

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1931

4-5 minutes

---

## Plug The Bottomless Hole

After a pause, she glanced at Magnus and added, “Listen to me. If he raises the bid again, don’t follow. I don’t believe he actually has that kind of money.”

She knew Magnus was a freeloader through and through. He had always survived off Cecilia and the Rainsworth name.

Miranda scoffed inwardly. If Magnus really doesn’t have the money, let his sister be the one to clean up the mess. Let Cecilia plug the bottomless hole that is Magnus.

But just then, on the opposite side of the room, Cecilia stood up. She walked straight over to Magnus and stopped him in his tracks. “What exactly do you think you’re doing?” she asked coldly.

Startled, Magnus blinked. “Cecilia? What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to stop you,” she said firmly.

Truth be told, Cecilia had initially decided not to intervene. She had wanted to stay out of Magnus’ messes for once.

But then she realized that everyone in the room knew they were siblings. If Magnus couldn’t pay after winning the auction, the first person the public would point fingers at wouldn’t be him. It would be her.

And if she didn’t step in to cover for him, rumors would inevitably spread. Such a scandal could easily damage her standing in Tudela’s high society.

She hadn’t come to this gala to be dragged into Magnus’ chaos; she came to strengthen her ties with the city’s elite.

“Cecilia, don’t worry about it,” Magnus said, desperation edging into his voice. “I’ve got forty million. Can you just cover the rest for me?”

He couldn’t accept losing to Allen-especially someone from the Leighton family. In his mind, they had once been so lowly that even serving the Smiths would’ve been a privilege.

Cecilia’s hand shot out, gripping his wrist with force. “If you keep this up, don’t blame me for disowning you.”

Magnus was relieved to hear that.

He wasn’t afraid of Cecilia. What terrified him was the thought that she might one day truly stop caring. With Cecilia’s current status and influence, if she severed ties with him, there would be no one left willing to clean up his messes.

“All right then,” he muttered, giving up.

Miranda had originally intended for Magnus to keep bidding, hoping he and Cecilia would end up making fools of themselves. But to her surprise, Magnus actually backed down.

As a result, Allen ended up paying eighty million for a necklace that was originally worth only twenty.

His expression was dark, his jaw clenched with visible frustration.

Did he just play me? Maybe Magnus never wanted the necklace to begin with. Maybe he just drove the price up on purpose.

He turned to Miranda, his tone laced with sarcasm. “Funny. Seems like their game plan was completely different from yours.”

Miranda’s expression soured. Though irritated, she forced a smile. “I didn’t think Magnus had it in him to be so sly.”

Her gaze drifted toward Magnus, standing beside Cecilia. A flicker of suspicion sparked in her eyes. “It must’ve been Cecilia. He wouldn’t have pulled that off on his own.”

Leaning back in his chair with an air of indifference, Allen remarked, “We can’t afford to offend her. I told you there was no need to keep bidding, but you wouldn’t listen. I didn’t even bring that much cash with me tonight. Miranda, mind lending me some?”

Allen had long harbored resentment toward her. She was always intruding at her maternal grandparents' home, meddling met

matters that had nothing to do with her. Worse still, she'd gotten his parents involved, pressuring him to divorce his wife.

And now, thanks to her, he was stuck with an eighty-million-dollar necklace he never even wanted.

"Eighty million?" Miranda blurted, utterly stunned.

She didn't have that kind of money.

"I don't have that much," she said.

"Then why push me to raise the bid?" Allen's voice remained mild, but his eyes locked onto hers with quiet intensity. He didn't scold her outright, but the weight of his gaze made Miranda's chest tighten.

Miranda's lips twitched faintly. "I assumed you had enough."

"I only brought fifty million," Allen, replied flatly. "If you can't lend me the rest, I'll have to call home and ask for it. Not sure how pleased my parents will be, considering still haven't secured Chelsea."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1932**

4-5 minutes

---

I Hope You Will Reject Me

That struck a nerve. Miranda knew all too well how strict her uncle and aunt were. If they found out their son had blown the equivalent of an entire project's budget- eighty million on a necklace just to impress a girl, they'd be livid.

Her fists clenched. "Don't call home. I'll cover the difference."

Allen gave her a slow, easy smile. "Thanks, Miranda."

Miranda was frustrated. She doubted he'd repay her.

All she could do now was pray that Allen's meeting with Chelsea would go well, and that there'd be no surprises, no stumbles. If the two really got together, maybe all this wouldn't feel like such a waste.

The first auction item had gone for a staggering eighty million, setting a high bar from the outset. As the event continued, items worth tens of millions no longer raised eyebrows—they had been completely overshadowed.

