

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1921

4-5 minutes

Beautiful Dresses

Charlotte, Lucille, and Madeline were all summoned to join her when the time came.

“But I don’t have a formal dress.” Charlotte sighed.

“We can just go shopping together that day.” Since Cecilia was bringing them along, she would naturally make the necessary arrangements.

“Thank you, Boss.”

Charlotte wrapped her arms around Cecilia, feeling certain that following her had been the right choice.

Cecilia chuckled. “Silly, there’s nothing to thank me for.”

Over the years, Charlotte had helped her immensely.

“By the way, when are you and Sven getting engaged?” Cecilia asked, having noticed how their relationship had been flourishing lately.

At the mention of engagement, Charlotte lowered her gaze. “That blockhead hasn’t even brought it up.”

She was convinced Sven had feelings for her, but for some reason, he had yet to propose.

Lucille and her other friends had long since married, leaving her the only one still unmarried.

Cecilia pondered whether Sven simply didn’t understand the unspoken expectations. Should I give him a hint?

But then again, meddling in their affairs doesn’t feel quite right. What if he already had plans?

“Don’t worry, I’m sure Sven has his own plans.”

Charlotte nodded. "Yeah, I hope so."

A few days later, the charity gala had arrived.

Cecilia and her close girlfriends went out to select their dresses.

Madeline was the quickest to decide, immediately choosing the first dress that caught her eye. She stepped out in a pale blue mermaid gown, looking like a fairy-tale princess.

Given her porcelain skin, only she could effortlessly pull off such a color.

"Wow, you look stunning," Charlotte gasped.

Madeline chuckled. "Really? Well, you guys take your time. I'm happy with this one."

Cecilia selected a simple yet elegant dress that accentuated her silhouette.

Unlike Madeline, whose beauty was delicate and graceful, Cecilia exuded a striking presence, her confidence and bold features setting her apart in every way.

"Boss, how do you manage to maintain such an incredible figure?"

Charlotte truly admired Cecilia. She had given birth to four children, yet her figure remained remarkably unchanged.

Lucille and Charlotte had yet to change into their dresses, standing there looking rather plain compared to everyone else.

"You two should go pick out your dresses as well. I can't wait to see what you choose," Cecilia said with a smile.

Both Lucille and Charlotte had distinct beauty.

Charlotte radiated a sweet and

charming appeal, while Lucille embodied an elegant and graceful presence. They selected a dress that perfectly matched their personality, and when they stepped out, the transformation was stunning.

They had even brought their partners along.

As the four of them emerged, the eyes of the men waiting outside lit up, each one captivated by his respective companion.

Meanwhile, outside the lobby, Vivian sat on the couch next to Zachary.

Vivian sighed. "I wish I could wear beautiful dresses too."

Zachary, in a particularly good mood, comforted her, saying, "Once you've given birth, I'll reserve this entire shop just for you."

Vivian looked at him. "You're serious?"

"Of course. It's just a boutique. What's the big deal?" Zachary said nonchalantly.

"That's great. I'll be able to try them all one by one."

The couture gowns in the shop were extravagantly priced, with some costing millions.

If one were to consider buying everything, the cost would be astronomically high.

In the past whenever Vivian

accompanied her father to events,

she had only chosen dresses that

ranged in the hundreds of

thousands, never daring to pick

anything too expensive.

"You're so easily satisfied," Zachary teased, his eyes curving with amusement as

he gazed at her, his look filled with warmth.

Just then, Charlotte, arm in arm with Sven, stepped forward. "We're all set. Let's go."

"All right."

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An Extrovert

The charity gala hosted by Kingston and Phoebe took place at the largest hotel in the heart of Tudela, where numerous distinguished guests had been invited.

However, they kept a low profile, ensuring no media reporters were present and doing their best to keep paparazzi from sneaking in.

One by one, guests arrived.

Chelsea’s gaze remained fixed on the entrance as she waited for Cecilia and her friends.

Finally, she spotted Cecilia and immediately waved her over. “Cecilia!”

After informing Nathaniel, Cecilia led her friends toward Chelsea.

“Chelsea,” she called out before introducing her friends.

Chelsea had met them all before at the club.

She was far from introverted. She had a naturally warm and welcoming demeanor.

“The party hasn’t started yet. I’ve arranged a private room for us. Let’s head over and talk.”

Cecilia nodded. “Sure.”

The group made their way into the private room, unaware of the malicious gaze lingering in the distance.

Chelsea had prepared a spread of delicious dishes in advance.

“I wasn’t sure what you all liked, so I got a little bit of everything.”

Charlotte’s eyes sparkled. “Everything looks delicious. Thank you.”

Chelsea had a particularly favorable impression of Charlotte. She shook her head, dismissing the gratitude.

