

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1271**

Chapter 1271 An Act

Upon hearing that, Cecilia immediately panicked. “Let’s go. We need to get to the hospital.”

Yet, Elliot seized her hand and said, “I don’t want to go to the hospital. I want to see Daddy. Where is Daddy?”

Upon seeing the way Elliot was acting, Cecilia knew he was faking illness, so she pulled away his hand.

“Elliot, do you even realize what you’re doing right now?” she asked.

Elliot noticed that Cecilia was angry. He squatted where he stood, his face paling. “Mommy...”

“If you want to see your daddy, I can arrange for someone to take you to him,” Cecilia said again.

She hadn’t expected that after raising two kids on her own, her younger child, Elliot, would become so fond of Nathaniel. To her surprise, Elliot even tried to feign illness to win her sympathy.

Upon seeing Cecilia’s anger, Elliot immediately dropped his act of pretending to be sick. He stood up, reaching out to Cecilia. “Mommy, I’m sorry. I won’t do it again. Please don’t be mad. I don’t want to go to Daddy’s.”

He preferred Cecilia over Nathaniel.

“Mommy?”

Cecilia was still somewhat upset.

The severity of Elliot’s illness was no laughing matter.

“Mommy, I was truly wrong.”

Upon seeing how pitiful Elliot looked, Madeline came to his defense, saying, “Let it go, Ceci. He’s just a kid.”

“Maddie, don’t mind him. He’s played this trick more than once. He has no idea that no one will trust a person who lies too often,” Cecilia explained.

Madeline thought those words made sense. If he keeps feigning illness, people will eventually stop believing him. What would he do then?

As a mother herself, Madeline understood how agonizing it was for a mother to see her child fall ill. "Eli, if you want to see your daddy, you can tell your mommy properly. You mustn't pretend to be sick to scare her in the future, okay?"

Most mothers would willingly take on their child's illness themselves if they could.

Elliot nodded repeatedly. "Yes! I've got it."

He dared not play clever tricks anymore.

For some unknown reason, he was indeed feeling a bit unwell at that moment, his breathing inexplicably becoming labored.

Perhaps he was too agitated, and the fear of Cecilia rejecting him had truly triggered his illness this time. His nose warmed, and blood started to gush out.

"Mommy..." Elliot weakly called out.

Upon witnessing this scene, Cecilia was utterly terrified, promptly scooping him up in her arms.

Madeline followed suit, and so did Lucille and Charlotte.

"I'm here. I will take you to the hospital," Cecilia said.

Cecilia's heart was racing with fear after she got into the car. She was terrified. Lately, Elliot has seldom had nosebleeds. I might have wrongly blamed the child earlier.

"I'm sorry, Eli. I misunderstood you just now."

Elliot was somewhat feeble. "Mommy... It was all an act at first... Now, it's real..."

"All right. I understand. Don't speak. We're going straight to the hospital."

Elliot nestled into Cecilia's embrace, feeling extraordinarily at ease.

"Mommy, am I going to die?" he asked.

"Don't talk nonsense. That's not going to happen." Cecilia wept silently.

"Mommy, I love you so much," Elliot mumbled unclearly.

Cecilia nodded. "Okay. I love you too."

The three people who boarded the car with them were moved to tears.

Elliot asked again, "Mommy, please be with Daddy, okay?"

He had observed Nathaniel closely, and he found that Nathaniel truly treated Cecilia well.

That was precisely why, despite his previous strong dislike for Nathaniel, he found himself aiding Nathaniel then.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1272**

Chapter 1272 Hereditary Disease

"All right." Elliot held Cecilia tightly, no longer speaking.

Cecilia immediately dialed Nathaniel's number, and Nathaniel quickly answered the phone, asking, "What's up? Missing me already?"

He still didn't know what had happened.

Cecilia was uninterested in entertaining his teasing, and her voice carried an undertone of urgency and a hint of tearfulness when she said, "Eli has fallen ill. You need to get to the hospital quickly."

After hearing what was said, Nathaniel became serious. "Don't worry. I'll be there right away."

After hanging up the phone, he immediately called Zachary, instructing him to find the best pediatrician in Tudela, along with experts in hereditary diseases and leukemia.

Subsequently, he didn't call for a driver. Instead, he drove himself to the hospital.

In the hospital corridor, Cecilia sat dazedly on a chair, her gaze somewhat vacant as she stared at the fresh blood on her hands.

Even though she had experienced such situations numerous times before, each instance still terrified her to her core.

She often found herself thinking that if anything were to truly happen to Elliot, she probably wouldn't be able to go on living.

Right then, Charlotte comforted her, "Boss, everything will be okay. Don't worry."

