

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1281

### Chapter 1281 An Obedient Child

“I’m telling you, don’t even think about sharing today’s events with your wife when you get home. If she finds out, she’ll start picking up a trick or two from Mr. Rainsworth.”

The others nodded in agreement.

However, a high-ranking female executive acted entirely differently. Even before she went home, she gave her husband a call.

“Are you not coming home again today? Do you have any idea that even our boss, the CEO of a conglomerate, isn’t as busy as you? He always makes it a point to rush home and have dinner with his wife, acting like a well-behaved child in her presence.”

The woman’s voice could clearly be heard by everyone

Just before leaving the company, Nathaniel happened to overhear it, causing him to slightly furrow his brows.

He turned to Mason and asked, “Do I seem like an obedient child to you?”

Mason wasn’t a fool. “Of course not. Don’t be upset. Women just have a flair for the dramatic.”

Only then did Nathaniel’s feel somewhat at ease.

Once he got into the car, he urged the driver to speed up.

After an incredibly busy day, he closed his eyes, feeling somewhat weary, and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Back at the Smith residence, Cecilia cooked while everyone helped, so there was no need for the chef that day.

When Nathaniel returned, he found the kitchen bustling with activity.

Elliot had also returned. “Sc\*mbag daddy, you’re finally back.”

He swiftly hug Nathaniel’s thigh.

Nathaniel bent down and picked him up, carrying him into the kitchen.

Due to the domineering air Nathaniel exuded, Lucille and Charlotte felt awkward as they stood in the kitchen.

“Ceci, we’re done here. We’ll go outside to prepare the fruits,” Lucille said.

Without giving it much thought, Cecilia responded, “Alright.”

The two swiftly exited the kitchen, briefly greeting Nathaniel on their way out.

Nathaniel, cradling Elliot, entered the kitchen. “Is there anything I can help with?”

After a moment of thought, Cecilia said, “We gave the chef and housekeeper the day off. Could you help with the dishes later?”

Without a moment’s hesitation, Nathaniel agreed, “Alright.”

Cecilia enjoyed cooking but detested washing dishes. Unexpectedly, Nathaniel was actually willing to do it.

“In that case, you guys should wait outside. It won’t be long before dinner is ready.”

“It’s okay. I’ll stay here with you.” At that moment, all Nathaniel wanted was to spend more time with Cecilia.

Upon hearing this, Elliot promptly responded, “Mommy, I stay here with you too.”

“Alright then.”

Cecelia had no choice but to agree.

Outside, Lucille and Charlotte were washing fruits, occasionally glancing toward the kitchen.

Lucille couldn’t help but comment, “I don’t know why, but I feel so stressed when Nathaniel is standing next to me.”

“I feel the same way,” Charlotte concurred.

“How on earth does she manage to stay by his side? If it were me, I would have struggled to get along with someone like that,” Lucille remarked casually.

The man she fancied was either gentle or eloquent, capable of making others feel comfortable.

Though Nathaniel was undeniably handsome, his presence was intimidating. Standing in front of him, one couldn’t help but feel as if they were before a stern corporate boss, prompting an instinctive desire to keep as much distance as possible. His aura struck fear in everyone who was in his presence.

After some thought, Charlotte said, "Perhaps it's because of his good looks and wealth. Wasn't he the boss of Orion Corporation before? He single-handedly built it up to what it is now."

"I guess so."

As the two were engrossed in their conversation, dishes were served one after another.

"Sven." Lucille spotted Sven approaching and gestured for him to come over.

In the kitchen, Nathaniel's gaze involuntarily fell upon the scene, the depth of his eyes revealing an indescribable emotion.

Sven was not your typical bodyguard. The aura he exuded when he walked in was anything but ordinary.

Nathaniel had allowed Mason to investigate him, only to find out that his real name wasn't Sven at all.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1282**

Chapter 1282 The Mysterious Sven

After entering, Sven made his way toward Lucille and her group.

Charlotte was busy cutting fruit, too shy to lift her head

Lucille, on the other hand, was quite at ease, casually suggesting, "Sven, why don't you join us for dinner today?"

Sven shook his head.

"I came see Cecilia."

He cast a glance at Charlotte.

Charlotte continued to lower her head, not raising it to speak.

Lucille pointed toward the kitchen, "Ceci is in the kitchen. You should go right ahead."

"Alright. Thank you."

With that, Sven briskly walked toward the kitchen.

Cecelia was busy cooking. Due to her hearing impairment, she was oblivious to Sven's arrival.

