

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1411 - 1420

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## Chapter 1411 We Have Been Reported

Magnus’ face lit up with a flattering smile. “Nicholas, you’re being too formal. Don’t worry-I’ll definitely help you with everything I’ve got.” The car began to move, and Magnus was already indulging in grand daydreams of becoming a person of importance in Tudela.

Outside the hospital, another car was parked nearby. Inside it sat Cassandra and Stella, each lost in their own thoughts.

“I heard she gave birth to two more sons,” Cassandra muttered, her tone tinged with bitterness. A flicker of jealousy crossed her face. Nathaniel now had four sons, each of whom would one day become a rival to her child, all vying for a share of the family’s wealth and influence. Stella’s expression darkened at Cassandra’s words. “Ms. Evans, according to our plan, her joyous occasion will soon turn into a mournful one.” Cassandra nodded in agreement. Without delay, she made sure to pass the news along to Miranda.

Lately, Miranda had been spending much of her time at Orion Corporation with her father-in-law, Robert, plotting to wrest power from Nicholas. When the news reached her, disbelief flashed in her eyes. She immediately called Cassandra. “Is it true?”

Cassandra sighed, her tone exasperated. “Do I need to lie to you about this? A little digging would confirm it easily. Cecilia’s two sons are already impressive, and now she has two more. Do you realize how much more pressure this puts on your Felix-and my future baby?”

Miranda glanced at Felix, who was absorbed in his video game, her irritation rising. “Aren’t you supposed to be doing your homework?” she snapped.

Felix barely looked up, his focus still on the screen. “Mommy, we don’t have homework in kindergarten,” he grumbled, his tone matter-of-fact.

Seeing Felix’s nonchalant attitude, Miranda was unsure how to handle him.

She knew full well that Cassandra was intentionally trying to bait her into causing trouble, but she kept her composure. "In today's world, competition is inevitable," she said calmly. "Now that Cecilia has given birth, I suppose I should pay her a visit. Thanks for the reminder."

With that, Miranda ended the call decisively.

Miranda wasn't the only one to hear the news. Elena had also been informed about Cecilia's delivery, and she couldn't contain her excitement. Without hesitation, she rushed to the hospital.

When Elena laid eyes on the two adorable newborn boys, she was over the moon with happiness.

"Jon and Eli didn't grow up by my side," Elena said, her tone tinged with regret. "You must let me spend some time with these two little ones."

Cecilia offered a gentle smile. "All right," she replied softly.

Since Cecilia agreed, Nathaniel chose not to object, staying quiet on the matter.

"Mom, it's getting late. You should head back and rest." Truthfully, Cecilia herself found it hard to rest properly with Elena around.

"Okay," Elena agreed right away.

Barely moments after her departure, Miranda entered the room, a fruit basket in hand and a polished smile on her face. "Ceci, Nathaniel, congratulations," she said warmly. Miranda hadn't come solely to offer her congratulations. She was here to confirm whether Cassandra's claims were true.

Cecilia didn't have much fondness

for Miranda, but she saw no reason to reject a seemingly friendly gesture. Offering a polite smile, she exchanged a few pleasantries before allowing the visit to end.

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Once Miranda finally left, Cecilia felt a wave of relief wash over her. At last, she could relax and get some much-needed rest.

That night, Cecilia was tormented by a series of nightmares, startling her awake.

Nathaniel gently took her hand, his voice soft and reassuring. "It's all right now. I'm here."

She nodded faintly and let out a quiet hum of acknowledgment.

In the early hours of the morning, she finally drifted back into a fitful sleep.

Not long after, Nathaniel's phone buzzed with a call from Mason. "Boss, there's been an issue at Ceci Corporation."

"I'll be right there," Nathaniel replied

without hesitation. Ending the call,

he glanced at Cecilia, unwilling to wake her. Before leaving the hospital, he instructed his

bodyguard to keep a close watch and contact him immediately if anything urgent arose.

The drive to Ceci Corporation was tense, the silence heavy with anticipation. Upon arriving, Nathaniel found Charlotte and the others already gathered. "What happened?" Nathaniel asked.

Though Nathaniel wasn't particularly

invested in Ceci Corporation itself, he understood that it represented Cecilia's hard work and

determination. He had promised her that he would take care of the company, ensuring its stability while she recovered.

Charlotte stepped forward, looking uneasy. "We've been reported."

Chapter 1412 Darren Is Behind It

She elaborated, "The company's operations have come to a standstill, and a group of people is causing a commotion outside. They've even brought along media reporters, making it almost impossible to disperse the crowd." Charlotte, who typically managed smaller operations overseas for Cecilia, was unaccustomed to handling crises of this magnitude.

Nathaniel, however, remained composed. With quiet authority, he began issuing clear and methodical instructions to address the situation.