Chelsea's parents had originally planned to use the auction to quietly evaluate the capabilities of the city's elite young heirs. What they hadn't anticipated was turning such an impressive profit. Only ten percent of the proceeds were earmarked for donation, but even that sliver amounted to a fortune by ordinary standards.

Cecilia, aiming to maintain the appearance of modest means, refrained from bidding even on pieces she admired.

Magnus, observing her from the side, had initially assumed she was exaggerating her financial constraints. But watching her now, he realized that she wasn't pretending at all.

"Cecilia, you really ought to start thinking more about yourself," Magnus said. "You're the CEO of the prestigious Jamieson Group. How can you not even scrape together a few billion?"

Cecilia felt amused. Magnus is really spoiled since birth. Not everyone treats money like pocket change. Does he think I can just throw around a few billion on a whim? Profit is important to the businessperson. I can't spend recklessly.

She ignored Magnus, leaving him feeling bored and brushed aside. Restless, he wandered over to the merchandise section, where he selected a bracelet of decent quality and made the purchase without much thought.

He planned to present the bracelet to Chelsea later. One way or another, he had set his sights on her, and he wasn't going to give up easily.

Aside from the initial excitement over Chelsea's necklace, the rest of the auction proved to be rather underwhelming.

After observing for a while, Cecilia lost interest and excused herself to find a quiet place to rest.

Meanwhile, Miranda took Allen to formally greet Chelsea and her parents.

“Mr. and Mrs. Rainsworth,” Miranda called out with a pleasant smile, then gestured toward Allen. “This is my cousin, Allen Leighton.”

Chelsea blinked, puzzled. Allen Leighton... Alec Leighton? Their names are so similar.

Her parents also found the name vaguely familiar and were about to ask more when Miranda quickly stepped in. “Why don’t we let the young people have a chat on their own?” she suggested.

ent

Miranda knew exactly what she was doing. Timing was critical—delay too long, and complications would arise. If she didn’t ensure Allen made strong impression today, it would only be a matter of time before Chelsea’s parents did their own digging and discovered Allen’s less-than-ideal background.

In today’s society, relationships weren’t dictated by parental orders or matchmaking anymore. Still, Miranda believed that if Chelsea showed even the slightest interest in Allen, with the right amount of

maneuvering, it wasn’t impossible to push things forward.

“All right, Chelsea, have a nice chat with Allen,” Phoebe said with a gentle smile.

Chelsea hadn’t planned on entertaining the conversation. She had no interest in marriage, let alone being matched with someone she barely knew. But with Miranda present and her parents nudging her along, she couldn’t exactly walk away either.

“All right,” she agreed politely, though inwardly, she was already preparing to set things straight.

Once her parents stepped aside, leaving her alone with Allen, she turned to speak. But before she could say a word, Allen spoke first. “Ms. Rainsworth,” he said calmly, “I sincerely hope you’ll reject me.”

“What?” Chelsea blinked, caught off guard.

Since returning, she had been dragged into more than a dozen blind dates, but none had ever started this strangely

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1933

4-5 minutes

---

Put On An Act

“I know this might sound abrupt, perhaps even rude, but due to certain family pressures, I’m not in a position to reject you myself,” Allen said.

His gaze lingered on her beautiful face.

Chelsea was one of the most striking women in high society, carrying herself with grace befitting of a socialite.

If he hadn’t been married, Allen thought, he might’ve seriously considered pursuing her.

But he was married.

Chelsea tilted her head, frowning slightly. “May I ask why? Is it because you don’t like me?”

She was genuinely confused. She’d witnessed the fierce bidding earlier between Allen and Magnus over her necklace. If Allen wasn’t interested, why had he driven the price so high?

Allen didn’t respond immediately. Instead, he took out the necklace he had won at the auction and handed it to Chelsea. “This is yours. Consider it a gesture of apology.”

Just like that, he returned a necklace worth eighty million.

But Chelsea was not someone who took advantage of others. She declined at once. “I can’t accept this. I haven’t done anything to deserve it. Besides, we’re not even friends. You should keep it or give it to someone who truly matters to you.”

She smiled and added, "Actually, I meant to say earlier that I'm not interested in love right now, nor do I believe in arranged marriages. I understand the value of business alliances, but they're often unfair to the people involved."

Allen found himself quietly impressed by her clarity and composure.

He didn't push the necklace on her again. Instead, moved by something he couldn't quite explain, he said, "Then let's start as friends. As friends, we can collaborate in the future and support each other in business and beyond."

