

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1951

4-5 minutes

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Even The Toughest People Have Weak Spots Even after being exposed, Heather didn’t seem the least bit ashamed. Instead, she lifted her chin with pride. “So what? He’s Nathaniel’s brother-in-law. What’s wrong with asking for a little money?”

Cecilia had no interest in arguing with her any longer. “I already called the police.. They’ll be here soon; you can explain everything to them.”

“W-What?” Heather’s eyes widened.

Cecilia casually waved her phone. “You might not end up behind bars, being as old as you are. But your son’s business? That’ll definitely take a hit. People will know his mom tried to extort money.”

The mention of her son was like a switch, and Heather’s arrogance instantly vanished. “Fine. You’re something else.”

There was no way she could let the police take her away. Without another word, she got up and left.

Watching her finally give up, Cecilia breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

Back in the day, the Escobar family was just another average household, and Heather had been nothing more than a simple country woman.

Later, when Paula married Regas, he helped her brothers start their own small businesses. That was how the Escobar family grew into a network of small business owners.

But even then, they weren’t satisfied. While Paula was still around, they were always coming to the Smith residence with one request or another.

The Escobar family had no business sense. Their company was a mess, run by a mix of distant relatives, and it lost money every year.

Whenever they ran into financial trouble, they turned to the Smiths. And the Smiths, having no other choice, kept bailing them out.

This was one of the reasons why the Smith family's fortunes kept declining.

By that point, the Smiths had already fallen from grace. Cecilia had even heard that the Escobars were barely keeping their business afloat with loans. Heather showing up at the Rainsworth residence begging for money likely meant her sons were out of cash.

But none of that was Cecilia's concern. She knew the Escobar family was a bottomless pit, and she didn't see it as her responsibility to keep filling it.

As she was getting ready to head back, she saw Nathaniel's car pulling in. He climbed out in a hurry, striding over with long, quick steps. His eyes scanned her from head to toe. "You all right? Where's that old lady?"

"She's gone. But how did you end up here?" Cecilia asked, surprised.

"Mom told me Old Mrs. Escobar came to cause trouble. She was afraid you'd be bullied, so I rushed back," he explained.

Once he saw she was okay, Nathaniel finally relaxed. "Wasn't she supposed to be tough to deal with? What made her leave?"

SV Cecilia smiled. "Even the toughest people everything-how she handled Heather, from beginning to ve weak spots." She tolet end.

He let out a chuckle. "You didn't actually record anything, and you definitely didn't call the police."

"How'd you know?" Cecilia asked, surprised.

She really hadn't. When she'd come to the house, she had no idea what was pappening, so recording el?

anything hadn't crossed hadn't crossed her mind.

As for calling the police, at Heather's age, they wouldn't do much beyond giving her a warning.

Cecilia was just trying to scare her a bit.

“Just a hunch,” Nathaniel said.

“Fine. It was a good hunch,” Cecilia said, smiling as she turned to leave for the office.

Nathaniel caught her hand gently. “We barely see each other these days. Stay with me a little longer.”

Most of her time was spent at the hospital lately, looking after Queenie, leaving Nathaniel with barely any time with her.

“But I’ve got a mountain of work waiting at the office...” Cecilia replied, exasperated.

“How about I go with you and help out? Two heads are better than one, right?”

Cecilia’s eyes lit up. “Really? That sounds amazing.”

If Nathaniel could pitch in, it’d be like copying homework from the top student, something she’d gladly take advantage of.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1952**

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### **A Board Meeting Without Her**

Cecilia led Nathaniel toward the car.

Nathaniel felt a wave of helplessness wash over him. The way Cecilia was going these days, she was buried so deep in work that she hardly cared about him.

They arrived at the Jamieson Group. From the moment they stepped into the office, Cecilia noticed something was off. The employees avoided eye contact, acting strangely.

Nathaniel picked up on it too.

When Cecilia called for Charlotte, she was told that Charlotte was out running errands and not in the office. So Cecilia summoned one of the other secretaries instead.

“Did something happen in the company?”

