

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1291

Chapter 1291 Find A Way To Get Rid Of Her

At the mention of her son’s medication, Cassina panicked, her resolve crumbling. She couldn’t afford to take any risks. “Cecilia wasn’t interested in my status. She told me she found my mother,” she admitted in a rush.

Cassandra’s eyes widened in shock. “What?” she blurted out, before quickly regaining her composure, feigning ignorance. “I thought your mother was at home? What do you mean she found her? Where is she?”

Cassina’s eyes welled up with tears. “My mom went missing recently. I’ve been looking for her but couldn’t find her. Cecilia contacted me last night. She said my mom was badly hurt.”

Cassandra put on a mask of sympathy. “Oh, what a tragedy for your mother. You must be devastated. Once my mom wakes up, you should talk to her. She could help arrange the funeral for your mother.”

In Cassandra’s mind, she was certain Cassina’s mother was already dead—her own doing. But the next words Cassina spoke sent a chill down her spine.

“My mom’s just in the hospital right now. She’s not dead,” Cassina said softly.

The color drained from Cassandra’s face, and her hand, resting at her side, clenched into a fist.

Those useless idiots. Didn’t they say they’d taken care of everything? How is this still not done?

“Oh, I misunderstood. My apologies,” she quickly replied, masking her shock.

Cassina shook her head. “It’s all right. My mom was just lucky. Please, whatever you do, don’t tell Mdm. Queenie about this.”

“Why not?” Cassandra questioned.

“I suspect she’s behind this,” Cassina speculated. “Hasn’t she pressured you to cut ties with your biological mother before?”

A wave of relief washed over Cassandra as she realized Cassina hadn’t yet pieced together the truth. She was still in the dark about who had truly caused this. In fact, Cassina despising Queenie could work in her favor. It’d keep them apart.

“Now that you mention it, I’d almost forgotten,” Cassandra sighed. “Mom can be quite possessive. I never thought she’d go as far as to hurt your mother. How’s she doing now? Is she okay?”

Cassina’s face crumpled with sorrow. “She’s covered in wounds and hasn’t woken up yet. But the doc says there’s a high chance she’ll recover.”

Cassina didn’t notice the way Cassandra’s complexion had completely changed.

“Really? That’s good,” Cassandra managed, though deep inside, fear began to brew.

If Bailey woke up, would my secrets be exposed? There’d be no avoiding the trouble that would follow.

“Just make sure you don’t let Queenie find out,” Cassandra said, feigning concern. “And tell me, which hospital is your mom in? I can arrange for someone to ensure she’s safe.”

guard her. You don’t have to worry.”

Cassandra’s heart filled with anxiety. She wanted to ask more, but feared Cassina might start to suspect something, so she simply nodded. “That’s good. You should get some rest.”

“Okay.”

Cassina noticed that Cassandra seemed unusually kind today—much less harsh than usual. Feeling reassured, she returned to her room to rest.

As soon as she was gone, Cassandra made a call to her subordinates. “From now on, keep a close watch on Cassina. I want updates on every move she makes, especially when she leaves the house.”

“Understood.”

I refuse to believe I can’t find Bailey.

Two days later, Cassandra’s subordinates tracked Cassina down to the hospital where Bailey was being treated. However, Sven’s men were guarding the room, making it nearly impossible for anyone to approach unnoticed.

Upon receiving the update, Cassandra gave a firm order. “No matter what, find a way to get rid of her.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1292

Chapter 1292 Stirring Up Trouble

In the days that followed, whenever Cecilia had a spare moment, she'd visit Bailey at the hospital. But despite the passing days, there was still no sign of Bailey waking up,

The doctor frowned in puzzlement. "It's strange. This patient has a strong will to live. She should've woken up by now."

"Please take care of her and let me know if anything changes," Cecilia instructed.

"Of course," the doctor replied without hesitation, watching as Cecilia left the hospital.

Once outside, Cecilia headed straight for the branch company, formerly known as Evans Group.

Just days ago, she had put Ralph and Cassandra in their place, driving out some of their family members who had been pulling strings behind the scenes. But this morning, news reached him that they had stirred up the media outside the company.