"Sure," Chelsea agreed without hesitation, giving it little thought.

As Allen looked at the smile on her face, he couldn't quite explain the feeling that stirred within him.

"Since we've already reached an agreement," he said, "we might need to put on a bit of a show. Otherwise, it'll be hard to explain to our parents."

Chelsea nodded. "All right."

The two began walking side by side, making light conversation as they strolled.

Suddenly, Chelsea glanced at him with a hint of mischief in her bright eyes. "By the way... is there someone you've fallen for?"

The unexpected question caught Allen completely off guard.

He paused, startled by her directness. After a moment of silence, he shook his head. "No."

After speaking, Allen found himself surprised by his own words. He

wasn't sure what had come over him. Still, he continued, "Maybe... Tike you, I've never been comfortable with the idea of marriage arranged this way."

Chelsea's impression of him immediately improved.

Allen was about to say more when a voice suddenly called out from behind. "Ms. Rainsworth."

They both turned to see Magnus standing a short distance away.

"Were you calling me?" Chelsea asked.

“Yes,” Magnus replied with a nod as he approached, deliberately ignoring Allen’s presence. “Ms. Rainsworth, would you be willing to get toknow me better?”

Knowing Magnus was Cecilia’s younger brother, Chelsea let her guard down. “Of course,” she replied with a polite smile.

Magnus hadn’t expected it to go so smoothly and was briefly caught off guard, though he didn’t let it show.

He took out his phone. “Let’s exchange contact information.”

Chelsea liked Cecilia, so she didn’t hesitate. She readily shared her number without a second thought.

Over the years, Magnus had certainly never lacked female attention-he’d been involved with all types of women.

But Chelsea was different. An elegant and sheltered heiress like her was a world apart from the circles he usually moved in.

In Tudela’s high society, Magnus’

verket reputation was less than stellar. wasn’t just the parents who disapproved. Even most of the elite daughters kept their distance.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1934**

4-5 minutes

---

Where Is Your Wife

Allen stood to the side, quietly observing the exchange. An inexplicable unease began to stir in his chest.

Still, he maintained his composure, outwardly relaxed, as Magnus and Chelsea traded contact information.



Once Magnus tucked his phone away, he finally turned to acknowledge Allen. "Well, if it isn't Mr. Leighton."

Allen's lips curved into a polite smile. "You know me?"

"How could I not?" Magnus replied. "I saw you at the last business function with your wife. Strange, she's not here today."

That single remark sent a ripple through Allen's expression. Though fleeting, the shift in his face was unmistakable.

Allen was the type of person who only paid attention to those who could offer him something of value. As for someone like Magnus, who didn't hold any particular importance to him, he usually didn't give him a second thought. Consequently, he had no dirt on Magnus.

Chelsea, standing to the side, looked at Allen with clear surprise. "Mr. Leighton, are you married?"

"Allen had initially hoped to allow Chelsea to form her own opinion of him first, establishing a positive impression before revealing his marital status.

But with Magnus' comment cutting through the air, he had no choice but to respond."

"Yes, I'm married," he confessed, his tone a little strained. "However, there are... conflicts between my wife and me. It's unlikely to last. That's why I said I don't have anyone I'm particularly fond of."

Magnus had always thought himself despicable until he met the man standing before him.

He said deliberately, "Mr. Leighton, the last time I saw you was about two months ago, wasn't it? You and your wife seemed rather happy then. What changed so drastically?"

Allen drew in a slow breath. "It was all just for show."

Magnus offered a thin, mocking smile. "Oh, that must be tiring."

The two men volleyed words like blades, tension sharpening with each exchange.

Chelsea stood to the side, listening silently. Whatever faint affection she'd once felt for Allen evaporated completely.

“Mr. Leighton,” she interjected at last, her voice steady, “if there’s such discord between you and your wife, perhaps you should resolve those issues first.”

The implication was clear. If he intended to pursue someone else, he ought to finalize his divorce before doing so.

Allen had heard it too, but his expression hardly changed. He simply laughed and said, “That’s why

I asked you to reject me. I want to be with someone I truly love after finalizing my divorce. It’s the only way to respect the marriage I once had. I won’t play both sides.”

With just that one line, he painted himself as entirely blameless.

Chelsea listened, replaying his earlier words and behavior in her mind. They did seem to align with what he was saying now.

Had I misunderstood him? she wondered. But if I hadn’t, why didn’t he ever clarify his marital status? And if I had, then why did he keep saying those vague, unsettling things to me?

She was puzzled.

