

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1161

Chapter 1161 Unknowingly Saving An Enemy

A sudden wave of responsibility washed over Elliot. Feeling as though he had to step into the role of a big brother, he gave Dylan a reassuring pat on the shoulder, mimicking the tone of an older sibling.

“Good, that’s the spirit of a real man,” he said with a grin. “This minor injury is nothing. You’ll be fine in no time.”

see this

The housekeeper taking care of Dylan watched from the side, unable to suppress a smile. It was truly unexpected to see side of Elliot—so mature and caring

Mr. Elliot really is adorable. It was thanks to him that the situation had been handled so smoothly.

For the rest of the morning, Dylan followed Elliot around like a shadow. Wherever Elliot went, Dylan trailed behind him, treating him like a leader and hanging on to every word he said. It was clear Dylan admired him.

After some time, Elliot suddenly remembered to ask about Dylan’s background. “So, what’s your connection to the Rainsworth family?” he asked.

Dylan thought for a moment before replying, “I came here with my granny,” he explained, though his response was somewhat clumsy.

“Who’s your granny?”

Dylan scratched his head, searching for the right words. “I’ve only heard people call her Mdm. Queenie.”

Mdm. Queenie?

Elliot’s mind immediately connected the dots. He recalled his brother mentioning something about Cassandra’s mother- this very woman who had once sent people to kidnap his brother,

Wait a minute, I saved the grandson of our family’s enemy? If I had known earlier, I should’ve let Felix beat him up more!

Noticing Elliot’s sudden change in mood, Dylan looked puzzled “What’s wrong?” he asked, his voice small.

“Nothing.” Elliot replied, his tone shifting to one of detachment. “It’s getting late. I need to head back. I can’t hang around with you anymore.”

He stood up abruptly and started walking away, heading back to his residence.

Dylan, sensing that something was off, quickly followed behind him. “Elliot, wait! Let’s hang out a little longer!”

“Can I go back with you?” he asked, clearly not wanting to part ways just yet. Dylan had a hard time finding a friend who was not only good-looking but also treated him kindly. He couldn’t hear the thought of Elliot leaving so soon.

Elliot stopped in his tracks and turned to face Dylan. “You should go back to your granny,” he said coldly.

“Elliot, are you mad at me?” Dylan asked, confusion in his eyes. Everything had been fine just a moment ago—why had Elliot’s mood changed so suddenly?

Elliot’s expression remained distant. “Get lost. I don’t want to see you anymore.”

Instantly, Dylan froze in place, his face falling. He didn’t dare follow Elliot any further.

The housekeepers who had been watching from a distance exchanged bewildered looks. What just happened? Mr. Elliot was so friendly moments ago.

Dylan, overwhelmed with sadness, turned to the housekeeper. “Can you take me home? I don’t want to stay here anymore.”

“Of course,” the housekeeper agreed, noticing the late hour. She took Dylan by the hand and prepared to leave.

Once Dylan returned home, despite his room being filled with all sorts of toys, his mood remained gloomy. He sat there quietly, lost in thought, wondering why Elliot had gotten upset so suddenly,

When Cassina returned, she noticed something was off right away.

Hearing his mother’s voice, Dylan quickly got up from his chair and ran over to her. “Mommy,” he called softly.

As Dylan approached, Cassina’s gaze fell on the red mark on his face and the dirt stains on his clothes. Upon closer inspection, she even noticed footprints on his outfit.

“Dylan, what happened to you? How did your clothes get so dirty? And your face—did someone hit you?” she exclaimed, growing alarmed.

Without waiting for a response, Cassina grabbed Dylan and rushed to find Queenie. "Mom, something happened to Dylan!" Cassina called out as she entered the room.

Queenie, who had been in the middle of discussing Cassandra and Nicholas' marriage arrangements with Elena, immediately stood up when she heard her daughter's panicked voice. She hurried over to Dylan, her face filled with concern.

Queenie's eyes scanned Dylan's injuries, and her expression darkened. "Who did this?" she asked, her voice trembling with anger.

Dylan sniffled and clung to his granny. "Granny, can you help me find Elliot?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1162

Chapter 1162 Elliot Attacked My Grandson

Queenie's mind jumped to the conclusion that it was Elliot who had harmed her grandson. She turned to Elena, her face twisted with fury. "My dear, who is Elliot?"