A crowd of protesters had gathered, waving banners. Not far away, Ralph and Cassandra sat in a car, watching.

Ralph's expression was cold and vengeful. "Kids these days are still too naïve. She thinks having a majority stake means she can run the company as she pleases. I'll make sure her business crashes and burns."

"Dad, I've got the media all over it," Cassandra said proudly.

"Good work," Ralph praised, his eyes lighting up with approval.

Cassandra couldn't bear the sight of Cecilia succeeding. Given the chance, she'd love nothing more than to drag her into the mud and make sure she never climbed back out.

Inside the company, Charlotte was fuming. "They have no shame! When they worked here, they wasted time and partied. Now that the company's under our boss, they still act like they run the place!"

"I'm going out there to give them a piece of my mind!" Charlotte rolled up her sleeves, ready to fight.

Lucille and Madeline quickly stopped her. "Hold up, don't be hasty," Lucille urged. "Let's wait for Ceci to come back."

"Yeah," Madeline agreed. "If we confront them now, we'll just look like the bad guys, especially with the media all over us."

Charlotte understood, but the shamelessness outside was getting under her skin.

“The boss of the company is heartless! She fired us without cause and left our families with nothing!”

“My daughter’s tuition is gone! How’s she supposed to stay in school?”

“My mom’s in the hospital, and we can’t pay her bills! How could they fire long-time employee heartless!”

These complaints were shouted loud enough for the media to catch every word. They were all Ralph’s relatives, their accusations carefully planned. Some even held up photos of sick relatives—pictures they had likely pulled from the internet.

But the truth didn’t matter. With money backing them the media was more than happy to spread the stories about the laid-off employees.

Cecilia, arriving on the scene, stayed in the car for a moment. From a distance, she could already see the chaos.

Someone pointed toward her car. “That’s the boss! The heartless one!”

“Demand justice from her!” the crowd roared as they began to surge toward the car.

The driver, nervous, glanced at Cecilia. “Boss, we should leave. These people look dangerous.”

Cecilia rested her hand on her belly. “Leaving now would just confirm what they’re saying about us.”

But she couldn’t help worrying about her baby.

“What should we do?” The driver was getting more anxious as the mob approached. He had seen how debt collectors had once beaten someone to death right in front of him.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1293

Chapter 1293 About Ready To Pop

Cecilia remained calm as ever, despite the chaos around her. She picked up her phone and dialed the newly assigned head of security. “We’re at the company’s entrance,” she said. “Can you make sure we’re safe?”

The security team leader, a man personally trained by Sven, responded with confidence. “No worries, we’ll be there in no time.”

After ending the call, Cecilia instructed the driver, “Keep moving toward the entrance.”

The driver, although shaken, nodded and drove the car forward. Soon enough, they were surrounded by the angry crowd.

The protesters, fully aware of Cecilia's pregnancy, banged fiercely on the car windows, shouting, "Come out, you useless boss! Come out and explain yourself!"

The crowd was rough, and their aggressive behavior was obvious.

The driver's face had gone pale from fear, but Cecilia remained calm. The car was bulletproof, and no matter how hard they pounded, all they were hurting was themselves.

Seated calmly, she reassured the driver, "There's nothing to worry about. We're perfectly safe."

Her poise impressed the driver. Despite being heavily pregnant, she wasn't the least bit intimidated by the angry mob.

"If you're not afraid, then I definitely shouldn't be either," the driver remarked, gaining some courage.

"Exactly."

Meanwhile, Charlotte and her companions, watching from inside the building, spotted Cecilia's car through the window. Charlotte's face grew worried.

"We have to get down there! Boss is pregnant, we can't let these people scare her!" she urged.

Though Lucille and Madeline were nervous, they remembered how much Cecilia had done for them and followed Charlotte down the stairs.

At the same time, the security team arrived and immediately started clearing the mob, pushing the protesters aside in under two minutes.

"Look at this! The boss had her goons attack us!" some of the protesters began to cry out, playing the victim.

As Cecilia stepped out of the car, her visibly pregnant belly drew attention. The journalists were stunned.

She's pregnant? Her belly looks about ready to pop!

In reality, because Cecilia was carrying twins, her belly appeared much larger than a typical pregnancy, leading to the misconception that she was about to give birth.