Lucille also said, "Yeah. Everything will definitely be all right."

“Absolutely! We got him to the hospital immediately. Don’t worry,” said Madeline

Seeing the three of them worried about her, Cecilia brushed away her tears and forced a calm demeanor. “All right.”

“Everything will be okay. Everything will be okay,” she muttered to herself.

The three of them grew increasingly worried about Cecilia.

Fortunately, at this moment, Nathaniel and Zachary arrived with a team of medical staff.

Without uttering another word, Zachary swapped his clothes with the doctor’s and headed toward the operating room.

Nathaniel found himself hugging Cecilia’s side bending down to embrace her

Seeing that Nathaniel had also arrived, Lucille and her two companions didn’t want to play the role of the third wheel. Thus, they decided to wait outside the hospital.

In the corridor, only Nathaniel and Cecilia were present.

He gently patted Cecilia’s shoulder and said, “I’m here now. I promise nothing will happen to Eli.”

A lump formed in Cecilia’s throat when she heard his deep and commanding voice. Her mouth was then filled with a bitter taste, and before she knew it, tears were once again streaming down her face.

She was at a loss for words. It took her a while before she could muster a simple hum in response.

Nathaniel held her even tighter.

Tears streamed relentlessly from Cecilia’s eyes when she said, “Nathaniel, I’m so scared.”

“Yes, I know. Don’t be afraid while I’m here,” Nathaniel gently reassured her in a soft voice,

“Okay.” Cecilia nodded, yet she couldn’t help but feel a sense of unease.

She glanced back at the doors to the operating room before lifting her arms to embrace Nathaniel.

From Nathaniel’s presence, she felt a slight sense of relief.

As each moment ticked by, at last, the doors to the operation room were pushed open.

Cecilia was helped up by Nathaniel, and her legs felt weak. She looked into Zachary's eyes, full of pleading. "Is Eli okay?"

Zachary gave a nod. "Yes. We've managed to save him."

The weight in Cecilia's heart finally settled. "Thank you! Thank you!"

"Don't worry about it. Just be sure to take care of the child's emotions in the future and try not to let him experience too much emotional upheaval. Also, once surgery is an option, try to get it done as soon as possible," Zachary said.

"All right. Thank you."

Cecilia was genuinely grateful to him.

Zachary felt that all of this was something he needed to do. He owed Cecilia so much that it would be difficult to repay in a lifetime.

"Go check on the child," Zachary said.

"Okay."

Cecilia's legs had given out on her. With Nathaniel's support, she was led into the ward to check on their son, Elliot.

Elliot had already woken up, his face exceptionally pale. Seeing Cecilia and Nathaniel arriving together, he couldn't help but feel comforted. "Mommy, you're not fooling me, are you? You're really going to be with Daddy again, right?"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1273**

Chapter 1273 Moving In

Without a second thought, Cecilia nodded repeatedly. Yes. I'm not lying to you. I promise I will be with your daddy."

Nathaniel couldn't help but feel surprised.

Elliot was overjoyed, exclaiming, "Yes! This is fantastic! I'll have both my parents from now on."

Upon seeing his happiness, Cecilia was consumed by guilt.

She had always been consumed by her own thoughts, neglecting to consider her two children. Despite their intelligence, they were still just kids who naturally longed for a complete family.

After his bout of joy, Elliot felt a pang of hunger. He asked Cecilia to buy his favorite ravioli from a nearby place.

Without giving it much thought, Cecilia simply stepped out.

After leaving, she made sure to inform Lucille and the others that the child was all right, suggesting they return home to rest first.

Lucille and the others finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's a relief that Eli is all right. We knew he would be all right."

"Yes."

Inside the ward, Nathaniel stayed vigilantly by Elliot's side.

"Eli, tell me something. What did you mean when you said you want your mommy and me to be together?" Nathaniel asked.

He was thrilled that Cecilia was willing to start anew with him, yet he didn't want it to be solely because of the children.

Elliot was feeling a bit better then, and he said to Nathaniel, "I'm not doing it for you, sc\*mbag daddy."

"If not for me, then for whom?" Nathaniel asked solemnly.

"Of course, it's for Mommy. Mommy has already had a hard time raising Jon and me on her own. She's going to have little siblings for us soon. Surely, she shouldn't have to take care of them all by herself, right? Elliot's large eyes were fixed intently on Nathaniel. "Sc\*mbag daddy, I'm helping you now, but it's all for Mommy's sake. You better treat Mommy right, or I won't let you off the hook when I grow up."

Upon hearing those words, Nathaniel didn't become angry. Instead, he felt rather comforted.

Nathaniel then lifted his hand.