The secretary hesitated briefly, then replied, “The senior management heard that Mdm. Queenie’s health has been worsening. They’re calling a board meeting to discuss the company’s direction going forward.”

A board meeting without informing me, the general manager?

“Where are they now?”

Back when Queenie was still managing the company, she’d always feared falling ill and being unable to oversee things. She worried that some of the senior management would take advantage of Cecilia’s inexperience.

Sure enough, the moment something happened, they’d already started scheming behind the scenes.

Even though they tried to keep it under wraps, it wasn’t exactly a secret. Charlotte had already caught wind of it.

“They’re in the third-floor conference room,” Charlotte said.

“Okay.” Cecilia turned to Nathaniel. “Wait here. I’m going to head downstairs.” Nathaniel gave a nod. “Okay.”

On the third floor, inside the conference room, several older executives didn’t take Cecilia seriously at all. They were deep in conversation, discussing the company’s future. Even Queenie’s name came up.

“Mdm. Queenie’s health has been going downhill. I doubt she’ll hang on for much longer.”

“Yeah, I visited her at the hospital not long ago. She’s all skin and bones. She could barely speak.”

“If she passes, we’ll have to take on the company’s burden.”

The old geezer leading the meeting chimed in. He had come from the Drocver, and he was the one who called this senior management meeting at the branch office.

As soon as he finished speaking, the conference room door swung open. Cecilia stood at the entrance.

“Gentlemen, you held a meeting and didn’t think to let me know?”

The room, which had been buzzing a second ago, fell into dead silence the moment she walked in.

Cecilia didn’t seem fazed. She walked inside and took a seat beside the elder at the head of the table. “Uncle Randall.”

Randall Jamieson was the son of Alphonse’s brother. Cecilia had heard from Queenie a long time ago that this man had always had his eyes on the Jamieson Group.

“Cecilia, good to see you,” Randall greeted her with a broad smile, his tone warm and friendly. One would

never guess he was the one

maneuvering for contro

behind the

scenes.

Still smiling, he explained, “I figured you’ve been busy at the hospital with your mother, so I didn’t want to trouble you with this meeting.”

This old fox had a way with words. He made it sound like he was being thoughtful, like he had Cecilia’s best interests at heart. There wasn’t a crack to criticize.

Over the years, Cecilia had learned to act. She played along smoothly. “Oh, Uncle Randall, that makes sense. I knew you weren’t the type.”

“What type? What do you mean?” Randall asked, caught off guard.

“Well, just earlier downstairs, I overheard someone saying you brought people here to squeeze me out of the branch office. I scolded themight away. I told them He’s, my uncle There’s no way he’d pull something like that while my mom is sick.”

Randall's face shifted rapidly between pale and flushed. He hadn't expected Cecilia to speak so sharply, mocking him while pretending to be polite.

"Such baseless gossip," Randall muttered. Then he added, "I had no intention of meddling, honestly. Your granddad asked me to come. First, to check on your mom's health, And second, to see how the company's doing, and whether I could help."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1953**

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### **Earn Their Trust**

"Right, I understand," Cecilia said, then looked around at the senior management sitting at the table.

Half of the senior management from the branch company had shown up-six or seven people in total. When they noticed Cecilia's eyes on them, they looked away, clearly uncomfortable.

"Let's continue the meeting then," she said.

No one responded.

Randall cleared his throat to break the silence, and finally, the meeting resumed.

This time, they actually focused on the real topic-discussing the future direction of the company.

The meeting didn't last too long. Once it wrapped up, Randall personally saw the senior management out, acting every bit the gracious host.

Cecilia stood quietly by, watching everything. A heavy sense of unease settled in her chest.

When she returned to the CEO's office, she found Nathaniel sitting at her desk, immersed in paperwork. He'd already gone through most of the towering stack.

Charlotte tugged at her arm and whispered, "Boss."

“What’s wrong?”

“Mr. Rainsworth is something else,” Charlotte said in a hushed tone. “After you left, he didn’t move from his seat. He combed through a ton of documents and pointed out all kinds of issues. He marked everything.”

Cecilia had always admired Nathaniel’s abilities. He was a top-tier student. Not just smart, but disciplined-a born workaholic.

