

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1421 - 1430

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## Chapter 1421 The DNA Test Results

Nicholas never anticipated that his brother would care so deeply about Cecilia, going to such lengths to locate her. Yet, the world was vast, and Nicholas had meticulously severed all of Cecilia’s ties to the outside world. It seemed unlikely-almost impossible-that Nathaniel would ever find her in this lifetime.

“Let him be,” Nicholas said.

Stella stood motionless. “What about the matter you promised me?” she asked cautiously.

“Why the rush?” Nicholas replied coolly. “The situation hasn’t been resolved yet.”

Now aligned with Nicholas, Stella had no choice but to follow his every command. She lowered her head submissively. “You’re right. I was wrong.”

Nicholas said, “All that remains is the grand finale-making sure Nathaniel believes Cecilia is truly gone.”

Stella couldn’t help but think Nicholas was utterly insane, going to such lengths for just one woman.

“All right. I’ll make the arrangements.” Despite so, she kept her thoughts to herself.

Nicholas hummed in response.

After Stella left, he put on his coat and headed out to work.

When Nicholas arrived at the company, Jocelyn greeted him with a look of concern. “Mr. Nicholas, you’ve been looking rather pale lately. Would you like me to call a doctor?”

Nicholas shook his head. “No need, Jocelyn. I’ve been quite happy lately-nothing’s wrong. You’re just overthinking it.”

Hearing his response, Jocelyn hesitated but ultimately decided against pressing the matter further.

She approached with a stack of documents for him to sign. "If I may ask, where have you been these past few days?" she inquired cautiously.

Nicholas had been out frequently; no one knew where he had been.

His hand froze mid-signature, and his gaze hardened. "If you already know you shouldn't ask, then don't," he replied icily.

Jocelyn was taken aback; it was rare for Nicholas to speak to her in such a harsh tone. After a moment of stunned silence, she finally managed to say, "I'm sorry. I overstepped my bounds." "A bitter taste rose in her throat as she slowly retreated from the office.

Once outside, Jocelyn glanced back at Nicholas' silhouette through the glass. A pang of sadness gripped her."

For years, she had devoted herself

to looking after him, believing she held a unique place in his life-something more than just another employee. But now, the reality settled in: she was nothing more than a subordinate, not even close to being a friend.

Taking a deep breath, Jocelyn composed herself and returned to her workstation.

Nearby, a nosy secretary couldn't resist leaning in. "Ms. Wright, have you heard? Cecilia has gone missing."

The secretaries, having worked with Cecilia for some time, were all quite familiar with her.

Jocelyn glanced over, her brow furrowing in confusion. "How do you all know about this?"

She had only just learned of the news herself.

Lately, there had been an undeniable shift in the atmosphere around Tudela-a tension in the air. It wasn't until Jocelyn discreetly had the matter investigated that she discovered the truth: the focus of this relentless search was none other than Cecilia.

Cecilia had just given birth to a set of twins. How did she just vanish like that?

Jocelyn was confused.

The secretary softly said, "We found out after asking around. Poor Cecilia... she's given so much to the family, even bearing several children for them. How could this happen to

her? Do you think some

seeking revenge, or was the family simply unwilling to ever acknowledge her as their

daughter-in-law?"

Jocelyn's gaze instinctively shifted toward Nicholas' office. Cecilia's missing. Why isn't Mr. Nicholas the least bit worried? Could Cecilia's disappearance have something to do with him? Jocelyn quickly reined in her thoughts and stopped the secretaries from gossiping any further.

The secretaries exchanged annoyed glances, clearly unimpressed by her no-nonsense attitude. "Ugh, how dull," one muttered under her breath. "No wonder she's been with the boss for years and still hasn't gotten anywhere. Come on, let's go to the restroom."

As Jocelyn watched them leave, a wave of frustration washed over her. She lowered her head and focused intently on her work, trying to push the irritation aside.

Meanwhile, at the Jamieson residence, Queenie held the DNA test results in her hands the ones comparing her DNA to Cecilia's

## Chapter 1422 Confirmed To Be Mother And Daughter

The DNA test results were undeniable, clearly confirming that Queenie and Cecilia were, in fact, mother and daughter. Caliste also presented additional reports from other reputable sources for further verification. "Mdm. Queenie," Caliste said with measured certainty, "there is no mistake this time. Cecilia is indeed your biological daughter. It seems we were all mistaken about her before."

Queenie's hand trembled slightly as she clutched the paternity test results. Her voice wavered with disbelief. "How can this be? How could she possibly be my daughter?"

Queenie didn't say that because she thought Cecilia was unworthy of being her daughter. She was just struggling to process the revelation-a truth weighed down by the countless unforgivable wrongs she had committed against her own child.