When Calvin arrived, he initially intended to step in and take charge. However, upon seeing Nathaniel already handling the situation, he chose to remain on the sidelines.

Nearby, Madeline approached him hesitantly, her face pale with worry. "Mr. Calvin, I'm truly sorry. The project you assigned to me... it failed again."

Her voice wavered with uncertainty, and it was clear she was deeply questioning her own abilities, unable to pinpoint where she had gone wrong.

Calvin listened patiently and, instead of reproaching her, spoke candidly. "Madeline, don't blame yourself for this. If I were in your position-a minor employee-facing constant obstruction from a corporate boss, I doubt I would have succeeded either." Madeline froze, her expression shifting from guilt to confusion. "What do you mean?"

Calvin sighed, meeting her gaze. "I don't intend to interfere in your relationship with Darren, but based on my investigation, every project I assigned to you was deliberately sabotaged by the Faust family."

Madeline's heart sank, a wave of anger and betrayal surging through her. "I knew it!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she turned back to Calvin. "Mr. Calvin, thank you for telling me the truth. I'm deeply sorry that my personal matters caused harm to your project."

Calvin, his hands clasped casually on the table, offered her a calm yet reassuring smile. "Don't worry about it. You're a friend of Ceci's, which makes you my friend as well. This project is a minor matter-nothing worth dwelling on." "Thank you," Madeline said sincerely, bowing respectfully before leaving his office.

The moment she stepped outside, she pulled out her phone and dialed Darren's number. "You're quite underhanded, don't you think?"

At four in the morning, Darren groggily answered the call, assuming Madeline couldn't sleep and had decided to reach out. However, the harshness in her tone took him by surprise.

"Did you seriously wake me up this early just to scold me?" he grumbled, frowning.

Madeline didn't hesitate, her voice sharp and trembling with anger. "I'm not just going to scold you-I'm ready to beat you up! Why did you sabotage my project? What on earth did you gain from it? The Faust family's business and Cecinoveldrama

Corporation aren't even in the same industry; we're not competitors!"

Darren initially thought the call was about something serious, only to realize it was just this. A smirk tugged at his lips as he spoke. "I can take over any project I want. And let me tell you, Maddie, every task that

passes through your hands

I'll

always find a way to interfere."

Darren's grogginess only added fuel to Madeline's fire, and his nonchalant tone made her wish she could reach through the phone and shake some sense into him.

"You've gone too far," she said. Despite her frustration, she refused to resort to foul language, leaving her with only these words to express her feelings.

Darren pursed his lips. "I'll say it again: bring Amy back, and you can work at Faust Group in the future. Anything you don't know, I'll teach you."

"No need." Madeline abruptly ended the call.

With Ceci Corporation facing its own problems, she couldn't afford to waste any more time on Darren.

Darren stared at the disconnected call on his phone, his frustration mounting. When he tried calling back, he was met with silence-she had blocked him. Lying back in bed, he found sleep impossible. Not long after Nathaniel left, Stella sent someone into the hospital.

Early the next morning, just as Nathaniel wrapped up the issues at Ceci Corporation, troubling news reached him-the twins had been taken.

The bodyguards knelt before him, trembling. "Boss, we don't know what happened. There was an

unexpected power outage at then et

hospital last night. By the time the power came back, the babies were gone."

## Chapter 1413 The Twins Are Missing

Nathaniel's deep-set eyes darkened, the storm within him barely contained. His expression remained calm, but the weight of his words was chilling. "Then what are you standing around for? Find them. If you fail, don't bother coming back." "Absolutely," the bodyguards responded in unison before rushing out to begin the search.

Nathaniel picked up his phone again, his voice steely as he issued new orders. "I don't care what it takes-find out who took the babies."

His jaw tightened as he continued, the weight of suppressed fury in his tone. "And while you're at it, take care of every one of my enemies in Tudela. It's time to remind them what happens when they cross me." "Indeed."

After ending the call, Nathaniel's composure began to falter. The realization of what had happened crushed him, and his steps grew unsteady as he made his way to Cecilia's ward.

When Cecilia woke up, she was blissfully unaware that the babies were missing. Spotting Nathaniel by her side, she asked right away, "Nathaniel, where are our babies? I want to see them."

Nathaniel stepped closer, weaving a lie, "The babies are still in the incubator. They're dealing with a bit of jaundice."

"Is that so? Then I'll get up and go see them," she said.

Since the birth of her children, she hadn't even had the chance to lay eyes on them.

Nathaniel said softly, "Stop. You're still weak, Cecilia. The doctor said you need a couple more days of rest before you can move around. Don't rush yourself. Once you're feeling better, there'll be plenty of time to spend with them." Cecilia nodded softly. "All right."

After speaking, she instinctively extended her hand toward him. "Hold me," she murmured.

The past few days had drained her completely, not just physically but emotionally.

