecilia.

She wasn’t very knowledgeable about the value of antiques.

However, she remembered when Regas came across an antique that was believed to be from the early medieval period. That porcelain antique had a starting bid of tens of millions.

Elena didn't fully understand, but at a glance, she could tell that those items were of significant value.

"Yes. It won't be less than ten million at the very least."

"So much?" Cecilia felt a pang of regret for accepting such a lavish gift.

Elena also noticed her apprehension and patted her shoulder. "Don't stress too much. These few antiques, altogether, really aren't a big deal to their family."

She paused for a moment, intending to add that the combined worth of those items meant little to the Jamieson and Rainsworth families.

However, upon reflection, she realized that it wasn't right to say it like that, so she held her tongue.

Cecilia gave a nod.

Just then, Nathaniel approached and asked, "Mom, where's Dad?"

Elena's expression changed immediately when Wren was mentioned. However, she made sure not to reveal too much in front of the couple.

"I'm not sure where he's off to now, but don't worry about him. He's always been a wanderer."

Nathaniel and Cecilia shared a glance and decided not to bring up Wren again.

After all, it wasn't appropriate for the younger generation to meddle in their parents' marriages.

Elena once again had both Cecilia and Nathaniel stay over for the night.

The timing was perfect because Cecilia wanted to spend time with the two little ones, so she agreed.

That night, with the two little ones around, it was particularly lively.

After hesitating for quite some time, Elena quietly asked Cecilia, "Ceci, if I were to divorce your dad, could you me allow me to continue helping to raise the two children?"

Elena had always been a housewife. Before she had children, she would either hang out with other wives, go shopping, play cards, or engage in wellness activities. Otherwise, She would just be alone, which was incredibly dull.

However, at that moment, every time she was accompanied by her two little grandsons, she felt as if she had regained much of her youth.

Upon hearing those words, Cecilia uttered unhesitatingly, “Mom, if you could help me take care of the two kids, I would be more than grateful.”

Recently, Cecilia had been spending all her time with Queenie, fearing the latter might suddenly leave. She simply couldn’t manage to take care of several children on her own.

“That’s a relief.” Elena finally felt at ease.

Afterward, she shared her innermost thoughts with Cecilia.

“Ceci, did you and Nathaniel find it hard to comprehend when I suddenly wanted a divorce?”

Cecilia nodded. She was aware that Wren rarely came home, but it seemed like Elena had never cared about that before. Why has she suddenly changed?

Elena managed a bitter smile. “Do

you remember the night Nathaniel’s

grandpa passed away? When his uncle berated me, I realized I was a woman! I used to see myself as a man, believing I could make something of myself without relying on your dad. That night, I realized I’m not a man or part of the Rainsworth family.”

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Torn Apart

Silently, Cecilia listened, serving as a confidant, allowing Elena to voice all her frustrations and regrets.

“When I was young, I compared myself with my brothers, filled with youthful passion. Then I married your dad and gave birth to Nathaniel and Nicholas. I set my heart on raising my sons to surpass them. I did it in the end, but I realized that up until now, they haven’t really held me in high regard.” Elena massaged her temples, adding, “Sometimes, I really admire your mother, so formidable and capable. Now that I’m older and weary, I’ve decided to lead a calm, peaceful life without comparing myself to anyone else.”

Cecilia nodded, saying, “Regardless, Nathaniel and I will respect your decision.” “Thank you,” said Elena sincerely.

At that moment, she was no longer Cecilia’s mother-in-law. Instead, she was like an ordinary person seeking understanding from a friend.

Cecilia didn’t know how to console her, so she could only sit quietly by her side.

At bedtime that evening, Wren was still out.

Cecilia lay beside Nathaniel, holding onto his arm. “In the future, we must be nice to each other.”

Nathaniel gently held her in his arms, placing a tender kiss on her forehead.

At that very moment, a fierce wind was howling outside.

Wren was still in Nicholas’ office. Neither of them had left.

Despite being bound by the closest of blood ties, Wren found himself at a loss for words when it came to his son. He was even more clueless about what was truly going on in his son’s mind.

Finally, Nicholas broke the silence, saying, “Dad, it’s getting late. You should head back.”

“Aren’t you going to give me an explanation? Why are you specifically targeting Nathaniel?” Wren asked.