“What should I do? Why is fate playing such cruel games with me?” she murmured, her eyes reddening with unshed tears. She clutched the test results tightly, her heart heavy with unbearable anguish. “How... how am I supposed to face that child now? As her mother, I not only denied her but also subjected her to such humiliation...”

Queenie was drowning in misery. For years, she had searched tirelessly for her daughter, only to realize she had been right by her side all along. To make matters worse, she had unknowingly taken her stepdaughter’s side, aiding her in tormenting her own biological child. The weight of her mistakes felt insurmountable.

Caliste, equally stunned by the cruel twists of fate, struggled to find comforting words. “Mdm. Queenie, you didn’t know. If you had realized earlier, I’m certain you never would have hurt Cecilia.”

Queenie shook her head, her voice trembling with regret. “But when she came to see me, I said so many hurtful things. She must have been devastated.”

She hadn’t cried in years, but now, the tears fell uncontrollably. “I deserve to die! How could I have treated my own daughter so cruelly?” she sobbed, the weight of her guilt crushing her.

If there were a way to turn back time, she would seize it without hesitation. She pictured herself traveling to the past, ready to slap some sense into her former self.

“Let’s go,” Queenie said, staggering to her feet.

Caliste nodded. “All right.”

She supported Queenie as they left the Jamieson residence, heading to the Smith residence, still unaware that Cecilia was missing.

When Queenie arrived at the Smith residence, her eyes lingered on the surroundings where Cecilia had once lived. Memories of Paula’s cruel actions toward Cecilia flooded her mind.

Cecilia must’ve suffered when she was young. It was all my fault, for not being able to find her and reunite with her sooner.

Steeling herself, she approached the front door and rang the bell, her heart heavy with unease.

It was the weekend, and with the exception of Madeline, the others were out searching for Cecilia. Hearing the doorbell, Madeline stepped out to see who it could be. To her surprise, she found Queenie and Caliste standing on the doorstep.

“Can I help you?” she asked.

“We’re looking for Cecilia,” Queenie hastily said.

Madeline recognized Queenie immediately, her expression souring. “Mdm. Queenie, what scheme are you plotting against our company this time? Or have you set your sights on targeting our boss now?” she sneered.

Despite the mocking tone, Queenie didn’t retaliate. Instead, a wave of discomfort washed over her. “I admit I’ve made mistakes in the past,” she said earnestly. “But please, could you grant me a favor and let me speak with Ms. Smith?”

Madeline’s eyes narrowed in disbelief at Queenie’s sudden apologetic demeanor. “Mistakes? What’s this now-a new ploy? Are you planning to sneak in here and frame our boss for something?” Madeline used to stay at home, watching drama series during her time with Darren, and that fueled her imagination.

Queenie felt a pang of awkwardness at Madeline’s suspicion. “No, I swear I won’t cause any more harm to Cecilia. Please, I just need to speak with her. It’s really important.”

Seeing the sincerity in Queenie’s eyes, Madeline hesitated for a moment before finally speaking the truth. “She’s not here,” she said flatly. “Cecilia’s gone missing.”

Chapter 1423 Queenie Is Devastated

“What?” Queenie gasped, her voice trembling in disbelief. “How could she have gone missing?”

Madeline sighed deeply. “I really don’t know. She’s been missing for two days now. We’ve searched everywhere, but there’s no sign of her.”

Queenie staggered, nearly collapsing to the ground. Luckily, Caliste was there to catch her, steadying her with a firm grip. “Be careful, Mdm. Queenie,” Caliste said softly.

Queenie felt a wave of dizziness and clutched Caliste’s hand to steady herself. “Why?” she whispered, her voice laced with desperation. “I finally found her. How could she just vanish

again?" Caliste gently reassured her. "Don't worry, Mdm. Queenie. We'll find her soon, I promise."

"All right, hurry and send someone to locate her," Queenie ordered. This time, she wouldn't allow Cecilia to slip away from her again. No matter what it took, she was determined to find her daughter. "Yes, Mdm. Queenie," Caliste responded.

The Jamieson family also mobilized their efforts, sending people out to search for any trace of Cecilia.

As Madeline watched Queenie's retreating figure, her confusion deepened. She couldn't understand how Queenie had seemingly transformed into a different person.

"Come back soon, Ceci," Madeline whispered to herself.

Nathaniel had turned Tudela upside down in his frantic search for Cecilia, but all efforts had been in vain. He ordered his men to widen the search to the surrounding areas. After what felt like an eternity, a breakthrough finally came. Nathaniel and his team immediately rushed to the location, their hopes rising.

Queenie had contacted Nathaniel, explaining everything in detail. They joined forces to intensify the search for Cecilia, determined to find her no matter the cost.

This significantly increased the efficiency.

Both Queenie and Nathaniel's team rushed toward the location of the clue. However, when they arrived, their hopes were dashed. A house had already been reduced to rubble, engulfed by flames.

