

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1941

4-5 minutes

Doing The Right Thing

When Jason approached the pair to serve more drinks, he spoke to Chelsea.

“Miss, you’ve had too much to drink. You should stop already.”

Magnus’ expression changed abruptly, and he was just about to reprimand Jason and dismiss him when Chelsea suddenly looked up.

She smiled at Jason and said, “Thank you, young man.”

Young man?

Jason was only in his third year of university and did look quite young.

He wanted to say something, but Chelsea interrupted him by handing over a card. “There’s no password; just swipe a little for the tip. Just don’t make it too high...”

Jason stared at the card handed to him, feeling a little shock.

“Sorry, I can’t accept this, but thank you,” he said.

He was now certain, the woman before him was rich.

Faced with his rejection, Chelsea was somewhat taken aback. She wanted to say something but was interrupted by Magnus.

“This is my girlfriend. I’ll take care of her. You can leave once you’re done.”

Magnus directed a chilling glare at Jason, his eyes filled with hostility.

In response, Jason had no choice but to leave.

When he was leaving, Chelsea turned around and gave him a smile, saying, "Thank you, kiddo. You truly are a kind-hearted soul."

Kiddo? A kind soul?

Jason was stunned for a moment, unsure of what to say, and then he left.

Once he was outside, he was filled with unease, with the woman's face sporadically surfacing in his mind.

After he told his colleague about it, the latter was filled with surprise.

"She's a wealthy woman, huh? Let me go over and serve her some wine later. I can't believe you turned down money like that."

The colleague went on to serve some wine, but not long after, he walked out, his face full of disappointment.

"The lady has already passed out from having too much to drink. What a shame, such a shame..."

"She passed out? Was she taken to a hospital?" Jason hurriedly asked.

His colleague looked at him as if he were a fool. "How could this situation possibly call for a hospital visit? It's clear as day that she'd be taken to a hotel instead."

Upon hearing this, Jason's face instantly turned pale.

His colleague teased him, "You're not actually interested in that wealthy woman, are you? Don't get your hopes up. A woman like her might toy with you for a bit, but she won't take you seriously. You're still young and inexperienced."

Jason didn't respond, his gaze falling upon the private room where Chelsea and her companion were.

Before long, he saw Magnus supporting a drunk Chelsea, guiding her outside.

For reasons unknown, Jason said to his colleague, "Inform the supervisor that something urgent has come up. I need to take a leave."

The colleague wore a baffled expression.

“What’s going on?”

Jason had already left, without giving him a reply.

At that moment, Magnus had already escorted Chelsea outside. After much effort, he managed to get her into the car, only to find a man dressed in a waiter’s uniform blocking his path.

“Mr. Smith, I think you should take this lady to the hospital right now,” said Jason after gathering his courage.

The image of Chelsea’s smile constantly lingered in his mind. He was certain that if he just stood by and watched her being taken away, he would undoubtedly be filled with regret.

Magnus recognized him. “You’re the bartender who served me wine just now, aren’t you? Why are you meddling in my business? Do you want me to lodge a complaint against you and get you fired?”

Jason’s expression darkened.

“Could you please take this lady to the hospital?”

Throughout his life, this was the first time he had shown such courage.

Meanwhile, Magnus had no interest in engaging with Jason. He opened the car door and climbed in, ready to leave.

Yet, Jason held him back and called out to Chelsea, who had already passed out from drunkenness.

“Miss, miss, wake up.”

Chelsea faintly heard what seemed like someone calling her. However, her head was throbbing painfully, and she felt dizzy. Her eyelids felt so heavy that she couldn't open them no matter how hard she tried.

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4-5 minutes

Taking Her To A Hotel

However, Magnus couldn't let Jason ruin his plans.

He threw a punch at Jason's face, then quickly got into the car and started the engine.

Jason wanted to stop him, but it was already too late.

Thud! Right then, something had fallen off the car.

He stepped forward and realized that it was Chelsea's cell phone.

Just at that moment, Chelsea's mother's call came through, and without a second thought, Jason answered it.

On the other side, Cecilia had already gone to bed, but was roused from her slumber by a ringing phone.

When she woke up, she saw that it was a call from Magnus.

Why is Magnus calling me this late at night?

Bewildered, Cecilia answered it, “Hello.”

“You must be Cecilia.”

The voice on the other end of the phone wasn't that of Magnus, but rather, it belonged to a middle-aged woman.

“Who are you?” Cecilia was momentarily clueless.

"I'm Chelsea's mother," the middle-aged woman responded.

So, it's Phoebe.

"Aunt Phoebe, why are you calling me from Magnus' phone?" A vague sense of unease began to creep over Cecilia.

