

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1601- 1610

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## Chapter 1601 An Awkward Moment

On one hand, Jocelyn felt guilty that her elderly grandmother was still worrying about her. On the other hand, she also acknowledged that she was not getting any younger and indeed, it was about time she found a partner. She typed: Grandma, I understand. I will meet Yannick again.

After the message was sent, the old lady finally calmed down.

Jocelyn switched off her phone, having nothing more to say. Finally, they arrived at the Griffiths residence.

Nicholas opened his eyes, and the two of them exited the car in unison, not mentioning the content of the earlier conversation on the phone. Meanwhile, Cecilia and Nathaniel returned home that evening.

Cecilia couldn’t help but ask him, “Are both children going to live in Rainsworth Manor going forward?”

Even though her memories of the children had not yet returned, she found herself growing fond of them after spending more time together. “Once your memory returns, we can bring the children home if that’s what you want,” Nathaniel said solemnly.

Cecilia nodded. “Alright.”

By the time she arrived at the Smith residence, it was already quite late, and everyone had gone to sleep.

Cecilia first told Elliot a bedtime story. Only after ensuring that he had drifted off to sleep, she quietly slipped away, readying herself for bed. She had barely reached the door when Nathaniel appeared before her, blocking her path.

Cecilia looked up, a puzzled expression on her face as she gazed at him. She lowered her voice, careful not to wake Elliot.

“What’s wrong? Is there a problem?”

Nathaniel lowered his gaze, his dark eyes intensely focused on her. “Let’s stay in the same room,” he suggested.

Cecilia’s face was somewhat flushed, and when she spoke again, she stuttered, “No... it... it’s not appropriate.”

“What’s not appropriate about it?” Nathaniel asked, firmly holding her hand. “We’re married, can you really bear to see me always alone?” “Sleeping alone is actually quite nice,” Cecilia remarked with a wry smile.

Nathaniel felt a sense of unease deep within his heart. He embraced Cecilia tightly. “You really do have faith in me, don’t you?” Whenever he wanted to go out in the past, Cecilia would always ask him where he was heading, constantly checking up on him. But now, she was unwilling to even share a room with him.

Suddenly embraced by him, Cecilia was taken aback. “What’s bothering you? Are you scared to sleep alone? You can share a room with Eli, or you could, perhaps, leave the lights on.”

Before she could finish her sentence, Nathaniel leaned forward, silencing her with a kiss.

Cecilia froze, as if she had lost control of her body.

At that moment, Charlotte had coincidentally gotten out of bed to get a drink of water.

She happened to witness this scene, which left her feeling utterly awkward.

Thud! Her cup subsequently hit the floor.

Startled, Cecilia immediately pushed Nathaniel away.

Charlotte quickly bent over to pick up her cup, all the while feigning

“Cough, cough, you

I saw nothing...” G

However, Nathaniel’s face was incredibly gloomy after being interrupted.

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He didn't pay any attention to Charlotte. Instead, he said to Cecilia, "Let's continue in the room." Continue? Continue what?

Cecilia felt her head pounding relentlessly, her body fluctuating between bouts of heat and cold.

"No, I'm too tired. You should go back to your room."

She swiftly broke away from Nathaniel, returning to her own room and making sure the door was shut tightly behind her. Nathaniel merely watched her retreating figure, his mood deteriorating significantly.

Meanwhile, Charlotte realized that she had unintentionally spoiled his plans. Feeling a little embarrassed, she squirmed slightly, intending to fade away and disappear from the scene.

Nathaniel passed by her with a look of annoyance. "Are you really that thirsty?"

"Um, I'm fine," Charlotte said, her head bowed down in guilt, like a child who had done something wrong.

"Tomorrow, you and Sven should stay in the same place," Nathaniel suggested softly.

"Huh?"

When Charlotte looked somewhat bewildered, Nathaniel cast a glance at her. "What's the matter? Do you not want to?"