“I’ll go check in with him,” Cecilia said.

“Maybe let him be for a while.” Charlotte smiled. “He’s helping you with your work. We should just take a break.”

In her mind, Charlotte was thinking that if she ever picked a husband, it’d be someone like that-capable and reliable.

Cecilia gave her a look.

“Silly. No one can rely on someone else for their whole life. It’s great that he’s helping me now, and I can still learn a thing or two from him.”

Charlotte immediately felt guilty for being lazy and too dependent.

Cecilia walked into the office and made her way to Nathaniel. “Nathaniel,” she said, “Charlotte told me you found a lot of issues. Can you teach me?”

Cecilia hadn’t studied business management, nor did she have experience running a major corporation. Unlike Nathaniel, who had been trained to take over the Rainsworth Group since childhood, he was naturally far more skilled.

When she walked in, Nathaniel looked up and motioned for her to sit beside him. “Come on over. I’ll explain.”

Cecilia pulled a chair next to him and listened closely as he walked her through

the contract issues. She was completely focused, taking careful notes.

It reminded her of when she was

young. Back then, her father would

take Magnus to the company all the time, teaching to L'UB him how ruf business. But Magnus had zero

interest. Every time he went, he just goofed around.

Regas realized Magnus wasn't cut out for it, so he started bringing Cecilia along too The difference between her and Magnus was huge. The only problem was, she was a girl and even worse, Paula didn't like her. s̃novel

After Cecilia successfully presented a business plan for the company, Paula realized she was outperforming her own son. From then on, she forbade Cecilia from returning to the company.

When she was deep in learning mode, time flew by.

Around noon, Charlotte brought them food and finally gave them a chance to rest. "Boss, I'll leave the food here."

"Thanks," Cecilia said.

After Charlotte left, Cecilia stretched and said, "Let's eat something."

While they were eating, Nathaniel could tell her mind was elsewhere. "What happened at the meeting this morning?" he asked.

Since he'd asked, she didn't hold back. She told him everything about Randall.

After a long pause, Nathaniel finally spoke. "You may own the majority of the Jamieson Group's shares, but it's clear most of the senior management don't fully back you. You need to earn their trust."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1954**

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Trying To Win Support



Of course, Cecilia understood the principle. But getting people to accept and trust her wasn't something that could happen overnight.

Seeing the stress on her face, Nathaniel's heart ached. "Take your time, there's no rush," Nathaniel said seriously. "Just remember, I've got your back." He paused, then added, "We can handle this together."

Cecilia shook her head. "No, I can't lean on you for everything. I need to learn to stand on my own too."

She took a long breath. "Don't worry, I'll handle it."

The current situation already had her stretched thin. If her mother were to pass away, things would only get worse. She had to prepare. She couldn't expect Nathaniel to always be there cleaning up the mess.

"Instead of giving a man a fish, it's better to teach him how to fish. Think you could show me how to deal with those old geezers?" Cecilia's bright eyes locked onto Nathaniel's.

Under her gaze, Nathaniel felt his ears heat up slightly. "Of course," he said. "But only if you agree to be my apprentice."

"Deal," Cecilia replied without hesitation.

"So... are you going to call me 'professor' now?" Nathaniel asked, his eyes holding hers.

Cecilia opened her mouth and said, "Professor Rainsworth."

That caught Nathaniel off guard, and his smile widened, even more irresistible than before.

"From now on, whenever you've got free time, come with me to Imminence Corporation. You can handle work here in the mornings, then in the afternoons, be my assistant," he said with sincerity.

"All right."

With that settled, Cecilia found her appetite returning. She no longer felt as anxious as before. With Nathaniel teaching her, she was confident she'd learn a great deal.

Once they finished eating, Cecilia couldn't wait to start. But before Nathaniel could begin explaining anything, he got a call from the butler. "Got it. I'll come over right away." His expression turned serious.

As soon as the call ended, Cecilia asked, "What happened? Is something wrong?"

"The butler said my parents took the household registry. They're filing for divorce," Nathaniel replied, his tone low.

It's already been a month?

It seemed time had passed without Cecilia even noticing.