Phoebe didn't explain. Instead, she spoke in a solemn tone. "Come to the Four Seasons Hotel, Room 6008."

"Alright."

Cecilia could tell that something was up.

She immediately got dressed and stood up.

Her movements roused Queenie, who was already a light sleeper, from her slumber.

"Ceci..."

Cecilia hurried over, asking softly, "Mom, did I disturb you?"

Queenie shook her head. "No, I was already awake. Where are you off to?"

"Oh, a friend of mine ran into some trouble. I'm going over to check on them," said Cecilia.

"What's wrong? Is it serious?" Queenie instantly became anxious.

Cecilia chuckled. "Don't worry, it's nothing serious. Just a minor issue that I'll

handle quickly. Go back to sleep. It's still early."

"Alright. Let me know if there's anything you need."

"Sure."

After tucking Queenie in, Cecilia drove to the Four Seasons Hotel.

When she arrived at Room 6008, she saw Magnus' and Chelsea's parents standing together, accompanied by a young man dressed as a waiter.

Cecilia briskly walked up to them.

“Aunt Phoebe, Uncle Kingston, what has happened?”

Kingston said with a stern expression, “Perhaps you should ask Magnus about it.”

When Magnus saw Cecilia, it was as if he had spotted his savior.

“Cecilia, you’re finally here. I’ve been wrongfully accused.” Magnus wore a bitter look: “I went out with Chelsea today to watch a play, then we went to Royale Club for drinks. She got drunk, and since I didn’t know where she lived, I had no choice but to rent a room here for her to rest. Aunt Phoebe and Uncle Kingston have the wrong idea. They think I’m going to do something to Chelsea.”

Magnus acted as if he had been wronged.

However, Cecilia was no fool, and she was well aware of her younger brother’s character.

She just hadn’t expected that he would resort to such measures.

“How’s Chelsea? Is she doing alright?”

“She has taken some medicine. She’s still asleep and hasn’t woken up yet,” said Phoebe with a sigh.

She then turned to Cecilia and said,

“If it weren’t for this bartender, weet

Self this drunk, let alone find

even have known that’s she

got

her.”

Kingston followed up, saying, “Yes, my daughter is pure and innocent. She was almost...”

“Uncle Kingston, you’ve gotten the

wrong idea. Chelsea and I are just friends. If you don't believe me, wait until she wakes up and ask her yourself."

Magnus turned to Cecilia again. "Cecilia, can you help me explain? I absolutely have no ulterior motives toward Chelsea."

At that moment, Cecilia's face had stiffened somewhat.

Throughout the years, she had always been cleaning up Magnus' messes, and given the circumstances, she had no choice but to do the same again.

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4-5 minutes

Was I Wrong About Him

If she were to admit that Magnus intended to harm Chelsea, then Kingston and Phoebe would definitely hold a grudge against her. Regardless of the situation, Magnus would inevitably drag her into his problems.

She clenched her hand, carefully articulating each word.

"Aunt Phoebe, Uncle Kingston, why don't we wait until Chelsea wakes up and ask her?" Cecilia paused briefly. "If Magnus really had ill intentions toward Chelsea, feel free to deal with him as you see fit. Hand him over to the police, and let him go to prison."

The color had drained from Magnus' face.

How can Cecilia say something like that? Let me go to prison?

After Cecilia had spoken, it was naturally difficult for Chelsea's parents to say anything more.

Phoebe said, "Let's go. We'll wait inside."

“Alright.” Cecilia nodded.

At that moment, Jason said, “I took a leave to come here, so I should get going now.”

“Don’t you dare leave!” Magnus blocked his path. “You’ve framed me, and you think you can just walk away? No way.”

Jason’s expression was somewhat uneasy, and he was just about to agree to stay when Cecilia said, “Don’t make things difficult for others. He works at Royale Club. Are you worried we won’t be able to find him?”

Only then did Magnus release his grip. As Jason was leaving, Magnus made sure to throw in a harsh parting remark.

“Once Chelsea wakes up and proves my innocence, I’ll be coming for you.”

Jason wasn’t afraid as he walked out.

He felt that what he had done today was absolutely right. If the lady named Chelsea was to blame him, he could only accept his fate.

Inside Room 6008, Phoebe remained by Chelsea’s side, preparing a hangover remedy for her daughter.

Chelsea wasn’t much of a drinker. When she sobered up slightly, she felt incredibly nauseous, throwing up profusely. She was dizzy and disoriented, making it difficult for her to engage in conversation.

Cecilia and Magnus were seated together.