Nathaniel stepped out of the car, his heart racing as he made his way toward the remains.

"Ceci!" he called out. Without a second thought, he moved forward, his eyes scanning the wreckage, hoping for any sign of her.

A few people remained nearby, discussing the situation.

"The fire was so fierce last night. It seemed impossible to contain," one of the onlookers remarked. "It looked like there were people inside. wonder if anyone made it out?"

“How could anyone possibly survive such a massive blaze? They must have been reduced to ashes by now.” Another person sighed.

Nathaniel listened intently, forcing novel drama

himself to remain calm despite the rising panic in his chest. He motioned to his subordinates, signaling them to begin a

meticulous search for any trace of

Cecilia. vel

As they sifted through the rubble, one of the men stumbled upon a glimmering object. He carefully picked it up and handed it to Nathaniel. “Mr. Rainsworth, I found a ring.” When Nathaniel saw the ring, his expression shifted dramatically. It was unmistakably Cecilia’s a gift that Elliot and Jonathan had picked out for her. He recalled it clearly. He took the ring and clutched it tightly, as if afraid to let go.

“Keep searching!” His voice, low and laced with an unspoken sorrow, cut through the air.

His bodyguards immediately resumed their search, though many of the onlookers stood in confusion.

Soon, a fleet of luxury cars appeared in the distance, heading toward them.

“What’s going on today? Why are there so many luxury cars?”

“Do you know who owns this house? They must be incredibly wealthy, right?”

“I heard the owner moved abroad a while ago. His family was just average-how could they possibly be so rich?”

The crowd murmured, puzzled by the sudden arrival of so many high-end vehicles.

As the cars pulled over and came to a halt, Queenie stepped out, her legs unsteady as she gazed at Nathaniel, who was deeply focused on sifting through the charred remains. Her heart sank at the sight. Without thinking, she rushed toward him, her heart pounding.

“Have you found her yet?” Queenie’s voice wavered, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

At the sound of her voice, Nathaniel snapped back to reality and turned to face her. "Why are you looking for Cecilia?"

#### Chapter 1424 Cassandra Is Missing

Queenie hesitated for a moment, her voice barely above a whisper. "You must have known she's my biological daughter all along, right?"

Nathaniel's expression remained unreadable as he responded with a question of his own. "Didn't you say you didn't believe it?"

The words caught in Queenie's throat, and for a moment, she was speechless. "It was all my fault... I'm filled with regret now."

Cassandra had always spoken ill of Cecilia to Queenie, painting her in such a negative light that it deeply influenced Queenie's perception of her daughter. As a result, Queenie had unintentionally hurt Cecilia in countless ways. When Cecilia showed up at her door, Queenie had mocked her without mercy, dismissing her with harsh words and no consideration. "Where is Cecilia now? Have you found her?" Queenie asked, her voice trembling, her eyes red from the tears she had held back. Nathaniel's gaze lingered on the ruins before he slowly held out the ring, which he had been gripping tightly in his hand. "My search led me here," he said gravely, his voice heavy. "I found the ring Cecilia has always worn."

Upon hearing the news, Queenie staggered, nearly collapsing to the ground.

Caliste quickly stepped forward to steady her, "Mdm. Queenie, please be careful."

"Quick, send more people to search the area!" Queenie commanded, her voice desperate.

"Yes, Mdm. Queenie."

Caliste immediately mobilized more personnel to comb through the surrounding ruins, hoping for any sign of Cecilia.

But as the night wore on and the search continued, they found no trace of her. Instead, amidst the debris, they uncovered a few personal belongings that seemed to have belonged to Cecilia. Caliste stood beside the stunned Queenie, her voice trembling with fear, "Is Ms. Cecilia... gone?"

Queenie quickly regained her composure, her eyes narrowing into a cold, piercing glare.



“What nonsense are you talking about?” she snapped, her voice harsh.

She refused to accept it. She needed to see Cecilia’s body to believe it; the thought of losing her was simply too much to bear.

“Ceci is definitely not here. Keep searching elsewhere,” Queenie commanded.

Caliste nodded. “Yes, Mdm. Queenie.”

Meanwhile, Nathaniel remained frozen amidst the rubble, his feet rooted to the spot.

Zachary and Vivian rushed over, concern etched on their faces as they anxiously asked what had happened.

Unable to speak, Nathaniel stood there, his mind numb, as Mason stepped forward and explained everything they had discovered to the pair.

Vivian was utterly devastated, her voice shaking with anguish. “How could this happen?”

Tears streamed down her face. “It’s all my fault. If only I hadn’t arrived so late, nothing would have happened to Ceci. If only I had rushed to the hospital sooner...” What’s the point of saying all this now?

Zachary, his own heart heavy with grief, placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. “She will be okay. You’ve searched through the place and only found some of her items. These could very well be clues she left behind, on purpose.”