Upon seeing Sven, Elliot was filled with admiration. "Mr. Sven, you're here. I've already mastered what you taught me last time. When will you teach me a new move?"

Upon hearing Elliot's voice, Nathaniel turned to look.

Sven stood tall, radiating an icy aura.

He didn't look at Nathaniel. Instead, he lowered his head and said to Elliot, "Once you've fully recovered, we'll start learning new techniques."

"Alright."

Elliot nodded repeatedly.

Nathaniel approached, greeting, "Hello."

Only then did Sven turn to look at him, extending his hand in a polite handshake.

"I'm looking for Cecilia."

"Darling," Nathaniel called out, turning to look at Cecilia who was busy cooking.

His voice was quite loud, seemingly making sure everyone heard him.

At first, Cecilia was taken aback. When she regained her senses, she gave Nathaniel a curious look. "What did you call me?"

Nathaniel fell silent, fearing her reprimand. He then explained, "Sven is here to see you."

"Alright," Nathaniel agreed solemnly.

Wiping her hands, Cecilia followed Sven out.

What she didn't realize was that behind her, Nathaniel was occasionally glancing in her direction. He was so distracted that he didn't even notice when the food in the pan was burnt.

Elliot couldn't help but remind him, "Sc\*mbag daddy, the food's burning."

It took a moment for Nathaniel to snap back to reality. He immediately added salt and then took the pan off the heat.

"Is there anything else to be cooked?"

Elliot stared at the dark green vegetables he had just served, a sigh involuntarily escaping from within him. He couldn't help but wonder how on earth his father had managed through the years.

"Sc\*mbag daddy, don't you want to know what Mommy and Mr. Sven are talking about?"

He knew that on the surface, Nathaniel appeared nonchalant, but deep down, the latter's curiosity was killing him.

Nathaniel looked down at him. "Hmm, do you have a solution?"

"All I need to do is eavesdrop, isn't it? Just wait and see!"

Elliot took a step to leave, but when he reached the doorway, he paused.

"Hey sc\*mbag daddy, remember how good I am to you today. When you grow old, don't forget to include me in your will, so I can inherit your wealth, okay?"

Nathaniel couldn't help but chuckle. "Of course."

Both Elliot and Jon were his children, so naturally, the inheritance was theirs.

Even then, he still couldn't believe that they were already eyeing his inheritance at such a young age..

Only then did Elliot set off happily.

When Cecelia and Sven stepped outside, she asked him what was going on.

Sven's expression was serious. "I've found Paula's caregiver from back then. She's also Cassina's adoptive mother, Bailey Moore."

Cecilia immediately asked, "Where is she now?"

Sven did not respond. Instead, he pulled out his phone to show her.

Cecilia took the phone, looking at the photo displayed on it. It was indeed Bailey.

The photo merely depicted Bailey lying in a hospital bed, hooked up to various medical devices, her eyes tightly shut.

"What happened to her? Where did you find her?" Cecilia could hardly believe it.

The last time we met, Bailey was perfectly fine. How did she end up like that?

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1283

### Chapter 1283 Sven Comes For Dinner

“It was my men who found her on a mountain several kilometers away from our location,” Sven replied. “At that time, she was severely injured and barely conscious, just clinging on to dear life. I immediately arranged for her to be taken to a trustworthy hospital. After the doctors examined her, they said that if she had been brought in any later, she wouldn’t have survived.”

Upon hearing this, Cecilia felt that there was more to the matter than met the eye. “Did the doctor mention when she would wake up?”

Sven shook his head.

“The doctor said that she would either wake up within a month or never wake up in her lifetime.”

Upon hearing the answer, Cecilia couldn’t help but sigh.

“Her injury was probably sustained last month, right?”

“Right.”

“How did she manage to hold on until now?”

Sven sighed as he explained, “When my men rushed over, they found her hiding in the mountains, surviving on wild plants. The doctor also mentioned that she must have possessed a strong will to live, which was why she held on for so long.”

Upon hearing this, Cecilia gave a nod.

“I want to go see her tonight.”

“Alright, I’ll make the arrangements,” Sven responded.

After some thought, Cecilia asked, “What do you think about me telling Cassina about her situation?”

“Cassina is her biological daughter, so logically, she wouldn’t harm her. However, one can’t be certain if she has been corrupted by money and power,” Sven responded.

Cecilia had considered it, but she couldn’t discount the possibility that it wasn’t Cassina who harmed Bailey.

