

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1591 - 1600

---

## Chapter 1591 Unattractive People

This was the best Darren could offer.

Madeline was in disbelief. “What did you say?”

The Faust family’s wealth was worth significantly more than the Foster family’s assets when they went bankrupt.

Darren squeezed her hand. “If you still don’t trust me, then there’s nothing more I can do.”

Plus, after his death, all of his assets would be under the names of their two children.

He wasn’t foolish enough to confront his own in-laws.

Madeline was hesitant to trust him just like that. “Don’t try to fool me. I’m not a three-year-old child.”

She shrugged off Darren’s hand.

“I’ll have the lawyer draft the documents shortly,” Darren said with a serious expression.

“Let’s discuss it after you’ve drafted it.”

Worried that he would continue pestering her, Madeline quickly finished her sentence and eagerly left.

In the bride’s makeup room, Lucille was dressed to the nines, looking stunning. Both Cecilia and Charlotte had also put on their makeup.

One of the groomsmen was Sven.

At first, Sven was reluctant, but when he heard that Charlotte would be the bridesmaid, he reluctantly agreed.

Mason, watching the tall, imposing man, couldn't help but frown slightly. "Why can't there be a few more unattractive people around me?" he muttered under his breath.

Sven shot him a piercing look. "Are you dissatisfied?"

Mason hesitated for a moment, then smirked. "Heh, I wouldn't dare. But do me a favor-stay away from me later."

Sven raised an eyebrow, then said with a sly grin, "Later throw the bouquet toward me."

He wanted to hand it to Charlotte.

Mason gave an "OK" sign, his expression reassuring. "Don't worry, Lucy knows exactly what to do."

The wedding ceremony officially began. After all the formalities, the bride tossed her bouquet, and without hesitation, Sven caught it with ease. He immediately handed it over to Charlotte. Charlotte's eyes widened in surprise. "For me?"

"Yes," Sven replied, his tone steady. He didn't want to steal the spotlight from the newlyweds. After passing the bouquet to Charlotte, he quietly slipped away.

Chapter 1591 Unattractive People

62%

+8 Pearls

Charlotte, holding the large bouquet, couldn't contain her joy. A smile spread across her face as she gazed at the flowers.

Cecilia, standing beside her, said, "Congratulations."

"Boss, is he confessing his feelings for me?" Charlotte asked, still in disbelief.

"What do you think?" Cecilia replied with a knowing look. "If he wasn't trying to express his feelings for you, why else would he give you flowers and not anyone else? Why would he ask you out every day and not someone else?" Charlotte's heart fluttered.

"Boss, I hope you're right. This blockhead has finally come around," she said, smiling sweetly.

Not far away, a figure approached Sven. Lighting a cigarette, Calvin couldn't help but ask, "Sven, have you clarified your identity with her?"

A flicker of emotion flitted past Sven's gaze. "Not yet."

"I suggest you clarify things first, before pursuing anything romantic," Calvin advised, his tone serious.

Sven turned his attention to Charlotte, who was not far off, laughing and chatting with Cecilia. "All right, got it," he said, his voice distant.

Calvin hesitated for a moment before asking, "You're not planning to come back with me?"

Sven shook his head. "I'm currently Cecilia's bodyguard."

Calvin let out a small chuckle. "Heh, anyone who didn't know better would think I've been mistreating or underpaying you."

Sven didn't spare Calvin another glance, his eyes filled with a complex mix of emotions. As the wedding ceremony concluded, the newlyweds were escorted to their new home, and one by one, the remaining guests returned. Queenie, however, didn't rush to leave. She lingered, watching Cecilia and her group from a distance.

Cecilia didn't notice her at first, but Charlotte did. "Boss, it looks like Queenie is waiting for you."

Cecilia followed her gaze and saw Queenie offering her a gentle smile.

With no choice but to acknowledge her, she approached. "Mdm. Queenie, aren't you heading home yet?" Cecilia asked politely.

Queenie, clenching her hand, gave a soft, inviting smile "Ceci, would you like to come back with me and hang out at home for a couple of days?"

Chapter 1592 Queenie Invites Cecilia

Queenie couldn't help but feel that the more she interacted with Cecilia, the more difficult it became to distance herself from her.

Troubled, Cecilia hesitated before speaking. "I'm sorry, I don't want to go."

The disappointment was clear on Queenie's face. She didn't want to miss the chance to grow closer to her daughter. "Do you have any free time tomorrow? It's the weekend," she suggested hopefully. Before Cecilia could respond, Queenie pressed on, "Could you possibly swing by my office? I have something to give you."

"Um..." Cecilia hesitated. "What is it?"

"You'll find out when you get here," Queenie said, her voice insistent. "Please, you must come."

The morning air had a slight chill to it, and Queenie began to cough softly. She quickly pulled out a handkerchief to cover her mouth, her frailty momentarily evident.

A pang of sympathy stirred in Cecilia. Without thinking, she agreed, her tone softening. "All right."

"Then it's settled," said Queenie.