Nathaniel kept his composure, though a storm raged beneath the surface. “Yes, I’ve already dispatched people to investigate other locations,” he confirmed.

Zachary, determined, added with a firm resolve, “I’ll have more people join the search. We’ll scour every corner of the earth if we have to. We must find her.”

Vivian turned her attention to

Queenie, who stood at a distance. Confusion and anger mixed in her eyes as she approached. “What are you doing here? Are you hereto watch us suffer?”

Vivian knew that Queenie and Cassandra were two peas in a pod, never up to any good.

Queenie, on the other hand, couldn't help but be reminded of Cecilia when she looked at Vivian.

"I'm here to look for Ceci," she said, her voice tinged with sorrow.

After searching for her daughter for over twenty years, Queenie had finally found her-only to lose her again, her fate now uncertain. The weight of it all was unbearable.

Seeing Queenie in such a distraught

state, Vivian couldn't help but feel confused. She was about to seek justice for both Cecilia and Jonathan when her attention was drawn to another approaching car.

The door opened, and Stella stepped out, immediately making her way toward Queenie's side.

Chapter 1425 Stella Is Captured For Questioning

"Mom..." Stella called out hesitantly, her voice laced with worry. "Mom, Cassandra's missing."

After dealing with Cecilia, Stella had tried reaching out to Cassandra, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get in touch with her.

Queenie turned toward her, her face a mix of shock and confusion. "What? What happened to Cassandra?"

"I'm not sure," Stella replied, her brow furrowed with concern. "I was supposed to accompany her to her prenatal check-up today, but when I went to find her, she was gone."

Queenie stood still, processing the unexpected news. Before she could respond, Nathaniel and his men approached.

"I had Cassandra confined," he stated.

Queenie looked at him, puzzled. "Why did you do that?"

"Cecilia's disappearance is directly tied to Cassandra," Nathaniel said. He then turned to Stella, his gaze sharp. "Cassandra claimed that you took my two children away, forcing Cecilia to search for them. Where is she now?"

Stella feigned confusion, her face a mask of innocence. "Nathaniel, what are you talking about? Why would I do such a thing? I've had no issues with Ceci for a long time."

But Nathaniel wasn't convinced. His eyes narrowed as he gestured to a few of his bodyguards, who swiftly stepped forward and restrained Stella.

"Take her away!" Nathaniel commanded coldly.

Stella's composure faltered, her heart racing. She knew all too well Nathaniel's ruthless reputation. She had approached him now because of Nicholas' suggestion-he'd told her to act first, to clear her name and prove that she had no part in Cecilia's disappearance. "Nathaniel, you've got it all wrong," Stella pleaded, her voice desperate. "I have no idea why Cassandra would say such a thing, but I swear, I didn't take your two children away."

She glanced nervously at Queenie, pleading, "Mom, you have to believe me. I've been at home these past few days, I haven't gone anywhere," she insisted.

But Queenie remained unmoved, her expression cold. "Don't call me 'Mom'. You're not my biological daughter."

Stella knew the truth all along, but feigned shock. "How could this be? Didn't we take a DNA test?"

The mention of the test struck a nerve with Queenie. Her eyes flashed with anger. "You have the audacity to bring that up? You and Cassandra both knew all along that Cecilia is my daughter." She paused for a moment, her breathing shallow, then her gaze hardened. "Did you really harm Cecilia?"

Stella quickly shook her head, her face pale with fear. "It wasn't me. I honestly have no idea about anything," she insisted, her voice trembling.

Queenie, her mind consumed by thoughts of Cecilia, fixed her gaze on Stella. "You better come clean," she warned, her voice ice-cold. "If you don't, I promise I won't let you off the hook." But Stella remained adamant, refusing to admit anything.

Nathaniel stepped forward. "Take her away. Question her thoroughly. I have all the time in the world."

"No, I'm not leaving," Stella pleaded, panic rising in her chest. She cursed herself inwardly, regretting her decision to trust Nicholas.

Nicholas had assured Stella that as long as she followed his instructions, she would be safe.

Unlike Cassandra, Stella was more cautious. She knew that as long as she refused to admit anything, there was not much Nathaniel could do.

She was forcibly shoved into a car and driven off for questioning.

Vivian approached, puzzled. What's this about a DNA test, and biological daughter?

"Let's go look somewhere else," suggested Zachary.

"All right." Vivian nodded.

Days passed, and Nathaniel's

frustration deepened as he still hadn't found any trace of Cecilia. His investigation confirmed that, after Cecilia's disappearance, Stella had indeed remained at the Jamieson residence, ruling her out as a suspect.

Determined to get answers, Nathaniel turned back to Cassandra.

Confined in a dark, desolate room, Cassandra sobbed uncontrollably. "Nathaniel," she pleaded, her voice choked with emotion, "you better let

me go if you don't, Nicholas and my

mother will never forgive you

Chapter 14  
26 Release Cassandra

Nathaniel stood before her, looking utterly drained and disheveled, his face haggard from days of searching.