“So that’s how it is,” Magnus went on, voice dripping with irony. “Mr. Leighton, you truly are a man of principle. Still, I’ve heard your marriage wasn’t exactly smooth sailing. Your wife is just a girl from an ordinary background, and yet, despite widespread objections, you insisted on marrying her. And now, here you are...”

After their clash over the necklace, Magnus had begun digging into Allen’s past.

It wasn’t anything formal, just some casual internet sleuthing. But as it turned out, there was plenty to find.

Even someone as composed as Allen began to lose his temper under Magnus’ constant needling.

“Tell me, Mr. Smith, are you a journalist?” he snapped.

Magnus froze, momentarily caught off guard by the jab.

Chelsea picked up on the sarcasm and frowned. “Mr. Smith is my cousin-in-law’s brother. He was only looking out for me. If his words came off as offensive, I apologize on his behalf.”

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1935

4-5 minutes

---

Chelsea Sides With Magnus

Allen hadn’t expected Chelsea to side with Magnus so readily.

In an instant, the image he had so carefully built before her crumbled to dust.

There was no reason to stay any longer. Composing himself, he offered a faint smile. “Not at all, Ms. Rainsworth. It was just a passing question,” he said lightly. “The party seems to be winding down, and I have other matters to attend to. I’ll take my leave.”

Without waiting for a response, he turned and walked away, his retreat brisk and quiet.

Outside, Miranda caught up with him.

“Allen, how did it go?” she asked, slightly breathless.

He exhaled sharply. “Not well. Someone sabotaged it.”

Miranda’s eyes widened. “Who? Who dares interfere in your business?”

“Cecilia’s brother,” Allen muttered, then paused. “Miranda, don’t bother anymore. Chelsea knows I’m married. She probably thinks I’m trying to deceive her into a relationship. There’s no saving this.”

After speaking, Allen slipped into the car and shut the door behind him.

Miranda remained rooted to the spot, seething. She stomped her foot in frustration. “That d\*mn Magnus!”

Inside the car, Allen had barely settled in when his phone buzzed. He glanced at the screen. It was a message from his wife: Allen, when will you be home tonight?

It was followed by a sticker of a wide-eyed kitten, cute and hopeful.

In that moment, his wife's gentle face rose unbidden in his mind.

His gaze darkened, pupils constricting as he clenched the necklace from the auction in his hand.

After a long moment, he finally typed out a reply: I'll be back soon.

After sending the message, Allen was overcome by an inexplicable wave of guilt and fear.

Because today, for the first time, he had glimpsed the darkness within himself. There was no doubt in his mind: he loved his wife.

She came from an ordinary family, and despite all opposition, he had married her. For the first three years, their love had been intense, unwavering. Even without children, he had felt completely content.

But now, nearly eight years had passed.

Maybe the initial fire had quietly burned out. He had always believed his feelings

for her were steadfast, that he would never stray, never be tempted by another.

And yet, today, when he saw

Chelsea, her youth, her smile, and

the unguarded light in her eyes stirred something in him he hadn't anticipated. To his dismay, he realized that Miranda's suggestion no longer felt absurd. He actually wanted to win Chelsea over.

Not long after, Allen's phone rang again. It was his father.

He picked up. "Dad."

"Miranda's already told me everything," Derek said without preamble, "What happened this time is not your fault. But if there's still a chance, you should take it. Having Chelsea as a daughter-in-law is very important to me."

“All right. I understand.” There wasn’t much else Allen could say. Refusal would only stir up more trouble.

“Good. That’s all. I’ll let you go now.” Derek then hung up.

Just then, another message came through. This time, a kissy face emoji from his wife.

For all the years they’d been together, her love had never wavered. He knew she had always loved him. And somehow, that love had only deepened with time.

But he couldn’t deny it anymore. His own heart wasn’t as steadfast as it once was.

Working and struggling alone had become a quiet kind of torment. Sometimes, Allen couldn’t help but envy those who had strong, capable partners-marriages where the spouse’s family offered support.

And then there was something else. He longed for a child of his own.

When Allen returned home that night, Skylar was still awake. Without missing a beat, she rose to greet him, fetching him his coat with the ease of someone who had done it a hundred times before.

“You must be exhausted,” she said softly. “Coming back this late again...”

Allen said nothing. Instead, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the necklace, handing it to her. “For you,” he said.

Skylar blinked, caught off guard. Her eyes dropped to the delicate piece of jewelry, then back to his face.

“For me? But... why?” There was surprise in her expression, but underneath it, a quiet confusion.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1936**

4-5 minutes

---

In A Dilemma

They had been married for many years. There was a time when Allen would surprise Skylar with gifts, but as the years went by, those gestures faded.