"Sure." Cecilia nodded.

Only after watching Cecilia disappear into the distance did Queenie finally settle into the car. As she sat down, she unfolded the handkerchief she had been gripping tightly, revealing a vivid red stain of blood. "You're coughing up blood?" Caliste asked, her voice filled with alarm.

Queenie offered a bitter smile, her expression calm despite the situation. "It's been like this for a while now. It's nothing new."

"Mdm. Queenie, we can't just ignore this. You should go to the hospital," Caliste urged, her concern evident.

Queenie shook her head slowly. "There's no need. With my condition, even if I went, how many more years do you think I have left? There's no point in dragging it out."

Caliste's eyes brimmed with sympathy, but she still tried to protest. "But-"

Queenie cut her off with a wave of her hand. "The will that Grover has been drafting should be nearly finished by now," she said, her tone resolute. "Tomorrow, have him bring it to the office." Caliste nodded thoughtfully before asking, "Should we inform Ms. Cassandra?"

Queenie hesitated, her gaze distant as she pondered the question. After a moment of silence, she sighed.

“Forget it. Cassandra is too self-centered. If she finds out about the will now, she’ll definitely stir up trouble. It’s better to let her know after I’m gone.”

“All right.”

## Chapter 1592 Queenie Invites Cecilia

she couldn’t recall what she had dreamt about.

62%

+8 Pearls

Now that Lucille had moved out, only Madeline, Charlotte, Nathaniel, Sven, Elliot, and Cecilia remained in the Rainsworth Manor.

Early in the morning, Elliot came knocking. “Mommy, where are we going to play today?”

His excitement was evident—he had been looking forward to spending the weekend with her.

Cecilia knelt down to his level and gently explained, “I’m sorry, Eli. Mommy promised to meet someone today, so I need to step out for a bit.”

Disappointment clouded Elliot’s expression, his large eyes gazing at her with a pleading look. “Mommy, who did you promise? Where are you going?” Nathaniel approached.

Cecilia saw no reason to keep secrets from them and said, “I’m heading to Mdm. Queenie’s company.”

“The witch granny’s place?” Elliot blurted out without hesitation.

Wolf granny?

Cecilia blinked, caught off guard. “Who taught you to call her that?”

Without answering directly, Elliot threw his arms around her. “Oh, Mommy, don’t worry about who taught me. But if you’re going there, you have to take me with you.”

“Why?” Cecilia asked, her brows furrowed in confusion.

Elliot clung to her tightly, his voice soft but serious. “Because I’m afraid she’ll hurt you. If you bring me, can protect you.”

Before Cecilia could respond, Elliot turned toward Nathaniel, his expression defiant. “Isn’t that right, sc\*mbag daddy?”

Nathaniel shared the same concern about Cecilia going there alone. “Right, I’ll take you both,” he said firmly.

What started as a solo visit had now turned into a family outing. With both Nathaniel and Elliot insisting on joining, Cecilia found it impossible to refuse. Meeting their determined gazes, she sighed softly.

“All right, let’s go together then. I’ll let her know.”

Cecilia called Queenie to explain the situation. She even added, “If it’s inconvenient for them to come along, we can just forget about it.”

But Queenie was overjoyed at the mention of her son-in-law and grandson coming over. Her voice brimmed with enthusiasm. “Wonderful! Let them all come. The more, the merrier! Today, I’ll treat you all to a delicious meal,” she exclaimed, unable to hide her excitement.

#### Chapter 1593 Visiting Jamieson Group

Everything was finally decided.

Nathaniel personally drove Cecilia and Elliot to Jamieson Group’s branch office. Queenie had been waiting there since early morning, seated with an elegant, attractive middle-aged woman.

“Now that you’ve found your daughter, why not bring her back to meet the family?” Brooklyn, Queenie’s younger sister, asked with a curious tilt of her head.

Brooklyn was the aunt who often assisting Cassandra online.

Taking a slow sip of tea, Queenie sighed heavily. “You still don’t know, do you? The person Cassandra asked you to target... was none other than my own daughter-your niece.”

Brooklyn froze, shooting up from her seat in shock. "What? I had no idea! W-What should we do?"

"I know," Queenie interrupted, her voice laced with regret. "I didn't know either. I was blind back then. I hurt my own daughter... and even my grandson."

Brooklyn had come specifically to see her niece, but the unexpected situation left her uneasy. "How should I apologize when I meet her?" she asked nervously. "Don't worry. Ceci is quite easygoing," Queenie reassured her. "She's been having some health issues, though, and they've caused her to forget many things. Brooklyn's concern deepened. "What kind of health issues? Has she seen a doctor? I know several specialists would you like me to arrange a consultation?" Queenie shook her head with a faint smile. "There's no need. It's being handled."

As they continued their conversation, Caliste approached them briskly. "The security at the entrance just informed me that Ms. Cecilia has arrived." Queenie immediately stood up, taking Brooklyn's hand "Come on. Let's go greet them."

"All right." Brooklyn nodded, her face brimming with anticipation.