"I've looked into Stella and found no connection to Cecilia's disappearance. What else are you hiding from me?" he asked.

Had it not been for Cassandra's connection to the Rainsworth family and her status as Queenie's adopted daughter, Nathaniel would have undoubtedly lost control and did away with her by now.

A mixture of confusion and frustration clouded Cassandra's expression as she muttered under her breath, "How could this be? She was the one who said she'd take Cecilia out, and those two children..." Nathaniel's gaze hardened as he stepped closer, his voice low and tense. "Are you going to tell me the truth or not?"

Cassandra repeated, "I don't know anything. It was Stella, I swear."

Nathaniel, his patience wearing thin, turned on his heel and walked out of the room, leaving Cassandra once again immersed in the suffocating silence and darkness that surrounded her.

Cassandra's voice echoed in the dark room as she desperately pleaded, "Nathaniel, let me out! Someone, please, let me out!"

It was in that moment of helplessness that she realized she had been deceived by Stella.

Nathaniel stepped outside. As he checked his phone, he saw a slew of missed calls-some from Queenie, others from Elena. He dialed Queenie's number first. "What's going on?"

"Mr. Rainsworth," Queenie began, her tone cautious, almost hesitant, "have we made any progress? Any leads on Cecilia?" "Not yet," Nathaniel responded.

Queenie's disappointment intensified as she heard that. "How's Cassandra?"

Having watched Cassandra grow up, she had always held a deep affection for her, especially now that Cassandra was expecting a child. "She's fine for now," Nathaniel replied.

Queenie asked, "Could you release her so I can speak with her properly? There are things I need to ask her."

She knew Cassandra, having been pampered since childhood, would struggle with being confined. Plus, Queenie needed answers.

Nathaniel's gaze darkened as he asked, "Are you sure you want her released, especially when we still haven't fully investigated Cecilia's disappearance?" Cecilia is her biological daughter, not Cassandra.

Queenie was momentarily silent.

After a long pause, she finally spoke. “No matter the situation, Cassandra is still my adopted daughter. She’s married to Nicholas and carrying his child. If she’s truly at fault, you must inform me first. Don’t take any action against her without consulting me.”

“All right,” he responded, his tone neutral, before ending the call.

Just as he was about to dial Elena, Elena called him again.

“Is Ceci still not found yet?” Elena asked with concern.

“Yes.” Nathaniel nodded.

Elena sighed. “What should we do?”

While she was worried, she couldn’t help saying, “Nathaniel, I know you’re deeply worried about Cecilia right now. But Cassandra is pregnant, carrying your nephew. Could you please let her go?”

It wasn’t until today that Elena

realized why Cassandra hadn’t been

visiting the Rainsworth Manor.

concern

for Cassandra was

secondary; it was her grande net

growing in Cassandra’s womb that truly weighed on her.

Nathaniel’s brows furrowed as he listened to yet another person urging him to release Cassandra. He paused and suddenly realized this could be the key to finding Cecilia.

“All right, I’ll let her go,” Nathaniel agreed reluctantly.

“Exactly. That’s more like it,” Elena replied with a sigh of relief. “Let her go for now, but we’ll settle the score once she’s had the baby.”

After ending the call, Elena returned to doting on her three grandsons.

Meanwhile, Eliot had just finished the surgery, and it turned out to be a success. Though Elena and the others had kept him in the dark-etnoveldrama about Cecilia's disappearance, he was keenly aware of everything going on.

"Grandma Elena, when will Mommy come to see me?" he asked again.

Elena felt sorry for the boy. "Just wait a little longer. Your mother is weak from giving birth to your two brothers. She needs to rest right now."

"All right then," Elliot replied, feigning compliance. However, the moment Elena left to tend to his two younger brothers, he wasted no time in reaching out to Jonathan.

#### Chapter 1427 Elliot Knows

As soon as the call connected, he asked anxiously, "Jon, what's wrong with Mommy?"

Jonathan, already aware of Cecilia's disappearance, hesitated before answering. Wanting to protect Elliot, who had just undergone surgery, he lied. "What about her? She's fine."

Elliot frowned when Jonathan lied to him, too.

"Jon, do you think I'm still a toddler? It's been days, and Mommy hasn't come to see me. Something must have happened to her. And lately, sc\*mbag daddy's been out almost every day. I even overheard Mr. Sven talking about searching for someone. Has Mommy gone missing?"

Jonathan hadn't anticipated that his younger brother had known so much.

He let out a sigh, no longer hiding the truth. "Yes, Mommy has disappeared, and we still haven't found her."

"How could this happen?" Elliot's voice trembled with worry when he received the confirmed news. "Could someone have kidnapped Mom?"