Elliot thought Nathaniel would lose his temper out of embarrassment and strike him. However, to his surprise, Nathaniel simply gave his cheek a light pinch.

"Eli, you're doing the right thing. A real man should always protect his mother and wife."

realized that was not the case at all.

Upon receiving the compliment, Elliot felt somewhat embarrassed. "Of course, I'll take good care of Mommy. You should also do the same. Never, ever mistreat her."

In the end, the two of them sealed their promise with a pinky swear.

When Cecilia returned after buying ravioli, he saw Nathaniel and Elliot in a joyful conversation, oblivious to what they were discussing.

She first fed Elliot some food, and once Elliot was resting, she asked Nathaniel to step out of the hospital with her.

At that moment, the sky outside the hospital was dark and heavy, with only the faint glow of the streetlights barely allowing them to see each other.

Cecilia cut to the chase and proposed, "Nathaniel, let's get remarried."

Upon hearing those words, Nathaniel wasn't exactly thrilled. His sharp eyebrows furrowed slightly. "Are you doing it for Eli?"

Cecilia didn't respond directly. Instead, she asked, "Didn't you always insist on getting back together before? Why are you hesitant now?"

Nathaniel averted his gaze elsewhere, making it impossible for Cecilia to discern the expression on his face. All she could do was listen to him speak.

"It's not that I'm unwilling, but I want to wait until you're wholeheartedly ready, not forced."

Upon hearing these words, for a moment, Cecilia didn't know what to say.

When Nathaniel was about to leave, she immediately called out to stop him.

"Shall we move in together first, then?" she asked.

After all, she had promised Elliot. She couldn't lie to the child.

The two of them could live together, providing Elliot with both paternal and maternal love.

"All right."

Nathaniel readily agreed.

The pair were about to say something else when a nurse approached. She informed them that Elliot had woken up and was crying, asking for them.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1274**

Chapter 1274 Holding Hands

Without any further ado, the two immediately headed to Elliot’s ward.

Only when Elliot saw both his parents return did he finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Cecilia walked over, asking gently. “What’s wrong, Sweetie?”

Elliot suddenly embraced her. “Mommy, I thought you and Daddy had another fight and didn’t want me anymore.”

“How could that be? I’ve already arranged with your daddy to live together with us in the future,” Cecilia reassured him.

After hearing that, Elliot felt considerably relieved. “Really?” he asked.

“Of course. Now, go back to sleep,” Cecilia said, her eyes filled with tenderness.

Elliot couldn’t help but ask, “Mommy, can you and Daddy sleep on either side of me?”

Cecilia glanced at Nathaniel before she nodded and said, “All right. After we freshen up, we’ll sleep next to you.

“Okay.” Elliot nodded repeatedly, finally showing signs of happiness.

Cecilia also felt greatly comforted.

She had Nathaniel go freshen up first. Once Nathaniel and Elliot were comfortably settled in bed, she then went to take a quick bath.

When she returned, Elliot and Nathaniel were engaged in a lively conversation. Their shared happiness was palpable.

When Cecilia saw how much the child adored Nathaniel, she genuinely felt happy.

She walked forward, settling down to sleep on the other side of Elliot.

“All right, it’s getting late. Let’s get some sleep.”

“All right,” Elliot obediently agreed.



Before he closed his eyes, he placed Cecilia's hand and Nathaniel's hand on his own body, urging them to hold onto each other and never let go.

Cecilia and Nathaniel looked at each other, their hands intertwined in a silent pact, words unspoken.

As time passed, Elliot fell asleep once more.

Cecilia had initially intended to withdraw her hand, but Nathaniel's grip was surprisingly firm, showing no signs of wanting to let go even for a moment.

She gave a gentle tug, and Nathaniel slowly opened his eyes to look at her, asking softly, "Still aw ? Can't you fall asleep?"

"No. What if he wakes up and sees we aren't holding hands?" Nathaniel paused before adding, "Just bear with it. The night will pass quickly."

After hearing that, Cecilia had no choice but to agree.

She found it rather peculiar, the sensation of her palm sweating from being held by Nathaniel all this while.

Perhaps it was due to exhaustion, but she finally succumbed to sleep in a state of semi-consciousness.

When she woke up the next day, Cecilia was surprised to find herself lying in Nathaniel's arms.

Upon a private glance, she realized Elliot was missing. In an instant, panic seized her, prompting her to wake Nathaniel from his slumber.

"Where's the child?"

Nathaniel opened his slightly weary eyes, his lips parting slightly to say, "Eli went to have breakfast. You were still asleep, so we didn't wake you up."

Upon hearing that, Cecilia finally felt at ease and sat up from the bed. "I'm going to find him."

She was about to leave when Nathaniel firmly grasped her hand. "Why don't you sleep a little longer?" he asked.