Nathaniel sat down on the edge of the bed without hesitation, gently pulling her into his arms.

"Mommy, sc\*mbag daddy..." Just then, Elliot walked into the room, led by a nurse. He stopped in his tracks, his big eyes widening at the sight before him.

Quickly, he covered his eyes with one hand. However, the gaps between his fingers betrayed him, offering an unobstructed view as he peeked through curiously.

Cecilia quickly pulled away from Nathaniel. "Darling, come here. Let Mommy take a good look at you."

The nurse approached with a bright smile. "Congratulations to both of you. We've successfully matched the umbilical cord blood. We can now proceed with scheduling Elliot's surgery."

Cecilia's eyes lit up with overwhelming joy. "Really? That's wonderful news! Thank you, thank you so much!"

"No need to thank me. It's all part of the job," she replied warmly before stepping out.

The heavy weight of worry that had been burdening Cecilia finally lifted, her heart feeling lighter than it had in days.

Cecilia turned her gaze to Elliot. "Sweetheart, soon you'll be as strong and healthy as your brother. Isn't that exciting?"

Elliot nodded. "Yeah. Mommy, thank you."

"You silly boy." A smile tugged at Cecilia's lips.

Nathaniel observed the heartwarming interaction between Cecilia and Elliot, his heart heavy with mixed emotions as he thought of the two missing newborns.

Meanwhile, in a secluded house in the suburbs, the cries of two infants pierced the air relentlessly.

Cassandra's face twisted with impatience. "Why on earth did you bring them here? You should have disposed of them," she snapped, her voice dripping with irritation. Stella replied, "Ms. Evans, if anything happens to the children, how will we draw Cecilia out? Don't forget-you've always wanted her life."

Cassandra's frustration simmered

down as a cruel smile spread across her face. "You're right. I do want to see Cecilia groveling at my feet. Fine, Yet these little brats live for now."

“Still, after such a major incident, why hasn’t there been any reaction from the hospital?” Cassandra asked, narrowing her eyes.

“Perhaps Nathaniel has suppressed

the news,” Stella speculated, pausing before adding, “Ms. Evans we’ll need your help with this. Could you inform Cecilia? Otherwise, she might remain oblivious, and all our efforts would go to waste.”

“Why don’t you go instead?” Cassandra shot back, clearly reluctant to get directly involved.

Stella was no fool either. “Ms. Evans, we were very clear from the start, weren’t we? If we’re helping each other, you can’t expect me to do all the dirty work while you keep your hands clean. What if you decide to walk away from all this later? I’d be left with nothing to show for it.”

#### Chapter 1414 Cassandra Visits Cecilia

The two women, equally ruthless, plotted with malice. Left with no alternative, Cassandra reluctantly agreed to approach Cecilia. “You’d better take care of the babies,” Cassandra warned.

“Don’t worry,” Stella reassured her smoothly.

Cassandra got into her car and drove to the hospital. Timing her arrival to avoid Nathaniel, she made her way to Cecilia’s ward.

“Cecilia, I heard you’ve given birth to two more sons. Congratulations,” Cassandra said, walking in uninvited and seating herself with practiced nonchalance.

Cecilia’s expression darkened, her eyes glinting coldly as memories of Cassandra’s past actions flooded her mind. “You should leave,” Cecilia said firmly. “You’re not welcome here.”

Cassandra smirked, ignoring the hostility. “Not welcome? Is it because of the paternity test yesterday?” she asked, her tone deliberately provocative. Leaning forward slightly, she added with venom, “I’ve known for a long time that you’re Queenie’s biological daughter. But so what? Does Queenie even acknowledge you? And do you have any idea who sent me here today?”

Cecilia stared at Cassandra, confused.



Cassandra smirked, deliberately turning the blame onto Queenie. "It was Queenie. She sent me here to explain everything to you. She said she could never have a disabled daughter like you. Even if you were truly her flesh and blood, she wouldn't acknowledge you. So, you can stop wasting your efforts."

Even if I were her flesh and blood, she wouldn't acknowledge me?

Cecilia's hand tightened into a fist, her nails digging into her palm until it hurt.

"Really?" she murmured, her voice a quiet whisper. "Didn't she say she owed her biological daughter? That she wanted to make up for it..."

Cassandra sneered. "That's all for show. Think about it. Who's Queenie? She's wealthy and influential, while you? You're a nobody. After all these years apart, how could she have any feelings for you? She's just using the search for her biological daughter as an excuse. The truth is, she can't accept a daughter with a disability."

A daughter with a disability... She keeps calling me disabled!

Cecilia's chest tightened at the mention of being called "disabled," but she fought to keep her composure.

"Do you really think I would believe

what you're saying?" she replied, her voice steady but firm. "Even if Queenie isn't perfect, I know she genuinely wants to find her O biological daughter."