Jonathan sighed heavily, his expression grim. "It's not impossible," he admitted. "But right now, you've just had surgery, and you need to focus on resting. Don't make anyone worry about you more than they already are. Once we find Mommy, she'll be relieved to see you healthy and well."

Elliot knew he couldn't do much, yet he just couldn't sit still.

"All right then." He hung up the phone and lay back down.

Over the past few days, Queenie had also been closely monitoring her grandchildren, a heavy sense of regret weighing on her. She couldn't help but think that if she had found Cecilia sooner, none of this would have happened.

Cassandra was finally released, and she rushed home, eager to find solace. As soon as she arrived, she sobbed and complained to Queenie, "Mom, I thought I wouldn't make it back! That jerk, Nathaniel, had me locked up in total darkness. There was no one around, not a sound to be heard. And I'm pregnant, for heaven's sake!"

Queenie gazed at Cassandra's

tear-streaked face, but instead of the sympathy she had once felt, a cold resolve settled in her eyes. Without hesitation, she asked, "Why did you fake the paternity test? And why, knowing full well that Cecilia is my biological daughter, didn't you tell me?"

Cassandra's face instantly turned pale. She hadn't expected Queenie to learn the truth so quickly. But how is this possible? Cecilia's missing. I thought she didn't believe Cecilia was her daughter.

"Mom, what are you talking about? How could Cecilia possibly be your daughter?"

Queenie was utterly disappointed in Cassandra. Without warning, she raised her hand and delivered a sharp slap across Cassandra's face. The sound echoed through the room, leaving an intense sting that radiated through Cassandra's skin.

Stunned, Cassandra's hand flew to her cheek, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Mom, did you hit me?"

Confusion and hurt filled her expression. She had never experienced this from her adoptive mother-Queenie had never once laid a hand on her, let alone spoken to her harshly. But now,



Queenie had struck her, all because of Cecilia. At that point, she was convinced that her initial decision had not been a mistake. It had been necessary to get rid of Cecilia.

"I've done the DNA test. Cecilia is

indeed my biological daughter," Queenie declared firmly. "I also had my suspicions about you and Stella, which is why I had surveillance installed in your room. I know everything you've done."

Cassandra's legs gave way beneath her, and she collapsed to her knees, a wave of shock and defeat washing over her.

"Mom, let me explain," Cassandra pleaded, her voice trembling. "I never meant to keep this from you. I was just so scared-scared that once you found your biological daughter, you'd forget about me, your adopted daughter." Queenie's gaze hardened. "So, you decided to bring home a pretend daughter for me?"

Cassandra quickly countered, "It wasn't my idea! It was all Stella's doing."

Queenie's disappointment deepened. She never imagined that the daughter she had raised would be one to constantly shift the blame onto others.

Chapter 1428 You Let Me Downnoveldrama

"You've truly let me down," Queenie said, her voice heavy with disappointment. Rising from her seat, she moved toward the door.

Cassandra, her heart racing, quickly stood and rushed to catch up, calling out, "Mom, don't you remember what happened with Cassina? I was just trying to avoid making the same mistakes!"

Mentioning Cassina only fueled Queenie's anger. She spun around, her voice sharp. "Do you think I didn't ask Cassina about the truth?"

Cassandra was stunned. She hadn't expected Queenie to have done so much digging behind the scenes.

"I've already told you everything about Cassina. Seeing how difficult it was for you to find your real daughter, I was worried the truth would shatter you," she explained.

Queenie's lips curled into a bitter sneer. "Worried? But according to Cassina, wasn't it really because you discovered that Cecilia is my daughter? And to stop me from finding her, you had Cassina keep pretending to be mine?"

Cassandra opened her mouth to protest, but Queenie silenced her with a cold, cutting glance. "Stop lying. If you continue to show no remorse, I will no longer acknowledge you as my child."

Her words sent a chill down Cassandra's spine. She stood frozen, watching as Queenie turned and walked away, her fists clenching in frustration. "I knew it," Cassandra muttered under her breath, her voice trembling with bitterness. "Once you found your real daughter, you forgot about the one you raised. If you don't want me, you won't have anyone left. Cecilia's already gone."

Queenie stepped outside, Caliste following close behind. Noticing the desolation in Queenie's posture, she gently spoke, "I'm sure Ms. Cecilia is all right."

Queenie gave a slow, almost imperceptible nod. "I feel like I've truly failed as a mother," she admitted, her voice heavy with regret. "My own daughter was right in front of me, yet I couldn't even recognize her. My adopted daughter is arrogant and unreasonable, yet I favored her, and because of that, I almost caused the death of my biological daughter. Cecilia must hate me now."

She had Caliste do some digging and uncovered that Cecilia had prematurely given birth right after being humiliated during her last visit.

Queenie's heart ached horribly.