While Kingston and Phoebe were taking care of Chelsea, she pulled Magnus aside.

“Why did you do this?”

“Cecilia, what are you talking about? What did I do?” Magnus chuckled. “I swear, I didn’t lay a finger on her.”

Cecilia wore a stern expression. “You might fool others, but you can’t fool me.” Magnus lowered his head.

“Anyway, I didn’t do anything wrong. I quite like Chelsea. Isn’t it normal for men and women to eat and drink when they go on dates? Besides, I didn’t force her to drink. She chose to get herself drunk.”

Cecilia listened silently before she countered him, “So, when she got drunk, why didn’t you tell her parents? How is it that a mere bartender could pick up the phone, but you didn’t?”

“It wasn’t my fault. Chelsea’s phone was on silent. I honestly didn’t see it.”

Magnus continued to weave his web of lies.

Right then, Cecilia stare at him with nothing but disappointment.

“I was actually hoping you’d tell the truth…” She laughed at how naive she was.

At that moment, the sound of Chelsea’s voice could be heard from within the room.

“Dad, Mom, what are you doing here?”

Cecilia immediately entered the

room, with Magnus nervously following behind her. Before

Kingston and Phoebe could utter a word, Magnus quickly positioned

himself in front of Chelsea,

“Chelsea, please help me explain. I swear I didn’t force you to drink, and I certainly didn’t harm you in any way.”

Chelsea was still feeling a bit dizzy. All she could recall was having dinner with

Magnus, and then they had some drinks. Everything else was a blur.

She couldn’t recall how she ended up at the hotel.

She responded truthfully, “Magnus didn’t force me to drink. Could there have been some misunderstanding?”

Chelsea had gotten drunk, yet she vividly remembered that after getting intoxicated, it was her own choice to drink, not someone else forcing her.

The burden weighing down on Magnus' heart was finally lifted.

Meanwhile, Cecilia was somewhat taken aback.

Could it be that Magnus has really changed? Was I wrong about him?

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1944

4-5 minutes

Clearing His Name

Immediately, Magnus turned to Cecilia and the others, saying, “See? I was truly wronged.”

Cecilia fell silent.

In spite of that, Kingston and Phoebe remained unconvinced.

Their daughter rarely came home late. This was the first time, and also the first time she had drunk to such an extent. If one were to say that it had nothing to do with Magnus, they still found it somewhat hard to believe.

Upon seeing Cecilia, Chelsea was somewhat puzzled. “Cecilia, why are you also here?”

Immediately, Phoebe stepped forward and said, “There was a slight

misunderstanding, but everything is fine now. Chelsea, you’ve had too much to drink. You should rest now.”

“Yeah, my head really hurts. I did drink too much,” she admitted.

Meanwhile, Kingston invited Cecilia and Magnus outside.

There, he sincerely apologized, “Mr. Smith, I’m sorry that I misunderstood you.”

He apologized to Cecilia again, saying, “Ceci, I’m really sorry for calling you over at such a late hour.”

Cecilia waved her hand. “Don’t worry about it. All that matters is that Chelsea is fine.”

“Indeed.” Kingston nodded, then said, “She used to be so obedient. We never expected her to change so much. I assure you, we’ll talk to her after this.”

With nothing else to attend to, Cecilia and Magnus took their leave.

Upon stepping out, Cecilia stopped Magnus, “Magnus, I misunderstood you today, I’m sorry.”

She jumped to conclusions, assuming that Magnus had truly done something wrong.

Magnus pretended to be hurt. “Cecilia, you still don’t trust me. I’ve truly changed. I really want to date Chelsea. They say a reformed man is worth more than gold.”

“Um, I’m sorry,” Cecilia apologized once again.

She had made a mistake, so it was only right for her to apologize.

“Don’t worry, you’re my sister. How could I ever blame you? I must go now.” Magnus bid her farewell, then got into the car.

Once he got in the car, his expression changed in an instant. His eyes were filled with resentment.

“That d*mned bartender, why did he have to meddle in my affairs?”

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He had taken Chelsea to the hotel, thinking that he would sleep with her.

er, to his surprise, the

bartender had followed them and even informed Chelsea’s parents.

Had it not been for his sudden hunger, prompting him to go downstairs to buy some food, the deed would have already been done by the time Chelsea’s parents arrived.

“Darn it!”

Magnus slammed the steering wheel hard in frustration.

At this moment, in Room 6008 of the Four Seasons Hotel, Chelsea had almost regained her sobriety.

Her parents sat beside her, their eyes filled with confusion and heartache as they looked at her.

“Do you have any idea how much danger you were in today, Chelsea?” Phoebe asked.

