

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1341

Chapter 1341 The Showdown

Half an hour ago, the person sent by Queenie to follow and observe Cassandra and Cassina reported back.

“Go there with your team immediately!” Queenie dashed out of the office with no time to grab anything.

She had a feeling something bad was about to happen.

Meanwhile, Cecilia also found Cassina’s behavior rather peculiar and instructed someone to find out where Cassina was at the moment.

Quickly, she was able to track down Cassina’s whereabouts and decided to go there with Charlotte.

On a desolate stretch of road, Cassandra had been slapped several times, her face swelling beyond recognition. Never before had she been struck like this in her life.

She was utterly powerless, tears raining down from her eyes as she looked at Cassina pleadingly.

“Cassie, I beg you, please let me go... I’m begging you...”

In Cassina’s eyes, there was nothing but indifference. “Make sure you teach her a lesson. Torment her slowly.”

When Cassandra realized that pleading for mercy was futile, she resorted to threats.

“Cassina, if anything were to happen to me today, Queenie would certainly uncover the truth. Rest assured, she won’t let you off the hook!”

Cassina couldn’t help but let out a snigger. “Don’t worry. Mom loves me a lot, and with you gone, there’ll be no one left to challenge me. She will treat me even better. From now on, no one can threaten me. I will be the sole heir to the Jamieson family!”

She walked up to Cassandra and delivered another harsh slap across the latter’s face.

The corners of Cassandra’s mouth were cut and bleeding. As Cassina raised her hand to hit her again, a succession of cars suddenly drove over, and a figure emerged from one of them.

“Cassie, stop!”

It was none other than Queenie.

She initially intended to uncover what was going on between Cassandra and Cassina, she knew they were keeping something from her.

Unexpectedly, the bodyguard tailing the two noticed something amiss, and she immediately came over.

When Cassandra saw Queenie, it was as if she had seen her savior. "Mom!"

Her eyes welled up, and tears began to roll down one after the other.

As for Cassina, her face turned deathly pale.

Queenie briskly approached the two individuals. The intimidating aura of the bodyguards trailing behind her caused the few burly men to release their grip on Cassandra in fear.

"What on earth is going on?" Queenie questioned Cassina, Zina's lips were trembling. She hadn't even spoken When Cassandra hastily interjected, "Mom, Castina

is not your biological daughter. I just found out and waited her to tell you the truth. Pest I didn't expect her to resort to such drastic measures to silence me!"

"What?"

Queenie's head spun, her eyes filled with disbelief.

Upon hearing these words, Cassina realized that she had no hope anymore. She raised her hand, lunging for Cassandra's throat, intending to make the latter pay with her life.

"Give me back my mother's life!"

But in the next moment, she was restrained by Queenie's bodyguard,

Upon observing the situation, Queenie realized what was going on.

"You're truly not my daughter? Have you been deceiving me all along?" she asked, unwilling to accept it.

Cassandra feared that Cassina would deny it, so she immediately informed Queenie, "Mom, I have the DNA report in my phone. You can have someone check it."

Cassina lowered her head. "Yes, I am not your biological daughter!"

With a swift movement, Queenie slapped her across the face. “How could you deceive me? Haven’t I treated you well?”

Cassina suddenly dropped to her knees. “Mdm. Queenie, I admit my mistake! You can hit me and scold me, but please, I beg you, don’t harm my family, okay?”

When Cecilia and Charlotte arrived by car, they saw the scene of Cassina kneeling before Queenie.

She hadn’t intended to stop, but the bodyguards had halted her car, forcing them to get out.

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Chapter 1842 The Truth Emerges

Meanwhile, Queenie turned around, only to see Cecilia and Charlotte.

“Ms. Smith, why would you come to a place like this at such an hour?” Queenie’s eyes were filled with caution.

She was already wondering if Cassina’s deception was somehow related Cecilia.

“I came to see Ms. Cassina.”

Cecilia was particularly calm and composed as she approached Cassina, handing back the contract to her.

“Ms. Cassina, thank you for your kindness, but I cannot accept,” she said.

Cassina knelt on the ground, her gaze falling on the contract in Cecilia’s hand, while her eyelashes trembled slightly. “Ms. Smith, I...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Cassandra had already walked over. Snatching the contract from her hand, she barked, “This contract was never valid to begin with. Even if you don’t return it to us, we won’t acknowledge it.”

Queenie was somewhat puzzled, “What contract?”

Cassandra handed the contract to Queenie, exclaiming, “Mom, this one!”

“After Cassina gained a bit of power, she didn’t take a penny and signed a hugely lucrative contract with Cecilia. If it weren’t for this incident, I wouldn’t have doubted her being your biological daughter. Who from the Jamieson family would conduct such a loss-making deal?”