He had once told her, "We've been married so long. There's no need for that anymore."

And when she needed something, he simply said she could buy it herself. He'd cover the cost.

So when she asked why, even Allen was caught off guard. "I'm giving you a gift. Why the question?"

Skylar froze for a heartbeat, then suddenly stepped forward and wrapped her arms around his waist. "Thank you," she whispered, pressing her cheek to his chest. "I'm really happy. I love it."

Allen's body went rigid. The warmth of her embrace felt foreign now-like something from another life.

For a long moment, he stood there, unmoving. Then, slowly, he lifted a hand and gently patted her shoulder. "There's something I need to tell you."

Skylar looked up at him. "What is it?"

"I want a divorce," he said.

Skylar was momentarily stunned, taking a while to find her voice.

The air thickened with silence. When she finally came to her senses, she quickly handed the necklace back. "Allen, I don't want any gifts. Please... don't joke like this," she said.

Her voice trembled. In all their years of marriage, they had rarely argued, let alone consider divorce.

Allen couldn't meet her eyes. He lowered his head. "I want a child. And I need someone with a background more similar to mine who can support me. Can you understand that?"

Tears welled up in Skylar's eyes. Her throat burned, as if cut by a blade.

When they got married, her parents had voiced their concerns. "The gap between you and Allen is too wide. What if he gets tired of you someday?"

She had answered them with pride, “No. I trust him. He’ll always treat me well.” After they got married, Allen had indeed treated her well. To ease her worries and give her a sense of security, he had entrusted most of his wealth to her.

Though she had never been particularly skilled at managing finances, she felt deeply at peace and fortunate to have married such a good man.

Until now, she had almost forgotten the gap that existed between their worlds.

“I understand,” she said, eyes reddening. “Fine. Let’s get a divorce, then.”

Allen had expected resistance tears, pleading, denial. He had assumed she would refuse to let go. But instead, she agreed so easily.

The weight that had pressed on his chest for so long suddenly lifted.

And in that moment, he

understood—he truly no longer loved her. He had wanted to end this for a long time, to stop pretending they were still the couple they once were.

“Thank you,” he said softly.

The woman gave a bitter smile. “There’s no need to thank me. Over the years, I’ve let you down in so many ways. I couldn’t give you a child, and I was never able to help with your career.” ‘FindNovel

Allen pulled her into an embrace. “The past is the past.”

She rested quietly against him, but the warmth she once felt there was gone.

“Allen.”

“Yes?”

“Take care of yourself from now on. Don’t act on impulse again. Find someone who can truly stand by your side.”

Allen said nothing.

Meanwhile, back at the charity auction, Magnus and Chelsea got along well, chatting and laughing with each other.

When Chelsea first met Magnus, she had viewed him through rose-colored glasses, completely unaware of his true playboy nature.

Charlotte returned from the restroom just in time to witness the scene. Startled, she immediately sought out Cecilia. “Boss, I just saw Magnus with Ms. Rainsworth.”

“What?” Cecilia’s eyes narrowed in disbelief. She followed Charlotte, needing to see it with her own eyes.

Sure enough, across the room, Magnus and Chelsea walked side by side, talking and laughing.

If Cecilia didn’t know her brother so well, she might have thought they were a perfect match.

After all, Magnus was her younger brother. And if she were just a little more selfish, she might have chosen to keep quiet and let Chelsea continue believing in the charming facade.

Because truthfully, having a sister-in-law like Chelsea was something most sisters could only hope for.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1937**

4-5 minutes

---

True Colors

Magnus and Chelsea walked over toward Cecilia.

As soon as she saw her, Chelsea smiled and greeted her warmly. “Cecilia.”

Magnus echoed the greeting. “Cecilia.”

Cecilia’s expression was slightly stiff as she gave a polite nod. “When did you two meet?”



“Not too long ago,” Chelsea replied. “If it hadn’t been for Magnus, I might’ve been fooled by a complete hypocrite.”

Cecilia blinked, taken aback. “What do you mean?”

Magnus did something good?

Chelsea went on to explain how she had nearly been deceived by Allen—a man who, as it turned out, was still married.

“He never even mentioned his wife,” Chelsea said, voice tight with frustration. “He was already out looking for a new partner before finalizing the divorce, claiming he had no feelings left for her.”

As Cecilia listened, her opinion of Magnus subtly shifted.

In this instance, at least, he had done something right.

Yet deep down, Cecilia wanted to tell Chelsea the truth—that her brother was no better than that so-called hypocrite. If anything, Magnus was worse. A shameless scoundrel.