Charlotte rushed to her side, eyes full of concern. “Boss, are you all right?”

Only then did the three women breathe a sigh of relief

Cecilia turned her cold gaze on the crowd. “You wanted an explanation? I’m here now. But if you keep making this racket, how are you going to hear what I have to say?”

The crowd, initially loud and boisterous, quieted down as one man spoke up, lamenting his hardships. “We just want our jobs back! We need to eat, and we need our wages!”

“Yeah, you don’t have the right to fire us!” another added.

Their complaints made Cecilia chuckle. “Since when does a boss not have the right to fire employees? None of you are pregnant, none of you were injured on the job, and most of you were slacking off in your roles! According to company policy, I have every right to let you go.”

She continued, “And I followed the law to the letter. The day you were fired, your wages and severance were deposited into your accounts. So what more do you think you’re owed?”

Her words silenced the crowd. What they hadn’t expected was for Cecilia to be so well-prepared.

Just then, a discreet Bentley passed by, unnoticed by most. In the back seat, Nathaniel was listening intently to Cecilia’s confident speech.

As soon as he’d heard about the situation, he rushed over, worried something might happen to his wife. But as he watched her handle the crowd, he realized she was far more capable than he had imagined.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1294

Chapter 1294 I Will Get Rid Of Them For You

Mason, sitting in the front seat, couldn’t help but be impressed. “I used to think Mrs. Rainsworth was delicate and soft. I never expected her to be so tough. Facing all these people without breaking a sweat- it’s remarkable.”

Nathaniel’s lips curled into a proud smile. “Indeed.”

Hearing others praise his wife filled him with immense pride. He decided to stay in the car for now, letting Cecilia continue handling the situation on her own.

Meanwhile, the crowd, still unsure of how to react, received fresh instructions from Ralph. Soon, the protesters started up again.

“Listen to her! Can you believe the things she’s saying? She’s heartless!”

“Our families are struggling, and she’s still trying to crush us under her foot. That severance wasn’t enough to keep us afloat!”

“Yeah, my mom’s in the hospital, fighting for her life. She’s taken away my means of survival!”

The crowd was essentially trying to guilt-trip Cecilia into submission, but she wasn’t buying it.

Approaching a man holding a photo of his supposed sick mother, she said lightly, “Buddy, your mother looks familiar.”

The man sneered. “Don’t try to buddy up to me. My mom doesn’t know you, and I don’t know you that well.”

“You might have misunderstood,” Cecilia continued, her voice still calm. “I think I’ve seen your mother online before.”

Charlotte quickly snapped a picture of the photo and began searching for it on the web. After a moment, she strode toward the man, holding up her phone for everyone to see. “That’s because this woman isn’t even his mother!” she announced, her voice carrying across the crowd.

The man stammered, unsure how to respond. “W–What are you talking about? If she’s not my mom, then is she yours?”

Charlotte laughed, waving her phone in the air. “Look for yourselves! He just grabbed a random photo from the internet! This photo is from a fundraising campaign that went viral online! The woman in the picture didn’t even have a son. She was a lonely old lady!”

“You b*tch!” The man, humiliated and angry, tried to snatch the phone from Charlotte, even raising his hand to strike her. But Charlotte was ready.

With a swift move, she swept her leg in a wide arc, landing a precise backward kick that sent the man sprawling on the ground. He let out a yelp of pain.

“You’ll regret it laying a hand on me,” Charlotte said, standing tall and clapping her hands

The crowd was shocked. They had never expected such a petite, innocent-looking girl to be capable of such a powerful move. Even the media, who had been bribed to tarnish Cecilia’s reputation, began to reconsider. Perhaps reporting the truth would generate more interest.

As Cecilia continued exposing the truth about the protesters one by one, their fraudulent stories unraveled in front of the cameras. The crowd, unsure how to handle the sudden spotlight on their lies, began to scatter.

Not far away, in a car, Cassandra watched the events unfold, growing more anxious by the second. "Dad, why did you hire such unreliable people?"

Ralph, his face dark with anger, hadn't expected Cecilia to be so formidable. "Cassandra, you've always hated her, haven't you? The child she's carrying will be your child's future rival. Today, I'll end get rid of them for you."