## Chapter 1602 Moving Everyone Out

Naturally, Charlotte was more than eager. If she were to live in the same building with the dense Sven, their bond would surely deepen. In fact, she was hoping something would happen when both of them were alone. Nevertheless, she didn't dare to let her imagination run wild. She repeatedly nodded, replying, "No, no, I want to, but what about Madeline?"

Even if he kicks me out, Madeline's still around, right?

Nathaniel subsequently fell into a dilemma.

The Smith family had several villas, more than enough space to accommodate them all. The challenge for tomorrow was figuring out how to persuade Madeline to leave.

After falling asleep, Cecilia had a rather embarrassing dream. In it, she found herself in bed with Nathaniel, engaged in something they shouldn't have been.

Upon awakening, Cecilia felt her mind filled with dirty images.

She patted her own face. "Cecilia, what's wrong with you? This isn't like you at all."

Reflecting on the incident yesterday where Charlotte witnessed Nathaniel kissing her, Cecilia was too embarrassed to even step out of her room.

After a long hesitation and hearing no apparent activity outside, Cecilia finally ventured out.

The moment she emerged, she saw Charlotte packing her bags.

She was somewhat puzzled by the sight. "Lottie, what are you doing? Are you moving out?"

Cecilia felt even more embarrassed, as she knew it was surely due to the incident the night before.

She couldn't help but explain, "What happened yesterday was just a misunderstanding. Don't overthink it, and please don't move out."

Charlotte shook her head. "Boss, don't worry. I'm not moving out. I'm simply moving to the building behind to live with Sven."

At that moment, Madeline also emerged.

"Ceci, I'm also planning to move out, is that okay?"

Cecilia felt even more bewildered.

"Why?"

"I want to find a place close to the Faust residence, where it would be more convenient to visit Amy." Madeline hadn't seen Amelia for quite a few days, and she truly missed the latter. That morning, Nathaniel informed her that he owned a mansion which happened to be located near Darren's home.

Upon hearing Madeline's words, Cecilia felt it was inappropriate to dissuade them. "Alright then."

Once Madeline left, the mansion became even more quiet.

And if Charlotte were to move to the building behind, Cecilia and Nathaniel would be the only ones residing there. However, Cecilia knew it would be fair for her to have Charlotte stay due to her own selfish reasons.

“Let me help you move,” she offered.

“No need, Boss. You should just rest,” Charlotte declined.

Right then Sven emerged from Charlotte’s room with a box in hand.

Can handle the moving. Y

should just rest up,” he

ontent

Charlotte’s face was flushed, her smile radiant.

“Sven is strong. It’s best to leave the moving to him.”

Indeed, Sven effortlessly lifted two large boxes, and in just a few strides, he had reached outside.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel emerged from

the study upstairs, taking in the scene before him. A sense of relief washed over him, lifting his spirits considerably.

Cecilia then helped Madeline pack, and they waited for the moving company to arrive.

“Sigh, now that Lucy is married and you’re moving out, I feel like the house will never be as lively as it used to be.”

Madeline comforted her, “Don’t worry, we can always hang out here on the weekends, right?”

Cecilia nodded. “Mmm-hmm.”

Just at that moment, the housekeeper came in from outside.

“Mrs. Rainsworth, there’s someone outside looking for you. She claims to be your aunt.”

“My aunt? Brooklyn? What is she doing here?”

Cecilia was somewhat perplexed.

However, since Brooklyn was already here, it wouldn’t have been polite for her to turn the former away. “Invite her in, please.”

“Alright.”

The housekeeper hastily left the house.

Madeline couldn’t help but ask, “Who does she mean by your aunt?”

“It’s Mdm. Queenie’s younger sister,” Cecilia said.

Charlotte immediately leaned in. “I know her. Her name is... Brooklyn Jamieson. Rumor has it that she’s a powerful media executive in the capital.”

No wonder all Cassandra’s scandals were easily covered up in the past. This must be the reason.

## Chapter 1603 The Persuasive Brooklyn

“Boss, who would have thought that the one who defended Cassandra online and slandered you was your own aunt,” Charlotte exclaimed, before adding, “but she didn’t know who you were at that time, so it was all a misunderstanding.” As she was speaking, Brooklyn had already rushed over in her high heels.