Though she bore the Jamieson surname, she was only Queenie's cousin, not her biological sister. Despite that, she had always been deeply invested in the matter of the Jamieson family's heir. Now that Cecilia had returned, everything seemed to be falling into place.

As Queenie and Brooklyn hurried toward the entrance they were so focused on their destination that they failed to notice a figure lurking in the shadows.

Cassandra stepped out from the dim corner, her hands clenched into fists, a bitter chill flickering in her eyes. "How unfair," she hissed under her breath. "She didn't even bother to invite me to this meeting."

Her resentment simmered, but her courage failed her. She remained in the shadows, daring only to voice her frustrations where no one could hear.

Downstairs, Cecilia, Nathaniel, and Elliot stepped through the entrance together. The family of three immediately drew attention. Employees passing by couldn't help but glance their way, whispering among themselves.

Chapter 1593 Visiting Jamieson Group

“Who are they? Do you know?”

“No clue. Could they be here for an interview? They don’t look like they are.”

“A job interview? But bringing a whole family along? Whatever the reason, they’re all stunning.”

8462%

+8 Pearls

Hearing their chatter, Elliot couldn’t resist turning toward them, flashing an innocent smile. “Excuse me, lovely ladies, we’re not here for a job interview.”

The moment the boy’s sweet voice rang out, the employees froze, caught off guard by his charm. One by one, their chatter ceased, and their expressions softened into warm smiles. He’s so adorable and well-mannered!

Elliot quickly noticed the group of women seemed quite taken with him. With a playful grin, he gave them a wink, which instantly triggered another round of delighted squeals. Cecilia couldn’t help but feel slightly embarrassed by her son’s antics.

Thankfully, at that moment, Queenie and Brooklyn appeared.

The moment Brooklyn spotted the trio, her eyes locked onto Cecilia. Her expression changed from curiosity to astonishment. “You look so alike-it’s uncanny!”

Without a second thought, she abandoned all decorum disregarding her high heels as she hurried over. Before Cecilia could react, Brooklyn threw her arms around her, pulling her into a warm embrace. “Are you Ceci?” Cecilia instinctively took a step back, but Brooklyn’s enthusiasm made it impossible to avoid the hug. “be?” Cecilia asked cautiously, “And... who might you

Had Brooklyn not arrived alongside Queenie, Cecilia would’ve likely pushed her away without hesitation

“I’m your aunt,” Brooklyn explained without hesitation “When you were younger, you looked so much like Queenie. If I had seen you sooner, I would have recognized you right away.”

Chapter 1594 At Jamieson Group



Brooklyn was rather straightforward, always speaking her mind.

Just then, Queenie walked over, looking slightly flustered. "Brooklyn, don't scare Ceci," she chided.

Only then did Brooklyn snap out of her enthusiasm, releasing Cecilia from the embrace. Her gaze shifted to Elliot, who was standing a few steps away.

Elliot, sensing the shift in attention, quickly took a step back. "Ma'am, please, don't hug me," he said, his voice polite but firm.

Brooklyn let out a hearty laugh, "Oh, I'm your grandaunt, sweetie."

Elliot frowned and turned his head away, "I don't have a grandaunt."

Brooklyn didn't seem the least bit offended; instead, she chuckled and crouched down to Elliot's level. "But I really am your grandaunt, whether you like it or not. Come on, let your grandaunt give you a hug." "No," Elliot replied firmly, taking another step back.

Queenie quickly intervened, gently pulling Brooklyn aside. "All right, enough. The child is just shy."

Elliot scoffed. I'm not shy. I'm only here to protect my mom. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered to come.

Brooklyn finally relented, her gaze shifting back to Nathaniel, now filled with admiration. The playful spark she had shown earlier faded, replaced by a more composed demeanor.

"Mr. Rainsworth, I've heard so much about you," she remarked warmly.

Nathaniel returned the sentiment with a polite nod.

"You absolutely must take good care of Ceci," Brooklyn added with a hint of seriousness, her tone now more firm. "You can't let anyone bully her."

"Of course," Nathaniel replied earnestly.

Queenie intervened, "All right. Let's head upstairs and talk."

As the group made their way upstairs, the staff in the lobby stood in stunned silence, processing what they had just witnessed.

So they're not here for an interview after all. They're actually Mdm. Queenie's relatives. And that woman... Mdm. Queenie's daughter?

"She must be the long-lost daughter," another added, eyes wide with admiration. "She's so beautiful and graceful."

"Definitely," said another, "I wonder what her personality is like."

"Well, as long as she's better than Cassandra, we'll be fine," one staff member commented, with a hint of relief. "If Cassandra ever takes over the company, we might be in trouble."  
"Yeah."

16:22 Wed, Feb 5.

62%

Chapter 1594 At Jamieson Group

+8 Pearls

The staff, having long been disillusioned with Cassandra's methods, couldn't help but feel a sense of relief as they saw Cecilia arrive. They silently hoped that the future heir of the company would bring a fresh, more competent perspective, one that wouldn't follow in Cassandra's footsteps.