Chelsea was well aware that she

had overstepped her boundarieset

that day. She had consumed far too much alcohol and spent time with a man she had only met twice before.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized.

“Thank goodness nothing happened to you. Otherwise, it would be too late for regrets,” said Phoebe.

Kingston heaved a sigh. “We’ve always told you not to go out with strangers alone. You were really bold today. If it weren’t for that bartender, things would have gotten out of hand.”

Kingston, being a man himself, understood the true intentions of other men.

After all, there was only one reason to bring a girl to a hotel.

Chelsea massaged her temples. “I understand,” she said, “I’ll definitely be more careful next time.”

Even though Magnus hadn’t done anything to her, Chelsea still felt a lingering
unease.

“It would be best if no next time,” declared Kingston.

“I understand.” Chelsea nodded.

Phoebe sat beside her, saying, “We’ve had someone investigate Magnus. He’s not Ceci’s younger brother by blood, so don’t let his appearance fool you.”

“How so?” Chelsea asked, puzzled.

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4-5 minutes

Lessons In Life

Phoebe shared all the information she had about Magnus with her daughter.

After the gala the night before ended, Phoebe took a keen interest in Magnus, partly because Magnus’ sister was Cecilia, and they also knew Magnus was an only child. So, they immediately initiated an investigation.

Little did they expect to find out that Magnus had a terrible reputation.

After hearing everything, Chelsea was also filled with disbelief.

She initially thought that Magnus was a decent person. How did reality turn out to be so different?

“Magnus has managed to bring ruin to the wealthy Smith family. If you were to be with him, our family would certainly end up like theirs.”

Chelsea couldn’t help but laugh. “Mom, I think you’ve misunderstood. I don’t have feelings for him, I simply see him as a friend.”

Only then did Phoebe breathe a sigh of relief.

“That’s good then.”

Chelsea nodded.

“However, Allen isn’t all that great either,” Phoebe recalled what she had found out the day before, her mood souring. “He’s already married, and he’s Alec’s older brother. Even though his character and abilities are superior to Alec’s, he already has a family.”

Kingston added, “Didn’t Miranda mentioned that he’s divorced?”

“It seems like he’s preparing for a divorce.” Phoebe sighed. “But how can we let our daughter marry a man who’s been married before?”

Kingston was also quite frustrated. “I told you to let her find a boyfriend early on, but you insisted she was too young. Now look at the situation we’re in, we’re stuck between a rock and a hard place.”

Upon seeing her parents arguing once again over her future, Chelsea

immediately closed her eyes, too weary to listen any further.

“Alright, alright, I’m tired. I’m not feeling well. I’m going to sleep.”

“I can’t believe you.”

When Cecilia returned to the hospital, Queenie was still awake. She immediately asked, “Cecilia, did you manage to sort out your friend’s issue?”

“Yes, I did. Mom, why haven’t you gone to sleep yet?”

“After a short nap, I woke up and just couldn’t fall back asleep,” Queenie said with a bitter smile.

Cecilia Immediately took a seat next to her, keeping her company.

“Shall we talk?” Cecilia asked.

Queenie nodded. “Sure.”

Every night, she was plagued by physical pain. Engaging in conversation seemed to alleviate her discomfort.

Cecilia informed her about the events that transpired with Magnus earlier.

Queenie listened quietly, and she understood everything in an instant.

“Your brother’s intentions were clear. He was out to sleep with that girl. Luckily, her parents arrived just in time.”

“How should I put it?” Cecilia was still uncertain, especially since Chelsea had personally confirmed that Magnus hadn’t forced her to drink.

“Just think about it, if he didn’t have any intentions toward that girl, why would he book a room? And why didn’t he reach out to you? Aren’t you acquainted with that girl?” Queenie said, revealing the truth.

After hearing this, Cecilia realized how truly naive she had been.

“Yeah, why didn’t I think of that before?”

“Your friend is just too naive and trusts others too easily. She’s going to get hurt in the future,” said Queenie.

She grabbed Cecilia’s hand again. “Cecilia, even though Nathaniel has been good to you, you must always be cautious. Don’t fully trust him, understand?”

Cecilia nodded emphatically. “Yes, I now.”

“That’s a relief. I can rest easy now.” Queenie suggested that Cecilia sleep with her.

Cecilia lay beside her, listening as she spoke of her youthful days when she was deceived and subsequently hurt.

All these matters were painful memories for Queenie, yet she had to reopen these wounds as a lesson to Cecilia, preventing her from being deceived.