Nicholas was completely unfazed, replying nonchalantly, “Isn’t it all spelled out clearly? I want to compete because I feel inferior to him in every way.”

Disappointment filled Wren's eyes. "I always thought you were sensible." Sensible? Has he always thought that way? Nicholas gave a bitter smile.

"Dad, you know, some things aren't as they appear on the surface." Nicholas stood up and continued, "If you're not leaving, I'll have to go back and rest."

He had purchased a property elsewhere and no longer returned to Rainsworth Manor to sleep.

Wren stopped him. "Hurting

Nathaniel is equivalent to hurting

yourself. If something happens to

him, it won't do you any good either. Have you ever considered that?"

Nicholas' expression turned icy, and his chest felt constricted, making his breath

hitch. Without warning, a fit of violent coughing overtook him.

Wren, however, didn't notice anything amiss with his physical condition.

"Let's just let bygones be bygones this time. However, if there's a next time, I'll

make sure Nathaniel doesn't let you off the hook."

With that, Wren stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

He ventured outside and discovered that, as before, a Rolls-Royce was parked at the entrance.

The individual in the Rolls-Royce, upon seeing him finally emerge, immediately alighted from the vehicle.

Robert's face was filled with a pleasing smile.

He was older than Wren, but only by three years. However, he was already bald, and his face was covered in wrinkles, a clear sign of a life filled with worries.

Wren, despite being in his forties, appeared much younger. His hair was thick and lush, and his physique was impressively maintained. He looked at least a decade younger than Robert.

“Robert, why are you still here?”

After Wren left, Robert followed him there.

Robert wished for Wren to go to Nathaniel and plead on his behalf, asking Nathaniel to show some mercy.

However, Wren had refused.

Even then, Robert remained persistent, braving the cold wind as he approached Wren.

“Wren, I know that ever since we were kids, you’ve always been the kindest to me. Would you really bear to see our family torn apart, at each other’s throats?”

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### **A Responsible Father**

Robert pleaded earnestly, “Regarding that piece of land, it’s not that I’m unwilling to give it to Nathaniel. It’s because our father left it for me. I don’t want to upset him beyond the grave.”

He spoke rather righteous words.

“Wren, could you discuss with Nathaniel to see if we can use something else as collateral? If I have something of value, I would certainly offer it without hesitation or further discussion.”

Wren had already heard too many of his promises.

“Robert, for this matter, you should seek Nathaniel’s help. I can’t assist you.”

Though Wren cherished the bond with his brother, he equally cared for his own son.

Nathaniel nearly ended up in jail because of Robert. This time, he definitely couldn't afford to be soft-hearted toward Robert.

After Wren finished speaking, he instructed his driver to bring the car around.

After the driver arrived, he immediately wanted to get in the car without uttering another word.

Upon seeing the situation, Robert immediately grabbed his hand and fell to his knees.

"Wren, I'm begging you. Isn't this enough? I'm ready to kneel and apologize to your entire family!"

The moment Robert kneeled down, Wren's expression changed instantly.

"Robert, what are you doing? Get up quickly!"

Wren reached out to help Robert to his feet.

Robert, however, remained completely unmoved. He kneeled there, shivering in the chilly wind. "Unless you agree to my request, I will continue to kneel here." Upon seeing Robert in such a state, Wren no longer had the heart to be angry. "All right. I'll discuss it with Nathaniel. Whether he agrees or not, that's up to him. You should get up now."

Once Robert saw that his goal had been achieved, he slowly rose to his feet. He knew Wren was soft-hearted. He went on to explain, "Wren, whatever happened within Nathaniel's company, I truly had no part in it. I have no idea where Nathaniel got those rumors from. I'm his uncle. How could I possibly set him up?"

It was hard for Wren to say anything at that moment.

He was well aware of Robert's character, but he didn't want to create an uncomfortable situation for the family.

"I'll have a word with Nathaniel about your land, but this issue isn't as simple as you think."

After he finished speaking, he climbed into the car and instructed the driver to head back.

Early the next morning, upon learning that Nathaniel and Cecilia

had returned and settled in the

previous night, Wren had been

waiting in the living room since early morning.

When he saw Nathaniel, he called him into the study. They then discussed

Robert's matter from the previous day.