“You’re talking nonsense! You’ve known about this all along!” Cassina immediately retorted, “You always use the fact that I’m not Queenie’s biological daughter to threaten me! This time, I’m determined to break free from you, no matter what it takes. The contract is what I owe Ms. Smith; she helped me and my mother, and I want to repay her!”

“Repay her?”

Queenie was on the verge of laughter out of sheer frustration. “You used my money to repay your debts of gratitude, and you pretended to be my biological daughter, reaping the benefits that my real daughter should have. How come you never thought of repaying me?”

Cassina was taken aback.

She looked at Queenie. “Actually, Ms. Smith is...”

Before Cassina could even finish her sentence, Cassandra somehow found a rock and, with no hesitation, smashed it against the back of Cassina’s head.

The next moment, Cassina had collapsed onto the ground.

Queenie was taken aback. “Cassandra, what are you doing?”,

Cassandra’s gaze fell upon Cecilia. “Mom, we shouldn’t air our dirty laundry in public. Let’s take her home first and then ask her about it.”

“That’s true.”

Queenie also felt that she shouldn’t have her secrets revealed before Cecilia.

She had someone escort Cassina into the car, then she approached Cecilia.

“Ms. Smith, regardless of your relationship with Cassina or whatever intentions you might harbor, I have one warning for you. Don’t use my biological daughters affairs to deceive others. Otherwise, I assure you, the consequences will be far from pleasant!”

Queenie’s greatest source of distress was her missing biological daughter.

Charlotte stood to the side, visibly upset. “We know nothing about that. Don’t go around making false accusations!”

“It’s best you don’t!” Queenie turned back to Cassandra “Let’s go back. Your face is hurt. You need to go to the hospital for a check-up.”

“Right, I’m, fine. It’s just a flesh wound. Mom, please don’t be upset with me. I didn’t mean to keep this from you. I just didn’t want to hurt you,” Cassandra said obediently.

Queenie managed to muster a small smile, comforting her, “Don’t worry. You’re my daughter. How could I ever resent you?”

She did feel a pang of guilt, realizing that ever since she found Cassina, she had been neglecting her adopted daughter.

The two of them, along with a group of bodyguards, returned to the car.

The group of people that Cassina had previously sought out were all forcibly taken away.

Cecilia watched their car drive away, then turned to Charlotte and spoke.

“Let’s head back too,” she suggested.

Charlotte nodded repeatedly. “Alright.”

Settling into the car, Charlotte couldn’t help but let out a sigh. “Boss, what do you think Queenie would do now that she found out Cassina was pretending to be her daughter?”

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Chapter 1343 Feeling Restless

Cecilia was equally uncertain. “I don’t know either.”

The fact that Cassina was impersonating Queenie’s daughter was indeed wrong, and she couldn’t really justify helping Cassina in this matter.

With that, the two of them made their way home together.

That night, they saw the news. It was revealed that Cassina was not the biological daughter of Queenie. Moreover, she was imprisoned on charges of fraud.

Additionally, Queenie had put forth a staggering reward of a hundred million. As long as someone could provide useful information about her biological daughter, they would receive the money.

Charlotte couldn’t help but sigh. “I pity Cassina.”

Lucille, who was off to the side munching on an apple, commented, “It’s not all that bad. At least she got to live the life of a wealthy heiress for a few months.”

“Indeed,” Charlotte agreed.

Interestingly, Madeline couldn’t see what the fuss was. “What’s the big deal about pretending to be a rich heiress for a few months? I don’t think it’s deceitful at all.”

Both Charlotte and Lucille knew that Madeline used to be the heiress of the Foster family.

Those who were born at the pinnacle of the social pyramid naturally wouldn’t realize how precious the position was.

Only ordinary people from the lower rungs of society, even if it meant trading their lives, yearned to experience the lifestyle of the wealthy.

“Cassina probably did it for her son,” Charlotte speculated. “After all, when an ordinary person gets seriously ill, they could spend everything they have and still not be guaranteed a cure. That said, I’m surprised Queenie is so generous, promising a hundred million for any lead on her biological daughter. I really want the reward!”

While the group was engrossed in a heated discussion, Cecilia was deeply moved.

She stood on the balcony, looking out into the pitch-black night.

Nathaniel walked toward her. “Why are you standing here all alone?”

He had also overheard the conversation downstairs concerning Cassina.

Once Cecilia regained her composure, she turned around and looked at him with feigned nonchalance. “I just needed some fresh air. Let’s go. It’s time for bed.”

“Alright.”

Lying in bed, Cecilia found herself unable to fall asleep no matter what.