Cassina, who had been standing nearby, suddenly remembered. She had heard Cassandra mention Elliot in passing before. "Mom, Elliot is Cecilia's son," Cassina answered.

Cecilia again!

Queenie turned back to Elena with a glare. "Is this how you treat your guests?"

Elena was caught off guard, her face showing clear surprise. "There must be some sort of misunderstanding" she tried to reason. Elliot had always been frail—there was no way he could have hurt Dylan.

"Misunderstanding? Just look at Dylan! His face, his body—do you think I'm imagining those marks?" Queenie's voice was rising in anger, her eyes flashing with fury. She immediately instructed her assistant to call for a doctor, her focus solely on Dylan's well-being.

Dylan, sensing that the adults had misunderstood the situation, tried to explain. He opened his mouth to clarify, but Queenie cut him off.

"Call Elliot over now. He needs to apologize to Dylan," she demanded, her voice stern. "And let me be clear," she added coldly, "if you don't handle this situation, don't even think about marrying Cassandra into your family, our two families will become enemies."

Cassina and her son were Queenie's entire world. She had no qualms about offending the Rainsworth family if it meant protecting them.

Elena, displeased by Queenie's harsh words, subtly signaled to a housekeeper. "Go bring Eli and Ceci here."

Elena didn't believe Elliot was capable of causing harm, but she knew the situation needed to be clarified.

In her room, Cecilia was resting while Elliot played nearby when a housekeeper rushed in.

"Mrs. Rainsworth, we have a problem," the housekeeper said urgently. "Mdm. Queenie claims that Mr. Elliot hit her grandson Dylan, and they're demanding you come with Mr. Elliot to resolve the matter."

Cecilia frowned, bewildered

When did Elliot ever get into a fight? she wondered. If someone had said Jonathan got into trouble, that would make more sense. But Elliot! He is far too frail for something like this.

"Eli," Cecilia called softly.

Elliot, who had been absorbed in his game, paused and looked up, his face full of surprise. "When did I ever hit him?" he asked indignantly

That ungrateful brat! I saved him, and now he's lying about me?

Elliot quickly got to his feet. "Mommy, I didn't touch him," he said firmly.

Naturally, Cecilia believed him. "Could there be some kind of misunderstanding?" she asked.

The housekeeper, growing more frantic, urged them, "Please, come quickly. If we don't act soon, Mdm. Elena and Mdm.. Queenie might start arguing."

"All right," Cecilia agreed. She took Elliot's hand and hurried toward the meeting room.

Meanwhile, Dylan sat quietly, feeling uneasy. He didn't want to explain too soon—he wanted to wait for Elliot to arrive so he could clear things up himself.

Deep down, he still hoped Elliot wouldn't be mad at him anymore. Perhaps, if his granny saw that Elliot saved him, she would reward him generously.

Dylan's heart sank, and he lowered his head in disappointment.

Queenie, upon spotting Elliot, immediately stormed over to him, recognizing his striking resemblance to Jonathan. “Was it you who laid a hand on my grandson?” she demanded.

Elliot stood his ground, unafraid. “I didn’t lay a hand on him,” he said firmly

Without hesitation, he stepped forward and confronted Dylan. “Why did you lie and say I hit you? I was the one who saved you,” he said, his voice full of frustration.

Dylan, flustered, stuttered as he tried to explain. “G—Granny, Elliot didn’t hit me...”

Cassandra, who had just rushed in after hearing the commotion, took Dylan’s hand protectively. “Dylan, don’t be scared,” she said. “Did he threaten you, telling you not to tell the truth?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1163

Chapter 1163 Resolving The Misunderstanding

Dylan, looking puzzled, saw Cassandra and immediately shook his head.

Sensing the tension in the air, Cassandra subtly signaled to Cassina, who understood that her son had something to say. But with Cassandra’s authoritative presence, Cassina felt hesitant to act

“Dylan, don’t be scared,” Cassina said gently, stepping forward. “With your aunt and granny here, no one will hurt you.” She tried to comfort her son, though it was clear he was growing anxious, unsure how to explain the situation.

“Mommy,” Dylan stammered, “Elliot didn’t hit me.. he didn’t..” His small voice carried a hint of desperation as he tried to make them understand

Cassandra, thinking the child was simply scared and confused, said calmly, “Mom, I think Dylan’s just a bit shaken. We should let him rest for now.”