“Are you confident you can protect Bailey?”

“Of course,” Sven responded without hesitation.

“Good, I’ll let Cassina know when I get back later.”

After she finished, Cecilia didn’t continue on that topic. She turned to Sven and said, “Let’s have dinner together here today. I’ve prepared a lot of home-cooked food. Eating out all the time isn’t healthy for you.”

Initially, Sven had thought to refuse, but when something came to mind, he agreed.

“Alright.”

Cecelia then led him inside.

Upon seeing the two about to return, Elliot was one step ahead of them.

Inside the dining room, all the dishes were already served.

Nathaniel saw Elliot return and couldn’t help but ask him, “What did you hear?”

Elliot was out of breath, taking a moment to rest on the stool before speaking. “I heard Mommy mentioning something about going to visit someone who’s sick.”

“Someone sick?”

Nathaniel wanted to ask more, but then Cecilia and the others came over.

He hadn’t expected Sven to join them as well.

Charlotte hadn’t expected Sven to come over for dinner, especially considering she had specifically invited him over just a few days ago only to be coldly rejected.

Due to that, she was convinced that Sven had no interest in her, so she stopped conversing with him.

Upon seeing Sven coming over for a meal, she felt a sense of discomfort.

When Lucille and the boss invite him for a meal, he comes without hesitation. But when I extended the invitation, was met with his refusal. It’s clear that he does not like me, or he might even despise me.

Charlotte intentionally seated herself in a corner.

What she couldn’t believe was that Sven had actually chosen to sit next to her.

Before she could even react, he said, "I genuinely had something on last time, consider this as my apology. Also, I'm accustomed to dining alone when I'm out."

It took a while before Charlotte could regain her senses

"Are you talking to me?"

Sven didn't answer.

Charlotte felt somewhat flattered inside, but on the surface, she remained composed.

"It's alright. I understand that everyone has their own temperament. I'm not upset. You don't need to apologize."

She's not upset?

Skepticism filled Sven's eyes.

She certainly did look angry before this. Could it be that I misjudged her reaction?

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1284**

Chapter 1284 Overcooked Vegetables

"Let's eat," Charlotte said with a smile, her mood significantly improving.

As everyone sat down to eat together, Lucille clearly felt as if she was the odd one out.

Cecilia sat with her family, while Sven and Charlotte were seated together, leaving her alone.

Nevertheless, Elliot had noticed Lucille's awkwardness. He rose from his chair and approached her.

"Ms. Campbell, it's too crowded where I was sitting. Can I sit with you?"

"Of course, you can."

Lucille could tell that Elliot was exceptionally considerate.

In the future, I should also have such a sensible little darling of my own.

Everyone was gathered together for a meal. Aside from Lucille and Elliot, the atmosphere around the other two groups was somewhat peculiar.

"Çeci, eat a bit more." In front of Sven, Nathaniel served Cecilia food.



When he lost his sight, the first person he worried about was Sven. After all, they spent every day together, and Sven was undeniably a good man.

What Nathaniel didn't realize was that Sven had no interest in Cecilia.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had no idea what was going on with Nathaniel. She looked at the plate of already overcooked vegetables and served him a portion in return.

"Have more vegetables. It's good for you."

Nathaniel stared at the vegetables on his plate. However, under the watchful eyes of Cecilia, he had no choice but to eat.

"Alright."

With a bite of the vegetables, he realized it wasn't just overcooked but also exceptionally sweet.

Nathaniel had mistook sugar for salt.

Nathaniel slightly furrowed his brows, yet he still forced himself to finish the vegetables.

He could still tell apart salt from sugar. The main issue was that he saw Cecilia and Sven going out together, which left him somewhat distracted. As a result, he carelessly used the wrong one.

"Is it tasty?"

Just moments ago, Cecilia had taken a bite of the vegetables. They were almost perfectly cooked when she left, yet Nathaniel ended up messing up the dish. She wondered if he had done it on purpose.

Nathaniel endured it, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. "It's delicious."

They had also tasted it and clearly knew it was unpalatable.

"Since it's delicious, you should have some more." Cecilia served him another helping considerably, one that wasn't as overcooked.

Elliot watched as his father suffered in silence. Although he felt a twinge of sympathy, relieved was what he mostly was.

It seems like sc\*mbag daddy has truly changed now. It appears I have chosen the right person, someone who would be good to Mom.

"Alright."

Nathaniel continued to serve food to Cecilia, his gaze occasionally drifting toward Sven.