“Ceci.”

Brooklyn appeared radiant, seemingly defying her age. Despite being in her forties, she looked as if she was only in her thirties.

She tried to embrace Cecilia once again, but this time, Cecilia was ready and managed to evade her.

Brooklyn couldn’t help but feel disappointed. “Ceci, why are you being so petty? Can’t you let me hold you for a bit?” she grumbled in a cute tone.

Charlotte couldn't believe that such a big shot was behaving that way in front of Cecilia.

"Mdm. Brooklyn, please don't be like that," Cecilia pleaded awkwardly.

"Could you call me Aunt Brooklyn instead? Madam sounds old and formal," Brooklyn requested, feigning unhappiness.

Cecilia felt somewhat helpless and had no choice but to give in. "Aunt Brooklyn, what brings you here?"

Addressing Brooklyn as "aunt" was easier than calling Queenie "mom."

Brooklyn finally felt a little better. "I just came to see you and wanted to hang out with you. I came to Tudela alone, so I have no one to keep me company."

As she spoke, her gaze shifted toward Charlotte who was beside her.

"What's this young lady's name? She's quite adorable. Is she your friend?"

When Charlotte found herself being praised as a beautiful young woman, she couldn't be any more pleased.

Cecilia replied, "Her name is Charlotte Talbot. She's a friend and former colleague of mine."

"Oh, Charlotte, such an adorable name," Brooklyn said, making herself at home. She took Charlotte's hand, "Your palm reading suggests a life of wealth and prosperity. But..." Brooklyn paused before saying, "Your love line signifies trouble ahead."

My love line shows trouble ahead?

Charlotte became anxious immediately. "Mdm. Brooklyn, what do you mean? Please tell me more."

Brooklyn feigned displeasure as she looked at her, "Since you're Ceci's, how should you address me?"

"Aunt Brooklyn," Charlotte responded extremely quickly.

Brooklyn began to lay out her

analysis. Your love life will be rocky,

but don't worry, everything will eventually turn out fine. Once the dust settles, happiness will be yours." en

She spoke with utmost seriousness, while Charlotte listened attentively.

However, both Cecilia and Madeline found it utterly absurd.

Doesn't that analysis apply to everyone? Everyone experiences a rocky road in their relationships.

However, both of them knew better than to expose Brooklyn, treating it as nothing more than entertainment.

At that moment, Brooklyn reached

into her bag, pulling out a bracelet She handed it to Charlotte, saying, "Here, wear this. It can bring you wealth and prosperity."

Charlotte felt too embarrassed to accept.

"How could I possibly accept this? I just can't."

Although she wasn't an expert, she could tell at a glance that the item was of considerable value.

"What's the big deal? You're friends with Ceci, which makes you my niece as well. I'm particularly fond of you, so go ahead and take it." Brooklyn even helped Charlotte put it on.

Initially, Charlotte had her reservations about Brooklyn, believing she wasn't a good person, but now, she was completely won over.

After securing Charlotte's favor,

Brooklyn turned her gaze toward

Madeline. "My dear, your friend here

is extraordinarily beautiful. She must be the daughter of a prestigious family, isn't she?"

One couldn't deny how sharp Brooklyn was.



She immediately noticed that Madeline was no ordinary child.

Indeed, Madeline had been brought up in a lap of luxury.

“Aunt Brooklyn, my name is Madeline Foster. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Chapter 1604 Money Makes Anything Possible

“Madeline Foster...” Brooklyn murmured, her eyes suddenly lighting up. “Could it be that Kieron Foster is your grandfather?”

At the mention of this name, Madeline’s expression shifted before she nodded repeatedly. “Yes, do you know my grandfather?”

“Know him? More than that. He used to invite me over all the time, back when you weren’t even born yet,” Brooklyn said. She then added with a touch of regret, “It’s just a shame that the Foster family isn’t what it used to be. You must have been tough for you, hasn’t it?” With just a few words, she had managed to build a connection between herself and Madeline.