"It's bad enough that I failed to raise

her properly, but how could I..." Queenie's voice faltered as a mist of tears filled her eyes, though she fought to hold them back, unwilling to let herself cry.

Caliste stood quietly, unsure of how to offer comfort.

"I'm sure once we find Ms. Cecilia, she will definitely forgive you. You had no idea," she said.

Queenie turned to Caliste, her voice firm but faced with regret. "I need you to investigate every detail of Cecilia's life, from her childhood up until now," she requested.

She had missed out on so much of her daughter's life, and now, this was the only way she could understand it.

"All right."

In the evening, Caliste returned with all the information about Cecilia's past. She handed the files to Queenie, who began flipping through them, absorbing every detail.

Queenie carefully examined a

collection of photos, tracing Cecilia's

journey from childhood to

adulthood, each page revealing a different chapter of her life. As she read, Caliste spoke softly. "Because of Ms. Cecilia's hearing impairment, she was never favored by Paula Before she turned ten, she was raised by a nanny in the countryside. After that, she was brought back to Tudela, but Paula continued to treat her poorly, frequently scolding and hitting her. In an attempt to gain her approval, Cecilia even learned to dance. Despite her hearing impairment, she went on to win numerous competitions. Yet Paula remained indifferent, often making sarcastic comments and showing no kindness."

Listening to Caliste's account, Queenie felt as though her heart was being ripped apart.

"My precious, long-lost daughter... She's been treated like she's worth less than nothing."

That night, Queenie tossed and turned, unable to sleep. Eventually, she drifted into a light slumber, but her dreams were filled with images of Cecilia's painful childhood.

In her dream, Queenie saw a young Cecilia. "Ceci, Mommy's here," Queenie called out, desperate to reach her. She lunged forward, but her arms grasped only emptiness. When she woke up, tears streamed down her face.

Chapter 1429 Cecilia Is With Nicholas

A year later, on Christmas Eve, in a quaint town overseas, Cecilia busied herself in the kitchen. She prepared raviolis for Christmas dinner.

She called Nicholas. "Nicholas, when will you arrive?"

Nicholas had already arrived at the airport. "Probably around nine in the evening."

"All right, I'll wait for you," Cecilia replied softly.

Nicholas' lips curved into a warm smile. "If you're hungry, you should eat first. Got it?"

"Okay. I'm not a fool," Cecilia responded with a light laugh.

As the time to board the plane neared, Nicholas reluctantly ended the call.

Once he settled into his seat on the plane, he closed his eyes. Over the past year, he had moved Cecilia from place to place, strategically hypnotizing her at regular intervals, ensuring that she remained unaware of the truth. Cecilia struggled to recall many details of the past, only remembering Nicholas and the memories he had carefully crafted for her.

To avoid raising suspicion from Nathaniel and the others, Nicholas rarely traveled abroad, often using work commitments as an excuse for his absence.

Today, he was supposed to have dinner with his family. However, when Cecilia called, he made the decision to forgo it, choosing instead to spend time with her.

Meanwhile, at the Rainsworth Manor, Cassandra was growing increasingly exasperated as the baby in the room cried relentlessly.

"Why won't she stop crying?" she said.

The nanny hurried over. "She must be hungry. I'll feed her right away."

"Take her away. She's driving me crazy," Cassandra snapped, frustration evident in her voice. She had hoped for a son, but to her dismay, she had given birth to a daughter.

As she descended the stairs, she saw Elena with the two little boys, both over a year old and already starting to talk. A sharp pang of jealousy tugged at her heart as she watched them, the envy simmering beneath her surface. "Mom, how could you play favorites? Didn't you hear Dahlia crying? You have time for your grandsons, but no time for your granddaughter?" Cassandra grumbled.

Elena's brows furrowed at the remark. It wasn't that she disliked her granddaughter, but for some reason, she couldn't seem to warm to Dahlia. The child bore no resemblance to Nicholas.

Perhaps due to the influence of their blood ties, she couldn't bring herself to feel any affection for Dahlia.

"Dahlia has you," Elena replied calmly. "Luke and Gabe's mother isn't around, so it's only right that I show them a little extra affection."

Cassandra, unable to hide the bite in her tone, shot back, "So, if Cecilia never comes back, you'll favor them forever?"

Elena fell silent, unwilling to engage with Cassandra any further.

Jonathan and Elliot, who had come over to eat, found Cassandra's words harsh and unfeeling.

Elliot was the first to respond, his voice laced with firm conviction. "I'm certain my mom will return."

Cassandra raised an eyebrow and

scoffed, "It's been over a year, and still no sign of her. I doubt she's coming back. She's probably dead somewhere out there."

Elliot's anger flared instantly, his fists clenching. "You're talking nonsense! You're the one who should be dead out there!"

He took a step forward, ready to confront her.

Cassandra, unfazed, crossed her arms over her chest. "Did I say something wrong? You want to teach me a lesson? You, of all people?" Jonathan quickly held Elliot back, silencing him with a single look.