Queenie, agreeing with Cassandra, nodded. “Yes, let’s get Dylan to rest Cassina moved to take her son away, but before they could leave. Cecilia stepped forward, blocking their path.

“I think we should get the facts straight before anyone rests, don’t you think?” Cecilia said firmly. She couldn’t allow her son to be wrongfully blamed without clarification

Cassina hesitated but remained still. Cecilia knelt down to Dylan’s level and asked softly, “Dylan, you just said Elliot didn’t hit you. So who did this to you?”

Dylan scratched his head, trying to recall. He couldn't remember Felix's name, so he simply said, "It wasn't Elliot, it was a very naughty boy."

Cecilia's calm demeanor made it easier for Dylan to speak, and he managed to complete his sentence without hesitation

Queenie, initially fuming, was taken aback by this revelation.

"A naughty boy? Who?" she asked, confusion creeping into her voice.

At that moment, Elliot, stepping forward, answered flatly, "It was Felix."

The moment Felix's name was mentioned, Cassandra's expression shifted, though she quickly masked it.

Dylan nodded in agreement. "Granny, it was Felix. If it weren't for Elliot saving me, he might have beaten me up even worse."

Queenie's anger faltered, realizing she had wrongfully accused Elliot. She wasn't sure if she should be mad at herself for jumping to conclusions or at the child who caused the trouble. She turned to Elena, about to ask who Felix was, but before she could, Elena interjected impatiently

"I was wondering who dared to lay a hand on Dylan. So it was that little rascal Felix," Elena said, her voice tinged with irritation. "Felix is the grandson of Nicholas' eldest uncle, and he's been spoiled from a young age. Ever since Elliot returned to the Rainsworth family, Felix has been nothing but trouble for him."

Elena didn't hesitate to speak ill of Felix, clearly fed up with the boy's antics..

Hearing this, Queenie made a swift decision. "Mdm. Elena, lead the way. I'm going to have a word with that brat."

"Gladly," Elena replied, a wide smile spreading across her face. She was more than happy to see someone finally putting Felix in his place.

But before Queenie could proceed, Cecilia intervened, "Mdm. Queenie, since this was a misunderstanding, shouldn't you apologize to my son?"

Queenie, visibly taken aback, turned to look at Elliot, who was standing there with the same proud, unbothered expression as his mother. Though clearly reluctant, Queenie sighed and offered an apology.

"Kid, I wronged you. I'm sorry. And thank you for saving my grandson. If there's anything you want, just let my assistant know, and I'll make sure you get it."

Elliot barely glanced at her, his face a mix of annoyance and disdain. I don't need anything from you. I have everything I

Queenie, momentarily stunned by his bluntness, bit back her frustration. She wasn't going to argue with Cecilia's son. especially since it was a child she had wronged. Elena, watching the exchange, couldn't help but chuckle softly.

That's my grandion. Why would he need anything from the Jamieson family!

"Mdm. Queenie," Elena said, stepping in, "let's not dwell on this. It's best not to argue with a child. Let's go find Felix instead."

"Fine," Queenie agreed, though clearly still irritated. Before leaving, she instructed Cassina to take Dylan to the doctor and update her on any developments. Then, with a determined step, she followed Elena in search of Felix.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1164

Chapter 1164 Put Him In His Place

As Queenie and Elena headed off to confront Felix, Cassandra's brow furrowed. Without hesitation, she dialed Miranda's number.

She and Miranda had recently become allies, and it didn't sit right with her to let her mother cause trouble for Miranda's son. However, knowing Queenie's temper, Cassandra also understood that once her mother saw Dylan had been hurt, there was no stopping her,

Meanwhile, Felix was having the time of his life, thoroughly enjoying a lavish Clusian meal. Once he finished eating, he bossed the housekeepers around, acting like a little tyrant in the house.

His grandfather, who usually kept Felix in check, was out visiting friends, leaving Felix free to run wild.

"Is this the place?" Queenie's sharp voice could be heard just outside the door.

Elena nodded. "Yes, my father-in-law dotes on his great-grandson. He's been raising Felix ever since he was little."

Queenie snorted, already irritated. No wonder the child is so spoiled. He even dares to lay hands on a guest. But he messed with the wrong person today!

"Who is it?" Felix, inside, heard the commotion and looked puzzled. Who's at the door!

Before the housekeeper could answer, Elena and Queenie had already entered the room.