Initially, Madeline, like Charlotte, was somewhat wary of Brooklyn. However, their attitudes were now different.

“It’s all in the past,” she said, her gaze slightly lowered.

Brooklyn wore a face of regret. “When the Foster family was in trouble, I was powerless and couldn’t lend a hand. I’m truly sorry.”

Madeline shook her head. “It was just fate. My family doesn’t blame anyone.”

It was the first time that Cecilia had heard Madeline speak of her family.

At that moment, Brooklyn produced a business card and handed it over to Madeline.

“Maddie, if you ever need anything, don’t hesitate to come to me. As long as it’s within my power, I’ll definitely lend a hand.”

Madeline looked at her with eyes full of gratitude. “Thank you.”

Back then, her father had been wrongfully accused and tragically lost his life.

She had always been unsure of whom to ask for help.

Thus, Madeline took Brooklyn's business card, gripping it tightly as if she was fearful of losing it.

The atmosphere in the room started out rather tense, yet Brooklyn managed to ease the situation effortlessly.

"Have you all had breakfast yet? If not, let me give you all a treat."

Charlotte immediately replied, "Not yet, we've been packing since early morning."

"Let's go then." Brooklyn took Cecilia's hand naturally, treating her like a sister. "Cecilia, tell me what you, Lottie, and Maddie would like to have."

This was the first time that Cecilia had encountered someone so overly familiar, and ironically, this person happened to be her aunt.

She noticed that Charlotte and

Madeline seemed to quite like Brooklyn, so she simply went along with that and joined them for dinner.

Upon reaching the door, they were greeted by a stretched Lincoln, with a figure standing beside it-Queenie.

Queenie was rather average-looking, but Brooklyn, in contrast, was stunningly beautiful.

Rumor had it that Queenie had

undergone plastic surgery to look as ordinary as she did now, all in an effort to hide from her enemies.

When Queenie saw her sister bringing out her daughter and friends, her eyes glistened.

At that moment, something occurred to Charlotte. "Right, what about Sven and Mr. Rainsworth?"

"Let them eat at home," Madeline answered readily.

It was only then that Cecilia remembered them. "I'll send them a message."

"Alright."

At that moment, Queenie walked toward Cecilia, greeting, "Ceci."

The look she gave Cecilia was one filled with warmth. "About what happened yesterday\_"

Before she could finish, Brooklyn cut her off.

"Queenie, Ceci hasn't even had breakfast yet. Whatever it is can wait after we eat," she asserted.

Queenie had always been a

formidable force in the business

world, yet when it came to her own daughter, she seemed to be at a loss, less adept than even her younger sister. en

"Alright, alright, hurry up and get in."

The group then settled into the luxury car and journeyed toward the most upscale restaurant in Tudela.

Queenie had the restaurant reserved for their use, allowing Cecilia and her friends to order whatever they fancied.

Charlotte's mind was truly blown that day.

"Money really can make anything possible."

Madeline came from a wealthy background, so this level of spending didn't particularly surprise her.

Chapter 1605 Bonding Time

During breakfast, Queenie couldn't help but secretly seek Brooklyn's advice.

"How did you manage to get Cecilia and her friends to come out?"

"This isn't easy to teach, Queenie. Just remember to take it slow, don't rush," replied Brooklyn.

Queenie was aware that she shouldn't rush, but given her physical condition, she didn't have the luxury of time.

Brooklyn comforted her, "Ceci is a sensible girl. She'll eventually come to understand. Right now, the most important thing is to get along well with her. The role we play in her life doesn't matter." Queenie nodded. "Alright, thank you."

"Don't be a stranger. We're sisters, aren't we?"

Brooklyn tenderly embraced Queenie, her heart aching as she noticed the additional strands of white hair at her temples.

"Queenie, you must take good care of yourself."

When Queenie suddenly found herself being embraced, she was startled. "I know. What's wrong with you? Why hug me all of a sudden?"