Cassandra seethed with jealousy and resentment. Watching the staff's reactions, she muttered bitterly to herself, "You're all going to get fired sooner or later."

Upstairs in the CEO's office, Queenie had Caliste bring in an array of exquisite dishes while also calling Grover over.

"Ceci, Nathaniel, I asked you to come here because there's something important I need to share," Queenie said, her tone 'serious.

Cecilia, looking puzzled, asked, "What's going on?"

Just then, Grover stepped forward and handed Cecilia the will she had prepared.

Cecilia's eyes widened in surprise as she glanced over the document. "You're giving me half of your property?" she asked, unable to mask her shock.

Queenie nodded firmly. "Yes. I've allocated a larger share of the company to you than to Cassandra. I trust you more, Ceci. I hope you'll help protect the Jamieson family's legacy and future."

The Jamieson family's company, worth hundreds of billions, was a major market force. Cecilia could hardly believe that Queenie would entrust it all to her.

Without thinking twice, she handed the will back, saying, "I don't want it."

It wasn't out of pretense; Cecilia was still grappling with the fact that Queenie was her mother. She felt overwhelmed, unsure of her ability to manage such a colossal corporation. Queenie and Brooklyn exchanged surprised glances, both taken aback by how quickly and decisively Cecilia had turned them down.

Elliot, observing the exchange, was equally astonished. Witch granny is this generous? She was going to give all that wealth to Mommy? If Mommy accepts it, she'll be as rich as sc\*mbag daddy.

## Chapter 1595 Giving Cecilia Half The Property

Queenie was at a loss for words. "Ceci, all of this is what you rightfully deserve."

Brooklyn quickly added, "Exactly. You're Queenie's flesh and blood. If she doesn't give it to you, who else would she give it to?"

Grover, who had been quietly observing, was also impressed. To be indifferent to such a massive fortune, one either had to be pretending or truly not care about money. Cecilia lowered her gaze, her voice soft. "To be honest, still can't believe my mother could be someone else. It all feels like a dream."

Though Paula hadn't been particularly kind to her, she had always been the mother in Cecilia's memories.

Now, with the revelation that her true mother was Queenie, she found it difficult to accept. The vast wealth Queenie had offered only added to her sense of unease and stress.

“Are you still holding a grudge against me, Cecilia?” Queenie’s voice trembled, her eyes brimming with tears. “Or do you think I shouldn’t have shared the money with Cassandra?” Cecilia was momentarily taken aback by the question.

Queenie continued, her tone softer now, “I raised Cassandra myself. The love I have for you is just as deep as the love I have for her.”

For a moment, Cecilia didn’t know how to respond.

Nathaniel, watching her closely, could sense the frustration in her..

Ceci will never think that way.

He knew her well enough to understand that she wasn’t the type to fight over matters like this.

Nathaniel spoke up. “Mdm. Queenie, you’re overthinking it. All of my wealth belongs to my wife-she will never want for money.”

His wealth far exceeded that of the Jamieson family.

Queenie paused, taking a moment to regain her composure,

“That’s not what I meant,” Queenie stammered.

Nathaniel raised an eyebrow, his voice calm but pointed. “What exactly do you mean, then? Is that why you asked us to come today? If so, it’s unnecessary. Ceci doesn’t care about your share of the property. You can give it all to Cassandra if that’s what you want.” It took a beat for Queenie to process his words. Realizing the absurdity of her earlier statement, she stammered, “I didn’t mean that, Ceci,” but struggled to find the right words to clarify.

Fortunately, Brooklyn, quick to act, interjected, “Ceci, Nathaniel, what are you two talking about? Queenie specifically told you this because she didn’t want you to overthink. She hasn’t even shared this with Cassandra. You can’t compare Cassandra to Ceci-one is my biological niece, the other is adopted. Blood ties always hold more significance. In my heart, my biological niece will always come first.”

6462%

+8 Pearis

Brooklyn's affection for Cassandra stemmed from her deep loyalty to Queenie, but her fondness for Cecilia was sincere and genuine.

Queenie, flustered, quickly added, "Yes, exactly. I was just worried you'd overthink everything."

Cecilia stood up. "It's fine, I don't mind. If there's nothing else, we should head back."

Nathaniel called for Elliot, "Eli, let's go."

Elliot caught up with Nathaniel and waved at the group, "Goodbye, we're not short of money!"

The family left, and Queenie wished she could have stopped them, but the words caught in her throat.

Grover, sensing the moment, asked if he could leave as well. After receiving her nod of approval, he departed too.

Once everyone was gone, Queenie was left feeling a deep sense of regret. "What did I say earlier? I've probably given her the wrong impression."