As soon as Queenie saw the flippant Felix, something snapped inside her. Felix, noticing the two women, called out with a smirk. "Oh, Grandma Elena! Are you looking for Great-grandpa?"

Elena's face darkened. "Get down here now, Felix. Mdm. Queenie and I need to talk to you."

Reluctantly, Felix slid off the housekeeper's back and approached them, his expression full of indifference. "What's this about?"

"Did

you do something wrong today?" Elena asked, her voice cold.

Felix, utterly oblivious to his behavior, shrugged. "Nope. What could I have possibly done?"

Queenie's eyes narrowed as she stared at the brazen child. Unlike Elena, she had no patience for sugar-coating things. "Did you hit Dylan today?" Queenie asked sharply.

Upon hearing Dylan's name, Felix rolled his eyes. "Oh, so you're the granny of that little crybaby? Yeah, I scolded him. What of it?" he said, sticking his tongue out defiantly.

Queenie, who normally had a soft spot for children, felt her patience snap. With surprising speed, she grabbed Felix by the back of his shirt and hoisted him into the air. "You think it's okay to hit someone?" she demanded.

Felix, flailing in her grasp, shouted back, "Put me down, you old witch!"

But Queenie didn't let go. She tightened her grip.

Felix, still struggling, screamed, "Someone get rid of this crazy old witch!" he ordered the housekeepers, but none dared move.

Elena stood to the side, watching with silent satisfaction.

Finally, someone's putting this brat in his place. Felix caused Elliot to end up in the hospital multiple times, and it's long overdue for him to face the consequences.

At that moment, Miranda, having been called by Cassandra, rushed in, her face pale with fear. "Mdm. Queenie, please don't hurt Felix! He's just a kid!" Miranda pleaded, panicking at the sight of Queenie holding her son up like a rag doll. She knew Queenie was not someone to be trifled with.

Elena, seizing the opportunity, chimed in, "Miranda, Felix may be a child, but so is Dylan. And did you know Dylan has congenital diabetes? He's even younger than Felix."

word. I'll make sure he learns his lesson

Elena fell silent despite Miranda's pleas

Just then, Felix, seeing his mother, called out. "Mom! Help me! Get this old witch off me!"

Queen's expression grew even darker. She wouldn't seriously harm a child, but she needed Felix to consequences of his actions. She raised her hand and gave Felix a firm smack on the rear.

"Let me tell you, Felix Queenie said sternly, "even your mother can't save you from this."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1165

Chapter 1165 The World Does Not Revolve Around You

Felix, known for his arrogance, had never experienced being physically disciplined by an adult. Tears welled up in his eyes as he cried out in shock, "Ah, she hit me, Mount She hit me!"

Queenie, far from done, delivered a few more sharp slaps. Miranda stood off to the side, her heart torn. She knew if she stepped in to defend her son, the situation would escalate. Right now, it was a minor issue, but if she interfered, it could easily blow out of proportion.

After being beaten into tears, Felix finally grasped the harsh reality that the world didn't revolve around him. For the first time, he understood that there were people much stronger than him, people even his parents feared,

He wasn't invincible, and neither were they.

When Cecilia returned home, she overheard the housekeepers gossiping about Felix. Apparently, Felix had been thoroughly reprimanded, reduced to crying and apologizing to Dylan through sobs.

Word had it that even Niel had rushed back upon hearing Felix had hit the Jamieson family's grandson. Yet, not a single word of defense for Felix had come from his mouth.

The situation left Cecilia pensive. She realized that, in the grand scheme of things, power and influence mattered more than anything else.

If only I was as powerful as Queenie, no one would dare mess with Elliot or Jonathan.

Later, when Elena returned, she couldn't help but admire Queenie's approach. "Queenie really knows how to handle things. She dealt with Felix harshly. In the future, we need to make sure Elliot doesn't get into any conflict with Dylan," Elena remarked, her voice full of respect.

Cecilia nodded in agreement, curious about how Queenie had risen to such a formidable position. "Got it," she replied, her thoughts wandering.

Soon after, a doctor came to examine Dylan. Thankfully, apart from a few superficial injuries, nothing serious was found. Both Cassina and Queenie let out a collective sigh of relief.

"That's a relief. Dylan, if anyone ever hits you again, make sure to tell me right away," Queenie said, her voice filled with protective warmth.

Dylan nodded. "Okay, he murmured, his eyes still searching for someone. "Where's Elliot?"