"It makes us feel closer." Brooklyn pouted slightly. "Let's go, we should rejoin the youngsters."

Queenie readily agreed, "Alright."

Having meals with the younger crowd was devoid of pressure, so it made Queenie feel younger.

However, the occasional discomfort in her heart and lungs was a clear reminder to her of her physical condition.

"Mdm. Queenie," Charlotte began, recalling something from the past, "Thank you for the investment you made in our company."

Queenie couldn't help but smile. "It's no big deal. Just keep working hard. I'm sure the company will reach new heights."

Charlotte nodded vehemently.

Cecilia glanced at Queenie, surprised to find that the latter would invest in her company.

At that moment, everyone was having a great time enjoying their meal.

Back at the Jamieson residence, Cassandra didn't go to the office for the day. She was aware that Queenie and Brooklyn had met with Grover the day before in relation to Cecilia. "I really have no idea how that old fogey's inheritance is actually allocated."

Cassandra had been rummaging around in Queenie's study, but unfortunately, she ended up finding nothing.

She slammed her fist on the table in frustration. "Where is it?"

Unable to find the will, Cassandra turned on Queenie's computer. She keyed in her old birthday password and successfully logged in.

Upon seeing the vast database of business information on the computer, Cassandra swiftly copied all of it.

Making the most of Queenie and Brooklyn's absence, she stealthily slipped out of the room.

When Queenie and Brooklyn

returned, Cassandra had already et

prepared a display of filial piety. She had neatly sliced some fruit and set it before them.

"Mom, Aunt Brooklyn, you're back. Come and have some fruit," she said.

With a gentle smile, Queenie agreed, "Alright."

Brooklyn was clearly scrutinizing Cassandra with her gaze.

"Cassandra, aren't you going to the office today?" she asked.

Cassandra's hand, which was holding the fruit platter, froze for a moment. Then, putting on a pitiful expression, she said, "Dahlia's condition is quite grave; I don't have any mood to work."

"Oh, I see. I was wondering how a mother could bear to watch her own daughter suffer," Brooklyn remarked sarcastically.

Cassandra pursed her lips. "I was once swayed by Nicholas, but now I've come to see the light. After all, Dahlia is my daughter." "I'm glad to hear that."

After eating a piece of fruit, Brooklyn

turned to Queenie and said,

yol.ne

“Queenie, the office needs me to handle some issues, so I have to leave tonight.”

“So soon?” Queenie was reluctant to let her go.

Brooklyn nodded. “Yeah, those good-for-nothings rely on me for everything, I don’t have much of a choice.” “Alright, after we’ve had dinner, I’ll take you to the airport.”

“Sure thing.”

The two were engrossed in their conversation, leaving Cassandra standing by the side, feeling like an outsider.

#### Chapter 1606 The Return Of Scorpius

Cassandra observed the frosty glances the sisters showed her and silently made up her mind. As soon as Brooklyn left, she would set her plan into motion. After having dinner, Queenie sent Brooklyn to the airport.

She had just returned home, and Cassandra was still awake. She brought over a warm cup of milk, saying, “Mom, have some milk.”

“Alright, thank you.” Queenie accepted it without much thought and finished drinking in one gulp.

After she was done, she looked at Cassandra and confided in her, “Your aunt and I went to see Ceci today.”

Cassandra appeared magnanimous on the surface as she asked, “Has she forgiven you?”

Queenie shook her head. “She’s still distant toward me. I don’t know how to make her forgive me.”

She looked up at Cassandra once again.

“Cassandra, darling, I have modified her will, leaving half of the estate to Ceci. You wouldn’t hold it against me, would you?”

Half of the inheritance!

A storm of shock and anger surged within Cassandra.

Why should half of the wealth be given to someone who doesn't even acknowledge their own mother? What gives Cecilia the right? Cassandra broke into a smirk. "Mom, I thought you were going to leave all the inheritance to her."

"Of course not. You're my daughter too." Queenie reached out and held Cassandra's hand.

However, all the latter felt from the gesture was nothing but disgust.