Brooklyn, ever blunt, responded, "If it were me, I'd only pass my wealth down to my own daughter. As for an adopted one, raising her is already a kindness. If she thinks she can claim my assets, she's delusional." Queenie's gaze softened as she reflected, "But Cassandra has been with me all these years..." Despite her usual toughness with outsiders, Queenie found it hard to be harsh with those she had grown close to. Brooklyn, about why Cassandra was always targeting Ceci back then? Could it really have been just about Ceci and Nicholas?"

ensing her inner conflict, sighed heavily before continuing, "Queenie, have you ever thought

Queenie stared at her, still processing the idea. "What do you mean?"

Brooklyn's expression hardened. "Could it be that Cassandra knew about Ceci's true identity all along and used you as a pawn to create trouble for her?"

Chapter 1596 Only You

Having observed from the sidelines, Brooklyn, who had never raised Cassandra, had a clearer perspective on matters. She had seen enough of the family drama to remain rational in her judgments.

"If that's really the case, I won't let her get away with it! Queenie's voice trembled with anger, but it was cut short by a violent coughing fit. Her throat felt as though something sharp had pricked it, leaving her gasping for air. "Are you okay?" Brooklyn asked with concern.

Queenie shook her head. "I'm fine. I'm used to it."

Queenie suppressed the discomfort in her chest and, with a faint breath, asked Brooklyn, "When do you plan to head back?"

Brooklyn had initially intended to leave after meeting Cecilia, with plenty of tasks still awaiting her attention. However, seeing Queenie in her current condition, she decided to stay a few more days. "Lately,

I don't have much going on, so I can stay longer and spend some more time with you."

"All right, then. Next time, we'll go visit Ceci and have a proper conversation with her," Queenie responded, her voice steadier now.

"Mm-hmm."

Cecilia sat in the car, gazing out the window as the scenery passed by, filled with sorrow.

Elliot reached out, gently grasping her hand. "Mommy

Cecilia blinked, shaken from her thoughts. She turned to look at him, her voice soft as she asked, "What's wrong?"

"Mommy, are you unhappy?" he asked. He could sense her emotions.

Cecilia quickly shook her head, offering a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Not at all. Eli, why would you think that?"

Elliot let out a small sigh, his expression serious. "Mommy, if something's bothering you, you have to share it with us, okay? You can't keep it all inside. Daddy and I, we both love you, and only you."

Only love you. Those words, so simple yet so sincere, filled Cecilia's heart with warmth. She hadn't expected Elliot, so young, to see through her facade.

Cecilia forced a smile, trying to reassure her son. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have lied. I was a bit upset, but I'm feeling better now."

Elliot nodded, his little face filled with concern. "Good, I'm glad to hear that. Just don't let witch granny's favoritism get to you. "Right, I understand," Cecilia replied, offering him another smile.

Elliot hugged her arm, his voice thoughtful. "But I could tell that witch granny was really sorry and truly wanted to apologize.

## Chapter 1596 Only You

Elliot grinned mischievously. "Because I have a superpower. I can tell who's being real and who's just pretending.

"Wow, you're really impressive," Cecilia praised, though she didn't take the child's words too seriously. Nonetheless, it made her feel better inside. Had Nathaniel not intervened earlier, Cecilia wasn't sure how she would have expressed her feelings. She truly didn't care about Queenie dividing part of her property to Cassandra. What troubled her more were the words Queenie had said-words that left a lingering discomfort she couldn't shake off.

Nathaniel, glancing at the mother and son through the rear-view mirror, asked, "Should we head back to the Rainsworth Manor for lunch today?"

Elliot nodded excitedly. "Sure! Let's go see my baby brothers!"

Cecilia thought of the two little cuties, and with a smile she agreed, "All right."

Elena had been waiting for their return for a while and had already arranged lunch in advance.

When the two little ones heard that their parents were coming over, their excitement was unmistakable. The housekeeper remarked with a fond smile, "Mr. Lucas and Mr. Gabriel know their parents are coming and are so excited." Elena smiled knowingly. "Nathaniel didn't get much time with the children when Ceci was missing. Now that they're back, it's important for him to bond with them more." "Yeah."

Finally, Cecilia and the others arrived.

The atmosphere in the house grew livelier as everyone enjoyed their time together. After lunch, Cecilia, Nathaniel, and the children spent the afternoon playing and bonding. Nathaniel suggested, "Now that Ceci's back, it's the right time to bring the children home. We should raise them by our side."

## Chapter 1597 Bringing The Children Back

Elena's expression shifted as she heard this. "I've had these two little ones with me for so long, I can't just let them go. I won't allow it-I've grown too attached to them!" As she grew older, the lively energy of the children had become something she cherished deeply. Yet, she understood that parents should be with their children.

"Here's what I propose," Elena said thoughtfully, "How about you and Ceci move back in with us? It would be best for us to stay together as a family."

Nathaniel knew that Cecilia wasn't ready to move back in, so he firmly declined, "No, it's not possible. Ceci hasn't regained her memory yet, and it wouldn't be convenient for her to stay here."

Elena's face clouded with sorrow. "Why? Why are you so set on taking the children away? Do you want to break my heart? Have I not taken good care of them?"

Nathaniel glanced over at the children, who were happily playing with Cecilia.