Cecilia wasn't naive enough to be swayed by Cassandra's words.

Cassandra faltered, momentarily speechless, as Cecilia's calm response clearly caught her off guard.

She quickly shifted gears, scanning the room. "Odd," she said, her tone turning deliberately casual, "Where are your two newborn sons? Why aren't they here?" Cecilia could tell she had ulterior motives. "Just say what's on your mind."

With that, Cassandra cut to the chase. "Aren't you aware that your sons have gone missing?" she asked bluntly.

Cecilia froze as Cassandra's words struck her like a bolt of lightning. "What nonsense are you spouting?" she demanded, struggling to sit up in her bed.

Cassandra smirked, placing a hand

on her belly. "It seems you really don't know. Why don't you go check the newborn ward? See if your precious twins are still there. It's such a shame, really-a mother's worst nightmare, losing her children after carrying them for ten months. Did Nathaniel even bother to tell you? Or does he not care about your children's well-being at all?"

Cecilia pushed herself up from the bed, every movement sending sharp waves of pain through her body. Gritting her teeth, she inhaled deeply to steady herself, ignoring the ache that threatened to cripple her. Slowly, she began to make her way toward the door.

Cassandra followed closely. They reached the newborn ward, where Cecilia anxiously scanned the room, her eyes darting from crib to crib. But her twins were nowhere to be seen. Panicked, she grabbed the nearest nurse. "Excuse me, where are my twin sons? They were born yesterday. My name is Cecilia. I need to see them."

The nurse hesitated briefly before responding, "It seems your family took the two babies early this morning. Weren't you informed?"

Cecilia was confused. Taken away? If Nathaniel had someone take the babies away, why didn't he tell me?

Chapter 1415 Where Are The Twins

Frowning, she quickly grabbed her phone and dialed Nathaniel. The call connected almost immediately.

"What's the matter?" Nathaniel's voice came through.

Taking a deep breath to steady her growing unease, Cecilia asked, "Did you move the babies? I went to the newborn room, and they weren't there. Where are they now?"

Nathaniel's heart sank, but his voice remained steady. "Don't worry. The babies are fine. I'll come to you right away."

Cecilia's tone sharpened. "Are you sure? Someone told me they're missing. Is that true?"

Nathaniel clenched his jaw, feeling the weight of the situation. To keep Cecilia from spiraling into panic, he forced himself to lie. "The babies have already been taken back home. I'll come get you, and we'll go see them together." Her instincts told her something was off, and she didn't know if she should trust him.

Ending the call, Cecilia turned to Cassandra, masking her anxiety with a calm façade. "Nathaniel said he brought the babies home," she said evenly.

Cassandra arched an eyebrow, caught off guard by Nathaniel's deception. She quickly recovered, a sly smile tugging at her lips. "Is that so? Then by all means, go home and see for yourself. But don't say I didn't warn you they're not there."

Satisfied to see Cecilia's pale face, Cassandra sauntered out of the room, leaving Cecilia to wrestle with her uncertainty.

Cecilia stood alone in the newborn ward, her heart heavy with worry. Time felt suspended, and she barely registered Nathaniel's arrival.

As soon as he arrived, a wave of dizziness struck her, and her knees buckled. Nathaniel swiftly caught her, pulling her into his arms. "Didn't I tell you to take it easy? You're far too weak to be up and moving around like this," he said, his tone a mix of frustration and concern.

"Nathaniel," she whispered, her voice trembling and tears welling in her eyes. "I need to see our children. Please, take me to them. Until I do, I won't find peace or rest."

Nathaniel's chest tightened at her words, but he remained silent, carefully scooping her up into his arms. Without a word, he carried her back to the ward and gently laid her down on the hospital bed.

He took her hand and said softly, "Cecilia, I need you to trust me. Right now, your health is the priority. I swear to you, within three days, I'll bring the babies back, safe and sound. But for now, you have to rest. Can you do that for me?"

Cecilia's heart sank as the weight of Nathaniel's words settled over her. She didn't need any further explanation-something terrible had happened to the babies.

The light in her eyes dimmed, replaced by a quiet resignation. All she could muster was a faint nod. "All right," she whispered, her voice barely audible.

Nathaniel's chest tightened at the sight of her subdued expression. Leaning forward, he pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. "It will be okay," he murmured, though his own heart was heavy with doubt.

Cecilia nodded again she tried to reassure herself. "Nothing will happen to our children," she said.

Nathaniel hesitated, reluctant to

leave her alone in such a fragile state. He quickly pulled out his phone and called Zachary, instructing him to send Vivian over to stay with Cecilia. Once he was certain she wouldn't be left by herself, he left the room, determined to uncover the whereabouts of their missing children.

Once outside, Nathaniel's demeanor was steely as he turned to his subordinate. "Who came to see Mrs. Rainsworth earlier?" he demanded.