But, she knew that Queenie would soon depart from this world, never to upset her again.

"Mom, thank you. Even though I'm just your adopted daughter, you still treat me as if I were your own," Cassandra said.

Queenie wanted to say something more, but she felt a little dizzy and a sense of discomfort gripped her chest.

"Don't be silly. Alright now, I'm going to rest."

"Sure." Cassandra nodded, watching as Queenie ascended the stairs.

After Queenie left, Cassandra picked up the milk cup and washed it clean.

"Mom, don't blame me for being heartless. Y You should never

sought out your biologicals have

she muttered to herself.

Recently, Queenie had been feeling particularly exhausted and unusually sleepy.

Every time she woke up, it was already past eleven in the r and

She found herself storinget

manage her work.

Caliste was quite worried. "Mdm. Queenie, you can't go on like this. Should we go to the hospital?"

Queenie shook her head. "There's no point in going to the hospital. It's useless."

Caliste let out a sigh. "What should we do? There's so much going on in the company."

After some thought, Queenie said, "Recall Scorpius from abroad."

Scorpius, the very man who had once kidnapped Jonathan, had spent years abroad laying low.

"Right now?" Caliste couldn't believe it. "If Nathaniel decides to hold him accountable..."

"I insist on taking him with me to apologize to Cecilia and to set everything right," explained Queenie. "Understood."

Caliste didn't inquire further. Instead, she called Scorpius, who was abroad.

Upon receiving the instruction, Scorpius immediately purchased a return flight ticket.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel had also received news of Scorpius's return.

"He's been hiding all these years, why choose to return now?" Nathaniel asked solemnly.

Mason shook his head. "I'm not sure, perhaps something unexpected happened at the Jamieson family."

Scorpius was Queenie's right-hand man, holding a significant position.

For this very reason, even though Queenie knew that the person she had kidnapped was her own grandson, she never punished Scorpius.

"Let's head back," Nathaniel said, no longer in the mood to work.

"Alright."

The following morning, Cecilia spotted Queenie arriving with a man whose face was covered in scars.

When the man saw Cecilia, his face was filled with guilt.



## Chapter 1607 A Heartless Person

Scorpius walked up to Cecilia. Without uttering a single word, he kneeled in front of her.

Shock filled Cecilia's eyes.

"What's going on here?"

Queenie approached Scorpius and said, "Ceci, he was the person who kidnapped Jon and almost got him killed back then. I orchestrated it all."

Scorpius followed up, saying, "Ms. Cecilia, I'm sorry. I came back this time to atone for my sins. If you wish for my death, I'm ready to die right now!"

Queenie's body started to tremble slightly when she heard those words.

Scorpius had been with her for so many years, always considering her interests first. If not for him, she wouldn't be where she was then.

"Ceci, I need to ask you to forgive Scorpius," Queenie uttered, mustering up the courage. "I know I don't have the right to say this. As the child's granny, I deserve condemnation more than he does." Eventually, Cecilia understood why they were there.

Her memory had not fully returned at that point, but she would vaguely dream of Jonathan in peril.

Back then, her son's life was at stake. Hence, she couldn't possibly forgive and forget so easily.

Cecilia clenched her fists and asked, "What if I don't forgive?"

Right then, Nathaniel had also made his way to her side.

"Mdm. Queenie, your behavior is quite out of line right now. You are well aware that Ceci hasn't regained her memory yet. Are you here to pressure her?"

"No... It's just that..." Queenie's eyes were tinged with red. She was afraid she couldn't wait much longer.

The words that followed got stuck in her throat, and she just couldn't voice them out.

“Nathaniel, Ceci, state your conditions. Whatever is within our reach, I will surely accomplish it,” Queenie said.

Nathaniel looked toward Cecilia.

Cecilia’s fingertips sank deeply into the palms of her hands. “There should be a price to pay for mistakes, shouldn’t there? You, him, and Cassandra, you all once wanted me and my son dead. Shouldn’t you turn yourselves in and face imprisonment?”

Queenie’s mind was in a whirl.