There had been a time, after all, when Magnus was so desperate and broke that he hadn’t hesitated to sell out his own sister.

If Chelsea ever married him, Cecilia couldn’t even begin to imagine the kind of future that would await her.

“Cecilia, why didn’t you tell me you’d saved Chelsea too?” Magnus said with a chuckle. “I just found out. Looks like we really are siblings.”

Cecilia’s expression stiffened even more.

He was already calling Chelsea by her first name. Their relationship was progressing fast.

“Yeah... you did well this time, helping Chelsea,” she said, forcing a smile. In front of Magnus, she couldn’t bring herself to reveal his true character to Chelsea. But if she said nothing, Chelsea might fall for him.

“Chelsea, we’re heading back,” Cecilia said.

“All right, I’ll see you off,” Chelsea offered without hesitation.

Before Cecilia could respond, Magnus quickly chimed in, “Cecilia, I’ll go with you guys.”

Cecilia hesitated but gave a reluctant nod.

As they stepped outside, Chelsea and Magnus exchanged friendly waves. The sight surprised several of Cecilia’s close friends.

Madeline leaned in, tugging at Cecilia’s sleeve. “Ceci, what’s going on? Why does Magnus seem so close to Chelsea all of a sudden?”

“It’s a long story. I’ll explain later.” Cecilia was clearly troubled.

After Chelsea left, Magnus sidled up beside Cecilia. “I think Chelsea got a pretty good first impression of me. When you have a moment, could you talk to her parents for me? I really like her.”

Worried that Cecilia might object, he quickly added, “I mean it, I’ve changed. If I

can be with her, I swear I won’t look at anyone else.

“I’ll talk to them,” Cecilia said quietly.

Magnus beamed. “That’s great! Once we’re married, you’ll be our official matchmaker.”

“All right, I have to go.” After saying that, he turned and got into his car.

Cecilia stood still, watching him leave.

Magnus was flat broke and a

gambler. He intended to use the money he squeezed out of his uncle to bait Chelsea-get her to fall for him, marry him, and eventually

shoulder his debts.

He had barely settled into the car when his phone buzzed with a call from a debt collector.

“Yeah? What is it now?” Magnus said

lazily. “Didn’t tell you? Just give me

another month or two. I swear I’ll pay up. I’m about to get married, all right? Ever heard of Chelsea? Chelsea Rainsworth. Once I marry her, you think I won’t be able to pay you back?”

The debt collector didn’t call back. Perhaps he’d bought the lie.

At last, Magnus let out a slow breath of relief.

His hands tightened on the steering wheel, eyes gleaming with cold determination. No matter what, he was going to marry Chelsea.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1938**

4-5 minutes

---

A Date

The moment he got home, he pulled out his phone and sent her a message:

Chelsea, are you interested in opera? A friend of mine gave me two tickets. Would you like to join me tomorrow?

After digging into Chelsea’s background, Magnus had discovered that, unlike most women, she had a genuine love for opera.

When Chelsea read the message, she recalled Cecilia’s kindness and also remembered how Magnus had stepped in to help her earlier. After a moment’s thought, she replied: Sure. See you tomorrow.

Not long after Chelsea sent her reply, her phone rang. It was Allen.

“Ms. Rainsworth,” he greeted.

“Mr. Leighton? What can I do for you?” Chelsea asked, surprised to be hearing from him.

“I called to apologize,” Allen said after a brief pause. “You were right today. I’ve since had an honest conversation with my wife.”

Chelsea's breath caught slightly. "You mean... you and your wife..."

She didn't finish the sentence.

"Yes," Allen confirmed. "We've agreed to divorce. Going forward, I want to pursue a relationship built on real love with someone who's truly right for me."

Upon hearing those words, Chelsea was momentarily speechless. A faint unease stirred in her chest—a nagging sense of guilt she couldn't quite shake.

"Mr. Leighton," she said softly, "I never meant to suggest you should divorce your wife. I only wanted to make it clear that... leading two lives isn't fair to anyone."

Allen's voice was calm, almost gentle. "I understand. And I'm grateful you said it. I needed to hear the truth."

What does he mean by that?

Chelsea felt a pang in her chest. She suddenly felt like the villain in someone else's story—the one who'd driven a wedge into a marriage.

She couldn't begin to imagine how heartbroken Allen's wife must be feeling right now.

She said nothing more, unsure of what words would even be appropriate.

Allen broke the silence. "It's getting late. I'm sorry to have disturbed you. Take care, Ms. Rainsworth. See you."