"Cassandra," the subordinate answered without hesitation.

Cassandra again?

A cold, dangerous light filled Nathaniel's eyes. The pieces were falling into place, and it was becoming increasingly clear that Cassandra had a hand in the disappearance of the twins.

"Where is she now?" he asked, his tone icy.

"I believe she went back to the Rainsworth Manor."

Nathaniel didn't waste a moment. Without hesitation, he climbed into his car and sped toward the manor. Meanwhile, Cecilia's phone buzzed with a message. It was a photo, unmistakably featuring her twin sons.

Shortly after, an unfamiliar number

flashed on Cecilia's phone screen. She answered it to be greeted by a voice distorted through a synthesizer. "Ms. Smith, if you don't want anything unfortunate to e happen to your two children, follow my instructions. Do not tell anyone, including Nathaniel. If he finds out, I will prematurely end the lives of these two little ones."

Cecilia gripped her phone tightly. "Who are you? What do you want from me?"

The distorted voice on the other end remained cold and unyielding. "Who I am is irrelevant. If you value your children's lives, leave the hospital

now and follow my instructions

Only then will you see your sons again."

## Chapter 1416 Cecilia Leaves The Hospital

Without hesitation, she got off the bed.

At that moment, Vivian had yet to arrive. Cecilia followed the caller's directions.

She realized the dire situation she was in; going alone might not even guarantee her children's safety. As she contemplated reaching out to Sven for help, her phone buzzed again. It seemed as if the caller was watching her each and every move. "Ms. Smith, you're being disobedient," the distorted voice reprimanded.

In the background, the anguished cries of her babies pierced through the line.

"Don't you dare hurt my children!" Cecilia shouted, her voice cracking with emotion. In her agitation, the pain from her still-healing wounds flared sharply. She clutched her side, drawing in a pained, hissing breath as she struggled to steady herself. The crying continued until the caller spoke again, the voice cold and unnervingly detached. "I warned you before. No contacting anyone. Consider this your only warning. If you defy me again, I assure you, the consequences will be far worse." "All right, I understand," Cecilia said quickly, her voice trembling with urgency. "I won't contact anyone else. Please, just don't hurt my children."

The distorted voice responded, seemingly appeased. "Good. Follow my instructions and come to the location I specified."

Cecilia did as told, knowing full well that heading to the location meant stepping into undeniable danger. Yet, her maternal instincts overpowered any concern for her own safety. Saving her children was the only thing that mattered now. Steeling herself, she stepped into a waiting taxi and gave the driver the destination.

Cecilia switched vehicles multiple times, following the directions given by the mysterious caller. The caller was meticulous and wouldn't allow her any chance to reach out for help.

Despite the tight surveillance, Cecilia managed to discreetly leave her earrings in different taxis, hoping that Nathaniel would find the small clues she left behind.

As time dragged on and the sky slowly darkened, Cecilia arrived at her destination. But before she could take more than a few steps, someone struck her from behind, and everything went black.

When Cecilia regained

consciousness, she found herself in

an unfamiliar room. Her limbs were bound tightly to a chair, her body stiff and immobile. She tried to break free, but no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't escape.

Someone must've heard her movements, for she heard the unmistakable sound of a door creaking open from outside.

Cecilia quickly closed her eyes, pretending to remain unconscious. When Stella entered and saw through the act, she couldn't help but laugh. "I saw you were awake. There's no need to keep pretending."

At the sound of Stella's voice, Cecilia slowly opened her eyes, her gaze sharp. "Stella, it's you?"

Stella pulled up a chair and sat down leisurely in front of Cecilia. "Didn't see that coming, did you?"

Cecilia hadn't anticipated that Stella, so persistent and stubborn, would have the audacity to continue causing trouble, even now.

"Where are my children?" Cecilia asked, her voice firm despite the fear building in her chest.

Stella rested her chin on her hand, a smug smile playing on her lips. "Try and guess."

Cecilia's heart sank as a wave of panic washed over her, but she kept her composure. "Give me back my babies. Otherwise, once Nathaniel finds out, you'll regret this."

"Ha ha ha..." Stella cackled. "Cecilia, you're still so naive. Did you really think that if I dared to show up in front of you, I would just let you walk away? I despise you. I want to tear you to pieces."

Cecilia, though filled with concern  
for her children, managed to  
maintain her composure. "Hate? If anyone should be talking about  
'hate', it should be me, right? Our net  
family has treated you with  
kindness, yet you impersonated me, and even had Zachary targeting me at every turn.  
Shouldn't be the one hating you?"

For a moment, Stella was silent, caught off guard by Cecilia's words.

Cecilia continued, her voice steady but firm. "I still don't understand what have I done to  
deserve your hatred? Is it because I've let you off the hook time and time again?"