It had been a long time since he had slept as soundly as he did the previous night.

"I'm not going to sleep anymore."

Cecilia pushed him away, clueless as to when he had developed the habit of lazing in bed.

In the past, he was always punctual, never missing his morning wake-up time or breakfast.

When Nathaniel saw that Cecilia was determined to get up, he had no choice but to join her. Together, they made their way to the restaurant outside.

At that moment, Elliot already had his fill of food and drink. He was in high spirits, so he found himself eating more than usual.

“Mommy! Daddy! I’m over here.”

He watched as Cecilia and Nathaniel appeared together, his eyes filled with light.

Cecilia observed all of this, feeling a pang of sympathy for the child.

She stepped forward and asked, “Eli, how are you feeling today?”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1275**

Chapter 1275 Treat Me

“I’m feeling much better now. I’ll be heading to the preschool shortly,” Elliot responded.

Cecilia expressed her concerns for him, saying, “Why don’t you take a couple more days to rest at home after being discharged from the hospital? I will keep you company. You can go back to school after a while.”

Elliot, however, shook his head. “No. I can’t. I’ve already promised the kids at the preschool that I’d draw their portraits today.”

His artwork was particularly captivating, and the children were all fond of Elliot.

Cecilia was about to say something, but Nathaniel interjected, “If the child wants to go, let him. The doctor has mentioned that his condition has stabilized. There’s nothing to worry about. If you’re still worried, I’ll get someone to watch over him.”

Hearing Nathaniel’s words and seeing Elliot’s pleading eyes, Cecilia had no choice but to compromise.

“All right. If you’re feeling unwell at any point, let your teacher know.”

“Okay.”

After making their decision, Cecilia and Nathaniel had breakfast together there before sending Elliot to the preschool.

Upon reaching the preschool, Elliot was about to get out of the car when he turned to his parents with a serious expression. "Mommy and Daddy, you must promise to get along. No fighting, okay?"

"Okay." Cecilia realized that not only was Jonathan fond of nagging, but Elliot was too.

"All right. That puts me at ease. Daddy, you also need to take good care of my mommy," Elliot added.

"All right."

Nathaniel nodded in agreement.

Only then did Elliot leave, feeling at ease.

Cecilia watched the child enter the school grounds, her gaze lingering even after she could no longer see Elliot's small figure. Despite his disappearance from view, she continued to stare in the same direction.

Nathaniel, who was standing beside her, couldn't help but ask, "Shall we go to your office?"

Upon hearing him speak, Cecilia snapped back to reality.

"All right."

She then gave Nathaniel the address.

On the way there, Nathaniel instructed the driver to follow the navigation. He couldn't help there anything at the company that needs my assistance recently?"

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Cecilia shook her head. "No. Everything is proceeding in an orderly manner."

After responding, she couldn't help but ask Nathaniel, "How's your company doing? Is it running well?"

She understood that Nathaniel's company at that time was probably not doing well. To avoid discouraging him, she refrained from asking for details.

"It's doing quite well. If you're interested, you could go take a look," Nathaniel suggested, his gaze filled with anticipation as he watched her.

“No, I’m quite busy. Didn’t you hand over Evans Group to me before? I plan to go check it out this afternoon.” Cecilia said.

Nathaniel couldn’t help but feel desolate.

“All right, then. If you need any help, just let me know.

“Okay.” Cecilia nodded repeatedly, but deep down, she had no intention of seeking Nathaniel’s help.

She still preferred to rely on herself for everything.

However, looking at Nathaniel, Cecilia said, “Thank you for handling the online public opinion issue this time.”

She had also seen Nathaniel’s Twitter post and was certain that he had lent a helping hand behind the scenes.

Otherwise, the issue wouldn’t have been resolved so quickly. Given her own abilities, confronting the Jamieson family was still too overwhelming.

“You’re my wife. It’s only right that I help you.” Nathaniel was not fond of her being so formal with him.

Cecilia couldn’t help but chuckle. “That doesn’t mean I shouldn’t show gratitude. We should always give thanks when it’s due.”

Nathaniel felt a bit helpless. “So, are you also going to treat me to a meal?”

Also? What does that mean? Cecilia was somewhat perplexed, but she still agreed, saying, “Of course. You can

choose where we eat.”

“I want to eat the food you cook,” Nathaniel said solemnly.

He hadn’t tasted the meals made by Cecilia in a long while. He didn’t appreciate it back then, and he regretted it.

“All right. Sure,” Cecilia readily agreed.

Nathaniel’s throat tightened slightly as he watched her face light up with a brilliant smile. He had a strong urge to caress her face and lean in for a kiss.