“Don’t thank me. I should be the one thanking you,” she said, her eyes filled with anticipation as she looked at Charlotte. “Charlotte, I have to know, how did you manage to take down a man?”

Chelsea truly admired Charlotte’s skills. Every time she thought about the moment Charlotte had taken down Alec, she felt a surge of excitement.

While enjoying the pastries Chelsea had prepared, Charlotte replied, “It’s quite simple.”

She made a quick gesture.

Chelsea’s eyes gleamed with interest. “Could you teach me? May I have the honor of becoming your student?”

“You want to become my student?” Charlotte was taken aback.

Truthfully, she considered herself a

ordinary person. If it weren’t for

an

had

Cecilia, she never would have the opportunity to interact with people from this social circle.

And now, a high-status young lady was asking to learn from her. “Sure! But

you’re interested, I

Celou don’t have to be my

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wer

free time.”

belongs

She didn't dare see herself as a teacher.

After all, compared to Sven, her skills were nothing more than flashy tricks.

If Sven found out she was thinking about taking on a student, he'd probably laugh himself silly.

Chelsea, delighted by her

willingness, beamed. "That's great!

It's a deal! You're working with ne

Cecilia, right? I'll reach out when the weekend comes." She pulled out her phone. "Let's exchange numbers."

With that, they swapped contact information.

Afterward, Chelsea took the opportunity to connect with others, ensuring she had

a way to reach them all.

"I just returned from abroad and I'm not very familiar with many things in Tudela. I hope we can keep in touch."

Faced with such an extroverted Chelsea, the others felt a little overwhelmed.

It was only their second time meeting her, after all.

Luckily, a waiter arrived to summon Chelsea, saying that Phoebe needed her.

Chelsea slightly furrowed her brows. "I bet they want me to meet those men again."

She stood up, addressed the group briefly, and reluctantly took her leave.

As soon as she left, Madeline was the first to comment.

"Ceci, your cousin-in-law is such an extrovert."

“Yeah, even more outgoing than me,” Charlotte agreed.

Vivian also nodded. “I was so caught off guard that I barely got a chance to speak.”

Lucille sighed. “Are the children of wealthy families naturally more friendly?” From their private room, they had a clear view of the banquet hall below. They glanced down as they chatted.

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4-5 minutes

I Have Someone In Mind

They noticed Chelsea descending the stairs, being led by Phoebe toward a group of people. Unlike the warmth she had shown just moments ago, her demeanor had shifted. She was cold and distant.

Vivian’s lips twitched slightly. “Ceci, do you think your cousin-in-law might be interested in women? Is she targeting us?”

Hearing that, even Cecilia couldn’t help but laugh.

“What are you thinking? She’s perfectly normal. Maybe she just hasn’t met someone she likes yet.”

After what happened last time, it was safe to assume Chelsea had become highly cautious around the men her family had introduced to her.

Downstairs, Chelsea accompanied Phoebe as they mingled with several affluent ladies.

“Chelsea is absolutely stunning. I wonder which lucky man will have the honor of marrying her.”

“Yeah, she’s not only gorgeous but also has a remarkable presence. I heard she graduated from a prestigious university abroad.”

“Phoebe, you’re truly blessed.”

Phoebe listened to the wave of compliments, a smile creeping onto her lips. Yet, she responded with modesty, "There's no need to flatter her so much. What's the use of being so exceptional if she still hasn't found a boyfriend?"

"That's exactly the issue," someone responded. "She's too exceptional. Ordinary men simply aren't worthy of her."

Chelsea stood among the women, feeling increasingly uncomfortable.

She wished she could walk away, but Phoebe's firm grip on her wrist kept her anchored.

Elena had also attended the event. With a warm smile, she said to Phoebe, "That's right, Phoebe. Don't be too anxious. Chelsea is an outstanding young woman. She won't have trouble finding the right man."

As Nathaniel's mother, Elena was highly regarded among the group, especially for having a strong and influential daughter-in-law like Cecilia.

Noticing her praise for Chelsea, the others quickly joined in, and soon, it felt like an impromptu fan club had formed around her.

Chelsea was fully aware of the situation. They weren't admiring her for who she was, but rather for the influence she carried.

To them, a wealthy heiress seemed like an easy target.

"Aunt Phoebe." At that moment, a familiar voice rang out.

Phoebe and Chelsea turned to look, only to find Miranda, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

"Miranda, it's been a long time."

Phoebe had a soft spot for Miranda. After all, they were both part of the Leighton family.

Though they weren't related by blood, their families had intertwined generations ago as members of the Leighton family.

Miranda approached with

enthusiasm, taking Chelsea's hand. "Chelsea, you're back. Why didn't you tell me? You've grown into such a fine young lady. You look more charming by the day."