He sighed and responded with a calm resolve, "Let's wait until Ceci regains her memory. Once that happens, if she wants the children back, you must respect her wishes and return them." Elena knew she couldn't argue with this. "All right," she said reluctantly.

But under her breath, she muttered, "Once a man has a wife, he forgets his mother. Who was it that asked me to take care of the kids all these years? Now that they've grown, you won't even let me continue looking after them." Cecilia, unaware of the conversation between Nathaniel and Elena, was completely absorbed in playing with the two children. Their laughter and playful energy filled the room as they clung to her, each vying for her attention. Time passed quickly, and before they realized it, afternoon had arrived. By six o'clock, Nicholas walked in,

His eyes immediately landed on Cecilia, who was joyfully playing with the children, a genuine smile lighting up her face.



He stood there for a moment, captivated by the sight. It had been a long time since he had seen Cecilia so carefree and happy.

“Where’s Nathaniel?” he asked the housekeeper.

“He went to see Old Mr. Rainsworth,” the housekeeper replied.

Nicholas nodded, approaching Cecilia.

Elliot was the first to spot Nicholas, his expression a mix of wariness and fear. He tugged at Cecilia’s sleeve, calling softly, “Mommy,”

Cecilia turned at the sound of his voice and saw Nicholas standing nearby. Rising to her feet, she greeted him with a polite but distant tone. “Mr. Rainsworth.”

The formal way she addressed him struck Nicholas like a sharp pang of sadness. He forced a casual smile, hiding his disappointment. “Did you come here today just to spend time with the children?” he asked, trying to sound nonchalant.

## Chapter 1597 Bringing The Children Back

Turning his attention to Elliot, he added, “Those three kids really do resemble you.”

Cecilia, unsure of how to face him, simply nodded in agreement. “Yeah.”

Nicholas addressed the housekeeper. “Add an extra set of utensils for me. I’ll be dining here as well.”

“Yes, Mr. Nicholas.” The housekeeper quickly went to carry out his order.

After the housekeeper left, Nicholas approached the three children.

Elliot, worried, stood protectively in front of his two brothers. “Hello, Uncle Nicholas.”

“Have you been a good boy lately?” Nicholas patted Elliot’s head.

A shiver ran down Elliot’s spine. He was genuinely afraid of his uncle, for reasons he couldn’t quite comprehend.

“Of course,” he replied, trying to be calm.

“That’s good to hear,” Nicholas said, his words laced with subtle implication. “You must treat your mother well. It wasn’t easy for her to give birth to you all, especially you.”

Elliot immediately understood the underlying message Nicholas was referencing his illness, the reason Cecilia had returned to the country, rekindled her past relationship with Nicholas, and eventually had his two younger brothers.

Cecilia, observing their exchange, felt a knot tighten in her chest. She had always been distant from Nicholas, but now, she saw him in a different light. She had come to realize that he was far more complex than the man she had once known.

## Chapter 1598 Nicholas Is Here

Noticing the two children beginning to grow tired, Cecilia quickly called for the housekeeper to take them to bed.

She then gently took Elliot’s hand. “Eli, let’s go see if Daldy’s back.”

“All right,” Elliot said, relief evident in his voice as he was finally able to escape from Nicholas.

Nicholas watched them walk past, his gaze lingering for a moment. His expression was unreadable, a mix of thoughts swirling behind his eyes.

At that moment, Elena came down from upstairs. Upon seeing Nicholas, she seemed surprised. “Nicholas, what brings you here today? Have you heard about Dahlia’s situation? She’s still in the ICU. You should try to visit when you have time.”

Though Elena knew that Dahlia wasn’t her biological granddaughter, she felt a sense of obligation, having once shared a home with the girl. She didn’t want to appear too distant or cold.

Nicholas quickly regained his composure, his smile slipping into something colder. “Mom, we will have no further ties with Cassandra or her child. I won’t be visiting her.”

Elena paused, caught off guard by his blunt words. “But..”

Nicholas’ tone grew sharper, his gaze hardening. “When did you become so soft-hearted? If this were in the past, you would have never allowed me to visit an illegitimate child, would you?”

The phrase “illegitimate child” struck a cold chord in Elena’s chest. It was as if the words themselves had frozen the air around her.

She knew deep down that in her younger days, her reaction would have been far different. If she had known about Cassandra’s situation, she would have kicked her out without hesitation, ensuring that Cassandra paid a heavy price. But now, with age, her outlook had changed. Her perspective had softened, and she wasn’t sure if that was for better or worse.

“Forget it. If you don’t want to go, then don’t.” Elena sighed softly, trying to brush off the tension. “By the way, what brings you here today?”

Nicholas smiled faintly, but his words carried a biting sarcasm. “It’s nothing serious. I just came back for a meal. That’s allowed right?”

Elena’s heart sank. She couldn’t comprehend how her once obedient, gentle, and sensible son had turned into someone so distant and sharp-tongued. There was a time when she considered Nathaniel the rebellious one. Now, it seemed Nicholas had taken that role, and far more defiantly.