However, Nathaniel held back, not wanting to disrupt the current atmosphere between them.

The car soon arrived at the entrance

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1276**

Chapter 1276 Mastered It All

However, Nathaniel held back, not wanting to disrupt the current atmosphere between them.

The car soon arrived at the entrance of the company. Cecilia stepped out of the car and bid farewell to Nathaniel.

Lucille happened to be downstairs collecting a parcel when she witnessed this scene.

She was also quite the gossip-monger. She jogged over to Cecilia, asking, “Ceci, did Mr. Rainsworth drop you off?”

Without denying, Cecilia nodded. “Yes.”

She looked at the massive pile of couriered documents in Lucille’s arms, curiosity piqued. “What’s all this about?” she asked.

“These are all contracts.”

After Lucille finished answering, she added, “Oh! By the way, Maddie asked me to tell you that she took the morning off today to go to the City Hall.”

“Really? Didn’t Darren disagree?”

Cecilia, too, couldn’t curb her own curiosity.

The two individuals strolled along, engaging in conversation as they went.

“I’m not sure, but it seems like the call came early this morning, asking her to go.”

“All right. We’ll know once she returns.”

Madeline had been waiting at the entrance of the City Hall since early morning, anxious that Darren might change his mind and not show up.

She paced anxiously, keeping a close eye on the time. “Almost an hour has passed. Why hasn’t he arrived yet?”

What she didn’t know was that in the shadows, a man sat in a black Bentley, his face twisted in utmost displeasure.

Along with Darren, Zachary was also present.

Zachary was growing somewhat impatient. "Darren, it's been over two hours already. How much longer are you planning to wait?"

They had arrived early in the morning, even before Madeline. After their arrival, they had been waiting there the whole time.

Madeline arrived, but Darren didn't bother to get out of the car. He just kept watching he

Darren remained silent.

Zachary was running out of patience. He had spent the previous night drinking with him, only to be

"Some things must be confronted. Go and make things clear with her," Zachary said.

Darren glanced back at Zachary with a chilling gaze. "Keep your mouth shut."

Zachary didn't think he deserved that. He sighed, leaned back on his chair, and started scrolling through his phone.

He had seen the public opinion about Cecilia a couple of days ago. He had also purchased some online traffic and sought help from others to assist in clearing Cecilia's name.

The scene on the internet was finally much better that day.

Just as he was engrossed in watching videos of beautiful women, the ringing of Darren's phone interrupted him. Upon seeing the caller, Darren immediately answered the phone.

It was Madeline who called, sounding rather annoyed as she asked, "Haven't you arrived yet? You're already an hour past the agreed time."

Darren was genuinely annoyed. This woman is truly eager to get a divorce, pressuring me like this.

"Something unexpected came up at work today. Let's reschedule," he said.

"Reschedule? When are you going to do this? I also have a job now. I can't just take leave whenever I want." Madeline was getting anxious.

Having waited there for an hour, all she received was that response.

“You can’t even manage to take time off. How could you possibly take care of Amy?” Darren’s voice was cold and distant. “Regardless, I can’t make it today. If you’re considering divorce, then just wait!”

After he finished speaking, he hung up the phone.

Zachary was somewhat taken aback. “Why did you lie? Are you not getting a divorce anymore?”

Darren didn’t want to divorce at all, but he uttered proudly, “It’s not that I won’t divorce her. It’s just that I can’t let her off so easily. Today, I made her stand and wait for an hour as a lesson to her.”

Zachary was at a loss for words.

It was the first time Zachary had seen someone discipline another in such a manner. Standing for an hour as a punishment? Since I’ve been sitting here for over two hours, am I being punished as well?

Madeline stood at the entrance of the City Hall, fuming with frustration.

However, she didn’t have any other options. All she could do was hail a taxi and head toward the office.

Darren sat in the car, his gaze fixed on her every move.

In the past, Madeline would never hail a taxi. To be more precise, she didn’t know how to hail a taxi whenever she was out and about. At that moment, however, she had mastered it all.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1277**

### **Chapter 1277 Punish Her**

Well, she’s puffed up, no longer needing any assistance from me. Darren only signaled the driver to start the car after the taxi had vanished from sight.

By the time Madeline returned, it was almost noon. As soon as Cecilia and the others saw her, they immediately called her over, their curiosity piqued. “How did it go?”

Madeline sat down, shaking her head. “He said something urgent came up at his company and asked me to approach him for divorce another time.”

“Wasn’t it him who told you this morning to get a divorce today?” Charlotte was somewhat at a loss for words.

Lucille was propping up her chin when she asked, "Do you think he doesn't want to get a divorce?"

"That shouldn't be the case. If he didn't want a divorce, he wouldn't have spoken like that."