Nathaniel's brow furrowed. "Dad, I can't agree to this."

"We're all family here, so there's no need to push your uncle to the brink," Wren said.

Nathaniel was quite disappointed with his father.

"Dad, ever since we were kids, it's always been Mom who looked after me and Nicholas. You were always out there, living your life. Whenever Nicholas and I were bullied, we could only rely on ourselves. Now, I'm being bullied again. Instead of confronting the person who's bullying me, you're asking me to forgive him. How does that make any sense?"

In the past, Nathaniel didn't perceive anything significant about his father,

primarily due to their limited time spent together.

Contrarily, he was actually quite fond of his father.

Every time Wren returned, he would regale Nathaniel with tales of

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various fascinating happenings from the outside world and would also take him out to have fun.

At that moment, however, Nathaniel had his own children and had become a

father himself. Only then did he realize that Wren was not a responsible father at

all.

Wren was rendered speechless.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving," Nathaniel said again.



Perhaps out of guilt, Wren didn't stop him. "All right. Go ahead."

After Nathaniel left the study, his complexion was rather unsightly. When he went to the office with Cecilia, Cecilia immediately noticed it.

"What's wrong?" asked Cecilia.

Nathaniel didn't want her to worry about his matters, so he shook his head and said, "It's nothing."

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The Lucky Ones

Upon seeing the situation, Cecilia raised her hand and gently rubbed Nathaniel's cold, stern face.

"Tell me what's going on! Or else, I'm going to get upset, and I won't share anything with you in the future."

After hearing that, Nathaniel was filled with helplessness. He had no choice but to relay everything his father had said that day to Cecilia.

Cecilia found it simply unbelievable.

"How could Dad do this? Uncle Robert is clearly the one in the wrong, yet he just wants to casually sweep this under the rug."

"I only just found out, too. He never truly considered what's best for us."

Wren had always yearned for a harmonious family. However, he was oblivious to the fact that the harmony he sought was merely superficial.

When it came down to it, he was essentially a saint.

He sacrificed his own family's interests to please others, thinking that it could preserve the slightest bit of kinship. It was truly a pathetic and laughable act.

Before, Cecilia used to think that Nathaniel's family was happy. At that moment, however, she realized that every family had its own set of hardships.

"So, what's your plan?" asked Cecilia.

"I didn't agree to his suggestion."

Nathaniel knew that he had to steel his heart that day.

Cecilia nodded. "Okay."

Upon reaching Jamieson Group, Nathaniel and Cecilia parted ways, after which Nathaniel proceeded to Imminence Corporation.

As soon as Cecilia arrived at the office, she summoned Lucille and Charlotte into her office. She then presented them with the thank-you gifts prepared by Kingston and Phoebe.

"Go ahead and choose for yourselves."

There were three antique porcelain pieces in total. Cecilia didn't make a choice. Instead, she allowed them to pick first.

Lucille looked puzzled. "This is an antique, right? It seems like it should be worth a good amount of money."

Cecilia gave a noncommittal nod, neither agreeing nor disagreeing.

She informed the two of them about the identity of the person they had rescued the night before last.

Charlotte and Lucille were both taken aback, with Charlotte exclaiming, "Is this like hitting the jackpot for us?"

As she spoke, she simultaneously scoured the internet to gauge the value of the antique.

"Boss, these three pieces of porcelain are worth tens of millions!"

"That's right." Cecilia nodded.

“Can we really accept something so valuable?” Charlotte had never received a gift of such worth before.

Lucille was also astounded. “Tens of millions?”

“Yes! I did a quick online search, and it turns out it’s priceless.” Charlotte showed her.

Lucille didn’t dare to accept the gift either.

“Ceci, perhaps we shouldn’t take it. We didn’t really help much anyway.”

“Exactly, Boss. Forget it. We don’t want these gifts,” Charlotte chimed in.

She felt that such a gift was too

valuable. If she accepted it just like

that, it didn’t seem to align

good deed she had done, the

Cecilia actually reflected their mindset. However, considering what Nathaniel and Elena had said, those three gifts were nothing to Chelsea’s family. If they didn’t accept them, it would instead leave them feeling uneasy.

Cecilia had the two of them accept the gifts and explained to them that Chelsea’s

family was not in need of those things.

Lucille and Charlotte then each took a piece of porcelain and left.