Sven also noticed Nathaniel's gaze but chose to ignore the latter, continuing with his meal instead.

He wasn't sure what was going on with Nathaniel. It seems like he has a problem with me.

Assuming that it was probably because of Calvin, Sven didn't give it much thought.

Once they finished their meal, Sven got up and left, preparing for Cecilia's upcoming meeting with Bailey.

Nathaniel found an excuse to leave as well, once outside, he called out to Sven.

"Mr. Sven."

Sven halted in his tracks, turning back to look at him quizzically. "Mr. Rainsworth, what can I do for you?"

"Let's have a chat."

"Alright."

Sven followed him to a secluded location.

Only then did Nathaniel speak up. "I don't want to beat around the bush. Do you see Cecilia merely as an ordinary superior?"

Typically, bodyguards wouldn't directly address Cecilia by name.

Only then did Sven understand why he had sensed hostility from Nathaniel.

After a long pause, he finally replied, "Of course not."

If he were to say that Cecilia was an ordinary boss to him, he would have left her side long ago.

Nathaniel's heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

As a man, he could tell that Sven's feelings for Cecilia were far from ordinary. It was not the typical relationship between an employee and a boss.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1285**

Chapter 1285 Cassina Receives The News

Sven quickly followed up. "However, my feelings for Cecilia aren't romantic. I can only say that I consider her a friend."

Upon hearing these words, Nathaniel was somewhat surprised.

"Mr. Rainsworth, you must have had someone look into my background, right? Currently, I just want to lead a normal life and avoid getting involved in conflicts. Rest assured, I'll only consider Cecilia as a friend."

"That would be just perfect."

Upon observing Sven's expression, Nathaniel realized that the former wasn't lying.

After all, if two men were to engage in underhanded schemes, it would truly be unbecoming of them.

"The misunderstanding was mine. I look forward to working together in the future." Nathaniel extended his hand

Sven shook hands with him. This time the hostility that had previously existed between the two was gone.

When Cecilia noticed that Nathaniel hadn't returned after a while, she went out to check on him. To her surprise, she found him standing with Sven, engaged in a conversation she knew nothing about.

She walked over just as Nathaniel was turning back.

"What were you and Sven discussing just now?" Cecilia asked.

"It's nothing, just expressing my gratitude for his protection of you and our children," Nathaniel responded.

Cecilia was somewhat skeptical, but she knew that further questioning would yield nothing. So, she said, "Alright then, I have something to attend to tonight, and I'm not sure when I'll be back. Can you watch Eli?"

"Alright," Nathaniel agreed readily.

He didn't press Cecilia about where she was going, as he had already gotten a clue from Elliot.

Cecilia had a brief chat with Lucille and the others before she left.

Sitting in the car, Cecilia dialed Cassina's number.

The call was quickly answered. "Ms. Smith, what can I do for you?"

Due to the preparations for Cassandra's wedding previously, the two had exchanged phone numbers.

Ms. Cassina," Cecilia began, "I've found your foster mother. I'm not sure if you're currently available, but if you are, shall we go see her together?"

At that moment, Cassina was resting at the Jamieson residence when she suddenly heard the news, leaving her shocked.

"It's too much to explain over the phone. If you're willing to come with me to see her, I can pick you up right now." Cecelia listened to the impassioned words of Cassina over the phone, sensing that she must still care about her mother.

Without uttering another word, Cassina agreed. "Alright, I'll send you my address. Could you please come and pick me up?"

"Will do."

"Right, remember not to tell anyone else that you're going to meet your foster mother."

Cecilia felt that if Bailey's incident had nothing to do with Cassina, then it must be related to the Jamieson family. After giving Cassina a reminder, she hung up. Shortly after, she received a message from Cassina. She then instructed Sven to follow the directions given on the GPS.

Meanwhile, Cassina was filled with emotion. Over the past few days, she had been discreetly inquiring about her mother's whereabouts but to no avail.

Finally, she heard something.

She quickly changed her clothes and hurried out of the room.

When Cassandra saw her hurried demeanor, she asked quizzically, "It's so late, where are you off to?"

Recalling the words spoken by Cecilia, Cassina didn't dare to reveal the truth. However, she wasn't particularly skilled at lying and stumbled over her words, saying, "I'm going out to see a friend."

"Oh."

Queenie was seated on the couch and couldn't help but worry to see her daughter leaving this late at night.

“Cassie, where do you need to go? I’ll arrange a car and bodyguard for you.”