Chelsea calmly withdrew her hand, her voice polite yet distant as she said, "Oh, that's not true. But you, you're as dazzling as ever."

She wasn't particularly fond of Miranda.

To her, Miranda felt too calculating, her kindness laced with insincerity.

Miranda simply smiled. She didn't reach out to hold her hand again, but instead, she turned to Phoebe and said, "Aunt Phoebe, you're looking for a boyfriend for Chelsea, right? I have someone in mind, but I'm not sure if he meets your standard."

Many of the wealthy women present had wanted to introduce their sons or nephews to Chelsea, but none had dared to take the first step.

Now that Miranda had paved the way, the others were eager to follow suit, each hoping to establish a valuable connection.

Phoebe was intrigued. "Oh? Who is it?"

"I'll keep you guessing for now. Once the party is over, I'll arrange for them to meet." Miranda was careful not to reveal that the man she intended to introduce was Alec's brother.

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You Are Far Too Kind

Alec's brother, Allen Leighton, was a married man, and it was common knowledge among the upper echelons of Tudela.

If Miranda were to publicly suggest him as a potential match for Chelsea, it would undoubtedly cause embarrassment for herself.

Kingston and Phoebe would certainly not approve of the marriage between the two families either.

Miranda planned to keep them in the dark for the time being. If Chelsea and Allen spent time together, there was a possibility she might develop feelings for him.

In both intellect and appearance, Allen was undeniably exceptional.

His only misfortune was marrying a woman of ordinary background and one who couldn't bear children.

"You mischievous girl, playing coy even as a matchmaker."

"Aunt Phoebe, please don't be upset," Miranda said with a charming smile. "I just thought it would be good for them to get to know each other first, maybe even become friends. If things don't work out, it's no big deal, right?"

Phoebe found herself momentarily speechless.

"Absolutely, you're right about that," she said with a lighthearted laugh. "If you truly manage to find a good match for Chelsea, I'll be forever grateful."

"Then it's settled."

As the two chatted and laughed, Chelsea, standing off to the side, wore an increasingly displeased expression.

With Miranda taking the lead, the other wealthy women followed suit, eagerly introducing potential suitors to Phoebe.

It became painfully clear to Chelsea that her parents' determination to see her married was unyielding.

With the crowd growing, Phoebe eventually lost track of her.

Chelsea quickly slipped away, hurrying off to find Cecilia and the others.

Meanwhile, in the private room, the group had been waiting for quite some time. With Chelsea nowhere in sight, they decided to head downstairs and explore. Inside the exhibition hall on the ground floor, an array of antiques was on display. Cecilia and Charlotte were together, examining the antiques.

Every antique was a treasure in its own right, and security guards were stationed nearby to prevent people from taking pictures.

“Boss, these antiques look incredibly valuable.” Charlotte had quite an eye-opening experience that day. “Chelsea’s family is indeed loaded.”

She had previously felt embarrassed to accept such expensive gifts. But seeing the sheer extent of Chelsea’s wealth made those gifts seem utterly insignificant in comparison.

“Yeah,” Cecilia agreed.

“Ceci, you’re here too.” Just then, a voice called out.

Cecilia turned and saw Miranda standing nearby.

With a smile that hinted at hidden motives, Miranda asked, “See anything you like among these antiques?”

She spoke with an air of familiarity as if she and Cecilia had known each other for years.

“I heard you saved Aunt Phoebe’s daughter,” Miranda added. “If there’s an antique that catches your eye, I’m sure they’d be more than happy to gift it to you.”

Cecilia found her words to be utterly baffling.

Miranda was behaving as if she were the host.

“Miranda, if I didn’t know better, I’d think you were being incredibly generous with these gifts yourself,” Cecilia replied coolly.

Miranda’s expression stiffened.

At that moment, another voice cut through the air.

“Miranda, you’re far too kind. Why bother entertaining some pretentious b*tch?” Pretentious b*tch?

Cecilia turned to see a woman dressed extravagantly. She was decked out in jewelry as if she

wished to wear every piece she

owned. She walked with an air

superiority as if she viewed everyone else as beneath her.

Cecilia immediately recognized her-Isabelle Bates, the daughter of the Bates

family and a close friend of Miranda.

“Isabelle, what are you saying?” Miranda feigned embarrassment.

Isabelle stepped forward and raised her voice. “Miranda, you might be afraid of her, but I’m certainly not. The Bates family, Imminence Corporation, and Jamieson net Group aren’t even working together Have you already forgotten how she incited her son to harm yours?”

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4-5 minutes

Eli Is Different

I incited my son?