Holding items worth tens of millions in their hands, they found it somewhat unbelievable.

Charlotte sighed deeply and said, “In

, we must certainly strive

to do good deeds and be

better people.”

Lucille let out a chuckle.

“We’re indeed fortunate. Vivian and Madeline didn’t follow us out, so only we and Ceci have these gifts.”

“Absolutely right!”

The two of them left, engaged in cheerful conversation and laughter.

Over at Iminence Corporation, Nathaniel didn’t forget the tasks that Cecilia had assigned him the day before.

He summoned Mason and instructed, “Arrange a car. Let’s go check out the branch company over at Magnus’ end.”

Mason was puzzled. “Why the sudden need to go to that branch company?”

“There’s something to do there,” Nathaniel responded.

Upon hearing that, Mason didn’t press further. He nodded, made a call for a car, and waited downstairs.

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### **Misappropriating Funds**

At that time, Magnus was in the office, completely stressed out.

A while back, he had privately invested in quite a few projects, but they all ended

up in total loss. On top of that, he was left steeped in debt.

It was unclear whether Cecilia had spoken on his behalf or not, but he was determined to marry Chelsea.

Before long, the secretary hurried over and informed him, "Mr. Smith, Mr. Rainsworth has arrived."

"Mr. Rainsworth?"

Upon thinking of Nathaniel, Magnus immediately rose from his seat to greet him.

The moment Nathaniel arrived downstairs, he was greeted by the person he had arranged to assist Magnus.

Nathaniel inquired about the management of the branch company, to which the person responded that everything was fine and there were no issues.

Nathaniel nodded solemnly before saying, "You need to tell me everything. Don't hold anything back."

"Absolutely!" The person nodded repeatedly.

Just then, Magnus arrived downstairs and stepped out of the elevator. A full-faced smile spread across his face when he saw Nathaniel. "Nathaniel!"

He was fearful that others wouldn't know he was associated with Nathaniel. He called out loudly, then, laughing, he approached Nathaniel.

"Nathaniel, how come you're here all of a sudden? You could have at least let me know so I could have come out to greet you," he said, his face filled with sincerity.

Nathaniel glanced at him. "Have the finance department send me all the accounts from this period."

"Huh?" Magnus was taken aback, but he quickly nodded. "All right. I'll get right on it."

As Magnus made his way to the finance department, a sense of fear crept into his heart. As soon as Nathaniel gets here, he wants to check the accounts. Could he have found out about my private affairs?

Magnus was nervous. After calling the finance department, he didn't forget to ring up Cecilia. He wanted to touch base and see if Cecilia had any idea what Nathaniel was up to.

Just in case Nathaniel really decided to go after him, he could conveniently seek help from Cecilia.

However, when the call was made, it went unanswered.

“Why aren’t you picking up the phone? Are you busy or something?” Magnus was baffled.

On the other side, Cecilia watched as her phone began to ring, promptly silencing it.

She knew that Nathaniel must have gone to deal with matters concerning Magnus at that moment.

She couldn’t afford to indulge Magnus anymore, so she simply acted as if she hadn’t heard his call.

Magnus couldn’t get through to Cecilia over the phone, which was followed by his secretary informing him, “Mr. Smith, Mr. Rainsworth has asked for you in the CEO’s office. He has questions for you.”

“All right. Okay. I’m going right away.”

Magnus could only tuck his phone into his pocket as he made his way to the CEO’s office.

Inside the office, Nathaniel settled himself in Magnus’ spot, perusing the recent accounts.

With a mere glance, he immediately noticed some issues with the accounts.

As soon as Magnus arrived, Nathaniel showed him no courtesy, tossing the account book right in front of him.

“Why are there tens of millions unaccounted for in the financial records?” Nathaniel questioned.

Magnus feigned ignorance. “What? Could it be that the finance department made a mistake in the accounts?”

Nathaniel knew he would play dumb.

“How could you not be aware of it? It’s hard for me to trust you with the company,” Nathaniel said, his tone steady and unruffled.

Magnus was no match for him, promptly clarifying, “Nathaniel, please don’t be upset. There seems to be some misunderstanding. I’ll check with the finance department later and-”

He hadn’t even finished speaking when Nathaniel abruptly interrupted him.