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Cecilia held onto Queenie’s arm, contemplating how her life might have been easier had she grown with Queenie. She imagined she would have suffered so much less.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1946

4-5 minutes

I Want To Be Friends

The next day, after waking up, Cecilia arranged to meet with Chelsea, intending to clarify everything and prevent her from being deceived.

Chelsea was now fully awake, though her complexion remained somewhat pale.

When she woke up, she found a caring text message from Magnus. She hesitated for a long time but didn't respond to him.

When the time came for her arranged meeting with Cecilia, she left her house to meet the latter.

Inside a serene coffee shop, the two of them ordered a cup of coffee each.

Chelsea spoke first before Cecilia could speak. "Cecilia, I'm sorry. Last night, my parents called you over in the middle of the night and even misunderstood your brother."

To Cecilia's surprise, even now, Chelsea was still blaming herself for the mistakes.

"Chelsea, have you ever considered that it might not be a misunderstanding?" Cecilia asked.

Chelsea was taken aback for a moment, then chuckled. "Really? I think Magnus is a pretty decent guy. Plus, he's your younger brother; he wouldn't harm me."

"Keep your defenses up, even with me. After all, we're merely acquainted," Cecilia meticulously advised.

Chelsea understood the general idea of what Cecilia was getting at.

She remained silent for a long while, then gave a small nod. "Thank you, Cecilia."

If Cecilia could speak to her like this today, Chelsea reckoned she must certainly be a decent person.

After all, Magnus was her younger brother. Wouldn't everyone tend to favor their own family?

"There's something else I need to tell you," Cecilia began. "Magnus may be my brother, but I know him well. He's not a suitable match, not even as a mere friend. Be careful not to be deceived by him."

Gratitude filled Chelsea's eyes as she nodded emphatically once more. "Alright, I understand."

She had spent a long time pondering over the events of the previous night.

She clearly remembered that she didn't have the habit of putting her phone on silent, so why was her phone on silent just last night?

There was only one possibility-Magnus had tampered with her phone.

Chelsea really wanted to question Magnus, but remembering that he was Cecilia's younger brother, and Cecilia was her benefactor, she felt it inappropriate to ask.

Seeing Cecilia's attitude now, she felt considerably better in her heart.

"Cecilia, regardless of what Magnus is like, I genuinely want to become friends with you," Chelsea said.

"Sure," Cecilia said.

The two of them continued their conversation for a while longer before going their separate ways.

After Chelsea left, for some reason, she felt significantly more at ease.

Perhaps it was because of the words spoken by Cecilia, they assured her that she hadn't mistaken the person.

Her phone rang, and when she picked it up, it was Magnus who was calling.

After a moment of hesitation, Chelsea took the call. "Hello."

"Chelsea, are you feeling unwell anywhere right now? Had I known you've never had alcohol, I wouldn't have taken you to Royale Club yesterday. To make it up to you, can I take you to a movie tonight?"

Magnus wanted to strike while the iron was hot.

He knew he didn't have much time left. If he couldn't win over Chelsea, those debt collectors would be the death of him.

Initially, it was assumed that things would go as smoothly as before, but unexpectedly, Chelsea rejected him.

“Sorry, I don’t have time today.”

After Chelsea’s parents revealed the

kind of person Magnus was, she took it upon herself to investigate further. Indeed, he was not a decent man.

Today, Cecilia had said the same thing; if she didn’t heed the advice, the consequences of any mishap that might occur were unthinkable.

“What about tomorrow? Or maybe the day after?”

Magnus was suddenly rejected by her, leaving him somewhat incredulous. He had always found Chelsea to be quite agreeable. What had happened?

“No. I am not free at all.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1947

4-5 minutes

Stop Bothering Her After Chelsea finished speaking, word by word, sentence by sentence, she added, “Magnus, we should see each other less in the future. I never planned to be friends with men. Besides, I don’t believe there’s such a thing as platonic friendship between men and women.”

Before Magnus could speak, she continued on.

“Don’t bother calling me in the future. I’m blocking your number.”

After finishing what she had to say, Chelsea immediately hung up the call and blocked Magnus’ number on her phone.

Magnus was completely flustered.

He tried calling Chelsea again, but surprisingly, he couldn't get through.

"How could this happen?"

One night, Chelsea seemed to have transformed into a different person, even though he was perfectly fine just the day before.

Magnus was at his grandmother's place at the moment. Bethany seemed a bit puzzled. "Sweetie, what's wrong? Did that girl say something unpleasant?"

"She blocked me." Magnus lowered his gaze.

"This d*mned girl. On what grounds did she block you? You're so outstanding and handsome. Is there anything about you that isn't good enough for her?" Bethany was extremely fond of her grandson, to the point of indulgence.