He was well aware that his life was dependent on Cassandra.

Cassandra, understanding her father's plan, did nothing to stop him.

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When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1295

Chapter 1295 Nathaniel To The Rescue

Ralph started making calls. “Forget about principles, and don’t waste time talking. Go after Cecilia! Aim for her stomach if possible! Make sure it’s unexpected; got it?”

He dangled a hefty reward. “A million for each of you if you get rid of the child in her womb.”

A million was a fortune for most of these people.

The leader didn’t hesitate, immediately agreeing to Ralph’s sinister plan. He relayed the orders to the others through his earpiece, and the group fixated on their prize, convincing themselves it wasn’t murder, thinking they wouldn’t face any real consequences.

All eyes turned to Cecilia.

“We’ll fight you to the end, you ruthless boss!” one man shouted, rushing forward. Encouraged by the first attack, more followed, pushing toward her.

Charlotte stepped in front of Cecilia, shielding her as best as she could. Lucille and Madeline quickly formed a protective barrier around her, while the security guards scrambled to hold back the mob.

But these people were relentless and fearless, ready to do anything to earn their payday.

Suddenly, people brandishing clubs appeared from the crowd, Ralph’s backup plan in case his initial strategy failed.

“D*mn it!” Cecilia’s face tightened with worry. She gently cradled her pregnant belly, her eyes betraying her anxiety.

Charlotte’s heart raced. They were outnumbered, and the company had a shortage of security staff. She couldn’t figure out why so many people had appeared all at once.

What are we going to do?

“Boss, you need to hide right now!” Charlotte urgently exclaimed. “We have to keep you safe!”

In a nearby car, Ralph and Cassandra watched the chaos unfold. Ralph smirked, satisfaction evident on his face. “I told you we didn’t come here for nothing.”

Cassandra, practically giddy, praised him, “Dad, you really are a genius.”

But before they could relish their victory, a knock on their car window interrupted them.

“Who’s there?” Cassandra asked impatiently, but her tone shifted to fear as she realized they were surrounded by a group of burly bodyguards.

Mason stepped forward, his voice cold and stern. “Are you coming out, or should I help yo hat?”

His tone left no room for negotiation.

Cassandra clutched Ralph’s arm, panic setting in. “Dad, what are we going to do?”

Ralph, for the first time, was speechless, his body frozen with fear. They didn’t even have a chance to think

Macon ordered his men to smash the car windows.

Back at the scene with Cecilia, Nathaniel’s men had quickly subdued the troublemakers. No one on Cecilia’s side had been hurt.

“Hand them over to the police,” Nathaniel commanded his tone icy and final.

“Yes, sir.”

The beaten and bruised troublemakers were

unded up and taken away, barely recognizable. Nathaniel then turned his attention to the reporters still present. His gaze was so piercing that it sent shivers down their spines.

“I know all of your outlets,” he warned. “If you publish anything false, be prepared to shut down.”

The reporters, fully aware of who Nathaniel was, nodded quickly, promising to report the truth. No amount of money was worth risking their jobs over.

Once the reporters dispersed, Nathaniel turned to Cecilia. “Are you okay?” he asked, his voice softening as he approached her.

Cecilia nodded. “I’m fine, but how did you get here?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1296

Chapter 1296 It Was Just A Kiss

Nathaniel's expression remained neutral as he responded, "Just happened to be passing by."

Cecilia raised an eyebrow. "Passing by? That's quite the coincidence, isn't it? Especially with an entire entourage of bodyguards in tow."

His attempt to downplay his arrival was clumsy, but Cecilia didn't press further. After all, if it weren't for him, the situation could've ended disastrously. She appreciated his intervention, even if his excuse was unconvincing.

"Boss." Charlotte rushed up to them, concern evident in her eyes. After all, those people were trying to get to her earlier.

Cecilia reassured her with a smile. "I'm fine. Now that it's all taken care of, let's head back inside and get back to work."

"All right."

Relieved, everyone made their way back into the office. Before heading in, Cecilia turned to Nathaniel and offered, "Would you like to come upstairs for a bit?"

Nathaniel didn't hesitate. "Sure."