Nathaniel noticed that she was feeling restless and took her hand.. “What’s wrong? Are you not feeling Cecilia shook her head. “No, I’m just having a bit of trouble sleeping.

“Is there something on your mind? You can talk to me about it,” Nathaniel said earnestly,

Since he brought it up, Cecilia spoke candidly. “Today, seeing how much Queenie cares about her biological daughter, I started wondering, could my biological parents be looking for me too? Or perhaps it’s the opposite, where they have already forgotten my existence?”

From a young age, Cecilia had always lacked a familial bond. Now, that longing was especially intense.

Nathaniel gently patted her shoulder. "They must be looking for you. We just don't know it yet. If you want to find out where they are, we can ask around together

"Don't." Cecilia immediately shook her head.

She was afraid that her biological parents, once found, wouldn't want anything to do with her.

Moreover, considering she had no connection with her biological parents, there probably wouldn't be any emotional attachment even if they were found.

Cecilia tightly shut her eyes. "Go to sleep."

Meanwhile, at the Jamieson residence.

Queenie was holding the results of the DNA test, her hands trembling.

Her secretary stood by her side, unsure of how to console her. "Mdm. Queenie, please try to relax. Perhaps once this matter comes to light, the real second young lady would come to you of her own accord?"

Queenie took a deep breath. "Let's hope so."

"Has Cassina woken up?" Curious, she wanted to inquire who the child Bailey had mentioned to the orphanage was.

The secretary shook her head. "She's still not awake."

"Let me know immediately when she does!"

"Understood!"

"Where's Cassandra?" Queenie asked again.

The secretary seemed unsure as she said, "I believe she's receiving treatment at the hospital."

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Chapter 1344 Cassina Awakes

Upon hearing this, Queenie couldn't help but let out a sigh.

“During this period, she has truly suffered, and it was all my fault.”

“Ms. Evans will surely understand,” she assured.

Meanwhile, after tending to her wound, Cassandra couldn’t wait to check on Cassina, who was being held captive.

She had swung the stone with all her might, and Cassina hadn’t woken up.

Cassandra looked at the unconscious Cassina, filled with anxiety.

What if Cassina wakes up and tells Queenie about Cecilia? I have to devise a plan to put a stop to this!

On the bed, Cassina’s head throbbed with pain. It took her a while before she could open her eyes, only to be met with the visage of Cassandra up close.

Her pupils abruptly narrowed. “Cassandra!”

“You’re finally awake!” Cassandra raised her hand and landed a harsh slap on Cassina’s face. “Isn’t it enough to be the second young lady of the Jamieson family? Why stir up trouble? And you even planned to kill me?”

Cassina knew that she had already reached a point of no return; there was no use pleading with Cassandra.

“You’re such a terrible person. You deserve to die!”

“I’m the one that’s terrible? And you’re not? Back then, for the sake of wealth and status, you colluded with your mother to enter the Jamieson family. After your mother got into trouble, you still enjoyed a carefree life in the Jamieson family! Who’s the real villain here?”

“I did it for my son!” explained Cassina.

Cassandra chuckled. “Tsk–tsk. If you want to be rich and famous, just say it. No need to be so pretentious!” –

Her gaze turned icy.

“I’m warning you, if you don’t want anything bad to happen to Dylan, keep your mouth shut. If you dare to bring up anything about Cecilia, I won’t hesitate to harm your son!”

Cassina hadn’t anticipated Cassandra to have the audacity to use a child as leverage against her.

Soon, Queenie learned that Cassina had awakened and came to question her.

“Tell me, who is my biological daughter? Where is she now?” Queenie demanded.

Cassina desperately wanted to reveal the truth to Queenie, but every time she thought of her son, she had to swallow the words.

“I don’t know.”

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She win Pearntially suing eeded three

All Cassins could do wis continue. “I really don’t know

Upon seeing this, Queenie was completely certain thas Cassina didn’t know

She walked out, utterly dejected.

Cassandra was quite pleased with Cassina’s performance. Now that she had Dylan as her trump card, the fact that Cecilia was Queenie’s daughter would always remain a secret.

“You’ve done well. As long as you keep this secret, I’ll ensure that Dylan continues to receive treatment. You can be assured of that while in prison.”

Cassina clenched her fists. “You must do as you say!”

“Of course.” Cassandra replied, her face full of smiles, ready to turn in for the night.

Just at that moment, someone appeared, claiming to be Queenie’s daughter.

The smile on Cassandra’s face instantly froze, her eyes filled with shock.

Could it be that Cecilia has already discovered the truth? Did that w*nch, Cassina, secretly spill the beans to Queenie?

Without having the time to deal with Cassina, she quickly headed toward the hall, intending to prevent Cecilia from reuniting with Queenie.