Queenie, noticing the concern in Dylan's voice, asked, "He must've went home. Why? Is something wrong?"

Dylan hesitated before speaking, his lips curling into a small pout. "I wanted to hang out with Elliot, but I think he's still mad at me."

Hearing that, Queenie felt a wave of guilt wash over her. Elliot was still a child, and not only had he saved Dylan, but she had wrongfully accused him without knowing the full story. "Elliot seems like a good kid. If you want to play with him, go find him, Queenie suggested, trying to make amends.

Dylan shook his head. "No, I don't think he wants to play with me anymore," he said, his voice filled with disappointment.

Queenie sighed, feeling helpless. She turned to Cassina for advice. "What do children usually like? Perhaps we should buy him something as an apology."

Cassina pondered for a moment. "Kids like toys; maybe that would work."

But Queenie shook her head. "The Rainsworth family lacks nothing." After giving it some thought, she decided, "Let's go over and apologize to Elliot once again."

I made a mistake, and an apology to a child is the least we can do.

"All right."

When Queenie and her group arrived at Cecilia's residence, Cecilia was immediately on alert, fearing they had come to cause more trouble. She stood protectively in front of Elliot.

"What brings you here, Mdm. Queenie?" Cecilia asked, her voice cool..

Seeing Cecilia's defensive stance, Queenie quickly reassured her, "We're here to apologize to Elliot. I wrongfully accused him. earlier without knowing the full story. He didn't deserve that, and I've come to make things right.

Cecilia visibly relaxed at Queenie's sincere tone. Dylan stepped forward, eyes filled with guilt. "Elliot, I'm sorry," Dylan said, his voice small.

Elliot, arms crossed, remained unmoved. He wasn't one to easily hold grudges, but he didn't like the idea of associating with someone whose granny, Queenie, had wronged his mother. He turned his face to the side, his voice icy.

"If apologies were enough to fix everything, we wouldn't need police in this world."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1166

Chapter 1166 Apologize To My Mommy

Elliot's words left the adults feeling awkward. Queenie hadn't expected such wisdom from someone so young.

Cecilia, on the other hand, was used to it. Elliot had a particular fondness for TV dramas and often quoted lines from them. When he was younger, he would follow Martha to catch up on the latest episodes. Now, he did the same with Lucille and Charlotte.

Dylan, seeing that Elliot wasn't willing to forgive him, started crying again. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he looked pitiful.

Cassina, feeling her heart ache for her son, said softly, "lot, please forgive him. Dylan tried to explain earlier, but he young and doesn't quite understand."

Queenie added, "Indeed. As long as you forgive Dylan, I'll agree to any one of your conditions, no matter what it is."

A spark of interest lit up in Elliot's eyes. "Really? You'll agree to whatever I ask?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Queenie, thinking that a child's request couldn't be too outrageous, nodded confidently. "Of course. Tell me what you want."

Elliot tilted his head, his expression serious. "I feel like you disrespected my mommy. I want you to apologize to her."

The adults were momentarily taken aback by his request. Elliot may have been young, but he was protective of his mother. He couldn't do much for her, but if he had the chance to stand up for her, he wouldn't hesitate.

Queenie hesitated, her gaze drifting toward Cecilia. Apologizing to a child was one thing, but apologizing to Cecilia was quite another. Her daughters had a history with Cecilia, and she herself wasn't fond of her. Offering an apology without good reason was no small matter.

Cecilia was equally surprised. She hadn't expected Elliot to make such a bold demand. Meanwhile, Queenie remained silent, clearly conflicted.

Elliot, seeing her hesitation, scoffed. "It seems your promises are empty. You claim to be a big boss, but you're just a liar. Forget it. Don't bother asking me to play with your grandson again."

He turned to leave, his tone dripping with disdain.

For the first time in her life, Queenie was at a loss, being scolded by a child. Though frustrated, she realized that her grandson's happiness was more important than her pride.

"Granny..."

As Dylan tugged on her hand, Queenie's heart softened.

She sighed deeply. "I'm sorry, Ms. Smith. I didn't show you the respect you deserved earlier. Let's put this behind us and move forward."

Elliot, hearing the apology, stopped in his tracks.

Cecilia, though surprised, smiled and replied calmly, "Mdm. Queenie, I appreciate your apology, though I won't accept it. However, my son's condition was clear—he will forgive Dylan and you all, provided you apologize. I trust that he will keep his word. Isn't that right, Eli?"