Once they reached Cecilia's office, Nathaniel quietly shut the door behind them, catching Cecilia off guard.

"Why are you closing the door?" she asked, her voice tinged with suspicion.

"He didn't answer immediately. Instead, as she moved toward her desk, Nathaniel suddenly embraced her

from behind, holding her gently but firmly. Panic surged through Cecilia.

"What are you doing? Let go!" she demanded, her heart racing.

Nathaniel leaned in close, his breath warm against her ear. "How are you going to thank me today?" he asked, his voice playful but serious.

Cecilia's cheeks flushed bright red as she tried to remain composed. She turned to face him, looking him straight in the eyes. "Do you expect a reward for saving your own wife and child?"

The moment those words left her lips, Nathaniel's heart swelled with joy. His expression softened. "So you finally admit you're my wife?"

Cecilia hesitated, realizing what she had just said. "I meant to say ex-"

But before she could finish, Nathaniel leaned in, capturing her lips in a sudden, passionate kiss. His intensity caught her completely off guard. Her mind went blank, and her breath came in short gasps as she tried to process the sudden closeness.

She pounded lightly on his chest, trying to get him to stop, but Nathaniel, lost in the moment, didn't realize. It wasn't until she collapsed, exhausted, into his arms that he finally let go.

"Ceci!" he called out in concern, catching her limp body as she fainted.

Alarmed, Nathaniel scooped her up in his arms and rushed out of the office, carrying her downstairs as his Charlotte tried to follow, but she couldn't keep up with Nathaniel's pace.

He carried Cecilia to the waiting car, instructing the driver to head to the nearest hospital immediately. The entire ride, Nathaniel's mind was consumed with worry.

Thankfully, they reached the hospital quickly, and Cecilia was taken inside for treatment. Unable to bear the uncertainty, Nathaniel called Zachary, who arrived not long after.

"What happened? Why did she faint all of a sudden?" Zachary questioned, puzzled by the situation.

Nathaniel, looking uneasy, admitted, "It was just... a kiss."

"Huh?" Zachary raised an eyebrow. "A kiss? Could it be that Cecilia is allergic to you?"

Nathaniel frowned. "Don't be ridiculous. It's not like we've not done it before."

"Then how could this have happened?" Zachary asked again.

"If I knew the reason, I wouldn't have asked you to come." Nathaniel retorted.

Zachary didn't press further, then went to find the attending doctor.

After half an hour, he returned with a smile. "No need to worry. She just fainted due to a brief lack of oxygen. It's actually pretty common in pregnant women."

Nathaniel finally breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the weight lift from his chest.

Zachary leaned in, lowering his voice with a teasing grin. "Also, it could be due to nerves. Could it be that you two haven't been this close in a while?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1297

Chapter 1297 Why Would She Be Nervous

Nathaniel was left a bit baffled.

Nervous? Why would Cecilia be nervous?

Still uncertain, he turned to Zachary, "Is this nervousness because of affection?"

Zachary was taken aback. "What kind of question is that?"

"Just answer me!" Nathaniel's patience was wearing thin.

Zachary sighed and began to analyze. "There could be many reasons for her anxiety, including affection. But it could also be due to environmental factors. Were you in a place you're not familiar with?"

Nathaniel's gaze narrowed at Zachary's nonchalant attitude. Naturally, he wasn't satisfied with this vague answer. "Why are you asking so many questions?"

Without waiting for a reply, Nathaniel turned and headed toward Cecilia's hospital room, leaving Zachary flabbergasted. "Nathaniel is so pragmatic. He gets rid of someone as soon as they had ceased to be useful." Zachary muttered, following after him.

Nathaniel entered Cecilia's room and sat beside her, watching as she slowly opened her eyes, immediately rolling them in exasperation. "Didn't you notice something was wrong with me?" Cecilia asked, recalling the sudden wave of dizziness and how her vision had turned dark.

Nathaniel looked at her, guilt filling his eyes. "I'm sorry. I didn't notice."

*Luckily, nothing bad happened.

He gently took her hand in his, squeezing it softly. "I've missed you so much," he said quietly, his voice filled with sincerity.

Cecilia blushed. She didn't understand why she had such an intense reaction earlier, but she could tell Nathaniel's concern was genuine.