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Cha oon as Cassandra entered, her eyes immediately fed on a familiar figure standing just inside.

The woman was dressed in light, worn clothing, her body marked by visible injuries. Her once beautiful face was streaked with the dried remnants of tears.

"I originally came from Tudela Orphanage. I've spent my life searching for my biological parents, and when I came across the news about you, I noticed that the birth dates matched. I'm not entirely sure if I'm your daughter, but I'd like to take a paternity test and find out," Stella said, enunciating each word with care.

Queenie, having been betrayed once by Cassina, remained guarded. Her warmth was a mere shadow of what it might have been.

"Since your birth information matches what was printed in the paper, we can go to the hospital tomorrow for a DNA test," Queenie suggested, her tone measured.

Stella nodded obediently. "All right, I'm fine with that."

Though Stella's attire was plain, her posture and demeanor bore an uncanny resemblance to someone raised in a distinguished family, as if she belonged in a setting like this.

The secretary leaned in close to Queenie, whispering softly, "Mdm. Queenie, this young lady really does resemble a younger version of you."

Queenie felt a small wave of relief wash over her upon hearing the secretary's observation, though she tried not to show it.

Just then, Cassandra entered the room in a hurry. "Mom," she called out, her voice loud enough to catch everyone's attention.

She stopped just in front of Stella, her expression a mixture of surprise and suspicion. "Stella, how did you end up here?"

Because of Cassandra's past run-ins with Stella and Nathaniel, she knew enough about their history to feel uneasy.

"Cassandra, do you know her?" Queenie asked, looking between Cassandra and Stella.

Cassandra hesitated but nodded. "I wouldn't say I know her well, but we've met a couple of times. After all, she was Nathaniel's first love."

Queenie hadn't expected that this stranger had a connection to Nathaniel. "Is that so?"

Stella gave a small, nonchalant nod. "Yes, we dated back in our university days. But we broke up because our families came from very different worlds."

Cassandra scoffed, crossing her arms. "Different worlds? Sounds more like Cecilia interfered, didn't she?"

Stella, always careful with her words, simply lowered her head. "As an orphan, someone like me could never have competed with someone like Cecilia. Even if Nathaniel didn't marry her, I doubt he would've chosen me."

protectiveness over her place in the Jamieson family was clear, and she was in no mood to entertain any threats.

Stella's voice trembled slightly, as if hurt by the accusation. "I'm not pretending. I just want to find out who my real parents are. If the paternity test proves that I'm not Mdm. Queenie's daughter, I'll leave without asking for anything. I'm not here to cause trouble."

Her sincerity seemed to take Cassandra by surprise, leaving her momentarily speechless. Queenie, however, felt a small sense of sympathy grow for the girl.

"Cassandra, I think you're reading too much into this," Queenie said, her voice softer. "Let's just take the test and see what the results say."

Cassandra found herself at a loss for words. Arguing further didn't seem worthwhile.

The hour grew late.

"You should stay here tonight," Queenie told Stella. "We'll wait for the test results before making any decisions."

"Okay."

Stella stood up, graciously accepting the offer. She followed Ivan to the guest room.

As she lay on the luxurious bed, her eyes wandered over the finely decorated space. A spark of ambition flickered within her.

If I am Queenie's daughter, everything here could one day be mine. I'm not Cassina, who had failed so miserably. And as for Cassandra? That girl is hardly competition.

For the first time in a long while, Stella allowed herself to relax.

She had placed all her bets on this gamble. If it worked, she would no longer live a life on the edge, scraping by. And Zachary wouldn't be able to stand in her way anymore.

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Chapter 1346 Turning A Foc Into An Ally

The next morning, Stella accompanied Queenie to the hospital to have their blood drawn for the DNA test. In a few days, the results would be ready, bringing either closure or upheaval.

Queenie observed the frail-looking girl beside her. Stella's gaunt appearance tugged at Queenie's heart, yet she didn't extend the same warmth she had once given Cassina. This time, Queenie's instincts told her to be cautious, and she chose to withhold any decisions until the results were out.

At the same time, Queenie had discreetly sent someone to investigate Stella's past. It was true that she had grown up in Tudela Orphanage, just as she claimed. Unfortunately, her exact birth date had been lost due to incomplete records.

"Why is your last name Ross if you were never adopted?" Queenie asked, watching for Stella's reaction.

Stella answered without hesitation, "The woman who cared for me in the orphanage had the last name Ross. I took her name to honor her."

"I see," Queenie responded. "I've also heard you have some history with the Smith family?"

Stella knew Queenie wouldn't be easily deceived, so she carefully crafted her reply. "Yes, the Smith family funded my education. I'm deeply grateful for their help. Sadly, I never had the chance to repay their Kindness before they passed."