“Nonsense,” Elena said, forcing a warm smile and stepping forward. “I’m always glad when you come home. Come here, let me give you a hug.”

She wanted to see if her son had changed.

However, Nicholas took a subtle step back, keeping his distance. “Mom, I’m all grown up now. I’m not a child anymore.”

Elena’s raised hand stiffened slightly as she forced out a strained smile. “True, true.”

## Chapter 1598 Nicholas Is Here

She shifted her gaze toward the door, where Cecilia and Elliot stood quietly. When Nathaniel returned and saw them waiting, he quickened his pace, worry flashing in his eyes. He strode over, stopping right in front of Cecilia. “Why are you standing outside?” Concern was written all over his face.

Cecilia quickly made up an excuse. “The kids are asleep Eli and I didn’t have much to do, so we thought we’d step out for a bit. We didn’t expect you to get back right now.”

Elliot glanced up at his mother and called her out with cheeky grin. "Mommy, wasn't it you who said we should come out to wait for sc\*mbag daddy to come home?"

A blush crept up Cecilia's face. "Well, we... we were also waiting for you."

She lowered her pretty eyes, avoiding Nathaniel's gaze.

Nathaniel's lips curled into an unconscious smile. "Let's go, it's time for dinner."

"All right," Cecilia replied, finally letting out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding. Following Nathaniel's steady footsteps, she realized that even with Nicholas around, she no longer felt the same apprehension she once did.

As they approached the dining room, Elena's voice called out warmly, "Nathaniel's back. It's almost time for dinner!"

Nicholas was already there. He stood and arranged the chairs for Cecilia and Elliot. "Sit," he said.-

Cecilia glanced at Nathaniel, waiting for him to sit down first before quietly taking the seat next to him.

Elliot, ever the obedient child, settled in beside her without a word.

Across the table, Nicholas calmly took the seat directly opposite Cecilia, his gaze steady but unreadable.

## Chapter 1599 Sister In Law

"Cecilia, you and Nathaniel rarely come home. Why not stay a bit longer this time? Mom always talks about missing you," Nicholas said smoothly. He carried himself with an air of ease, as if the past-his secret act of taking Cecilia abroad-had never happened. Cecilia froze for a moment, not knowing how to respond.

Nathaniel spoke up for her. "We're heading back tonight."

He was worried to stay here since Nicholas was around

Taking a bite of his meal, Nicholas asked, "Why the rush to leave? Are you taking the children with you?"

It sounded like casual conversation, but there was an undercurrent of tension beneath his words.

Elena intervened, "Let the children stay with me for now, so Ceci can focus on recuperating."

Nicholas nodded, his expression neutral. "That sounds about right." He lowered his head to continue eating, but his gaze lingered on Cecilia every so often, subtle yet noticeable.

Cecilia, feeling his eyes on her, shifted uncomfortably. She barely touched her food before rising from her seat. "I'm full. You all continue."

Elena's brows knitted with concern. "Eating so little? Is it because the food doesn't suit your taste, or are you feeling unwell?"

"No, I'm full." After giving a brief explanation, Cecilia stood up, eager to leave the table.

Nicholas quietly set down his fork soon after, clearly intending to follow her.

Nathaniel caught on immediately. Without bothering to finish his meal, he placed his fork down and swiftly got up to catch up with them.

Left behind, Elena glanced at the half-eaten dishes on the table and let out a sigh. "Why has everyone lost their appetite all of a sudden?"

Elliot, seated beside her, mirrored her sigh. "Grandma, let's not trouble ourselves over the adults anymore. If they don't care about their own health, we should just focus on taking care of ours."

"You little rascal, hahaha." Elena chuckled at his cheeky remark, her eyes crinkling with affection. Curious, she couldn't help but ask, "Eli, have you been live streaming lately?"

Elliot shook his head with a sigh. "Not really. My dad keeps giving me homework. I barely have time to breathe, let alone live stream." He could only do it occasionally on weekends now.

"No wonder," Elena murmured thoughtfully. She had always enjoyed watching his streams and had been wondering why he hadn't been online for a while.

Elliot glanced at her with a teasing smile. "But, Grandma, didn't you say live streaming wasn't a good thing?"

Elena's expression softened into a kind smile. "True, I did say that. Our family is well-off, so there's no need for you to work so hard to earn money. If you ever need anything, just come to me. I'll make sure 1/2

## Chapter 1599 Sister In Law

Elliot's eyes sparkled with gratitude, but he shook his head. "Thank you, Grandma, but I feel more at ease when I earn my own money."

Elena's heart swelled with pride. Even at such a young age, Elliot understood the importance of self-reliance.

a

"You're right," she said with a warm smile. "When you and Jon grow up, I'm sure you two will become the best of the best."

Their conversation flowed easily, laughter filling the dining room, a comforting contrast to the brewing storm outside.

Meanwhile, outside, the atmosphere was far from peaceful-it was a battlefield.