Cecilia found Isabelle’s accusation utterly absurd. When did I incite my son to harm Felix?

Miranda is clearly behind it, yet the blame has conveniently fallen onto my shoulders.

What version of me has Miranda been portraying to her circle of friends?

Isabelle’s voice was loud enough to catch the attention of the noble ladies nearby. They were filled with disbelief.

“Inciting a child to harm someone? How could she do that?”

“Isn’t she the woman Queenie from Jamieson Group recently acknowledged as her biological daughter? And she’s also married into the Rainsworth family.”

“It’s her. She was originally the heiress of the Smith family. Somehow, she had a stroke of luck and became the heiress of the Jamieson family instead.”

“Well, I guess you have to be shrewd to marry into the Rainsworth family.”

The murmurs grew as the noble ladies whispered among themselves.

They were well aware of Cecilia’s current status and influence, so none dared to speak too loudly.

Cecilia glanced at Isabelle, refusing to let herself be framed as a woman who had led her son astray.

“Ms. Bates, could you kindly explain how I supposedly incited my child into harming others? Do you have any proof?” she asked, her voice calm and composed.

Isabelle had assumed Cecilia wouldn’t have the audacity to challenge her.

After all, years ago, they had crossed paths, and back then, Cecilia had been the one constantly targeted, rarely speaking up for herself.

But this time, Cecilia confronted her directly, catching her completely off guard.

She hesitated for a moment, mind racing for a response. When she finally spoke, her tone was sharp and cold. “What more proof do you need? Isn’t Felix’s hospitalization the best evidence? Your son nearly caused him to freeze to death.”

I see...

Cecilia recalled the incident.

Felix had gone to Daltonia Villa, intending to teach Elliot a lesson.

At first, Elliot paid Felix no attention, but Felix mistook his indifference for fear, growing bolder and insisting on entering the villa.

Once inside, he intended to strike Elliot.

Elliot's health wasn't the best. He was hardly a match for him.

Seeing an opportunity, Elliot led Felix toward the artificial hill.

However, Felix had no sense of direction. After venturing into the artificial hill, he lost his way and became trapped. The freezing

temperatures that day led to h

developing frostbite, ultimately landing him in the hospital

"Oh, if you hadn't mentioned it, I would have completely forgotten," Cecilia said calmly. "Miranda, you should know very well why Felix was hospitalized, right? That day, instead of being at school, he suddenly showed up at our private villa and even tried to hurt my son? Am I mistaken?"

Miranda was stunned.

She hadn't expected Cecilia to call her out so directly and was at a loss for how to respond.

Luckily, Isabelle quickly stepped in. "Felix was just trying to play with Eli. Why would he try to hurt him?"

"Really? As it happens, I still have the surveillance footage from that day. Would you like me to show it to you?"

Surveillance footage? After all this time, there's still footage?

Miranda's face turned pale as she grabbed Isabelle's arm. "Isabelle, stop talking. It's all a misunderstanding."

Isabelle, however, refused to back down. "All right then, show us the surveillance footage. Let's see if it was your son who bullied Felix."

Miranda shot Isabelle a sharp look.

You fool! If Cecilia revealed the footage here, proving that Felix had caused the trouble himself, wouldn't that be disastrous?

She quickly intervened, “There’s no need for that. It’s a charity event today. It’s perfectly normal for children to be a bit rowdy.”

Miranda wanted to steer away from this topic.

But Cecilia wasn’t about to let herself be unfairly labeled as domineering and arrogant.

“Miranda, you’re absolutely right. It’s normal for children to b However, Eli is has leukemia and you.

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4-5 minutes

Throw Under The Bus

“Let’s set aside the question of whether Eli actually hit Felix,” Cecilia said, each word crisp and deliberate. “Given his condition, he’s in no shape to be fighting with other children.”

A quiet wave of pity swept through some of the women gathered.

“How could he have developed such a serious illness so young?”

“I remember seeing his livestreams from the hospital. He came across as so polite and gentle. It’s hard to imagine him getting violent.”

“Wasn’t that Jonathan’s account?”

“Yes, but it was later revealed that Eli had taken over his brother’s livestream. That child was absolutely precious.”

Elliot had been managing the account all along. He was a famous streamer with tens of millions of followers. His audience was made up largely of older women and young girls, all drawn in by his charm.

To Cecilia’s surprise, even among these well-heeled ladies, there were more than a few devoted fans of Elliot.

Cecilia turned to Miranda and said calmly, “Miranda, didn’t we already clear this up? Old Mr. Rainsworth was still with us then. Have you forgotten?”

Miranda’s face paled even more. She was trapped, uncertain whether to admit the truth or keep up the lie.

But when she saw Elena approaching, dread tightened in her chest. If she stayed silent, Elena would undoubtedly make things difficult for her.