"Shut up!" Stella's voice rose with

fury. "Let me make this clear: I

despise you can't stand that you're doing better than me, that you were born into a better life.  
I thought. becoming the heiress of the

Jamieson family would turn my fortunes around, that I'd finally outshine you. But to my  
surprise, you've once again replaced me!"

Chapter 1417 Stella And Her Plan

Stella was consumed by a deep sense of injustice. "Why? What makes you so much better  
than me?"

Cecilia scoffed, her eyes cold. "Then maybe you should despise fate instead."

The anger inside Stella reached a boiling point. With a sudden movement, she seized  
Cecilia's throat, her fingers tightening. "Do you think I brought you here just to chat? Do you  
really believe I wouldn't kill you?"

Cecilia met Stella's gaze, finding her behavior odd. "If you want to kill me, then go ahead."

Stella tightened her grip on Cecilia's neck, but right then, a low cough echoed from the entrance. Stella paused and slowly loosened her grip, a twisted smile curling her lips.

"Don't worry," she sneered. "I won't kill you. I'll make your life a living hell instead."

At that moment, Cecilia could sense something sinister was at play, but all she could focus on was her children. She swallowed her fear and stared at Stella. "Stella, if you have a problem with me, then deal with me. Where are my children?" Stella's smile widened, her expression dark and unnerving. "Do you want to know? Then you'll have to cooperate with me."

Cooperate with her? On what? Cecilia was confused.

"What do you want from me?" she asked.

Instead of answering, Stella clapped her hands, and the sound echoed in the room. A moment later, the door creaked open, and a group of people in white lab coats entered.

The sight of them sent a chill down Cecilia's spine. Fear gripped her.

The leader of the group approached Stella and asked, "Is it her?"

Stella nodded. "Yes, it's her. I'm relying on you from here on out." "Understood," the person replied before turning to walk toward Cecilia.

"Miss, don't be afraid. We are psychologists. We won't harm you," the leader said.

Cecilia's heart pounded in her chest as she struggled to make sense of the situation. "What are you planning to do?"

"We know you've been struggling," the leader continued, her voice soft yet calculated. "You've had a history of depression, and we're here to help. Our purpose is to offer you treatment, to ease your suffering." Cecilia's brow furrowed. "I don't need your help. I've recovered."

The psychologist smiled almost

mockingly. "Why do I get the sense you're not fully recovered? There's something you're hiding, something you're not ready to share, right? Don't worry, with our treatment, we'll help you regain your true health."



Cecilia instinctively tried to pull away, but her limbs were bound tightly to the chair. “No need. I’m perfectly healthy now.”

Her voice was faint, strained by exhaustion and the toll the ordeal had already taken on her. Her pallor had grown even more pronounced from her prolonged distress.

The leader of the group turned to Stella. “If the patient refuses to cooperate, our treatment will be difficult to carry out effectively.”

Stella’s expression darkened, and she strode over to Cecilia, her voice icy. “Do you really want to risk your children’s lives? Do whatever the doctor tells you to do.” Cecilia’s voice trembled with determination. “You want me to listen to you, but shouldn’t I at least see my sons first? Where are they now?”

Stella had no other choice but to have someone bring over Cecilia’s twins.

Two women entered, each holding one of Cecilia’s children. The moment Cecilia laid eyes on them, she struggled to rise, but the agony that shot through her body was excruciating, as if her very bones were being torn apart. The pain was do

unbearable, and she copain was

nothing but remain motionless as she waited for the women to bring her children closer.

“See? They’re here,” said Stella.

Cecilia’s eyes softened as she gazed at her two rosy-cheeked, chubby children, peacefully asleep, unaware of the danger that had surrounded them. “My little ones,” she whispered gently, afraid to disturb their

innocent slumber.

“Now do you believe me?” Stella spoke as she took one of the twins in her arms. “Behave and follow the doctor’s instructions, or else...”

Chapter 1418 Threatened By Stella

“I’ll strangle him!” She rested her hand on the child’s delicate neck threateningly before muttering to herself, “Honestly, this child is so adorable. He even reminds me a bit of you

when you were younger.” Cecilia panicked. “Don’t touch him. I’ll do whatever you want. Just don’t hurt him.”

At the sound of those words, Stella slowly lifted her hand from the child’s neck, a satisfied smirk curling on her lips. “That’s more like it. You should’ve cooperated earlier. I’m not heartless, you know. I don’t want to harm such a young child.” Stella handed the child back to the woman.

Perhaps worried that Cecilia might refuse to cooperate, Stella ordered the women to stay, ensuring that the two children remained present as well.

Soon after, Cecilia was untied and made to lie in a chair.

The leader in the white lab coat approached her. “Close your eyes. From this moment on, you will follow my every direction, understand?” “Understood.” Cecilia slowly closed her eyes.

Cecilia still retained her rationality, and understood well what she should do.