"Let's go check it out," Cecilia suggested as she stood.

Nathaniel nodded.

They left the company and drove straight to the Rainsworth residence.

When they arrived, they saw Elena and Wren standing at the entrance, seemingly ready to leave. Nicholas was with them, and the three

seemed to be in the middle

of a

conversation. Content Belongs to FindNovel

Nathaniel and Cecilia got out of the car and approached.

"Mom, Dad," they greeted them together.

Elena looked surprised. "Nathaniel? Ceci? What are you two doing here?"

Naturally, Cecilia stayed quiet, tactfully avoiding mentioning the divorce.

Nathaniel asked slowly, "Where are you planning to go?"

"We're heading to City Hall to get a divorce," Elena said plainly.

She added, "This is our business. You kids shouldn't get involved. We have the

right to make our own decisions.”

“You’re sure about this?” Nathaniel asked, voice deep.

Elena nodded without hesitation.

Nathaniel turned to look at his father.

Wren’s face was grim. Divorce had never crossed his mind. He couldn’t

understand why Elena, at her age, would stir up such a mess.

“Nathaniel, Nicholas, are you two okay with this divorce?” Wren hesitated, then continued, “If you’re against it, speak now. Your feelings matter.”

Clearly, he was hoping the boys would take his side and talk Elena down.

Cecilia quietly observed, finally

catching on. So that was why the et

butler had called Nathaniel-it

asn’t

Elena it was her father in-law trying to win support. .- FindNovel

Then Wren looked directly at her. “Ceci, you’re part of this family now aş our daughter in-law  
What about

you would you be okay i

we

decided to divorce?”

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Zero Regrets Cecilia was speechless.

How can I answer that?

Whichever side she chose, she'd offend someone. Agreeing would upset her father-in-law. Disagreeing would offend her mother-in-law.

She was completely caught in the middle.

Elena turned to her and said, "Ceci, despite the divorce, I'll still take care of the grandkids. Don't worry, we're still a family."

Cecilia didn't know what to say. Thankfully, Nathaniel wrapped an arm around her and said, "Mom, Dad, we're your kids. We can't interfere in your marriage. Whatever you decide, we'll respect it."

Wren's expression shifted. He made a face at Nathaniel, but Nathaniel acted like he didn't see it.

With no choice, Wren turned to his younger son. "Nicholas, what do you think?"

Lately, Nicholas hadn't been in the best state of mind. He'd tried and failed to beat Nathaniel, leaving him full of frustration.

"I know it hasn't been easy for either of you. If there's a chance to avoid divorce, then maybe don't go through with it," Nicholas said.

He turned to Elena. "Mom, if word gets out that you and Dad divorced, it'll damage our family's image."

Elena froze. She had assumed her son would support her, but now it seemed Nicholas didn't want the divorce either.

"Nicholas, you know exactly how much I've endured all these years."

Nicholas' eyes flickered with a touch of coldness before returning to calm. "Mom, do you really believe your life will improve after the divorce? Our family isn't an ordinary one. The Rainsworths don't need you to be some perfect wife or mother. If you divorce Dad, where will you go? Back home? Would your brothers welcome you back?"

He sounded like he was considering her feelings, but every word was meant to discourage her from going through with it.

Wren quickly added, "Nicholas is right. If you change your mind now, we can still give our marriage a second chance."

Elena's chest filled with bitterness. She never imagined her own son would say something like that.

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"I'm not changing my mind. I want this divorce. She looked at Nicholas, disappointed. "You and Nathaniel are both grown. I don't owe either of you anything. As for the Rainsworth family's reputation, or my own, don't worry yourselves."

She thought back to all her years the Rainsworth family—having husband or not—hadn't made a

Veline

difference. Her heart had long grown cold.

"Let's go. Wren, didn't you say we could get a divorce anytime? No point in waiting."

Seeing her resolve, Wren stopped trying to argue. He climbed into the car. "Don't come crying to me later!"

Elena said nothing. She followed him and got in.

There wasn't a trace of regret in her heart. She was determined to live the rest of her life on her own terms.