After hearing that, Scorpius bowed deeply toward the ground. “Ms. Cecilia, this matter has nothing to do with Ms. Evans or Mdm. Queenie. I’m willing to go to jail, but I beg you to grant me a little time.”

“Mdm. Queenie’s health isn’t great right now, so can I stay with her for a year?” Scorpius enunciated, “Rest assured. I don’t think I’ll go back on my word.” Queenie felt even more upset. “Scorpius, what nonsense are you talking about?”

After she had scolded with a remark, she then turned to Cecilia with a smile. “All right. Once I’ve settled all the business matters, we’ll go do just that.”

Queenie understood well that this could be the only way for her to reach a mutual understanding with Cecilia and Cecilia’s mother.

Scorpius, however, shook his head. “Mdm. Queenie, your health isn’t in the best condition. You can’t go. I’ll handle it all by myself. I did everything alone.” Cecilia’s emotions grew particularly complicated when she saw the two of them in such a state.

She steeled herself and said, “Please, sort it out amongst yourselves and stop discussing it in my presence.”

Upon seeing the situation, Scorpius finally stood up and helped Queenie to leave.

After they left, Cecilia sank heavily into the couch, feeling particularly exhausted.

Nathaniel had not expected that Cecilia would make such a decision.

The room was unusually quiet. When Cecilia opened her eyes, she looked at Nathaniel and asked him, “Am I heartless?”

It was clear that all the things that happened in the past were misunderstandings. Moreover, Queenie was her biological mother.

Had Queenie known that Cecilia was her own flesh and blood, she surely wouldn't have hurt Cecilia in the past.

"This isn't about being heartless or not. They really did hurt you and Jon. We can't say that ignorance is a complete excuse, can we?" Nathaniel comforted her.

Cecilia was still feeling uneasy.

"Hmm... Kean't recall the incident right now. Just hearing about it is frightening. I wonder what will happen when I do remember"

## Chapter 1608 Shouldering Blame

After Queenie and Scorpius returned, Cassandra also heard what Cecilia had said.

"Mom, Scorpius, you two are her elders. It's one thing to apologize to her, but how could you actually agree to go to jail?" Cassandra was most afraid that this matter would drag her down. Scorpius sighed repeatedly. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have done wrong in the first place. I never thought it would come back to hurt us. I deserve this."

Upon hearing his words, Queenie couldn't help but say, "I don't blame you. It was my lack of foresight."

Back then, they abused their power to bully others.

Cassandra watched as the two people took turns shouldering blame, a look of disdain evident in her eyes. "No one can be blamed for this. Who would've known that she was my sister?" Queenie refuted her, "Even if she wasn't related to us, we shouldn't have acted that way in the first place."

"Yeah..." Scorpius pounded his leg. "Back then, when I was with Mdm. Queenie, we basically never bullied innocent people. However, as the Jamieson family grew more powerful, our attitudes changed."

He looked at Cassandra and said, "Cassandra, you need to adjust your attitude in the future. Don't take advantage of those who are vulnerable. Your mother and I are getting old, and

from now on, you'll have to forge your own path." Cassandra didn't pay any mind to what they said.

"Scorpius, this isn't what you told me when I was a child," she said. "You told me that I was the prominent young lady of the Jamieson family, that I could have anything I desired, even if it meant taking it by force."

Scorpius choked on his words, not daring to say anything more.

Queenie simply couldn't be bothered to continue lecturing Cassandra.

Cassandra noticed the two had stopped talking and couldn't help but probe further, asking, "Does Cecilia also want me to go to jail? You didn't agree to it, did you?"

Scorpius shook his head. "Don't worry. I will take full responsibility for what happened before. It has nothing to do with you or Mdm. Queenie."

Upon hearing that, Cassandra finally allowed herself to exhale a sigh of relief.

Cassandra expressed her gratitude, saying, "Scorpius, thank you."

Queenie, who was standing to the side, felt compelled to say, "Cassandra, the root of this issue lies with you and me. Scorpius was merely acting on our behalf. If anyone should be held accountable, it's primarily you and me."