Elliot turned around, his expression softening. "Of course, I always keep my promises."

Walking up to Dylan, Elliot wiped his tears away. "All right, stop crying. Let's go play together."

Dylan's sadness quickly vanished, replaced by a smile. "Okay!"

With that, the two boys went off to play, their previous conflict already forgotten.

Outside, Queenie and Cassina watched the children with a sense of relief. Though there had been tension, they were glad to see the kids playing happily together. After all, the grievances between adults didn't need to carry over to the children.

In the nursery, Dylan was always there to help Elliot, ready to provide whatever was needed. Noticing his efforts, Elliot

"How come you're related to the old witch? Elliot asked, unable to hold back after watching Queenie and the others leave.

Dylan scratched his head and replied, "She's not my biological granny."

"You have another granny?" Elliot asked, intrigued.

Dylan nodded. "Yeah, my real granny is amazing. She used to take care of the elderly and kids in the hospital."

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When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1167

Chapter 1167 Have We Met Before

As Cecilia brought fruits to the two children, she overheard Dylan speaking. There was something oddly familiar about Cassina and Dylan that she couldn't quite place, but now, hearing his words, a memory sparked.

Suddenly, it all clicked. Cecilia remembered saving Bailey and her family.

Could it be that Dylan and Cassina are related to Mdm. Bailey!

She stepped closer. "Dylan, is your granny's last name Moore?" Cecilia asked.

Dylan nodded. "Yes, everyone calls her Bailey Moore."

That confirmed it for Cecilia. She quickly recalled the details about Bailey, who had initially taken care of Paula, a name was unmistakable.

Cecilia smacked her forehead in disbelief. How could my memory be this bad? It's like I've got face blindness

She couldn't believe she hadn't recognized Cassina all this time. Maybe it had been too dark the night she rescued them, and she hadn't focused on their faces

But still, Cassina should've recognized me, right? I saved her after all, and surely Mdm. Bailey would've mentioned my name to her daughter

Cecilia's mind swirled in confusion. Why hadn't Cassina acknowledged her? It didn't make sense. To make things worse, after helping Cassina and her family, Cecilia had lost contact with Bailey altogether. That last phone call from Bailey suddenly came rushing back to her memory.

Could something have happened?

She quickly dialed Sven. "Sven, can you look into Mdm. Bailey, the woman who used to take care of Paula? Start from the beginning of this month. Something feels off"

At that time, she didn't quite catch what Bailey had said over the phone. When she went to the older woman's residence, Cecilia found out that she had moved out and didn't delve much further into the matter.

"Understood" Sven didn't ask questions.

With the investigation set in motion, Cecilia decided she needed to probe Cassina subtly when she came to pick up Dylan.

That evening, Cassina arrived for dinner. Cecilia invited her to sit down and rest for a bit, offering her a cup of coffee.

"Ms. Cassina, I can't shake the feeling that we've met before. Are you sure our first meeting was at the company? You seem really familiar to me. Maybe we've crossed paths somewhere else?" Cecilia asked, watching Cassina's reaction closely.

Cassina's hands trembled slightly as she held her cup. She wasn't used to lying, and Cecilia's questions were hitting too close to home.

"I—I don't think so." Cassina stammered. "People say I have a common face. Maybe I just remind you of someone."

Cecilia didn't believe her for a second. She knew Cassina was hiding something. To avoid any mistakes, Cecilia had already asked Sven to dig into Bailey's background. The investigation had confirmed everything, including Cassina's identity. There was no way this was just a case of mistaken identity.

"All right, I thought you might be related to a caretaker I used to know," Cecilia said casually.

Clang!

The cup in Cassina's hand slipped and crashed to the floor, water spilling everywhere.

"I'm so sorry!" Cassina exclaimed, quickly getting up to clean the mess.

Before she could move, the housekeepers rushed over. "Ms. Cassina, please take a seat, we'll handle it."

Cassina seemed panicked, avoiding sitting down again. She clearly didn't want to engage in more conversation with Cecilia,

"Ms. Smith, I really can't stay any longer. My mom is waiting for me and Dylan," she said, trying to make a hasty exit.

Cecilia knew better than to push further. "All right, I'll walk you out," she offered politely.

"Thank you," Cassina muttered, clearly eager to leave.

As soon as Cassina called for Dylan, the boy, who was playing happily, protested. "I don't want to go! I want to have dinner with Elliot!"