He ended the call.

But Chelsea lay wide awake, unable to sleep.

At first, she didn't think there was anything wrong with what she said. She was simply being honest. But now, knowing that her words had played a part in the unraveling of someone's marriage, guilt weighed heavily on her.

In Tudela, Chelsea had no close friends. There was no one she could confide in.

She tossed and turned through the night, sleep never quite finding her. Early the next morning, a message from Cecilia lit up her phone: Are you free to meet today?

Chelsea blinked in surprise, remembering the opera plans she'd made with Magnus. So, she typed back: Cecilia, I've already made plans with a friend today. Can we meet tomorrow instead?

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Cecilia read Chelsea's reply and simply responded: Okay.

What she didn't know was that the friend Chelsea was meeting that day was none other than her brother, Magnus.

Cecilia had intended to talk to Chelsea in person, to expose Magnus' true nature before he had the chance to deceive her.

At six in the evening, Chelsea and Magnus met up and headed to dinner at a restaurant that was understated in appearance but radiated quiet elegance.

"This place isn't bad, right?" Magnus asked with a smile.

The restaurant's décor was refined and minimalist, the atmosphere calm and uncrowded. The dishes were beautifully presented and delicately flavored.

Chelsea nodded appreciatively. "It's lovely. I don't think I ever would've discovered it if you hadn't brought me here."

The corners of Magnus' lips lifted slightly. "That's good. Dig in."

In truth, this restaurant hadn't been his discovery, it was a place one of his ex-girlfriends had introduced him to years ago. Over time, Magnus had learned that taking women to refined, tucked-away spots like this often made a better impression. Content

Chelsea, as expected, was no exception.

"Let me treat you," she said with a smile. "Consider it a small thank-you for helping me out yesterday."

Magnus didn't object. But when they

finished their meal and Chelsea

reached for the bill, the owner approached with a polite smile. “Ma’am, the gentleman you’re with already took care of it.”

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1939

4-5 minutes

---

To Royale Club

Chelsea turned to Magnus, surprised. “I thought I was paying?”

His expression was warm and gentlemanly. “It’s our first meal together. How could

I possibly let a lady pay?”

“But...” Chelsea hesitated, about to insist, but Magnus cut her off with a grin. “Next time, you can treat me. How about that?”

Magnus knew well enough that someone like Chelsea wouldn’t try to take advantage of him.

As expected, Chelsea smiled and nodded, “All right, next time, I’ll definitely pick up the bill.”

“Sounds good.” Magnus nodded in agreement.

That promise gave him another opportunity to connect with her. Chelsea,

however, didn’t read into it the way he did. Perhaps because first impressions are so lasting, she had no reservations about him at all.

The two of them went to the opera. Magnus had no real interest in it, but he kept his thoughts to himself, settling quietly beside Chelsea.

By the time the performance ended, it was already ten o’clock in the evening.

Chelsea considered Magnus a friend by now, so she couldn’t help but share what Allen had said the night before.

As a man himself, Magnus knew what Allen was thinking. He furrowed his brow. "Chelsea, don't let him manipulate you."

"Huh? What do you mean?" she asked, confused.

"He's trying to guilt-trip you," Magnus said, his tone serious. "He's placing all the blame for his divorce on you. This guy is way too manipulative."

He was certain Allen had developed feelings for Chelsea, and before long, he would try to pursue her. The thought of it made Magnus uneasy.

With the mounting debt he was drowning in, there was no way he could compete with a man like Allen. Allen was experienced in running a business, with family connections that far outweighed anything Magnus could offer.

"I hadn't even thought of that until you brought it up," Chelsea murmured. "I was up all night thinking about it. I can't shake the guilt. As if I'm the one who ruined their marriage."

"You're too kind-hearted, and he's taking advantage of that," Magnus said.

Chelsea lifted her gaze to the pitch-black sky. "People really are unpredictable."

Sensing an opportunity, Magnus offered, "How about we get some late-night snacks? Might lift your mood a little."

Chelsea hesitated. It was late, and being alone with Magnus made her feel a bit uneasy.

But then he added with a grin, "Didn't you say you'd treat me next time? So tonight's on you."

After hearing that, Chelsea could no longer

refuse and simply order a meal. But where should

"All right, I'll treat you to a

"Didn't you mention something happened last time you went to the Royale Club? Let's go there. This time I'll be with you," Magnus

suggested with a reassuring smile.

Chelsea, ever trusting and sincere, had already confided quite a bit in Magnus despite not knowing him for long.

“All right,” she agreed without a second thought.