Nicholas was the first to catch up with Cecilia. His usual gentleness was gone, replaced by a cold edge, his words laced with mockery. "Should I call you Cecilia, or sister-in-law now? Do you even remember who I am?"

Cecilia hadn't expected him to come after her, and his tone made her pause for a moment.

"I am your elder brother's wife," she said, her voice steady but distant. "Do you even need to ask?"

Nicholas studied her carefully, his gaze sharp. Her expression told him everything he needed to know she hadn't remembered everything yet.

"All right," he said with a bitter smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Message received loud and clear. I won't bother you anymore."

"Thanks for that."

A cold voice cut through the tense air. Nathaniel approached with steady, purposeful steps. Without hesitation, he reached out, pulling Cecilia to his side and positioning her protectively behind him. "Know when to stop," Nathaniel said, his tone like steel. Especially when it comes to collaborating with Robert and his team." His meaning was clear, his warning unmistakable.

Nicholas' expression darkened. He smoothed down his sleeves, ignoring Nathaniel's authority. "Who I choose to work with is my business. It's not your place to interfere."

Before Nicholas left, he said, "It seems that all the pain you endured in the past was for nothing. In the future... you're bound to regret it."

Chapter 1600 Yannick Is A Better Choice

Nicholas stepped outside and got into the car.

Jocelyn was also in the car. Puzzled, she asked, "Mr. Nicholas, how come you're back so soon?"

Nicholas' plan had been to meet with Elena to discuss a potential collaboration with the Griffiths family.

Nicholas pinched the bridge of his nose. "There's no need to talk to her. She's always favored my older brother. It'd be better to reach out to Mr. Blaine instead"

Jocelyn didn't argue. "Okay."

In her memory, Elena had treated Nicholas just as well as Nathaniel. She couldn't understand why he held such a misconception. Without further comment, she instructed the driver to head toward the Griffiths residence. Blaine was known for his peculiar temperament and ruthless nature. Whether he would agree to collaborate with Nicholas remained uncertain.

Nicholas, however, was in no rush-he held leverage over Blaine.

With his eyes closed, he tried to rest, but sleep evaded him. His thoughts were consumed by images of Cecilia and her family.

That blissful, harmonious life should have been his.

But now, it belonged to Nathaniel.

Nathaniel has everything. Why does he have to steal my woman?

He clenched his fist, his knuckles turning white.

At that moment, Jocelyn's phone began to ring. Seeing that Nicholas had his eyes closed, she chose not to answer. Yet, the phone persisted, ringing again moments later.

Without opening his eyes, Nicholas said casually, "It's fine. Go ahead and take it."

"All right." Only then did Jocelyn pick up the call.

"What's the matter, Grandma?"

"Yannick knows he was wrong, Jocelyn," the old lady's voice carried a feigned severity. "You're not getting any younger. You can't keep throwing tantrums like a child. It's time to take him back." Jocelyn felt drained and impatient. "Grandma, he and really aren't a good match. Please, stop trying to set us up."

"Every time, it's the same excuse." The old lady's tone grew more anxious. "Then tell me, who is a good match for you? I'll pursue them on your behalf!"

In their circles, Jocelyn's current age was considered well past the prime for marriage. The gossip never stopped-whispers about how she remained single despite her background.

Chapter 1600 Yannick Is A Better Choice

everyone.

Jocelyn fell silent, unsure how to respond. She didn't know who she'd be truly compatible with-nor did she fully understand what compatibility even meant.

"Just don't worry about it," Jocelyn said.

"Is it your boss?" the old lady suddenly asked.

For a moment, Jocelyn was stunned, forgetting to reply

The elderly lady didn't hear a response from her granddaughter, and instantly understood what it meant. "Is it really him? I know that he's married. You foolish girl, a man like him is simply not worthy of you."



Jocelyn quickly lowered the volume on her phone and turned her gaze toward Nicholas. His eyes remained closed, his face devoid of any expression-seemingly asleep. He probably hadn't heard a thing. At least, that was what she told herself.

What she didn't realize was that Nicholas had heard every word.

The sound from her phone wasn't as quiet as she thought. Even without the speaker on, he could hear it clearly in the silence of the car, especially given their close proximity.

But Nicholas chose to act otherwise. He kept his eyes shut, maintaining the illusion of sleep. He didn't want to risk unsettling the delicate balance between them-not yet.

"Grandma, stop talking nonsense, I'm hanging up now. Jocelyn ended the call immediately.

Her heart pounded in her chest, and she couldn't help but call out to Nicholas, "Mr. Nicholas."

Nicholas did not respond.

Only then did Jocelyn relax.

Before long, another message from her grandmother popped up on Jocelyn's phone: Jocelyn, don't make the wrong choice. I don't think Nicholas is up to any good. Yannick is a better choice. He may be clumsy with his words, but he has a good heart. At your age, it's time you find someone to marry. The longer you keep avoiding it, the harder it'll be -and I won't be able to rest in peace! I worry about you, living all alone. Just tell me what you're looking for, and I'll help you find it. The messages kept coming, one after another, relentless and full of concern.

---