Three women were there, trying to decipher a man's thoughts, only to realize that understanding a man's mind was no easy task.

An idea occurred to Madeline, and she couldn't help but seek help from Cecilia.

"Ceci, have you and Nathaniel made amends now?"

Cecilia didn't understand what she was trying to do, but she nodded and asked, "Yes. What's the matter?"

"Could you possibly inquire from Nathaniel's side? Ask him what Darren has in mind," Madeline said.

The other two women were also watching Cecilia.

Cecilia found it hard to refuse, so she said, "Sure, but I might be moving back to Daltonia Villa with Nathaniel soon. I've promised Eli that I would live with his father."

"Huh? You're moving out?" Madeline grasped Cecilia's hand tightly. "Could you possibly not leave?"

"It wouldn't be convenient if I don't move out." Cecilia was simply concerned that the three ladies might feel uncomfortable, so she considered returning to Daltonia Villa.

Truth be told, living with the three of them, cooking together, and sharing meals was quite enjoyable.

"There's no inconvenience at all. Our mansion is so spacious, so one more person won't make a difference." Madeline was reluctant to let Cecilia leave.

She felt there was still so much she needed to learn from Cecilia.

Lucille immediately chimed in, "Yes, Ceci. Don't worry too much about us. We really don't mind."

"That's right, Boss. I also want to live with you forever. If Nathaniel comes, let him come. We have our own rooms. It won't disturb us at all," Charlotte added.

Over time, they had grown accustomed to it.



Moreover, Charlotte and the others were also reluctant to part with Elliot.

Initially, Cecilia was worried that they would mind. However, seeing their reaction then, she no longer felt conflicted.

“All right, then.”

After they had convinced Cecilia, everyone was particularly thrilled.

“Let’s have lunch. We have a tough battle ahead of us later.”

Cecilia was talking about the trip to Evans Group.

After being acquired, Evans Group was in a state of turmoil for the first month. She was too busy and had no time to manage it.

It was time to regulate those people in the company, and incidentally, it was necessary to change the name of the company. From then on, it would be a branch company of Ceci Corporation.

“All right.”

Over at Evans Group, Ralph had arrived that day.

Though he had sold off the majority of his shares, he still remained the manager of the company, only rarely making an appearance at the office.

Word had it that the true majority shareholder of the company was appearing that day. That was the same person who had bought over eighty percent of his shares.

In order to secure his position as the CEO of Evans Group, he thought it was necessary for him to show up.

He also brought Cassandra along that day.

“Cassandra, is Nicholas not coming?” Ralph asked.

He was afraid that the majority shareholder wouldn’t show him respect, so he wanted Nicholas to be his supporter.

After all, Nicholas was the CEO of Orion Corporation. Ralph thought no one would dare to disrespect him.

Cassandra felt somewhat helpless. “Nicholas hasn’t been feeling well lately, so he’s not coming.”

“What happened to his health? A man’s health is of utmost importance.” Ralph became deeply concerned.

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### Chapter 1278 The New Boss

Cassandra couldn’t be bothered to respond to him. “You should mind your own business. You lost the lawsuit to Magnus and consequently owe him money. In the future, try to limit your interactions with the secretary and find something useful to do.”

Ralph, however, remained unfazed.

“Cassandra, don’t I still have you?” he said. “Once Queenie is dead, her wealth will be yours, which essentially means it will be mine too.”

Cassandra cast him a sidelong glance, wondering to herself, With Queenie gone, how long do you think you can still live?

She complained, “I’m having a hard time too, you know. Queenie has found her biological daughter, and now, the latter is all she cares about. She doesn’t pay any attention to me anymore.”

“I remember now. It’s that girl, Cassina!” A vicious glint flashed in Ralph’s eyes. “Cassandra, we must be ruthless in our actions. If you can’t bring yourself to do it, I will find someone to deal with her!”

Ralph drew his finger across his neck.

Cassandra shook her head. “That won’t be necessary.”

“Why?”

“She isn’t Queenie’s biological daughter at all; she’s an imposter,” stated Cassandra.

Ralph didn’t understand. “Then why didn’t you tell Queenie?”

“You don’t understand. If I tell Queenie now, she’ll still go looking for her biological daughter. I plan to wait until she’s on her deathbed, when she can hardly move, and then seize the opportunity to tell her.” Cassandra figured that not only would Queenie feel guilty toward her, but she also wouldn’t have time to find her real daughter, who wouldn’t be able to compete with her for the family fortune then.

Upon hearing this, Ralph broke into a proud smile. He patted Cassandra’s shoulder. “Just as expected of my daughter. You’re so smart!”