Magnus was nursing a headache at the moment. Listening to his grandmother's constant chatter by his side was starting to test his patience.

"Granny, please stop talking. I'm really annoyed right now."

"Sweetheart, don't worry," Bethany reassured him, firmly believing there was nothing wrong with her grandson. "You're such a catch, there's no place you wouldn't find a woman." She added, "I'll have your uncle introduce you to a few."

Speaking of his son, Bethany recalled receiving millions from him.

"By the way, what happened to the tens of millions I gave you the day before yesterday?" Bethany asked. "Since you didn't manage to win her over, you should return the money to your uncle. He's counting on it to be the company's working capital."

Magnus' expression shifted.

The money he had, a portion was spent frivolously, and another portion was used to win over Chelsea. He also used a part to temporarily pay off some debts, providing reassurance to his creditors.

"Granny," he said. "I've invested that money for now. Once the profits come in, I'll give it back to you."

“What? Didn’t you assure me that you’d repay me soon?” Bethany’s expression changed instantly, her face filled with anxiety. “I already told your uncle that I would pay him back in a few days.”

“Granny, don’t you trust me?” he pleaded. “I told you, once the investment pays off, I’ll pay you back. You just need to be patient.”

After he finished speaking, he picked up his coat and was about to leave.

Unable to reach Chelsea at the moment, he knew he had to make a swift exit. If the debt collectors showed up at his door, his life would be in serious jeopardy. “Sweetie, where are you off to?” Bethany asked, a look of confusion on her face. “I’m stepping out for a bit. I’ll be back soon.”

Magnus lied.

He knew that if he told the truth, his grandmother would certainly not let him leave.

At this point, all he could do was lie to his grandmother and uncle. Impatient to leave, Magnus had barely stepped outside when he found himself in his car. He spent his time mulling over one question—who had ruined his plans?

He couldn’t accept it, so he picked up his phone and called Cecilia.

“Cecilia.”

“What’s up?” When Cecilia received his call, she wasn’t overly surprised.

“Cecilia, I don’t know what’s gotten into Chelsea today. She suddenly stopped answering my calls and even said we can’t be friends anymore. Do you think she misunderstood something? Could you possibly help me ask her?” Magnus said. Content to belong to FindNovel Upon hearing his words, Cecilia knew that Chelsea had taken his words to heart.

“No need to question it any further.

Don’t you know what you truly wanted to do yesterday? If it wasn’t for Chelsea’s connection with the Rainsworth family, she would have told her parents by now. You would have been in jail already,” Cecilia said icily.

Magnus’ mind was in a whirl.

“What?”

“You’d better not bother her anymore,” Cecilia warned him. “If the Rainsworth family doesn’t let it go, you’ll be in trouble.”

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4-5 minutes

Stop Spouting Nonsense As expected, Magnus was indeed frightened. “I understand, Cecilia. You must help me. I can’t afford to offend the Rainsworth family.”

He had already offended too many people and owed too much money. If he were to add the Rainsworth family to that list, wouldn’t that be asking for his life?

After giving him a perfunctory reply, Cecilia then hung up the phone.

After the call ended, she turned to Sven with her inquiries.

“How is Magnus doing now?”

“He should have known he couldn’t marry Chelsea, so he planned to run away,” Sven said, pulling out his phone to show Cecilia the current location of Magnus.

Cecilia watched in silence. “Stick with him closely. Make sure he gets a taste of hardship.”

Growing up, Magnus had always been so well-protected that he felt free to take advantage of others without the slightest hint of guilt.

“Alright.” Sven nodded.

Cecilia had come to know Magnus. Since he dared to run away, he must have still had money on him.

She informed Sven of this.

After hearing this, Sven understood what he needed to do.

After Sven left, Cecilia leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes. His face was a picture of exhaustion.

“Dad, you must bless Magnus, hoping he can make a change this time.”

Cecilia was truly at a loss, unable to find a way to help Magnus improve.

Magnus’ parents had both passed away, yet none of this seemed to impact him. When would he ever grow up?

Could it be that he was truly beyond redemption, incapable of change?

“If I couldn’t change him, I hope you won’t blame me,” Cecilia murmured softly.

In her lifetime, one of the people she owed the most to was Regas.

Regas had always been kind to her. From her childhood to adulthood, he had been nothing but a loving father.

It was precisely for this reason that she had always been looking after Magnus. Once Magnus left, two days later, Cecilia received a phone call from Elena.

“Could you swing by home when you have a moment? There’s been a bit of a situation.”

Cecilia felt a bit puzzled. What could possibly go wrong at the Smith residence? “Alright, I’ll be there immediately.”