“Let’s keep this professional. Don’t regard me as your brother-in-law. I’m your superior now, and you should report your work to me properly.”

Magnus lacked business acumen, yet he was blissfully unaware of his shortcomings. He was overly ambitious and optimistic,

wholeheartedly believing in his

ability to succeed.

Therefore, he completely disregarded the risks and made all sorts of investments.

He ended up misappropriating the few tens of millions that were missing from the account.

“Well... Mr. Rainsworth, I invested in a few projects a while back and

unfortunately, I suffered some losses.”

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### **Make Things Worse**

Nathaniel propped his chin with his hand. “Oh? What project is this, and why haven’t I heard you report on it before?”

Since Nathaniel’s approval was required for finalization, Magnus felt a flicker of unease.

"I just wanted to surprise you and Cecilia. I hoped to accomplish something first, then share the success with both of you."

Nathaniel's gaze was unwavering.

"You do realize that misusing company funds can get you thrown in jail, right?"

The color drained from Magnus' face.

"Isn't that a little extreme? It's all part of the family business."

"Family business?" Nathaniel scoffed. "Imminence Corporation belongs to the Rainsworth family, not the Smith family. How exactly does that make it yours?"

Seeing the seriousness in Nathaniel's expression, Magnus felt weak in the knees. "Nathaniel, I swear, I only had the best intentions."

"Effective immediately, your position as general manager is revoked. I suggest you resign voluntarily," Nathaniel declared, his tone devoid of mercy.

Shock was evident in Magnus' eyes. "No, this can't be happening!" He even attempted to play the sympathy card. "If you kick me out of the company, how am I supposed to survive?"

Nathaniel stared at him coldly. "The only reason I didn't send you to jail is because of your sister."

"But..." Magnus started to protest, but Nathaniel had already run out of patience.

He summoned the company's human resources department to process Magnus' resignation.

Realizing the severity of the situation, Magnus said anxiously, "Does my sister know about this? I'm her only brother."

Nathaniel turned to look at Magnus. "You must be mistaken. Cecilia is an only child. Since when did she have a brother?"

Magnus' face stiffened.

He had momentarily forgotten that Cecilia was merely his adopted sister. There was no real blood connection between them.



Without hesitation, Nathaniel left, and Magnus was unceremoniously escorted out.

Refusing to accept his fate, he persistently tried calling Cecilia.

Cecilia had already heard about Nathaniel's decision to dismiss Magnus.

She finally picked up the call.

"Hey, what's up?"

"What took you so long to answer my calls?" Magnus' tone was filled with irritation.

Cecilia glanced at her phone as if just noticing the missed calls. "I was in a meeting and didn't have my phone with me. I just saw that you've been calling nonstop. What happened?"

Hearing that, Magnus calmed himself down and replied, "Nathaniel came by today and fired me."

"Huh? Why?" Cecilia acted as if she was just learning about this.

After a moment of hesitation, Magnus revealed to her that he had misappropriated public funds.

Disapproval tinged Cecilia's voice as she responded, "How could you do something like that? Don't you realize it's illegal?"

"I was only planning to borrow it for a while and pay it back later."

"No wonder he fired you. You should know by now that he doesn't tolerate even the slightest flaw."

"What am I supposed to do now? When I left, the finance department demanded that I repay the money but I don't have nearly enough. Cecilia could you talk to Nathaniel for me? I swear I'll never make the

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same mistake again. Could he forgive me just this once?"

Silence stretched between them. Cecilia hesitated, then finally spoke.

“How am I supposed to handle this? Bringing it up with Nathaniel would be difficult.”

“Why?”

“Have you forgotten how little he valued me in the beginning? The only reason he treats me better now is because I’ve given birth to four sons for the Rainsworth family. Besides, we had a disagreement over a company matter just a few days ago. If I go to him now, it’ll only make things worse.”

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Just Be More Understanding

Magnus was stunned. “How could this be? Didn’t he really like you?”

Cecilia sighed. “You and Nathaniel are both men. So tell me, can a man truly remain endlessly devoted to a woman?”

Magnus fell silent.

As a man himself, he understood all too well the reality of such things. The idea of unwavering devotion seemed far-fetched.

Then, as if suddenly remembering something, he asked, “By the way, did you get in touch with Chelsea’s parents?”