She sighed, casting her eyes downward. "It's my own fault. I haven't accomplished anything since graduating."

Her candid tone eased some of Queenie's suspicion.

Meanwhile, Cassandra had thought that with Cassina out of the picture, her place in the family was secure. But now another potential heiress had shown up, just as determined to claim a place in the Jamieson legacy.

After leaving Queenie's room, Stella didn't leave immediately. Instead, she sought out Cassandra.

"Ms. Evans," she said respectfully, her eyes resting on Cassandra's growing belly. "You must be four or five months along by now. It looks like you're having a boy. Have you considered starting prenatal education? And why isn't the child's father more involved?"

Stella's words were carefully chosen, designed to stir doubts in Cassandra's mind. She had learned about Cassandra's complicated relationship with Nicholas and knew just how to exploit it.

Based on her understanding of men, it was clear to her that Nicholas had no feelings for his wife. Moreover, Stella was certain that Nicholas was fond of Cecilia.

Sure enough, Cassandra's expression hardened. "Why are you talking about things that don't concern you?"

Stella feigned concern. "I'm sorry, I just thought after all your efforts to win over Mr. Nicholas, he shouldn't still be preoccupied with Cecilia."

Cassandra's eyes narrowed, anger flashing across her face. "What are you talking about? Who said Nicholas was thinking about Cecilia?"

Stella naaned on standing to hamwind for Coccoonden. "I thought You know I've haan hurt by Cecilia myself. I'm just concerned that she might take advantage of your kindness."

Cassandra's curiosity piqued. "How exactly did Cecilia burt you?"

Stella spun a careful story, recounting her past with Nathaniel and Zachary, while shifting the blame entirely onto Cecilia.

"She's always had a way of charming men. I waited for Nathaniel for eight years and ended up with nothing. Even my friend Zachary chose her over me. She's dangerous, Ms. Evans, and from what I've heard, Mr. Nicholas has been entangled with her for years. You should be cautious."

Cassandra's face darkened as she absorbed Stella's words. She now saw Stella as an ally rather than a threat, her attitude softening.

"This Cecilia is more trouble than I realized," Cassandra muttered. "I'm not even sure how to handle her."

"She knows how to play her cards," Stella replied. "I'd be happy to share what I know if it would help you." Sure,"

\$ure," Cassandra said, leading Stella to her room.

In just a few moments, Stella had managed to turn Cassandra, once a foe, into a potential ally.

Meanwhile, over at the Smith residence, Cecilia sneezed repeatedly. Each time, her baby shifted inside her.

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Chapter 1347 Messing With Her Projects.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to startle you,” Cecilia said softly, her voice carrying a gentle warmth as she placed a calming hand on her growing belly.

She whispered soothing words to the child within her, and as if the baby heard and understood, they stopped their restless movements.

“Such a sensible little one already,” she said with a fond smile, her lips curving upward as she imagined the future.

Outside, Nathaniel overheard the stirring from within and immediately rushed over to help her, always ready to assist.

.As the months passed and Cecilia’s pregnancy progressed, her belly had grown large enough to make even

simple tasks, like getting out of bed, a bit of a challenge

“Your

Your due date is next month,” Nathaniel said, his tone serious and full of concern. “I’m going to delegate my work to my team so I can be with you, and accompany you to the hospital when the time comes.”

Cecilia didn’t argue with him, though she didn’t fully accept the idea either. “It’s not like I can’t manage, but I have a lot of tasks to finish at work first. Let’s wait until I’ve sorted everything out.”

Nathaniel knew well how stubborn Cecilia could be. Once she set her mind on something, there was little chance of changing it.

“Fine,” he relented, “but you’ve got to take care of yourself. If you feel even the slightest bit unwell, tell me right away, all right?”

Cecilia nodded, a bit impatiently. “Yes, yes, I understand.” She couldn’t help but think he was becoming more and more overprotective, almost nagging at times.

As they headed to the office together, Nathaniel insisted on escorting her right up to the door, making sure she was comfortable.

Along the way, he deliberately kept up a lively conversation, as if to make sure everyone around noticed his presence with her.

Once she finally managed to get him to leave, she was met with the playful teasing of Madeline and the others.

“Mr. Rainsworth seems a little worried someone might snatch you away,” Madeline joked, her eyes twinkling. “He’s here every day, practically putting up a flag to claim you!”

Nathaniel had gone so far as to cover the cost of afternoon tea for the entire company, making sure everyone knew it was courtesy of “Cecilia’s husband,” as he’d often referred to himself.

Cecilia chuckled, shaking her head. “Oh, stop it. Let’s get back to work, shall we?”