“T—That’s not necessary.” Cassina hastily declined, explaining, “I’m just going to meet a friend and have a meal with them. If they see me coming out with such drama, they’ll surely be scared off.”

“Alright, just be careful,” said Queenie.

“I know.”

Without daring to linger, Cassina quickly left the house.

Cassandra noticed Cassina’s unusual behavior. After the latter left, she returned to the balcony and made a call.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1286**

Chapter 1286 How Did She End Up Like This

“Find someone to tail Cassina. See where she’s going and what she’s up to.”

Cassina is my trump card. I can’t afford any mistakes.

After ending the call, Cassandra returned to her room to rest.

Meanwhile, Cassina had already made her way outside where Cecilia’s car was waiting. She opened the car door and climbed in, completely oblivious to the fact that someone was following her.

There was an anxious look in her eyes as she asked, “Ms. Smith, where’s my mother? Is she okay?”

Having gone so many days without being able to reach her mother, she could not help but fear the worst.

Cecilia looked at Cassina. It doesn’t seem as though she’s aware of what’s really going on.

“You’ll find out later,” she replied.

Not long after Sven started driving, he noticed that someone was tailing them.

He frowned slightly. “Hold tight. A car is following us.”

“Huh? Who would be following us?” Cassina asked, stunned.

He did not respond. Instead, he stepped on the accelerator, swiftly navigating through the unending stream of traffic.

In less than ten minutes, he managed to lose the car that had been tailing them.

Although Cecilia had been prepared for that, she still almost threw up.

As for Cassina, she was feeling even more dizzy. "That was way too fast."

"I've shaken them off already," said Sven.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

After settling back into her seat, Cecilia glanced over her shoulder and did not spot any other vehicles.

She asked Sven, "When did that car start following us?"

"Not long after Ms. Cassina got in the car," came his reply.

Upon hearing that, Cassina was dumbfounded. "Do you mean that I was being followed?"

He neither confirmed nor denied it.

A sense of unease filled her heart, and she could not stop herself from glancing repeatedly in the rearview mirror. "Who would be following me? Could it be Queenie Jamieson?"

Cecilia noticed that she referred to Queenie by her full name. It appears she's well aware that she's not Queenie's biological daughter.

Cassina nodded.

Nobody said anything more as Sven drove toward the neighboring city. In order to save time, he even took the highway.

It was eleven o'clock at night when they finally reached the hospital.

When Cassina was led to the hospital entrance, she was still somewhat confused. "Why is my mom in here?"

Cecilia made no response and merely followed Sven into the building.

They walked down the hospital corridor, the scent of disinfectant pervading the air. Then, Sven came to a stop before the entrance of an unassuming ward.

There were even two people standing guard at the door. Upon seeing Sven, they immediately bowed. “Boss.”

He murmured an acknowledgment before saying, “You can go and take a break now.”

“Okay

After handing Sven the keys to the ward, they left the hospital.

Sven opened the door to the ward, and Cassina hurried forward impatiently. With just one glance, she saw Bailey lying on the hospital bed, injured and unconscious.

Bailey was hooked up to a variety of medical devices, and the ECG machine beside her was emitting a faint beeping.

Cassina’s eyes instantly welled up with tears as she threw herself at Bailey’s side.

“Mom! How did you end up like this?”

I had always assumed that she was hiding out of fear that Queenie would discover my true identity. It never crossed mind that it wasn’t so and that she was severely injured!

She reached out to hold Bailey’s hand, only to discover that it was covered in wounds.

Afraid of hurting Bailey, she carefully loosened her grip.

Cecilia observed her every move closely. If this isn’t all an act, then she probably wasn’t the one who harmed Bailey.

Turning to look at them, Cassina asked, “How did my mom end up like this?”

Sven told Cassina everything he knew.

Shock filled Cassina’s eyes. “Someone was out to get her?”

She still found that somewhat hard to believe. After all, they had just been ordinary people in the past, without money or power. They had not offended anyone, so there was simply no reason for anyone to want to harm them.

But now...

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1287**

Chapter 1287 An Unread Message

Sven told Cassina everything he knew.

Shock filled Cassina's eyes. "Someone was out to get her?"

She still found that somewhat hard to believe. After all, they had just been ordinary people in the past, without money or power. They had not offended anyone, so there was simply no reason for anyone to want to harm them.

But now...

"Was it Queenie?" she asked, clutching Cecilia's hand.

Now that I think about it, it's highly likely that Queenie would want to kill my mother. After all, how could a big shot like her ever allow her daughter to have two mothers?