"All right, all right, I'm fine. It was just a bit of shortness of breath. Don't do that again."

Nathaniel smiled, the warmth reaching his eyes. "I'll be more restrained in the future."

Cecilia couldn't help but notice how often Nathaniel smiled now, and for no apparent reason. It left her wondering what he found so amusing.

"Help me up," she said. "I need to get out of here and go back to the office."

Nathaniel, without hesitation, gently lifted her from the bed. "I'll carry you to the car"

"Don't!" Cecilia protested, suddenly frantic. The thought of being carried out in front of everyone was mortifying.

What if someone sees us? It's embarrassing!

Nathaniel, not fully understanding her panic but willing to oblige, set her down again. "Alright, I'll support you. Just be careful as you walk."

Cecilia was visibly unsettled, but she pushed his hands away gently. "I'm pregnant, not crippled. I can walk on my own."

Her stubbornness left Nathaniel with no choice but to follow closely behind her, ensuring she was safe without overstepping. As they exited the hospital, it was clear that all of Nathaniel's attention was locked on Cecilia.

A few pregnant women in the waiting area couldn't help but notice. One of them sighed, giving her husband a playful nudge. "Look at how attentive he is. He's not even glued to his phone."

The husband glanced up, watching Nathaniel. "Just look at him. So handsome. Bet he's some toy boy living off his wife's wealth."

Nathaniel overheard the comment and, with a calm yet sharp look in the man's direction, responded, "Only a man lacking ability would assume successful men have to marry into wealth. Do some research- do I look like a kept man?"

The man was left speechless, clearly caught off guard. As Nathaniel and Cecilia walked away, the man muttered under his breath, fuming, "So, the toy boy's embarrassed, huh?"

A patient sitting nearby recognized Nathaniel's face and leaned over to the man. "You should be more careful with your words. That man is Nicholas Rainsworth, the CEO of Orion Corporation. He's no toy boy living off someone else."

Nathaniel and Nicholas were nearly identical. With Nicholas making more public appearances lately, it wasn't surprising the patient had mistaken Nathaniel for Nicholas.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1298

Chapter 1298 Not In The Mood For Mercy

The man, who had been full of bravado moments earlier, suddenly fell silent, his arrogance gone. His wife, who had already been irritated with him, saw this as the perfect moment to twist the knife.

“Did you hear that?” she asked bitterly. “That’s what a responsible man looks like. The CEO of a major company is here with his wife for a check-up. What about you?”

The man, now thoroughly embarrassed, lowered his head, hiding from his phone.

Meanwhile, outside the hospital, Cecilia found the whole situation amusing. Who would’ve thought Nathaniel would be mistaken for a toy boy?

As they got into the car, she gave him a teasing look. With that face, he does have the potential to be a toy boy.

Nathaniel’s expression darkened slightly. “Do I really look like someone who lives off others?”

Cecilia laughed softly. “Of course not.”

“Then why did you laugh just now?”

Throughout his life, there were few who had ever dared to suggest that Nathaniel was a freeloader, and it clearly rubbed him the wrong way.

Cecilia pressed her lips together, trying to stop herself from laughing again. “Is this better?”

Nathaniel relaxed, his stern features softening as he glanced over at her. “Never mind. You should smile more—it suits you.”

It had been so long since he’d seen her this lighthearted, and he wasn’t about to spoil the moment. Cecilia’s smile, however, quickly faded as she leaned her head on his shoulder.

“I’m not in the mood to smile anymore,” she said, closing her eyes.

Nathaniel gently pulled her closer, and she didn’t resist. She settled comfortably against him, dozing off for a brief nap as they drove.

When they arrived at the company, Nathaniel was ready to follow her inside, but Cecilia stopped him firmly.

Reluctantly, Nathaniel stayed behind, watching as she made her way into the office alone. Inside, Charlotte and the others quickly gathered around her, curious and concerned.

“I’m fine,” Cecilia reassured them. “I just fainted because of a little oxygen deprivation. Nothing serious.”

Charlotte frowned in confusion. "Why would there suddenly be a lack of oxygen?"

Cecilia's face flushed. How could she possibly explain what had actually happened?