“All right,” Madeline replied, still smiling but ready to focus.

Madeline had been eager to tackle the project that Calvin had assigned to her, but things hadn’t been going as smoothly as she had hoped warning.

With no other option, she went to Calvin to explain the situation. “Mr. Reese, I’m really sorry,” she said, her head hanging low in disappointment.

Calvin looked up from his desk, his expression neutral What happened?”

Madeline told him everything. “I don’t understand. Things were going just fine, but at the last minute, they changed their minds. They just flat-out refused to sign the contract with me?

Such sudden changes weren’t typical in Calvin’s experience, but he didn’t blame Madeline for it. “It’s all right,” he said, much to her surprise. “I’ll take over this project for now. You can focus on the other ones”

Madeline blinked in disbelief. “Really? I can still work on other projects?”

She had expected him to be furious, thinking her failure would surely result in a harsh reprimand.

“Of course,” Calvin said, his voice calm but firm. “No one succeeds at everything the first time. When you fall, you just have to get back up.”

Madeline looked at him with admiration, her respect for him growing. “Thank you!” she said earnestly before hurrying back to her work.

Not long after, her phone buzzed with incoming messages. It was Darren.

Darren: Are you done messing around? When are you planning to come back home?

Darren: Don’t make Amy suffer out there with you. Come back now and we can discuss the smaller issues.

Darren: If you're that eager to work, how about being my secretary?

Madeline frowned as she read his messages, irritation building up inside her. Without a second thought, she typed a quick reply and sent it back: Get lost!

Meanwhile, Darren was in Nathaniel's office, seeking some advice from his old friend. The two of them found themselves coming face-to-face with Madeline's ruthless response, and Darren was clearly distressed.

"She told me to get lost!" Darren exclaimed, pacing the room in frustration. "I can't believe it! She actually told me to get lost!"

He continued to vent his frustrations, adding, "Taking away just one of her projects wasn't enough—I've got to hit her with something extra!"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1348

Chapter 1348 A Bunch Of Clueless Men

Nathaniel, who had experienced similar challenges in the past, couldn't help but offer his insight. "Darren, don't say I didn't warn you. If you keep pushing her like this, you're only going to drive her further away"

Darren, however, wasn't in the mood to take advice. "What do you expect me to do? She left home with my child, and I'm supposed to go crawling back and apologize?"

Off to the side, Mason struggled to suppress his laughter. He had always thought Darren was pretty emotionally intelligent, but seeing him now, he realized Darren had much more in common with Nathaniel than he'd thought.

Both men were clueless when it came to handling relationships.

Zachary, who had been lounging nearby, engrossed in his video game, finally spoke up. "Darren, you're being too soft. If it were me, I'd just go and bring my daughter back. She can come and go as she pleases after that."

He paused for a moment, then added with a smug grin. "Look at Vivian. She's completely tamed now, isn't she?"

Both Nathaniel and Darren turned to look at him, clearly unimpressed.

"Stop boasting already," Darren said, rolling his eyes.

To prove his point, Zachary pulled out his phone and called Vivian right then and there. She answered, already sounding annoyed. "What do you want?"

Zachary's tone immediately shifted, reminding her, "Don't forget what happened before."

Cornered, Vivian had no choice but to change her tone. "Is there something I can do for you, Mr. Zachary?"

"Tell Mdm. Paula to make fewer dishes for dinner tonight. I won't be coming home," Zachary said, almost casually.

"Is that it?" Vivian muttered under her breath. "I'll still finish the meal even if you're not home," she added,— then more softly, "All right."

Zachary hung up, looking quite pleased with himself.

Darren walked over, curiosity piqued. "How did you pull that off?"

Even Nathaniel, who had been deep in thought, seemed interested.

Even Ceci's not that nice to me.

Zachary smirked. "It's simple. You just need to make her feel guilty."

He shared his experience with the two, saying, "That's pretty much it. How you apply it is up to you."

Darren seemed to get the gist. "Got it. If it works, I'll buy you a private jet."

Nathaniel, however, remained lost in his own thoughts.

Atake her feel guilty? How am I supposed to do that?

That evening, as work wrapped up for the day, Cecilia and a few others decided to go shopping for baby clothes.

Charlotte took Cecilia's hand. "Let's head to the mall and pick out some more clothes for your little one," she suggested.

Recently, Cecilia had been so busy that she hadn't had a chance to prepare for the baby's arrival. Realizing this, she mentioned it to Nathaniel, who had come to pick her up from work.

Thus, Nathaniel waited outside while the group of women went shopping, unsure whether the baby would be a boy or a girl, so they picked out both boys' and girls' clothes.