At the mention of this, Cecilia’s expression darkened with feigned anger. “Magnus, why didn’t you tell me you were drowning in debt?”

“Huh?” Magnus was caught off guard. “How do you know about that?”

“I had no clue at first. But when I introduced you to Chelsea’s mother, she told me she did a background check on you. She said you had no real skills and were burdened with debt. Is that true?”

With this revelation out in the open, it would be difficult for Magnus to ask Cecilia to continue assisting him.

As expected, his expression changed drastically.

“How did they even find out?”

“Tell me, who would willingly marry their only daughter to you? Even Nathaniel got into an argument with me over this. He said you lacked ambition, yet you were aiming to marry someone from the Rainsworth family.”

The mere mention of Nathaniel was enough to make Magnus fall silent.

“Cecilia, I’m sorry for putting you in a tough spot.”

If he had realized earlier how much his actions would stand in the way of his chances with Chelsea, he never would have acted so carelessly.

“What do I do now? Cecilia, you’re the CEO of Jamieson Group. Can’t you find me a job?”

Magnus was placing all his hopes on Cecilia. But she had expected this.

She let out a sigh and responded, “You don’t understand my current situation only recently joined Jamieson Group. I don’t have much authority yet. If you’re just looking for an entry-level position, I can arrange that for you. But if you’re hoping for something higher up, I’m afraid I don’t have the power to make that happen.”

She knew without a doubt that Magnus had no intention of settling for a lesser role. He aspired to continue as a manager or even become the head of a branch office.

Sure enough, Magnus hesitated. “Cecilia, I was the CEO of Smith Corporation and later ran a branch company. How could I possibly work under someone else? Hey, do you have any money? Can you lend me some?” Perhaps realizing how blunt the request sounded, he quickly added, “Once I start earning again, I promise I’ll pay you back.”

Cecilia sighed, troubled. “I can help you repay part of what you owe, but I can’t cover everything. I’ve just returned to the Jamieson family. It wouldn’t be right to ask them for money.”

Magnus didn't fully understand Cecilia's situation, so he decided not to push any further.

"All right then, I'll figure something out."

Before ending the call, he offered a bit of unsolicited advice. "Cecilia, try not to argue with Nathaniel. It's quite normal for men to be a bit mischievous. Just be more understanding."

Magnus was well aware that as long as Cecilia remained Nathaniel's wife, he still had a shot at redemption.

"Okay."

Cecilia ended the call.

After settling things with Magnus, she called Charlotte over and had her transfer him some money.

Still, the amount was far from enough to cover his financial woes.

Charlotte sighed. "Boss, giving him money is like tossing it into the ocean."

Cecilia was fully aware of that. Gazing out the window, she murmured, "Think of it as repaying my father for raising me."

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All In The Past

Charlotte thought to herself that Magnus should be grateful for having a good father; otherwise, his current situation would be far worse.

"Then I'll get to it."

"Sure."

Charlotte left.

Cecilia leaned back in her chair and pulled out her phone, navigating to her gallery, where she still kept the old photos of herself and Regas.

“Dad, you would support my decision, wouldn’t you?”

She would teach Magnus a lesson-one that would force him to truly grow. After all, in this world, the only person he could rely on was himself.

Upon receiving the money, Magnus frowned. “What can I even do with such a small amount of money?”

He was completely at a loss for where to turn next, so he sought help from his grandmother, Heather, who was also Paula’s mother.

Upon hearing that he needed funds to start a company, Heather dug into her life savings. However, after checking, she realized it only amounted to several tens of millions. It was nowhere near enough to cover Magnus’ debts.

“Grandma, is this all the money you have?” Magnus asked.

Heather nodded. “Isn’t this enough? Your parents gave me this money years ago, and I’ve saved every bit of it.”

“What about my uncle and his family? Do they have any money?”

“Forget your uncle. His little business is always struggling. He even comes to me for money just to keep things running,” Heather said, her affectionate gaze settling on Magnus. “Sweetie, you have to work hard. I’m counting on you.”

Like Paula, Heather had a deep fondness for those she cared about, showering them with unwavering devotion.

It didn’t matter whether Magnus was extraordinary or not. What mattered to her was his well-being.

Magnus assured her, “Don’t worry, Grandma. Once I start making money, I’ll pay you back tenfold-no, a hundredfold!”