At that hour, the Royale Club was relatively quiet.

Chelsea and Magnus found a spot to sit, and soon, an array of beverages was brought to their table.

“Take a look. All these are not heavy,” Magnus said, gesturing toward the drinks.

“Yeah,” Chelsea replied with a nod.

The truth was, during her years abroad, Chelsea had always been carefully shielded.

Her parents enforced strict rules. She had to be home by nine and was strictly forbidden from attending late-night gatherings or parties.

Now that she was back, she longed to break free from those constraints and explore the parts of life she had once been kept from.

She took a sip from a glass of delicately mixed liquor. It carried a

trace

of alcohol. It tasted pleasant.

subtle sweetness, with be

“This tastes really good.”

“If you like it, have some more,” Magnus encouraged.

Though the drinks weren’t particularly strong, consuming too many could still catch up to someone, especially someone like Chelsea.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1940**



## Jason Decides To Help

She rarely drank and had a low tolerance.

After a few glasses, she felt a buzz settling in. The pressure from her parents about marriage surfaced in her mind, followed closely by the memory of that disastrous blind date with Alec. Tipsy and emotional, she began venting. "Magnus, do you ever feel like life is just... exhausting?" she said, her tone edged with bitterness. "Why are my parents always so obsessed with getting me married off?"

Seeing her like this, Magnus gently reached out and held her hand. "Parents can be like that sometimes. Try not to let it get to you."

"I'm not upset," Chelsea muttered, sniffing. "I just don't understand. I'm doing perfectly fine on my own. I really don't want to get married. And if I ever decide I want a child, can't I just opt for IVF? My parents... they just don't see the world clearly. They don't pay enough attention to what's going on. There's so much greed, so much cruelty out there."

As she finished speaking, she gently pulled her hand back.

Then she looked at him, eyes slightly glassy but suddenly serious. "Magnus... we're good friends, right? You're not thinking of courting me, are you? I really, really don't want to get married."

Magnus blinked, momentarily stunned. A flicker of emotion passed through his eyes—something unreadable, but gone too quickly to catch. Had she not been so tipsy, she might have noticed.

"Why aren't you saying anything? Come on, speak up! If you're really trying to pursue me, I suggest you give up now. I have zero intention of getting married." Chelsea just didn't want to mislead anyone. But she was too naive. She still believed the world was full of people who respected honesty.

Magnus quickly put on a serious face. "Chelsea, you're drunk. Of course I see you as a friend."

Only then did her tense expression ease. She let out a smile and waved her hand. "I'm not drunk. I'm completely sober. Let's keep drinking!"

Without waiting for a response, she picked up another glass and knocked it back.

Magnus made no move to stop her. In fact, he wanted her to get drunk. The more she drank, the easier it would be to cross the line she'd just so clearly drawn. After all, if Chelsea remained clear-headed, how could he ever get close enough to exploit her?

Once again, Magnus gestured to the bartender to bring over more wine. "Drink a little more. It helps when you're feeling down," he said gently. Chelsea didn't suspect a thing. Glass after glass, she kept drinking. Time slipped by unnoticed.

Meanwhile, back at Chelsea's house, her parents were anxious.

"Why hasn't Chelsea come home yet?" Phoebe asked, pacing.

Kingston, too, was worried. "She said she was meeting a friend to watch an opera. It's already past eleven. She usually gets home by ten at the latest."

He pulled out his phone and called her.

The line connected, but there was no answer.

What they didn't know was that Chelsea's phone had been switched to silent mode by Magnus.

Back at Royale Club, Chelsea was visibly intoxicated. Magnus continued pouring her drinks, glass after glass. One of the bartenders, Jason, watched the scene unfold with growing unease.

He stepped aside, muttering under his breath to his colleague, "Another girl's about to get hurt. That guy Magnus is disgusting. He's always hanging around here, pulling the same stunt. It's sick."

His coworker gave a dismissive shrug. "Maybe she's into it. Isn't Magnus some rich heir or whatever? She probably knows what she's doing."

Jason shook his head. "I overheard her. She told him they were just friends."

"So what? You worry too much,

man. We're not here to play savior. Just do your job." The other bartender clapped Jason on the shoulder. With that, he grabbed a tray and went off to serve another table.

But the young man named Jason couldn't stand by any longer.

He had come to the Royale Club simply to make an honest living, yet in less than half a year, he'd seen this same

troublemaker-Magnus-targeting unsuspecting women more times than he could count.

Tonight felt different. The woman didn't look like the gold-diggers Magnus usually brought around.

Jason made up his mind to step in.