After a brief, awkward silence, Lucille stepped forward, offering a plausible explanation. "Maybe the office is too stuffy? Poor air circulation could cause that."

Grateful for the save, Cecilia quickly nodded. "Right. That's probably it."

it doesn't happen again," Charlotte said, taking the initiative.

Cecilia found it hard to refuse, so she smiled and nodded. "Thanks, I appreciate that."

Charlotte immediately arranged for someone to handle it.

With most of Evans Group's business handled, Cecilia felt it was time to head home and rest.

While Cecilia was resting, Ralph and Cassandra were facing their own troubles.

Cassandra, pale but defiant, tried to maintain her composure. "Mason, you know who backs me, right? Even Nathaniel has to give some respect to my mother Queenie. What do you think you're doing. cornering my father and me like this?"

Several hours had passed since they were cornered, yet Mason showed no sign of letting them go. At Cassandra's words, Mason let out a cold laugh.

"If it weren't for Queenie, and the fact that you're carrying a Rainsworth child, you'd both be dead by now."

Cassandra's bravado faltered, and she glanced at Ralph, unsure of what to say next.

Ralph, tugging at her sleeve, muttered, "Enough, Cassandra."

Cassandra bit her lip, falling silent as she slumped down in a state of despair.

Mason, growing tired of the charade, gave his orders. "Drag this old fool out. Just make sure he doesn't die."

Ralph, already bruised from a previous beating, panicked. "Please, spare me!" he begged. "I realize I made a mistake. I beg you, just let me go!"

But Mason wasn't in the mood for mercy. As the bodyguards advanced, Ralph clung desperately to Cassandra. "Cassandra, please, help me! I'm too old to endure this."

Seeing the scene unfold, Cassandra snapped, "Release my father immediately. That's an order!"

Even now, she's still giving orders?

Mason couldn't help but laugh.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1299

Chapter 1299 Take Her Life

As expected, Ralph was taken away, his agonized screams echoing through the air, sending a shiver down Cassandra's spine, even in the warmth of the room.

Despite the horror of the situation, Mason yawned, barely interested. "Let's go," he said indifferently and left with his group of men.

By the time Cassandra managed to find her father, he was in a terrible state. "Dad, Dad..." she called out, her voice growing desperate. But Ralph lay motionless, completely unresponsive.

"Cecilia, you've reduced my father to this state," Cassandra muttered through clenched teeth, fury filling her eyes. "I will never let you off the hook. Just you wait."

She issued her bitter warning to no one in particular, then quickly called for an ambulance. Ralph, bruised and battered, would be forced into submission for some time now.

After returning to the Jamieson residence, Cassandra wasted no time summoning Cassina to her side.

"Ms. Evans, you wanted to see me?" Cassina asked, addressing her in a formal, humble tone, always maintaining the distance between them.

Cassandra looked at her coldly. "Go to Queenie now and pour your heart out. Tell her that Cecilia is after your life. Convince her that Cecilia needs to be eliminated, no matter what."

Cassina froze, her eyes widening in disbelief. Cassandra, now more than ever, realized she couldn't rely on Queenie to act against Cecilia on her behalf.

Cassina, as Queenie's blood, was her last hope to manipulate Queenie into action.

Cassina, however, was horrified.

Are we really talking about taking a life? Can we just demand that like it's nothing?

She thought about her own mother, still lying in the ICU. For the first time, she truly grasped the terrifying reality of the wealthy's power and cruelty.

But something in her had shifted. She no longer wanted to be a part of such darkness. She wasn't heartless enough to wish death upon Cecilia.

"Isn't this wrong? It's a crime, isn't it?" Cassina whispered, her voice trembling.

Cassandra's gaze hardened. "Crime? You better think long and hard before you refuse. If you don't help me, I'll tell Queenie everything. And trust me, neither you nor your mother will make it out alive."

Cassina, caught between fear for her son, Dylan, and her mother's precarious state, knew she had no choice but to comply.

"All right," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I'll talk to Mdm. Queenie when she returns."

"Good girl," Cassandra said, her tone sickeningly sweet. "Just follow my lead, and you'll have everything you want."