As the two were engrossed in their conversation, a gentle knock on the door interrupted them. It was Ralph's secretary.

"Ralph, the boss is here."

Cassandra shot a displeased glance at the young secretary. "This is the office and you're just a secretary. How dare you address my father so casually? Have you no shame?"

The assistant blushed after she was reprimanded by Cassandra, pouting as she looked at Ralph.

Ralph certainly wouldn't offend his wealthy and influential darling daughter for her sake. "Enough. From now on, listen to Cassandra. At the office, call me Mr. Evans."

After he finished speaking, he changed the subject and said to Cassandra. "Cassandra, the boss is."

Cassandra was also curious about who it was that would accept her company.

On the ground floor, the employees too turned their gazes outside one by one.

Ever since everyone followed Ralph to Tudela, they felt the company had been deteriorating day by day.

Finally, there was a change in leadership. However, it was uncertain who the new boss was, and whether they could revitalize Evans Group.

Cassandra and her companions had also arrived early, waiting downstairs.

From a distance, they spotted a stretched Lincoln.

Cassandra assumed that anyone willing to spend a hefty sum to purchase eighty percent of her company's shares must undoubtedly be a seasoned tycoon.

However, the next moment, she was left dumbfounded.

Four young women emerged from the luxury vehicle, and the woman in their lead couldn't be any more familiar.

"Cecilia?"

Cassandra thought her eyes were playing tricks on her. She gave them a rub, but the result remained the same.

Cecilia and her entourage stepped into the company, causing a wave of surprise among the employees. It was unexpected that the new boss was a woman and such a young one at that. They wondered if she was sup to the task.

Moreover, judging by the size of her belly, they could tell she was pregnant.

The three individuals following her are women too?

“Cecilia, what are you doing here?”

Cassandra couldn’t believe that Cecilia was the new boss. She walked straight up to the latter, her gaze sharp and piercing.

“This place doesn’t welcome just a nobody.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1279**

Chapter 1279 The Largest Shareholder

Charlotte furrowed her brows, snapping at Cassandra, Who are you calling a nobody?”

She clenched her fists while speaking.

Cassandra thrust her chin into the air, her eyes filled with mockery. “Other than you, do you see any outsiders here?” she asked.

Charlotte was agitated, her knuckles cracking as her clenched fist tightened.

“Watch your mouth!”

“That’s just how I talk. What are you going to do about it?” After making her point, Cassandra turned to the security guard at the door. “Security, who let them in? Doesn’t our company have rules about not just letting anyone in?”

If Cassandra wasn’t pregnant, Charlotte would have already struck her.

Cecilia, however, held Charlotte back with a calm expression.

“You’re absolutely right. We really can’t just let anybody in here.”

After she finished speaking, she turned to Charlotte and said, “Tell our men to remove the security here.”

“Alright.”

Charlotte picked up her phone and made a call.

At the moment, Cecilia had a group of well-trained bodyguards under her command. These bodyguards were so skilled that each one could take on two security personnel.

Cassandra was somewhat taken aback. "What did you say? What do you mean by removing security? Who do you think you are?"

Cecilia glanced at Lucille, who immediately produced the share transfer agreement.

"Ms. Smith is the company's largest shareholder!"

Lucille didn't forget to add, "Also, this place shouldn't be referred to as Evans Group anymore. It should now be known as a branch of Ceci Corporation. You're the outsiders here, the ones who don't belong. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Evans, you've already lost your stake in the company, haven't you? With no power and no shares, your presence in Ceci Corporation seems inappropriate, doesn't it?"

Lucille was rather good at confronting people. She continued, "Moreover, Cassandra, you're not even a staff of Ceci Corporation. What are you doing here?"

Hearing Lucille's words, Charlotte felt a sense of relief.

Meanwhile, Madeline was full of admiration, deciding to diligently learn the art of having a sharp tongue from Lucille.

Cecilia couldn't help but chuckle. It was clear that Lucille, being Mason's fiancée, had the strongest skill.

Cassandra stared at the stock transfer agreement, unable to believe what she was seeing.

She turned around and glared at Ralph. "Dad, did you really transfer all of our company's shares to Cecilia?"

Ralph was also somewhat baffled. "No, as far as I recall, it was a tycoon with the surname Sanders."

Upon hearing these words, Cassandra regained some confidence.

"Did you hear that? Have you been deceived by someone? My father never transferred his shares to you."

Lucille found it amusing. "If you don't believe me, you can check for yourself. Don't just talk without proof."

Cassandra took over the document.

She then realized that the tycoon who had bought her father's shares was none other than Mason Sanders.

Following that, Mason had transferred the shares over to Cecilia.