“Miranda, weren’t you the one who told me Cecilia was egging Elliot on to bully Felix?” Isabelle chimed in, loud enough for everyone to hear. “Why are you hesitating now? Just say it. With so many people here, let’s finally show everyone who she really is.”

Miranda shot Isabelle a panicked look, subtly shaking her head to make her stop.

Cecilia took a step forward and asked, “Is this what you’ve been telling your friends about me, Miranda?”

Just then, Elena arrived. Taking in the tense scene and noticing her daughter-in-law under fire, she quickly grasped the situation and spoke up. “Miranda, what you and your friends choose to gossip about behind closed doors is your business. But you do not get to smear my daughter-in-law’s name with unfounded accusations. Everyone here knows my grandsons. They’re both intelligent, well-mannered boys. They’ve never been the type to stir up trouble, let alone bully anyone.”

When Elena approached, one of the wealthy ladies stepped forward, offering a gentle nod. “She’s right. I’ve met both boys myself. They’re polite and thoughtful. Eli especially has a kind heart. I still remember the day my granddaughter nearly fell into the lake... it was he who rushed in and pulled her to safety.”

Once that lady spoke up, others began voicing their support for Elliot as well.

Meanwhile, hushed whispers rippled through the crowd.

“There’s always tension between sisters-in-law. I see that clearly now.”

“Who would’ve thought Miranda was this scheming? How mean.”

“Probably jealousy,” someone

murmured. “Cecilia married Nathaniel, after all, while Miranda ended up with Adrian—who can’t even manage a basic position. And let’s not forget, Cecilia’s family background far outshines hers.”

“No wonder,” another chimed in. “When you’re losing on all fronts, I guess underhanded tactics start to look appealing.”

The tide of conversation had turned completely. Everyone was criticizing Miranda now.

She stood frozen, blindsided. This wasn’t how it was supposed to go.

She had planned to use this moment to publicly shame Cecilia, yet somehow, she had ended up disgracing herself.

The smug expression on Isabella’s face had completely vanished.

“What’s going on? Miranda, why aren’t you saying anything?” Isabella felt like she’d been led into a trap.

But what could Miranda say now? Her father-in-law had just gifted a valuable piece of land to Nathaniel-offending Elena at this moment would be foolish.

Putting on a strained smile, she said, “Aunt Elena was only worried about Felix at the time. I mentioned it casually to Isabella, but I never

thought she’d misunderstand. seems the children’s conflict was blown out of proportion.”

Isabella stiffened. She immediately realized Miranda had thrown her under the bus.

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4-5 minutes

A Screening

“So you’re admitting you lied to Ms. Zimmerman?” Cecilia asked.

Miranda turned her head slowly, casting Cecilia a glare filled with resentment.

Cecilia pretended not to notice.

Miranda said nothing. Her lack of denial spoke volumes.

By now, the surrounding society ladies pieced together what had happened.

“I’ve met Felix before. He’s always been a handful. Honestly, I was surprised when I first heard he got beaten up. Seemed out of character. Now it makes sense. He was just playing the victim.”

“The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree. If the mother’s a liar, how much better can the child be?”

“I remember her boy used to bully another kid back in kindergarten. Walked around like a little tyrant, bragging that his mom told him he’d inherit the entire Rainsworth Group.”

That drew a few quiet laughs.

“What kind of parenting is that? Do Nathaniel’s children not exist to them?”

“Exactly. She actually expects Nathaniel to hand the company to her son? Shameless.”

Miranda, her hearing sharp as ever, absorbed every cruel word spoken around her. With each passing moment, her face grew more flushed with distress, yet she struggled to keep her composure. If she allowed her frustration to show now, the humiliation would only worsen in the days to come.

“Miranda, I can’t believe you.” The realization hit Isabelle hard. Every word Miranda had spoken earlier the accusations, the dramatics-had been nothing but lies.

All of it, from Cecilia’s supposed dominance at the Rainsworth Manor to the fabricated stories, had been part of Miranda’s web of deceit.

Without another word, Isabelle spun on her heel and stormed off, leaving Miranda standing there, alone.

Miranda's face burned crimson with shame. She slunk away from the group of high-society women, her head down and her pride shattered.

But she didn't leave the venue completely. Instead, she retreated to a quiet corner, her frustration boiling over. "Just you wait, Cecilia. I'll make you pay for this."

As soon as Miranda left, everyone gathered around Cecilia and Elena, chatting warmly with them. After some friendly exchanges, the crowd gradually began to disperse.

Once they were alone, Elena turned to Cecilia "You handled yourself well today. In front of others, we must always uphold our dignity. We can't let anyone wrong us without standing up for ourselves.