“Good, good,” Heather murmured, her wrinkled face lighting up with joy.

Her son and daughter-in-law had never given her a grandson, only granddaughters, whom she valued far less.

She placed all her hopes in Magnus.

“All right, I should get going,” Magnus said, clutching Heather’s card eagerly before making his exit.

With money in hand, he now had enough to make a temporary repayment. But he wasn’t satisfied, so he went back to the person he had previously conducted business with.

He wanted to continue investing, hoping that this move would earn him some money.

However, he failed to realize that his impatience would only lead to yet another failure.

The weather gradually grew colder, and delicate white snowflakes began drifting from the sky.

Cecilia had already bundled up in a thick down jacket, sitting quietly beside Queenie, her heart heavy with concern as she watched her mother’s health decline.

Queenie held her hand. “Ceci, I often wondered if there really is such a thing as karma in this world.”

Cecilia didn’t understand.

Queenie continued, “I’m feeling more and more guilty. I nearly hurt you and Jon.”

“It’s all in the past now.”

Queenie shook her head. “For the

first half of my life, I was constantly framed So when I finally gained some power and wealth, I stopped caring about others. I read a news story recently.”

Cecilia listened quietly before asking, “What was it about?”

“It was about a man who, on his way home, accidentally hit someone with his car. Instead of helping the victim, he fled, hoping to escape

responsibility. After hiding

a day,

he returned, only to find a funeral taking place at his own home. The person he had killed was his own father.”

Hearing that, Cecilia fell silent.

her

Queenie held her hand tightly. “Later, the son was consumed with regret. If only he had stopped and taken the injured man to the hospital, his father might have survived. But wonder, if the victim hadn’t been his

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father, would he have felt the same remorse?”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1919**

4-5 minutes

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Do Not Get Worked Up

Outside, the cold wind howled against the window.

“I believe he probably wouldn’t have,” Queenie murmured, her eyes clouded with guilt. “Just like me... If I hadn’t known you were my daughter, I would have continued siding with Cassandra without hesitation. I’ve been a terrible person.”

A tightness formed in Cecilia’s throat.

“Mom, it’s okay. You didn’t hurt anyone, and I don’t blame you.”

Until now, she had never harbored resentment toward her mother.

Perhaps, in some way, that was its own form of selfishness.

“Nobody’s perfect. We’re not saints,” Cecilia murmured, her eyes tinged with red.

Queenie shook her head. "You may not blame me, but I blame myself. I feel like I've turned into one of those villains I once despised. That's why I believe my sickness, my death, is my punishment. Scorpius was right. When you do something wrong, you have to face the consequences."

She looked at Cecilia and continued, "After I'm gone, Scorpius will turn himself in. When that time comes, don't stop him. Let him find peace within himself."

An unbearable ache settled in Cecilia's heart when she heard Queenie speak of death.

"Mom, let's not talk about this. Everything's going to be fine... You're going to be fine..."

"Ceci, now that you've taken over Jamieson Group, you have to be true to yourself, and above all, never cause harm to others. Always remember that. Of course, if anyone tries to hurt you, don't be afraid. You must stand your ground and protect yourself."

Cecilia nodded firmly. "Yes, I understand."

Queenie gently caressed Cecilia's head, still feeling uneasy.

She yearned to stay in this world a little longer, to spend more time with her daughter.

However, she could feel that her body might not last until the next spring.

Perhaps due to exhaustion from speaking so much, she closed her eyes and succumbed to a deep sleep.

Cecilia tucked her in carefully before lying beside her to rest.

Yuliana entered and, upon seeing the quiet, intimate moment, couldn't help but feel deeply moved.

"Cecilia, if you're tired, you should sleep in the next room. You don't want to catch a cold here."

Cecilia stirred awake and nodded. "Okay."

That night, Cecilia barely slept.

Some things were simply impossible to resolve perfectly.



In the days that followed, aside from spending time with Queenie, Cecilia was either working or occasionally hanging out with a few close friends. Everything felt incredibly wonderful, so much so that she wished time could freeze in that fleeting serenity.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel successfully acquired the land from Robert.

Though Robert's expression was stiff with dissatisfaction, he forced a still family in the end. Let's not hold grudges."

smile and said, "Nathaniel, we'

He knew there would be many more times in the future when he would need Nathaniel's assistance, so he couldn't completely sever ties with him just yet.