Cassandra couldn't be any more exasperated with her own father. "Dad, look at what you've done. How could you sell the shares without even considering who the buyer was?"

Watching Cassandra's frustrated demeanor was truly a satisfying sight.

What was even more delightful was that Cecilia had ordered her own bodyguards to escort Cassandra and her companions out.

Lucille said smugly, "Hey, nobody, we won't be seeing you out."

Cassandra had never felt as humiliated as she did that day. She gritted her teeth and vowed, "Cecilia, I'll remember this insult!"

Ralph initially harbored hopes of staying on as CEO, but it was now clear that his plans were unlikely.

After getting in the car, he couldn't help but chastise Cassandra.

"Why did you have to offend her? Well, look at us now. I've lost my job and am now stuck at home with nothing to do."

Cassandra glared at him. "This is your fault. You haven't been managing the company well."

"Can you really blame me for it? Even your husband is no match for Imminence Corporation? How am I supposed to take them on all on my own?" Ralph retorted without hesitation.

Cassandra was at a loss for words.

She was also curious as to who exactly the boss of Imminence Corporation was.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1280**

### Chapter 1280 The Obedient Boss

Back inside Evans Group, a high-level meeting was held by Cecilia, where she planned the company's future operations. Following that, she dismissed a portion of Ralph's close associates.

She held eighty percent of the company shares, yet she wielded a hundred percent of the decision-making power.

Moreover, Ralph's associates aside, members of senior management who never reaped any benefits under him were happy with the idea of a change in bosses.

The meeting had concluded successfully, and it was already five in the afternoon.

"Let's go. I have to prepare dinner at home," Cecilia said to her subordinates, losing the sternness she displayed in the meeting.

"Okay."

While the group prepared to leave, Madeline remained where she was. Turning to Cecilia, she asked, "Cecilia, I was thinking about staying back to work overtime, so that I can learn a bit more, would that be alright?"

Cecilia understood that she yearned for independence and freedom, so she didn't stop the latter.

"Alright, if you're tired, go home."

"Mm-hmm." Madeline nodded repeatedly, a hint of embarrassment in her tone. "In that case, please help me look after Amy."

"Don't worry," Charlotte immediately responded.

Without any hesitation, Cecilia and Lucille agreed. They had a nanny and an early childhood teacher at home, so their role was merely to make sure the child was being taken care of properly. It wasn't a task that required much effort.

Madeline was profoundly touched. If it wasn't for Cecilia and the others, my life would never have changed to what it is now.

She shifted her gaze away and resumed her work.

After returning home, Cecilia began preparing dinner. She also sent a message to Nathaniel, letting him know she was making home-cooked food.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel was in the middle of a meeting.

During the meeting, the sound of a vibrating phone broke the silence.

As everyone had silenced their cell phones before the meeting began, they were all fearful to have made a mistake upon hearing the vibrating noise.

Only then did Nathaniel notice that it was a message sent by Cecilia.

He had forgotten that his phone was still casting to the screen. When he glanced at it read: I'm just going to whip up a few dishes. Don't be picky. If you are, you'll have to cook yourself

Everyone saw the caller ID reading "Darling" as well as Cecilia's domineering message.

They had initially assumed that their seemingly cold-hearted CEO would be angry, yet surprisingly, the latter responded: Don't worry, I love everything you make.

Nathaniel was worried that his response might come off as too unfeeling. Thus, he rummaged through the emojis that Mason had sent him and decided to send one with a cute cat back.

He didn't notice the strange expressions on everyone's faces during the meeting. All of them looked as if they had witnessed something they had never seen before.

When Mason came over to hand Nathaniel the documents, he noticed the message being cast to the screen. He immediately leaned forward and whispered a reminder into Nathaniel's ear.

"Boss, the phone is still casting."

When Nathaniel glanced back, he saw his chat history with Cecilia plainly shown to everyone.

He slightly furrowed his brows, shutting off his phone, then addressed everyone, "The meeting for today is now over."

Cecilia had gone back to cook, so he needed to head home early, for he couldn't keep her waiting for too long.

The staff, originally filled with unease, felt the tension within them ease upon hearing the meeting had come to an abrupt end.

They were just discussing how to snatch a project away from Jamieson Group.

Jamieson Group was well-established in Drock, while their company, Imminence Corporation, was less than a year old. Trying to recklessly steal Jamieson Group's projects from other regions was a risky endeavor.

Hence, none of the top executives present at the scene had a viable solution.

They had initially thought that they wouldn't be able to leave that day, certain that they would have to endure their boss' anger. Thankfully, the boss' wife came to their rescue.



When they stepped out, everyone couldn't help but discuss among themselves.

"What exactly did Mrs. Rainsworth do to make the boss so obedient?"