By the time Cecilia arrived at the Smith residence, a madwoman was seen causing a ruckus at the entrance.

The surroundings were filled with housekeepers.

The housekeepers of the Rainsworth family were well-trained. They merely watched with an air of indifference, not uttering a single word.

Even so, it was enough to utterly embarrass the Rainsworth family.

When Cecilia stepped out of the car, she had a clear view of the elderly woman nearby. It was Paula’s mother, her former grandmother.

Upon seeing Cecilia, Bethany immediately got up from the ground.

“Cecilia, you must urge the Rainsworth family to repay the debt soon.”

The Rainsworth family to repay the debt? What debt?

Wearing high heels, Elena’s eyes were filled with indifference and disdain. “Since when did our Rainsworth family owe you money?” she asked.

Back when Paula was alive, Elena would often drop by the Rainsworth family’s place every now and then.

| Now that Paula was dead, it was worth mentioning that Cecilia wasn’t even Paula’s biological daughter. Surprisingly, Paula’s mother had come asking for money again.

Like mother, like daughter.

Bethany turned to Elena and couldn’t help but say, “My grandson, Magnus, spent tens of millions on the Rainsworth family’s daughter, and you dare say he didn’t spend any money? Are you joking?”

The daughter of the Rainsworth family?

Elena laughed.

“Everyone knows I only have two sons. Where on earth did this daughter come from? If you continue with this nonsense, I’m calling the police.”

If it wasn’t for the consideration of Cecilia, she would have had this old woman thrown out a long time ago.

Bethany, accustomed to her domineering ways, stood with her hands on her hips.

“Just because you don’t have a daughter, does that mean no one else in the Rainsworth family does? Could it be that your husband has fathered a daughter outside your marriage?”

The final words left Elena utterly astounded.

She was livid. “What nonsense are you talking about?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1949

4-5 minutes

Do Not Give It To Her “Could it be that I’ve hit the nail on the head?” Upon seeing Elena’s irritation, Bethany not only continued unabated but pushed her luck even further.

“Everyone knows your husband hardly spends any time at home throughout the year. Who’s to say he doesn’t have a handful of illegitimate daughters and sons out there!”

Raised with good manners since childhood, Elena clenched her fist, stifling her urge to lash out.

Immediately, Cecilia stepped forward, approaching Bethany.

“You mentioned that Magnus spent quite a bit of money on the Rainsworth family’s daughter. Who is this Rainsworth family’s daughter? Where’s the record of his spending? Is there any proof?”

A few words were all it took to leave Bethany completely bewildered.

She was still contemplating when Cecilia continued, “If you can’t produce any evidence, we’ll sue you. Think it over.”

Bethany regained her senses.

“You little rascal, always looking out for others. The girl that our Magnus was searching for is named Chelsea Rainsworth. Tell me, isn’t she from the Rainsworth family then? As for the receipts or evidence of spending money, you think these clever girls of today would leave any trace? All they know is to make us foot the bill without leaving any proof.” Bethany tugged at Cecilia’s clothes. “You better have your grandmother repay the money now, or I’ll publicize this matter. So, the daughters of the Rainsworth family have no qualms about spending men’s money. It seems that your family’s vast fortune was built on the deception of your daughters.”

Chelsea...

It was only then that Elena understood, the person they were seeking was the daughter of a branch of the Rainsworth family.

She felt a bit more at ease in her heart, perhaps because she found out the girl’s identity, who was not Wren’s illegitimate daughter.

She was on the brink of divorcing Wren. If it turned out that Wren truly had an illegitimate daughter, she was determined to give him a taste of his own medicine. "You've got the wrong person," Elena said coldly. "We're not responsible for what happens to Chelsea. You should be speaking with her parents."

Bethany was unyielding. "I don't care who her parents are. All I know is that she and Nathaniel are from the same lineage; they both belong to the Rainsworth family. So, I'm going to find the Rainsworth family!"

Bethany had her own plans.

She knew better than anyone that it was her own grandson who had designs on Chelsea. If she were to make a fuss with Chelsea's parents, it would undoubtedly do her no good. There was even a chance she might be thrown out.

However, things were different if she came to Cecilia's place.

The Rainsworth family, with its vast empire in the south, placed great emphasis on tradition and reputation.

Besides, Cecilia was still a daughter-in-law to the family. In a way, she could be considered as Cecilia's grandmother.

People from the Rainsworth family would definitely not dare to lay a hand on their own.

Sure enough, Elena truly didn't dare to cross this elderly lady.

Cecilia never expected that Bethany could be so shameless.

Genuinely Elena couldn't be bothered to argue with such a frustrating person. "How muchel money did Magnus spend on Chelsea?"