The same thought had crossed Cecilia's mind, but she did not have any proof.

"We don't know. We have no proof that Queenie was the one who did it."

Cassina wiped away the tears from the corner of her eyes. "It must be her. I know she once manipulated Cassandra into severing ties with her biological mother just so Cassandra would only have her as a mother."

Bailey had been the one who told her that piece of information.

At the time, I found it incredibly unbelievable. I remember thinking then that even if I were given a billion, I'd never disown my biological mother.

"No, I need to clarify it with her right now. I want to ask her if she's the one responsible!" she continued, about to make a phone call.

Cecilia stopped her. "Cassina, think carefully. If it truly was Queenie who did this, you calling her now would be the same as telling her that Mdm. Bailey is still alive. Given how malicious the Jamieson family is, do you think that she wouldn't try to make another attempt on Mdm. Bailey's life?"

Cassina froze, then asked, "What should we do then?"

"For now, let's wait for Mdm. Bailey to regain consciousness first," Cecilia suggested. "Once she's awake, we might be able to figure out who tried to harm her."

Cassina bobbed her head. "Okay."

She returned to the bedside and sat next to her mother, her heart filled with agony.

Had it not been for my and Dylan's sakes, she wouldn't have had to endure such great hardship. Indeed, everything comes with a price.



Cecilia and Sven left to give Cassina and Bailey some time alone.

However, he had installed surveillance cameras in the ward. If Cassina tried to harm Bailey, everything would be clearly captured, and they would be able to intervene in time already undergoing treatment. The doctor says that his condition is under control. As long as he continues with his treatment and takes his medication, there won't be any major issues."

It was unclear whether it was because of what she said, but tears suddenly started trickling down from the corner of Bailey's eye, who had been lying unresponsive on the hospital bed all this while.

"Mom!" Cassina cried out in alarm, "A doctor! We need a doctor here, quick!"

It was not long before a medical team arrived to treat Bailey.

Over an hour later, the doctor emerged and informed them, "There's a good chance the patient will wake up soon. If your family has the time, try to keep her company as much as possible. Talk to her more and encourage her."

"Of course," Cassina responded, nodding.

After the doctor left, Cecilia glanced at the time. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning.

Since she was pregnant, it would not do her good to stay up late. "Cassina, it's getting late. Let's and rest."

Cassina shook her head. "My mom is currently lying on a hospital bed. With her in that state, how could I possibly sleep? I don't want to sleep. You guys go and rest. I'll stay here with her."

"All right," Cecilia replied, casting a glance at Sven.

He caught on immediately and had his men take turns monitoring the surveillance cameras to prevent anything from happening to Bailey.

Cecilia went to stay at a nearby hotel for the night.

After lying down on the bed, she took out her phone and saw that she had an unread message.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1288**

Chapter 1288 Searching High And Low

Upon opening the message, Cecilia saw that it was from Nathaniel.

It read: Aren't you coming back tonight?

He had sent it at eleven o'clock at night.

She responded: No, I won't be going back. It's too late. I'm staying the night at a hotel.

She had assumed that he would surely be asleep already and would not reply. To her surprise, he quickly texted back, asking: Why are you going to bed so late? Did something happen?

There was no way he could have gone to bed as he had not received any news from her.

A light sleeper, he had specifically set a special notification tone for Cecilia. The moment that it sounded, he had opened his eyes.

Seeing how concerned he was, she briefly filled him in on the situation.

She replied: Yeah. I'm visiting a friend. She's in the ICU. The drive here took quite a while, and when I arrived, the doctors were trying to stabilize her. That's why I'm only going to bed now.

After reading her response, he was relieved.

Nathaniel: Get some sleep, then.

Cecilia: Okay.

She turned off her phone and set it aside.

He also laid down, resolving to look for her the following day and find out exactly what had happened.

Over at the Jamieson residence, Cassandra was seething with anger when she learned that the person she sent to follow Cassina had lost her.

"What were you doing? You couldn't even keep up with a woman?"

If the person behind the wheel had been an ordinary driver, her subordinates would have been able to track them. However, the one driving had been Sven.

The subordinate holding the phone said in a calm and respectful tone, "Ms. Evans, we really can't be blamed for this. There was probably someone skilled in the car that

picked Cassina up. They were quick to notice that we were tailing them and managed to shake us off.”

She was somewhat surprised to hear that. “Oh? Who picked her up?”

Her subordinate quickly sent her a photo.