Cecilia offered a soft smile. "It's all thanks to your guidance."

Elena chuckled, clearly amused. "When did you become so good at flattery? I used to look down on you, remember? I don't recall teaching you anything."

She said it lightly, but there was an undertone of reflection-she knew she hadn't always treated Cecilia kindly.

"Aren't you teaching me now?" Cecilia replied.

Elena reached out and patted her on the shoulder. "I must've been blind, not to see your worth sooner."

"That's all in the past," Cecilia said gently. "What matters is now."

In this world, there are no eternal allies, nor everlasting enemies.

Cecilia and Elena shared no blood ties. Their relationship as mother-in-law and daughter-in-law existed solely because of Nathaniel.

Cecilia had long understood it was unrealistic to expect Elena to treat her with the warmth reserved for a daughter. All she ever hoped for was mutual respect-and, over time, they had come closer to achieving that.

The charity auction gala was about to begin. Guests took their seats, the lively chatter gradually quieting as everyone settled in to watch the day's auction unfold.

The first item to appear was a dazzling, jewel-encrusted necklace-one Chelsea had received from her father on her birthday.

Rumored to originate from an ancient royal family, the necklace was said to be of exceptional value, both in history and craftsmanship.

“Wow, how extravagant. I’d bet that necklace is worth at least ten million.”

“Much more than that—I heard it once belonged to a queen.”

“Buying it would definitely elevate someone’s social standing.”

Guests murmured among themselves, eyes fixed on the glittering necklace as it was brought out for display.

Even Charlotte couldn’t hide her surprise. “They’re putting something that valuable up for charity?”

“It’s not just about charity,” Cecilia said softly. “This might also be a kind of screening.”

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5-6 minutes

Sound Like Strangers

Cecilia’s gaze drifted toward the crowd, landing on Phoebe Chelsea’s mother- who was scanning the room with quiet interest, as if assessing the crowd.

Charlotte frowned slightly. “Screening for what?”

Cecilia didn’t look away. “Chelsea’s parents have been searching for a suitable husband for her. If I’m right, this auction isn’t just about fundraising. It’s a subtle test to gauge the wealth and influence of potential candidates... or rather, their families.”

Chelsea’s parents were no fools. They would never let their daughter marry a mere social climber.

Though their fortune was vast, they had no intention of handing it over lightly. Instead, they used this elegant evening as a quiet vetting process, seeking a man whose background and status matched theirs.

“So that’s what this is about,” Charlotte murmured.

“I’m only speculating,” Cecilia replied calmly. “Whether that’s truly their intent, I can’t say for sure.”

Charlotte nodded thoughtfully. “Still, it makes sense.”

On the auction stage, the host launched into an enthusiastic account of the necklace’s origins and storied past. His voice rose with excitement as he described its royal lineage and exceptional craftsmanship. Then, at last, he declared, “And now, let the bidding begin!”

The guests in the room were no ordinary folks. They were wealthy, influential, and ambitious. Many of them instantly understood this was more than a chance to own a rare piece of jewelry. It was a chance to impress Chelsea and her family. And so, the bidding war began.

“Ten million.”

“Fifteen million.”

“Twenty million.”

The numbers climbed rapidly, each bid escalating by increments of five million.

Cecilia’s eyes narrowed slightly. She noticed someone discreetly recording each bid as it was called out. So her hunch had been right. This auction was more than it appeared on the surface.

Just then, a light tap on her shoulder made her flinch.

Startled, she turned and found herself face to face with a grinning Magnus.

“Cecilia,” he whispered.

She blinked, then quickly gathered herself, frowning. “What are you doing here?”

Magnus sighed dramatically. "Don't even ask. It took a miracle just to get in. I went through all that trouble just for a glimpse of Chelsea."

Cecilia was genuinely surprised that he still hadn't given up.

"Oh," she replied coolly.

Magnus leaned in, lowering his voice. "Cecilia, could you lend me fifty million?"

Cecilia stared at him, stunned. "What on earth do you need that kind of money for?"

"I want to buy that necklace," Magnus said matter-of-factly.

Cecilia blinked, momentarily speechless. She hadn't expected her younger brother to be so calculating, aiming to win the necklace as a way to impress Chelsea and her family. Apparently, he wasn't as naïve as she'd thought.

"That's far too much," she said, troubled. "I've already drained my savings helping you clear your debts. I really can't afford to give you more."

Magnus looked at her in disbelief. "But you're the CEO of Jamieson Group. Also, didn't Nathaniel give you anything?"

Cecilia's brows knit, irritation

flickering across her face. "Magnus, you're an adult. You can't keep depending on others. Same goes for me, too. Just because I have some status now doesn't mean I want to live off someone else's dime."