"This dress is beautiful," Lucille said, reaching for a pretty cocktail dress she had spotted on display.

Just as she was about to grab it, someone else snatched it away.

It was Stella.

Stella didn't even glance at Lucille but instead turned to Cassandra, saying, "Cassandra, I think this would look great on you. What do you think?"

The familiar voice immediately caught Cecilia's attention. She followed the sound, and sure enough, there was Stella, standing right there.

After all this time, she had thought Stella had vanished, but now she was suddenly back.

Unaware of who Stella was, Lucille spoke up, "Excuse me, miss, but I saw that dress first."

Stella simply ignored her.

Seeing the situation, Cassandra approached and, realizing who the group was, she turned to the salesperson. "I'll take all the clothes they're holding."

The clothes at this store were all one-of-a-kind pieces, so the salesperson hesitated. "Isn't that a bit inappropriate?"

Cassandra pulled out her card, her tone sharp. "I'm one of your top clients. Is there a problem with me buying clothes?"

The salesperson, still unsure, replied, "But those items were already chosen by them."

Cassandra sneered. "So what? Have they paid for those items?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1349

Chapter 1349 This Is My Mall

The salesperson shook her head, caught between conflicting emotions.

Cassandra, not one to let the moment slip, pressed on. "Since no one's paid yet, I'll be making my purchase now."

Charlotte, holding the clothes they had picked, was visibly upset. "We haven't paid yet because we're still deciding, not because we can't afford it. Shopping has an order to it, right?"

But Cecilia, ever calm and pragmatic, gently tugged Charlotte's arm. "Forget it, Lottie. Just give her the clothes. We can buy from another store."

Cecilia knew there was no point in getting into a petty argument with people like Cassandra.

She was nearing the end of her pregnancy, and the last thing she needed was unnecessary stress. What mattered most now was having a healthy delivery. There'd be plenty of time to settle scores later.

Though Charlotte reluctantly handed over the clothes to the salesperson, she did so with clear frustration on her face.

The salesperson, feeling a bit regretful, murmured, "Thank you."

At that moment, Stella attempted to soften the tension. "Cassandra, why don't we let them have a few of the clothes? We've already bought plenty for the baby today."

Cassandra raised an eyebrow, her expression amused. "True, my mom had a designer make custom clothes for the baby. These low-grade items are better suited for them."

The two women—one playing the villain and the other pretending to be generous—were nauseating in their act. Charlotte, if not for the fact that Cecilia was pregnant, felt she might have completely lost her temper.

"Boss, they've really gone too far this time!" Charlotte muttered under her breath.

Cassandra, catching the remark, sneered, "So what if we're crossing the line? What are you going to do about it?"

As the heated exchange escalated, Nathaniel, who had been waiting patiently in the car, realized something was off. When no one returned after a while, he made his way to the mall.

It was one of the malls under Imminence Corporation.

Upon arriving at the store, he overheard Cassandra's arrogant words. His face darkened as he entered. "If you think everything here is such low quality, perhaps you should go shop somewhere more high-end," he said, his deep voice cutting through the tension.

Cassandra visibly started at the sound of Nathaniel's voice, and when she turned to see him, her face paled.

Stella, locking eyes with Nathaniel, softly muttered, "Nathaniel..."

Nathaniel hadn't expected to see Stella so brazenly reappear in front of him. Clearly, the lesson he had taught her before wasn't enough.

The words hit Stella hard, and a lump formed in her throat. She quickly realized their relationship was no longer what it used to be. Lowering her head, she remained silent.

Cassandra, however, wasn't one to back down easily. "Oh, so you want us to leave? Do you really think you have the right to say that? Let me tell you, this mall is owned by one of my uncles. Believe me, I could have you kicked out in no time."

Nathaniel's expression didn't change. Instead, a faint smirk played on his lips. "Really? I wasn't aware my mall had been handed over to your uncle."

Cassandra froze, confusion flashing across her face. "Your mall?"

Even Cecilia and her group found it hard to believe.

Could this mall really be owned by Nathaniel? It might be possible when he was still the CEO of Orion Corporation. ` but now...

Scoffing, Cassandra quickly pulled out her phone. "You must be joking. You just got your eyesight back. and you don't even have a stable career yet. Where on earth would you have gotten an entire shopping mall from?" She was ready to call her uncle and have Nathaniel thrown out.

But Nathaniel was already taking action. He sent a quick message to the person in charge of the mall.

Ten minutes later, Cassandra and Stella were escorted out of the building.

The clothes they had purchased were returned for a refund, and both women found themselves permanently blacklisted from the mall, banned from ever stepping foot inside again.

An hour later, Cecilia and her group emerged from the mall, bags in hand, looking quite pleased. They had managed to pick up more items than they originally planned, only stopping because it was late, and hunger was setting in.