After Robert left, Mason walked in.

"That cunning old man actually hopes to get along with you."

Despite his history of questionable deeds, Robert still had the audacity to act cordial. It was a clear display of his sheer brazenness.

"How else do you think he managed to inherit all of Grandpa's wealth?"

Nathaniel used to believe that a family should always stick together. However, after many experiences, he came to realize that some relatives could be more terrifying than strangers.

After leaving Nathaniel's office, Robert settled into his car, his face clouded with frustration.

"The audacity of him to give me attitude! I was already at Orion Corporation long before he was even born."

Miranda comforted him, saying, "Dad, don't get worked up. It's bad for your health."

Robert sighed, then abruptly shifted the conversation. "By the way, I heard your cousin wants to marry Chelsea?"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1920**

4-5 minutes

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## We Will Be There

Alec was the son of Miranda's maternal uncle.

Interestingly, both of Miranda's parents shared the same surname-Leighton.

Miranda nodded. "Yeah, but there have been some complications."

"What happened?" Robert asked, clearly surprised. "Is Chelsea not interested in him? Didn't I put in a good word? There shouldn't be any problems. He's certainly more suitable than the others."

As the conversation turned to Alec, a flicker of discomfort crossed Miranda's face.

She had never realized just how foolish he was. In his frantic attempt to secure a marriage with Chelsea, he had resorted to underhanded tactics, nearly landing himself behind bars.

"It's his own fault for not trying hard enough. Chelsea simply isn't interested in him," Miranda remarked. Of course, she would never disclose such embarrassing details about her family to her father-in-law.

Robert responded, "If he could be with Chelsea, our families joining forces would eventually surpass Wren's family."

Miranda agreed with his thinking, but given how things had unfolded, she felt powerless.

No matter what, Kingston and Phoebe would never consider marrying their daughter into the Leighton family.

"I'll make sure Alec puts in more effort."

"Good."

Later, upon returning home, Miranda called Duncan, only to learn that Alec had fallen ill after enduring an entire night of punishment. He was still hospitalized.

"Does he still have a chance with Chelsea?"

Duncan sighed. "I'm afraid that door has closed."

“What do we do then? Chelsea is truly a rare gem. And you know her family situation. Where else in Tudela can you find such an only child?”

Duncan was just as lost. “We do nothing. I only have two sons, and Allen is already married.”

Miranda’s mind raced before an idea struck her. “Isn’t he childless?”

Duncan was puzzled. “What do you mean?”

“Since he doesn’t have any kids, I think it would be best if he got a divorce. Allen is quite impressive. I’m sure Chelsea would prefer him.”

“Hmm...”

sw be with

“Uncle Duncan, don’t hesitate. Think about it, your current daughter-in-law is so ordinary. How could she possibly compare to Chelsea?”

Her words sparked intrigue in Duncan, though he couldn’t ignore his concerns. “But what if he and Chelsea don’t end up together?”

“Let him act as if he’s single for now and have a conversation with Chelsea. If things go smoothly, he can divorce his wife and marry her.”

Miranda spoke about interfering in other people’s marriages as if it were a minor inconvenience rather than a serious matter.

She and Duncan were certainly cut from the same cloth. After deliberating, they both agreed the plan was viable.

Ever since Chelsea had met Cecilia, she had been searching for an opportunity to approach her.

Coincidentally, a charity gala was scheduled a few days later—an event hosted by her own family.

Even though Kingston and Phoebe had stopped pressuring her to get married, they still hoped she would settle down. Using the charity gala as an excuse, they arranged for her to meet several promising O bachelors.

Chelsea was powerless against their arrangements.

She extended several invitations to Cecilia and even made a personal call to her.

“Cecilia, if you and your friends are free that day, you absolutely must come.”

Rather than repeatedly expressing her gratitude in words, Chelsea knew actions would speak louder.

Cecilia checked the date. It conveniently fell on the weekend. Without hesitation, she agreed, “All right, we’ll be there.”

Having recently stepped into her role as the general manager of Jamieson Group, she hadn’t yet mingled with many influential figures outside the company. The charity gala presented the perfect opportunity to introduce Jamieson Group to a broader audience.