The car pulled away, and Cecilia stood there, watching. Her mind drifted to her early days with Nathaniel.

Back then, she too had once thought about divorce. And Nathaniel had told her the same thing.

Cecilia felt certain her mother-in-law wouldn't have regrets. Her father-in-law, though, was another story.

He had spent so many years living freely, while Elena ran the household. Now

that she was gone, how could he continue that carefree life?

“Come on, let’s head back,” Nathaniel said, his voice steady.

Cecilia nodded and was about to leave with him when Nicholas called out. “Since

you’ve already won, why haven’t you come after me yet?”

Nathaniel didn’t stop walking. He just took Cecilia’s hand and looked back. “Because I’m not interested.”

He knew exactly how Nicholas

worked. The more attention he gave him, the more out of control hea get. But if he didn’t care anymore, Nicholas might just lose interest all on his own.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1956**

4-5 minutes

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Please Help Me

Nicholas stood at the mansion entrance, watching the car disappear into the distance, a shadow of sadness in his eyes. He was alone. The wind blew bitterly cold, and soon he began to cough, the sound rough in the quiet evening.

A housekeeper stepped outside and, upon seeing him, couldn’t help but say, “Mr. Nicholas, it’s freezing out here. Why don’t you head back inside?”

Nicholas shook his head. “No, I need to go out.”

“Would you like me to grab you a coat?”

“No need,” he replied again, brushing the suggestion off and heading straight for his car.

To the housekeepers, Nicholas always seemed approachable, polite, humble, and without the airs expected of someone in his position.

Inside the car, his composed mask finally cracked, and a flicker of his buried anger appeared. He was driving, but he had no real destination in mind. For the first time, he realized just how isolated he had become.

He eventually found himself parked outside the residential area where Jocelyn lived. Sitting in the driver's seat, he stared up at her building, a heavy weight pressing down on his chest.

Jocelyn had quit her job some time ago, and since then, Nicholas had been on edge. More than once, he'd nearly lost control.

He had only ever felt like this once before-when he was abroad for treatment and found out that Cecilia had married his own brother.

He never thought that strange, helpless feeling would return, yet here it was again. It pressed down on his chest, robbed him of sleep, and scattered his thoughts. His entire life had been thrown off balance.

Coincidentally, or maybe not, just then, he saw Jocelyn walking with Yannick, grocery bags in the man's hand as the two chatted and laughed casually.

Suddenly, Jocelyn stopped in her tracks, eyes fixed ahead. She had spotted the license plate it was unmistakably Nicholas' car.

Yannick noticed her sudden pause and asked, "What's wrong?"

"That's Nicholas' car," Jocelyn replied, not bothering to hide it.

She hadn't contacted Nicholas since quitting. The moment she found out he had orchestrated that hit on Yannick, her feelings toward him had completely changed. Yannick followed her gaze, frowning slightly. "What's he doing here?"

There was no proof tying Nicholas to anything, so Yannick couldn't confront him directly.

"I don't know. Let's just go," Jocelyn said quietly. She didn't want any confrontation between the two of them.

“All right,” he agreed, and, as if on purpose, reached out to take Jocelyn’s hand as they passed Nicholas’ car.

Nicholas sat there, unmoving, not even rolling the window down. Once the couple disappeared from view, he reached for a cigarette. But before he could light it, his phone rang.

Who is it at this hour?

He looked at the screen. It was a landline number he didn’t recognize. Maybe it was the loneliness that finally got to him because he stared at it for a moment, then answered

“Who is this?”

“Mr. Nicholas, it’s me, Stella,” came a familiar voice on the other end.

Nicholas’ eyes narrowed. “Why are you calling me?”

“Mr. Nicholas, I’ve always been loyal to you. Please, you have to help me,” Stella pleaded, her voice tinged with panic.

She was in a psychiatric hospital, pretending to be unstable. It had been manageable until recently, when she got a new

room

roommate-someone genuinely violent and unpredictable. The attacks were random and relentless. She couldn’t take it anymore.

Nicholas listened quietly. “Sorry, I can’t help you.”

He had his own problems. Even though Nathaniel hadn’t come at him directly, his company was being pressured constantly.