Her words held an underlying meaning.

Magnus froze. Her message hadn't been loud, but it was clear enough. She was calling him a leech. For a brief moment, discomfort flickered across his face.

Magnus didn't dare protest outright. He simply muttered under his breath, "It's not like I won't pay you back."

Cecilia turned to him, her voice calm but pointed. "Do you even remember how much you owe me?"

His face stiffened. He hesitated for several seconds before replying, “We’re family. Should you really be so... calculative?”

“Even family should keep their accounts clear. And let’s be honest, we’re not even related by blood.” Her tone sharpened, cutting through any remaining ambiguity. “When I Helped you pay off your last debt, I’d already done more than enough. The Smith family raised me until I was twenty, but I’ve repaid them far beyond what it cost to raise me.”

If we were to truly tally things up, the money Magnus and Paula had bled from me

over the years could’ve easily supported tens of thousands of orphans.

“Cecilia, you make it sound like we’re strangers,” Magnus said, his voice low and careful. He didn’t want to ‘el truly anger her. After a moment of silence he sighed in defeat. “Forget it. I won’t ask to borrow money anymore.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1929

5-6 minutes

Asking For Money

Deep down, he knew that without Cecilia’s support, he was nothing. With his current reputation and lack of resources, he couldn’t afford to burn this bridge.

Reluctantly, he sat back down beside her, his gaze drifting toward the frenzied bidding happening onstage. The more he watched, the more agitated he became, as if every rising number was a slap to his face.

Eventually, unable to sit still any longer, Magnus slipped away to the back of the venue. There, he pulled out his phone and dialed his grandmother.

When Heather heard his request for more money, she was puzzled. “Sweetheart, didn’t you just take several million not long ago? Why do you need more so soon?”

“Grandma, I really need your help. Please,” Magnus pleaded, desperation seeping into his voice. “I need this money urgently. If I can get it, I’ll be able to marry Chelsea. And once I’m married to her, we’ll never have to worry about money again.”

Heather had always had a soft spot for her grandson. Though slightly hesitant, she didn't want to disappoint him. "All right, give me a moment. I'll speak to your uncle and see what I can do."

"Okay," Magnus agreed immediately.

True to her word, Heather acted quickly. Not long after, forty million was transferred to Magnus' account.

By then, the bidding for the necklace had already reached thirty million.

Though the crowd was full of wealthy elites, even they knew that this price far exceeded the necklace's actual value. Any further bidding would cross the line from ambition into foolishness.

The one who had called out the thirty million bid was none other than Allen-the eldest son of Miranda's uncle's family.

Allen was undeniably a rising star in their circle. His business was thriving, and money was never an issue. Competing with him publicly would mean risking offense, something most of the guests weren't willing to do.

It was clear to everyone that Allen had set his sights on winning.

The host looked around the room. "Thirty million-any higher bids?"

"Thirty million, going once..."

"Going twice..."

"Thirty million, th—"

"Forty million!" A voice suddenly rang out, cutting off the host. All heads turned as Magnus raised his bidding paddle.

All eyes turned toward Magnus, including Chelsea's parents.

While he might not have had much in the way of accomplishment,. Magnus certainly had his looks With Paula, he was like a television star.

sharp features inherite

“Who is that?” Phoebe asked her assistant, narrowing her eyes slightly.

The assistant quickly checked and replied, “His name is Magnus, the only heir of the Smith family.”

The Smith family?

Phoebe’s brows lifted slightly at the name as she thought of Cecilia. “What is his relationship with Cecilia?”

The assistant replied, “Cecilia is the adopted daughter of the Smiths. He’s her younger brother.”

“Oh, I see,” Phoebe said, her tone mild.

Having spent many years abroad handling business with her husband and daughter, she had limited familiarity with Tudela’s current social circles.

“He looks presentable enough,” she remarked, casually forming a judgment. Cecilia’s younger brother ought to be decent by association.

Her assistant hesitated, a brief flicker of discomfort crossing her face. This wasn’t the right moment to bring up Magnus’ reputation.

Once, the Smith family had stood among Tudela’s elite. Now, that prestige had been nearly erased-squandered by Magnus’ recklessness.

In truth, Magnus had little to offer beyond a handsome face and a capable sister.

Unaware of the full story, Phoebe

gently pulled Chelsea closer and

nodded toward Magnus. “Chelsea,

what do you think of him? That’s Cecilia’s younger brother. I think he seems quite promising.”

Chelsea followed her mother’s gaze. Magnus did have a striking appearance.

And once she heard he was related to Cecilia, her interest sharpened. Magnus boldly raised the bid to forty million-ten million more than the previous offer. The move wasn't just generous; it was calculated to make a statement.