Cassina nodded but returned to her room filled with dread. She hesitated for a long time before finally

When Cecilia answered the call, her voice calm as always, she asked, "What's the matter?"

"Ms. Smith," Cassina began, her voice shaky. "Cassandra returned today. She's forcing me to convince Queenie to take your life."

Cecilia was silent for a moment before she spoke again, her tone even. "And did you agree?"

"I... I didn't have a choice," Cassina stammered. "She threatened my son and me. I was terrified."

Cassina couldn't bring herself to confess the deeper truth—that she wasn't even Queenie's biological daughter. Trusting Cecilia completely was still something she struggled with.

"I understand," Cecilia said after a pause. "It's all right. Do as Cassandra says—go see Queenie."

"But... you'll be in danger. You've done so much for my family, I can't." Cassina's voice trailed off, torn between her loyalty to Cecilia and her fear for her own life.

"It's not as easy to take a life as Cassandra thinks," Cecilia replied calmly. "Besides, now that you've told me, I'll be prepared."

Relief washed over Cassina. "Thank you, Ms. Smith."

After hanging up the phone, Cassina's heart ached with guilt. Outside her door, there was a sudden knock.

"Who is it?" Cassina asked cautiously.

"It's me," Cassandra said, her voice laced with impatience. "Mom's back. Didn't you have something important to tell her?"

Cassina's heart skipped a beat. She hadn't expected Queenie to return so soon. With a deep breath, she opened the door and stepped out.

Queenie was seated on the couch, watching her closely "Cassie, is there something you want to tell me?" she asked gently.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1300

Chapter 1300 See Right Through Her Lies

Cassina's gaze flickered to Cassandra before she approached Queenie. In a sudden gesture, she knelt before her. "Mom," she said softly.

Startled, Queenie immediately stood and rushed to her side. "What's the matter? Why are you kneeling?"

"Mom, I need to ask you for a favor," Cassina pleaded, tears brimming in her eyes. "I won't get up until you agree."

Queenie's heart tightened as she looked at her daughter in distress. "What is it? Just say the word."

"Mom... I want Cecilia's life. Will you help me?" Cassina's voice cracked as she spoke.

Queenie's face went pale, disbelief washing over her. "What did you just say?"

"Mom, I can't stand Cecilia anymore," Cassina sniffled, tears falling freely now. "I feel like she's out to get me. Please help me... save me."

Cassandra, seizing the moment, stepped forward. "Mom, I told you Cecilia was trouble. Now even Cassie can't stand her."

But Queenie's response was unexpected. She looked sharply at Cassandra. "Do you take a life just because you dislike someone?"

Cassandra blinked in shock, taken aback by the cold retort.

Queenie stood up, turning to Cassina. "Life is precious. I don't ever want to hear you say something like that again," she said firmly.

With that, she cast a final glance at Cassandra. "Come with me to the study," she ordered.

Cassandra, still reeling from Queenie's rebuke, followed her mother in silence. She had assumed that with Cassina's plea, Queenie would take her side, just as she had always done in the past. But now, everything seemed to be unraveling.

Once inside the study, before Cassandra could speak, Queenie turned to her with fury in her eyes. "Did you make Cassie say those things?"

eyes. "Why

"Huh?" Cassandra feigned innocence, "Mom, I didn't make her say anything. It was all her own idea-

"Do you take me for a fool?" Queenie interrupted, her voice rising. "Cassie and Cecilia have no bad blood between them. Why would she suddenly want her dead? I also know what happened with you and Ralph today. You're trying to use me to get revenge, aren't you?"

Queenie's sneer was sharp. "Let me tell you something I'd rather Ralph die out there than lift a finger to help him."

Cassandra's face turned red with embarrassment. She hadn't expected her true intentions to be exposed so quickly. "Mom, I've had such a hard time because of Nathaniel's people, and it's all because of Cecilia," she tried to explain, but Queenie was having none of it.

"Isn't that a mess you made for yourself? From now on use your head, instead of dragging others into your problems!"

Queenie was livid. Cassandra's manipulation of Cassina had crossed a line.

Cassandra's eyes welled with frustrated tears. "Mom," she muttered, "ever since Cassie came back, you've been favoring her more and more."

With that, she stormed