She struggled against the leader’s influence, trying to resist following his instructions, but her body was too weak, and her mind too exhausted.

Gradually, she found herself unable to fight the pull of the leader’s guidance. Memories of her foster mother’s actions resurfaced, unsettling and vivid. Then, the words of her biological mother, Queenie, echoed in her mind.

A fine sheen of sweat gathered on her forehead and, without realizing it, she slipped into an uneasy slumber.

The leader straightened, turning to Stella. “A single session won’t be enough. This treatment will need to be repeated regularly.”

Stella gave a nod. “Understood.”

Watching the leader leave, Stella picked up her phone and made a call. “Mr. Nicholas, everything has been arranged on my end. Please, you must remember to keep your promise.”

“Don’t worry,” he assured, “I won’t lie to you.”

Just one word from him dispelled Stella’s worries.

Stella knew better than anyone that

Queenie could never truly be her safety net. After all, she wasn't Queenie's biological daughter, and the truth would eventually come to light. Even if Queenie never

Wover

discovered it, there was still the ever-present threat of

Cassandra-like a ticking time bomb, she wouldn't let Stella off easily.

Just a few days ago, Nicholas had approached her again, handing over a set of documents. "Queenie has already discovered you're not her biological daughter," he said. "She's currently conducting a DNA test with Cecilia. But if you do me a favor, I can guarantee your safety and even ensure you remain a star in the future."

Stella realized she had reached a point of no return, with no other viable options left. She agreed to his proposal.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Vivian rushed to the ward, only to find that Cecilia was nowhere to be found.

She called Cecilia, but no one answered.

Feeling uneasy, she immediately dialed Nathaniel. "Ceci is gone!"

At that moment, Nathaniel was at the Rainsworth Manor, facing Cassandra, who was pinned down by several bodyguards.

Her face was flushed crimson as she demanded, "Nathaniel, you'd better let me go. I'm carrying the Rainsworth family's lineage in my belly. If anything were to happen to me, Mom and Nicholas will not spare you!"

Nathaniel couldn't be bothered to deal with her. As soon as he received Vivian's call, he immediately instructed the bodyguards to forcibly escort her into the car and drove all the way to the hospital. Cassandra observed the anxious expression on Nathaniel's face and began to piece together what might be happening. She laughed sinisterly, asking, Did something happen to Cecilia?"

Nathaniel was not the type to resort to physical force, particularly not with women, and especially not with someone who was pregnant.

He furrowed his brows. "Where exactly are Cecilia and my children?"

#### Chapter 1419 Blaming It On Stella

Cassandra sneered. "How should I know? It's pathetic that you can't even keep track of your own wife and child, yet you come to me, expecting answers." Nathaniel completely lost his patience.

Upon arriving at the hospital and reviewing the surveillance footage, he saw that Cecilia had left on her own. He immediately ordered his subordinates to track down Cecilia's whereabouts after she left.

Cassandra spoke, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "I think you should stop looking for her. I'm pretty sure she has an affair. Who knows, she might have run off with some man."

Sighing, she continued, "She's so ungrateful of what she has. How can she do that when she has children?"

Cassandra continued to mutter incessantly. Nathaniel, growing more anxious by the second, stepped closer to her. His usual composure vanished as he seized Cassandra by the neck, his grip tight and unyielding.

"Your child must be over twenty weeks along now, correct? Believe me, I could end your life right here and have the doctors deliver your baby prematurely. With the Rainsworth family's resources, keeping a premature child alive would be effortless." His words were a chilling threat, his eyes unwavering.

Cassandra's eyes widened in shock as the pressure around her throat intensified. Her feet slowly lifted off the ground, and with each passing second, her breath grew more labored. This lunatic actually dares to lay his hand on me?

Cassandra raised her hand in a desperate attempt to pry Nathaniel's fingers off, but it was futile. His grip only tightened, and for the first time, she truly grasped the meaning of fear.

Her eyes widened, pleading silently as her vision began to blur. Just as darkness threatened to overtake her, Nathaniel finally released her, and she collapsed to the floor, gasping for air. She clutched her throat, coughing violently as she fought to regain control of her breath.

“Now, tell me where Cecilia and the babies are.” Nathaniel’s voice was cold and low, as if it had emerged from the depths of hell itself, sending a shiver down Cassandra’s spine.

Cassandra knew he was ruthless, but she didn’t expect him to actually dare to lay his hands on her.

Terrified, she had no choice but to relent. “I’ll take you there.”

She didn’t even know what the place was called.

“Let’s go,” Nathaniel instructed his bodyguards.

The bodyguards roughly shoved Cassandra back into the car. Despite her fury, she had no choice but to direct them. At that moment, she could only pray that Stella had

already handled everything on her

end

After winding through several isolated roads, they finally reached an abandoned factory. Nathaniel quickly exited the car and began searching for someone. His bodyguards swiftly followed. Cassandra quickly messaged Stella: Have you dealt with Cecilia yet? Nathaniel has come looking.