"Aside from the Rainsworths, many others had also turned their attention to Magnus. For a moment, he truly became the enter of the room.

Of course, none of them knew that he only had forty million at his disposal."

Magnus might not have been a savvy businessman, but when it came to making a show, he had his own kind of cunning.

that if he wanted to He understood tha catch Chelsea's eye, he couldn't follow the crowd by merely increasing the bid in small increments. A five-million raise wouldn't stand out. But jumping straight to forty million-ten million more than the last offer was bold, even aggressive. It might just be enough to scare off the Leightons and give him the upper hand.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1930

5-6 minutes

Bidding War

Allen fixed his gaze on Magnus but ultimately chose not to raise the bid.

Turning to his cousin Miranda, who was standing nearby, he asked, "Do you know who that is?"

Miranda frowned slightly. "That's Magnus, Cecilia's younger brother. You don't recognize him?"

The name Magnus sounded familiar, but for a moment, Allen couldn't place it. Still, he remembered meeting Cecilia and knew she was the CEO of the Jamieson Group. Offending someone from her circle might not be the wisest move.

"Let's go for something else," Allen said decisively. "Forty million for that necklace is too steep."

Miranda agreed it was an exorbitant price for a single piece of jewelry-but watching Allen back down left her uneasy. If they withdrew now, it would be like they were handing Chelsea over to Magnus on a silver platter.

“Allen, you can’t back out now. Chelsea and her parents are watching,” Miranda urged, her tone laced with urgency.

Allen’s brows knit together. “You know I was never interested in Chelsea to begin with.”

He wasn’t the type to chase after someone just because of appearances or status. Though his wife was unremarkable in the eyes of society, he had no intention of divorcing her.

“This isn’t about personal feelings,” Miranda pressed. “Chelsea and her family could do wonders for your career. And she’s a good girl. She’s educated, well- mannered, and in perfect health. I looked into it. She has regular checkups, and everything’s clean.”

To Miranda, this was a strategic alliance, not a romance. She didn’t care if it meant shaking up someone’s marriage; what mattered was tightening the bond between the Leighton and Rainsworth families.

Still, Allen didn’t budge.

Growing anxious, Miranda tugged lightly at his sleeve. “Think about your parents. What am I supposed to tell them if you pass up a chance like this?”

At the mention of his parents, Allen sighed. He reluctantly lifted his paddle. “Forty- five million.”

“Forty-five million?” Allen’s voice drew a collective gasp from the crowd.

A necklace originally valued at twenty million had now skyrocketed in price- doubled, thanks to the heated bidding war between two determined men.

Charlotte leaned in toward Cecilia, her voice low and tinged with disbelief. “Boss, didn’t Magnus just say he had no money? How is he still bidding like that?”

Magnus was bold. Raising his sign again, he announced confidently, “Fifty million!”

He had said it so nonchalantly, as though he were spending five instead of fifty million.

Cecilia frowned slightly, just as puzzled. Where had he suddenly come up with that kind of money?

Allen hadn't expected Magnus to continue the bidding, much less raise it again. He had been moments away from bowing out; after all, he'd never been truly interested in Chelsea.

But now, his pride had been provoked. To be outbid in front of this many people and lose to Magnus was something he wasn't ready to accept.

"Sixty million!" Allen called out sharply.

The crowd fell into stunned silence. No one had expected the bidding to escalate this far.

Magnus' face remained composed, but his palms were slick with sweat. His heart pounded in his chest, but he refused to back down. Raising his sign again, he declared with forced calm, "Seventy million."

The bidding had turned into a high-stakes duel—ten million piled atop ten million,

each figure more outrageous than the last.

Miranda, who had earlier

encouraged Allen to impress

Chelsea's parents, began to feel the weight of her words. She knew very well that a necklace—no matter how exquisite—wasn't worth over seventy million.

Her uncle and aunt would never understand. They'd accuse her of pushing Allen

too far, of leading him into a reckless show of pride.

She said, "Allen, let it go. It's not worth it."

But Allen was already too deep in it. He refused to lose. "Eighty million."

Miranda's heart dropped.

After placing the bid, Allen turned to Miranda and said, "Didn't you insist I had to win this auction? Why are you telling me to back down now? Don't worry. I won't tell Mom and Dad it was your idea."

He says he won't tell them, but isn't that just a veiled threat? Miranda's expression tightened despite the polite smile she forced onto her face.

t joke like that," she said

"Allen, don't j

lightly. "This is already more than enough. Going any higher really isn't worth it. You should save your

money for the next item. Whene

knows, it might be even more appealing to Chelsea. Besides, compared to you, Magnús is nothing but a spoiled brat. He can't hold a candle to your background or your accomplishments."