Seeing that Elena seemed to waver and even started asking her, a glint flashed in Bethany's eyes as she held up five fingers.

"Fifty million!"

She only gave Magnus forty million. The fifty million was a scheme to swindle the Rainsworth family.

The Rainsworth family was so wealthy. Fifty million was just a drop in the bucket for them.

Besides, with Magnus and Chelsea absent, wasn't the fifty million something she could just casually mention?

"Fine, I'll give you fifty million. Take it and get out!" Elena retorted, turning to grab the cheque.

Cecilia stopped her. "Mom, don't give her any money."

Bethany was taken aback.

"You little brat. What did you just say?"

Cecilia had the audacity to ruin her good fortune.

Her son was eagerly awaiting this sum of money. If she failed to secure it, she knew for certain that upon her return, she would face reproach from both her son and daughter-in-law.

Cecilia didn't pay her any mind. Instead, she lowered her voice and said to Elena, "Mom, fifty million isn't a lot but if we give it once, there will be a second time."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1950

4-5 minutes

Crying To Get Her Way Cecilia knew exactly what kind of person Heather was. If she got a taste of success that day, there was no telling how many more times she'd show up at their door.

Elena understood this too, but she found herself in a tough spot and lowered her voice. "But what are we supposed to do? It doesn't feel right to throw them out!"

"Then let's call the police," Cecilia suggested.

Elena stared at her in disbelief.

Heather, standing nearby, looked stunned. "You insolent girl, what did you just say? I'm your grandmother!"

"I don't share any blood with Paula, and you're not my grandmother. You've never shown me a shred of affection," Cecilia replied coldly.

Heather's face contorted as she pointed at Cecilia, too shaken to speak.

But Cecilia didn't spare her a moment's pity. "When I came earlier, I recorded everything. Fifty million. You're trying to extort fifty million. Do you know that's jail time?" Cecilia held up her phone.

Heather never imagined Cecilia would actually record her. "Ungrateful girl! After everything my daughter's done for you, now you're siding with outsiders?"

"This is my mother-in-law. You're the outsider. If Paula hadn't taken me in, I would've reported you already. You sure you want to keep making a scene?" Cecilia said, her tone calm and steady.

Heather faltered. She stood there, fists clenched, unsure of what to do next, until the only thing she could do was burst into tears.

"Why is my life so miserable?" she wailed. "My daughter died so young, and now my own granddaughter wants to send me to jail!"

Her sobs drew surprised glances from several of the housekeepers.

Elena felt uneasy and tugged at Cecilia's hand. "Let it go. It's just fifty million. Think of it as helping out a beggar."

Cecilia frowned. "Mom, we can't give in like this."

What's the big deal about fifty million? Sure, for the Rainsworth family, it isn't a huge amount. But for a regular household, that kind of money is a lifetime's worth of earnings. Why should this woman always get her way by crying? Are we supposed to fork over fifty million every time she throws a tantrum?

"Then what do you suggest we do?"

"Mom, just go back to your room and get some rest," Cecilia said. "I'll handle this."

Elena could only nod and leave it all in Cecilia's hands before heading inside.

Once she was gone, Cecilia instructed the housekeepers to return to their tasks, leaving Heather to herself.

“Understood.”

All of them dispersed. Now it was just Cecilia and Heather left out front.

Heather was still immersed in her performance, completely unaware that her audience had vanished. She sniffled and looked around. “Why’d you send them away?”

Cecilia looked at her flatly. “Ma’am, not everyone has time to waste like you do.”

Heather’s face flushed with embarrassment.

“All right, Cecilia, you think you’re scaring me off? I’m not going anywhere. I’ll just wait. If no one comes out, that means the Rainsworths won’t have any guests at all.”

Cecilia sat down on a stone bench, her expression calm. “Fine. Stay if you want. I’ll keep you company.”

And just like that, she took a seat and pulled out her phone to check for any work tasks she hadn’t finished.

Heather kept crying at first, her voice nearly cracking. But when she realized no one was paying her any attention, she quieted down and glanced at Cecilia.

Cecilia, catching her stare, said coolly, “Go on. Keep crying.”

Heather was momentarily speechless.

“You really gonna be this heartless? No matter what, you’re still Magnus’ sister. He’s in trouble now, and instead of helping him, you’re kicking him while he’s down?” Heather tried guilt-tripping her.

“How exactly am I kicking him while he’s down? Chelsea stole his money, shouldn’t you be going after Chelsea instead of showing up at my door? You’re doing this because you think I’m an easy target, aren’t you?” Cecilia called it like it was.