Nathaniel, always practical, made a helpful suggestion. "In the future, if there's this much to carry, have a bodyguard follow to help."

Cecilia, who hadn't picked anything up for herself, smiled softly. Charlotte and the others, however, had their hands full with clothes, thrilled at the free spree.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1350

Chapter 1350 Someone Is Following You

Once they were back in the car, Cecilia turned to Nathaniel, puzzled. "When did you buy this mall? How come I never knew?"

The other two women in the car were still full of admiration for the day's events, marveling at how much free clothes they had gotten

Sadly, Madeline had missed the outing due to having to work late.

"I bought it privately when I was still with Orion Corporation. I'd almost forgotten about it myself." Nathaniel explained.

Indeed, he had forgotten. Back then, he had purchased a considerable amount of assets.

Lucille couldn't help but laugh in awe. "I've heard of people forgetting clothes they've bought, but an entire shopping mall? That's on another level. Being a tycoon definitely has its perks."

Nathaniel chuckled at the remark. Knowing how to curry favor with Cecilia's friends, he tactfully suggested, "If you want to go shopping again, just ask Mason to accompany you."

Lucille's eyes brightened instantly. "Really? That's amazing. Thanks, Mr. Rainsworth!"

Charlotte, equally thrilled, added, "Thank you!"

In that mall, they could buy everything from luxury cosmetics and skincare to the latest fashion. That day's outing had been an unforgettable experience for both women.

Charlotte suddenly turned to Cecilia, squeezing her hand. "Boss, you should seriously consider remarrying Mr. Rainsworth soon. I read somewhere that you need a marriage certificate to register for a birth certificate before the baby is born."

Lucille nodded in agreement. "Yeah, it sounds like it's a bit complicated. You should have handled it already, Cecilia."

Nathaniel smirked, knowing that his strategy to win over Cecilia's friends was working well.

Cecilia sighed upon seeing how easily swayed her friends were. "It's fine. People manage just fine without all the paperwork."

The two women were immediately concerned, exchanging worried glances. They clearly didn't know how to convince her otherwise.

Watching the scene unfold, Nathaniel's thoughts drifted back to Zachary's advice from earlier.

Could making Cecilia feel guilty really work? But how?

Meanwhile, Madeline had been working late into the night. As she finally wrapped up her tasks and left the office, she didn't notice the car parked not too far away, where someone was watching her closely.

Calvin, who had also finished for the night, spotted the car trailing behind Madeline. Concerned, he drove up beside her. "It's late. Let me take you home," he offered.

The main reasons were twofold. Firstly, it was to ensure that a young girl wouldn't be exposed to danger

Madeline was taken aback. "That's really not necessary, Mr. Reese, but thank you."

But Calvin's expression grew serious as he lowered his voice. "Someone's following you."

At his words, Madeline's heart skipped a beat, and she hurriedly got into his car. "Thank you," she whispered.

Glancing in the rearview mirror, she saw the suspicious car trailing behind them.

"Did you upset someone?" Calvin asked, keeping his eyes on the road as he headed toward the Smith residence.

Madeline shook her head. "No."

I haven't been here long enough to make enemies.

"Strange," he muttered: "From now on, make sure to leave with Ceci when it gets this late. Just to be safe."

"Will do. Thanks again."

Madeline couldn't help but feel that Calvin was a genuinely good person. His offer to help her get home safely warmed her heart, but it also sparked a deep worry inside her. If something bad were to happen to her, what would become of Amelia?

That fear lingered in her mind as she glanced out the window, unaware that the car following them was none other than Darren's.

Darren, watching from the other vehicle, felt a wave of disbelief and anger wash over him as he saw Madeline step into a luxury car. His expression darkened, his jaw clenched tightly.

“Find out who owns this license plate,” Darren ordered his assistant, his voice low but seething with frustration.

“Yes, sir,” the assistant replied immediately, beginning the investigation without hesitation.

Darren’s fury grew with each passing second. He had thought Madeline was just being dramatic, but now it seemed she had already moved on to someone else.

He continued trailing Madeline.

Meanwhile, Calvin, though a skilled driver, noticed something odd. No matter what turns or detours he took, the car behind them stayed on their tail. It was as if the driver knew exactly where they were headed. His suspicion deepened, and his concern for Madeline grew.

As they neared the entrance of the Smith residence, Calvin made a quick decision. Without warning, he made a sharp U–turn, positioning his car directly in front of the vehicle that had been following them.

Darren’s driver, caught off guard by the sudden maneuver, couldn’t brake in time. The screeching sound of tires filled the air, and for a moment, it seemed like a collision was inevitable.