It was not a particularly clear shot, yet one could vaguely make out a woman in the back seat.

Cassandra recognized the person at a glance. It was Cecilia!

Her chest instantly tightened.

“Cecilia? What was she doing looking for Cassina at such a late hour?”

A sense of fear crept over her. She was afraid that Cecilia might have discovered something while also equally terrified that Cassina might spill the beans to Cecilia.

There was no time for her to reprimand her subordinates. Instead, she phoned Cassina.

However, Cassina had turned her phone off, making it impossible to reach her.

“D\*mn it! Cassina, if you dare reveal the truth to Cecilia, I swear I’ll kill you!” Cassandra uttered with a fierce glint in her eyes.

She plopped onto her bed but could no longer fall asleep.

The following morning, she attempted to call Cassina again, but just like before, she could not get through.

She tossed her phone aside in a fit of rage.

At the hospital, Cassina had stayed by Bailey’s side the entire night, lost in deep thought.

I regret it. I regret pretending to be Queenie’s daughter. But now, it seems that I have no way out, especially if it was really Queenie who tried to kill my mother. If that’s the case, there’s no way Queenie will spare Dylan and me once the truth is revealed.

“Ms. Smith, I’m sorry. I’m sorry,” she whispered.

At that moment, Cecilia arrived with breakfast. She pushed open the door to the ward and saw Cassina still sitting by the hospital bed.

“Did you stay up all night?”

Cassina nodded. "Yeah. I couldn't sleep."

Cecilia walked over and handed her the food she was holding. "Have some breakfast, then get some rest. I'll help you keep an eye on things here."

Upon hearing Cecilia's words, Cassina felt even more grateful. "Thank you. You truly are a good person."

She took the food and managed to eat a few bites. However, she was simply too tired, so she laid down on the adjacent hospital bed.

What she did not know was that Cassandra was searching high and low for her.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1289**

### Chapter 1289 How Did You Know I Was Here

Cassina had not slept for long before she woke up. Noticing that her phone was switched off, she plugged it in to charge. Only then did she realize that Cassandra had called her numerous times.

She immediately called back.

Cassandra quickly picked up and answered her phone. "Cassina, where have you been? You didn't come back all night. Who are you with now?"

Cassina glanced at Cecilia, and the latter also looked over at her.

She stammered, "I had a bit too much to drink with my friends yesterday and ended up falling asleep. My phone was turned off and I just woke up. I'm really sorry."

Had Cassandra not known that she had left with Cecilia, she might have believed her. "Really? Do you have any idea how worried Mom and I were about you? You need to come back right now."

"But..." Cassina was somewhat torn. With her mother lying in the hospital bed in that condition, she could not possibly just go back now.

"I have some things to take care of. Can I go back in a few days?" she asked cautiously.

"You're not coming back?" Cassandra asked, raising her voice. She could not help wondering if Cassina had already told Cecilia something.

Then, she continued in a low voice, "Have you thought this through? Mom and I helped you make arrangements for someone to take care of Dylan while you're just out fooling

around. Don't you think that's a bit unfair? If you don't come back, we won't care about Dylan anymore."

All she could do now was to threaten Cassina.

When Cassina heard that, she immediately grew anxious. "Don't be mad. I'm going back right now."

She ended the call and gave Cecilia an embarrassed look. "I'm sorry, Ms. Smith, but I have to leave now. My son is in the hospital and there's no one to look after him."

Upon hearing that, Cecilia responded bluntly, "Ms. Cassina, I also have to work every day and don't have the time to stay here to look after Mdm. Bailey."

Cassina expressed that she understood. "I get it. It's just that I'm really in a tough spot right now."

With that, she pulled out a card and handed it to Cecilia.

"There's fifty million here. I know this amount can't compare to saving a life, but this is all I can offer. Use this to cover my mother's medical expenses and perhaps hire a caregiver to take care of her temporarily. Is that okay?" she asked, her desperation evident in her eyes.

She knew that provoking Cassandra was not a wise move, so she dared not offend her.

Seeing that Cassina was genuinely at a loss, Cecilia decided not to make things harder for her.

"I'll help you out today. However, I hope you remember this and refrain from helping Cassandra go against me in the future. Otherwise, I won't let you off the hook either," she warned.

She knew that Cassina was not Queenie's biological child and that if Queenie were to find out about that, there was no way Queenie would spare Cassina.

However, the person I have to deal with is Queenie. I'm not doing this to help her.

"Don't worry. I will," Cassina promised while nodding emphatically.