At their young age, still in kindergarten, they were no match for an adult woman.

Elliot, though seething with anger, reluctantly held it in.

Elena, though visibly displeased, had no choice but to shift the

9% on to avoid further

conflict. "Where's Nicholas? How

come he isn't back yet?"

The butler stepped forward, bowing slightly. "Mr. Nicholas called earlier. He mentioned he had official business and had to leave the country."

Elena raised an eyebrow. "What kind of official business could there be during Christmas?"

The butler didn't have an answer, as he hadn't inquired further into Nicholas' plans.

Cassandra, her voice tinged with frustration, added, "He left his wife and child at home during Christmas. I wouldn't be surprised if he's living it up somewhere else."

This year, Nicholas had been frequently traveling abroad, paying little attention to her or their child.

Had it not been for Cassandra's suspicion that Nicholas might be impotent, she might have genuinely believed he had betrayed her.

#### Chapter 1430 Queenie Tries To Win Over The Kids

As she listened to Cassandra's crude remarks, Elena couldn't help but feel regretful for ever agreeing to the marriage into the Rainsworth family. Cassandra's behavior was far from the grace and refinement expected of a lady from a prestigious family. "What about Nathaniel?" she then asked.

The butler paused for a moment before replying, "He's in Daltonia Villa. He said he won't be coming."

Elena knew Nathaniel was still upset over Cecilia, who hadn't been found yet, so she refrained from saying much.

"All right. Bring out the dishes," she ordered.

"All right." The butler called for the dishes to be served.

Elena handed the two babies over to the nanny and sat down at the dining table. It was a sparse gathering for Christmas dinner, with only Jonathan, Elliot, Cassandra, and Elena present, creating an oddly desolate atmosphere for the occasion.

“Eat up,” Elena gently urged, serving the food to the two children with a look of pure affection in her eyes.

Cassandra watched in silence as the elderly woman doted on the children, a wave of jealousy rising within her.

She reluctantly ate her meal.

The butler approached again. “Mdm. Queenie has arrived.”

Ever since Queenie discovered that Cecilia was her biological daughter, her life had come to revolve around two things: finding Cecilia and spending time with her four grandchildren. Now, all she could do was make up for her past mistakes with Cecilia by fully dedicating herself to her grandchildren.

“Okay.” Elena rose to receive Queenie.

Cassandra, too, got up and headed outside.

Jonathan and Elliot continued eating, unaffected by Queenie’s arrival. Over time, they had come to realize that this so-called “old witch” was, in fact, their mother’s mother.

“Mom, have you eaten?” Cassandra asked eagerly. “We’re about to have dinner. Why don’t you join us?”

Queenie’s response was cold and distant. “I’ve already eaten. I’m here to see the children. I’ll wait for you in the living room.”

“All right,” Cassandra replied, noticing Queenie’s cold demeanor. Though displeased, she kept her frustration to herself.

After finishing their meal, Elliot and Jonathan passed through the living room on their way out.

“Eli, Jon, guess what Granny brought for you?” Queenie called out affectionately as she saw them, gesturing to the bodyguards who had followed her to reveal the gifts she brought.

Elliot and Jonathan exchanged a glance, their expressions calm and indifferent. “No need,” they replied in unison. “We have everything we need. We don’t need your gifts.” Without another word, they turned and headed upstairs, leaving Queenie standing there.

She hesitated, wanting to chase after them, but the sound of a door slamming shut stopped her in her tracks. A deep sadness settled over her face as she was shut outside.

In the past, Elena had admired Queenie for being a successful and independent woman, but now, witnessing her experience rejection, a secret sense of satisfaction stirred within her. I'm relieved Jon and Eli are fond of me.

"Don't be upset; they're still young and don't fully understand. If you visit more often, they'll gradually warm up to you," Elena reassured her.

Queenie sighed deeply in response. "They're blaming me. I've treated them and Cecilia so poorly in the past."

Queenie only ever showed her vulnerable side when it came to her grandsons.

"You didn't know, so it's not your fault," Elena said gently. "Why don't you go visit Luke and Gabe?"

"All right," Queenie replied quietly.

Lucas and Gabriel Smith, just over a year old, were blissfully unaware of the tensions surrounding them. They beamed with joy upon seeing their grandmother, who often dropped by to visit them.

Both Lucas and Gabriel's large eyes sparkled with joy, and Lucas even clung to Queenie affectionately.

Queenie's spirits were lifted in an instant. "Sweethearts, guess what Granny brought for you?"

The two children, still too young to speak clearly, could only babble excitedly in response.

Through the crack in the door, Elliot watched as they lavished affection on Queenie, a deep frown crossing his face. "Those two heartless little brats, he muttered under his breath. "All it takes is a few gifts to win them over."

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