Stella didn’t respond to Cassandra’s message, for she wasn’t at the factory at all.

As expected, Nathaniel and his team found nothing. Fury roiled in Nathaniel’s chest as he approached Cassandra, his voice low and dangerous. “Where are they? Didn’t you say they were here?”

Cassandra was confused, too. “I don’t know. I thought they were here.”

Nathaniel once again gripped her neck, warning, “Stop playing games with me. If anything happens to Cecilia, I will not spare your life!”

Cassandra’s heart pounded with fear as she coughed. “I swear I don’t know where she is...”

It was only then that a vague realization hit her-Stella had betrayed her.

"It wasn't me who kidnapped her... It was Stella..." In order to survive, Cassandra confessed everything.

Nathaniel slightly loosened his grip on her and demanded that she explain everything.

Cassandra's voice trembled with urgency as she pointed the finger at Stella. "It's all Stella's doing. She's consumed by jealousy ever since she found out that Cecilia is Queenie's biological daughter. She told me repeatedly that she wanted to kill Cecilia. I tried to talk her out of it, but she wouldn't listen. She even said that once Cecilia gave birth, she would use the babies to threaten her. I knew about it, but I didn't do anything-honestly, I swear! If I had, how could I dare approach Cecilia? That would've been like asking for your revenge!"

#### Chapter 1420 Using All Resources

Nathaniel was neither gullible nor foolish. There was no way he would believe her lies.

"Lock her up first," he instructed his subordinates.

"Yes, sir." Cassandra was flustered. "Nathaniel, please spare me on account of Nicholas and my pregnancy."

Nathaniel didn't even spare her a glance. "If Ceci vouches for your innocence once I find her, I'll let you go. But if not, no one will be able to save you."

Cassandra was shoved into a car, and her heart sank.

She was filled with regret. Why have I gone to Cecilia? Why have I admitted to it all? I have no way out now.

Nathaniel tirelessly organized search efforts for Cecilia.

His phone finally buzzed with a call from Mason. "Boss, we found the earring Mrs. Rainsworth dropped in a taxi," Mason reported. "We also have the dash cam footage from the car, and we've traced the route she took." "Good work. Send it to me and follow the route."

"Yes, sir."

The search area had been narrowed, and Nathaniel had enlisted Darren and Zachary's manpower to assist in the search.

Meanwhile, Stella received a call from Nicholas. "We need to move to a different location. Nathaniel and his team have started looking for us."

"Got it." Stella was about to hang up when Nicholas' voice came through again. "Leave the two kids behind."

He didn't want to carry two burdens.

Stella was reluctant to do so but had no choice. "All right. But Mr. Nicholas, how do you expect me to help me escape unscathed? Nathaniel has such a strong desire for revenge. What if he decides to retaliate against me?" Stella knew a fool like Cassandra would definitely drag her down, spilling everything to Nathaniel.

"As long as you keep the secret, I won't let anything happen to you," Nicholas promised.

"All right." Stella nodded solemnly.

Afterward, she instructed her subordinates to leave the babies behind before taking Cecilia away.

Cecilia experienced an unusually long dream, one where everything felt astonishingly perfect, free from deceit or manipulation. Paula, along with everyone else, appeared unusually kind and friendly, as if there were no ill intentions left in the world. Yet, as the dream unfolded, certain things began to fade from her memory.

The doctor approached her and asked, "Miss, do you know what's your name?"

Cecilia paused, lost in thought for a long while. No matter how hard she tried, her mind remained blank, and a sharp headache began to set in. "I can't remember... what's my name?" she asked, her voice tinged with frustration. The doctor, sensing her distress, offered some reassurance before leaving the room.

Outside, in the grand and opulent living room, Nicholas sat on the couch. "How did it go?"

"She's lost most of her memories," the doctor explained. "However, the specific memories you requested have been preserved. That said, her memory is now unstable, and there's no way to predict when, or if something might resurface

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Nicholas's slender fingers drummed lightly on the table. "What if we conducted hypnotherapy sessions regularly?"

"In that case, there would be no issue."

"Perfect," Nicholas replied. "Thank you for your trouble."

"It's no trouble at all," the doctor answered.

After the doctor departed, Nicholas made his way to Cecilia's room. Two days had passed since the procedure, and she remained in a temporary hypnotic state that had erased a portion of her memories. However, her condition was still fragile, and Nicholas hesitated to wake her, wary of the possibility that

she might remember something.

He stood silently by her bedside, watching her with an unreadable expression. After a moment, he turned and left the room without a word.

Outside, Stella waited uneasily. "Nathaniel has already taken the two children back," she reported. "He's now combing through every corner, using all the resources at his disposal to find Cecilia."

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