"Mom, I'm leaving now. I'll come to see you again when I have the time," she said after picking up her bag and turning to her mother on the hospital bed, reluctant to leave.

After Cassina left, Cecilia had Sven find someone to handle the matters at the hospital.

Then, she headed back as she still had to go to work.

As soon as she stepped out of the hospital, she spotted a familiar figure waiting next to a grey Cayenne.

The man lit a cigarette, but the moment he saw her emerging, he immediately put it out and strode straight toward her.

She was somewhat taken aback. "Why are you here?"

Standing in front of her, Nathaniel replied, "I came because I was worried you might be in some danger."

"What danger would I be in? You're overthinking it." No sooner had she said that than something seemed to cross her mind, and she stared at him intently.

"By the way, how did you know I was here?"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1290**

Chapter 1290 Since When Are You Two Friends

If Nathaniel had been trailing her, Sven would have noticed and warned her. Nathaniel made sure she got into the car first before saying a word. Once they were both seated, he finally broke the silence.

"Didn't you text me yesterday? I made a reservation like you asked. That doesn't count as stalking, does it?" he said.

He knew Cecilia wasn't fond of being followed, which was why he chose to approach the situation this way.

Cecilia was left a bit speechless. This isn't much different from stalking, is it?

"Could you, in the future, ask for my permission before tracking my location when you come looking for me?" she asked, trying to keep her tone even.

"All right," Nathaniel agreed without hesitation.

Seeing how quickly he agreed, Cecilia felt a bit relieved and decided not to push the matter further.

"Drive me to the office, will you? I need to catch a quick nap," she said, leaning back against the seat.

She hadn't had the luxury of sleeping in and figured she could catch up on rest during the ride. Before long, exhaustion got the better of her, and she dozed off, her posture slightly slumped.

Nathaniel gently pulled her closer into his arms and softly instructed the driver, "Drive a bit slower."

"Yes, sir," the driver replied, easing the car forward.

After Cassina returned home, she found Cassandra and Queenie seated in the living room. Queenie looked particularly worried.

"Are you all right, Cassie?" Queenie asked, concern clear in her voice.

Since Cassina had started living at the Jamieson residence, she had never spent a night away from home. Last night was the first time, which explained Queenie's worry.

Cassina shook her head. "Mom, I'm fine," she reassured her.

Queenie sighed in relief. "You should have called if you weren't coming home last night. Your sister and I were worried sick."

Unaware of Cassandra's threats, Queenie only saw Cassina's absence as unusual.

Cassina lowered her head. "Sorry, my phone was off. I didn't notice."

"It's all right this time, but next time, make sure to let me know. Otherwise, you'll have me worrying all night long," Queenie insisted.

Having recently found her long-lost daughter, Queenie treated Cassina like something fragile, always fearful she might lose her again.

Cassina nodded firmly. "I will."

Cassandra sat quietly, watching the scene unfold with jealousy simmering just beneath the surface. She

Cassandra's mind, a stranger.

"Mom, you didn't sleep at all last night. You should go get some rest," Cassandra said, trying to sound considerate.

"You're right, I should lie down. You two take it easy," Queenie replied before getting up and heading toward her room.

Cassandra smiled as Queenie walked away, but the moment she was out of sight, Cassandra's expression hardened.

After ensuring the housekeepers had left the room, she turned to Cassina with an icy glare. "Who were you with last night?" she demanded.

Cassina froze under her sister's intense stare, her voice faltering. "J—Just a friend... You wouldn't know her."

"Heh, since when has Cecilia been your friend? Why didn't I know about this?" Cassandra scoffed, not bothering to keep up her friendly act.

Startled, Cassina had no idea how Cassandra knew about her meeting with Cecilia. She fell silent, unsure how to respond.

Cassandra stepped closer, her voice sharp. "Did you tell Cecilia who you really are?"

Cassina quickly shook her head. "No, of course not."

Hearing this, Cassandra relaxed slightly. But her warning was swift. "Good. Don't even think about it. If you let anyone know, you won't see the end of it."

Cassina kept her gaze down, not daring to challenge her. "Don't worry, I'm not that stupid. Why would I ruin the good life I have?"

"Then what were you doing with Cecilia all night?" Cassandra pressed, skeptical that their meeting was innocent.

Cassina struggled to find the right lie, unsure of how to explain herself.

Cassandra leaned in closer, her voice low but threatening. "If you don't tell me the truth, do you believe I can have the hospital stop your son's medication in minutes?"