Cassandra's expression changed instantly. "Mom, didn't I tell you? I didn't know at that time that Cecilia was my sister."

Seeing the two on the verge of a quarrel, Scorpius quickly stepped in to defuse the situation. "It's all right. It's all right. I'm an old man, so there's nothing I fear."

Cassandra gradually calmed down.

"Scorpius, don't worry. If Cecilia insists on sending you to jail, I will definitely take good care of your family. Honestly speaking, Cecilia is just being petty about this whole thing. We've already clarified that it was a misunderstanding, yet she refuses to let it go."

Her words took both Scorpius and Queenie by surprise.

However, neither of them dared to say anything in response.

Cassandra brought over some milk again, saying, "Mom, I was a bit harsh earlier. Please have some milk and take a good rest."

"All right." Queenie reached out to take it.

Only after Cassandra saw her finish her drink did she finally feel relieved.

After finishing her milk, Queenie began to feel tired again. She informed Scorpius and went to rest.

Scorpius watched her vanish from sight before he finally took his leave from the Jamieson residence.

Right then, Caliste stopped him and asked, "Mr. Jiminez, where are you headed? Aren't you staying here?"

"It doesn't seem right for a grown man like me to stay here. I'll stay elsewhere," Scorpius said with a chuckle. "All right, then."

Caliste held some admiration for Scorpius.

Not only was Scorpius loyal to Queenie, but he also cared deeply about her reputation.

It was a shame that the two of them didn't end up together back then.

After leaving the Jamieson

residence, Scorpius hopped into a car and simply booked a hotel room. He was feeling utterly lost at the moment. How could I possibly make amends for the mistakes I made back then? I even put Jon in danger! Thank goodness that child was smart back then. Otherwise, no matter what I do, I'll never be able to redeem myself.

## Chapter 1609 Making Friends

Scorpius had managed to find out where Jonathan's preschool was located. Unable to contain his eagerness, he found himself waiting outside the very next morning. From a distance, he spotted Jonathan entering the preschool, recognizing him instantly.

This child was not only good-looking but also exceptionally intelligent. Even among a group of children, he stood out as the most noticeable.

Jonathan also felt as if someone was constantly watching him. He turned around to look but saw nothing.

Felix had been waiting for Jonathan to suffer a setback, anticipating his parents would make a comeback against all odds. Unfortunately, it never happened. "Jon."

He quickly made his way to Jonathan's side.

Jonathan halted, turning back to look at him. "What's up?"

"Let's make up," he proposed.

"Make up? Didn't you say that you wouldn't hang out with me anymore? You even said that I would be your follower, and you would be the heir of the Rainsworth family," Jonathan teased him playfully.

Felix's face flushed bright red. "I was just joking, okay?"

"Oh? Just a joke?" Jonathan didn't quite see it that way.

Recently, he had asked George to increase the security around him, purely out of fear that Felix's parents might resort to underhanded tricks.

"Yes, Jon. I truly realized my mistake. I want to be friends with you."

"I don't want any friends," Jonathan declared, shaking off his hand before briskly stepping into the preschool.

Felix stood alone, consumed by an immense sense of loss.

Right then, Dante approached Felix. "Felix, did Jon dismiss you? Haha!"

Felix's gaze turned icy.

"What are you laughing at? You, a child of the Kennedy family, dare to mock me? Believe it or not, I can get the head of kindergarten to fire you." Dante immediately sealed his lips.

He then muttered under his breath, "How petty..."

After Felix walked away, his mood became increasingly sour.

At that moment, his mother, Miranda, called him and asked, "Felix, how did it go?"

"Jonathan is being ungrateful. He's refused to hang out with me," said Felix.

The reason he suddenly sought out Jonathan was because Miranda had asked him to.

Miranda had asked him to get closer to Jonathan to observe what Cecilia and the others were up to. Unfortunately, Jonathan was

surprisingly unwilling to interact with

Felix.

"Is he actually ignoring you?" Miranda frowned.

Felix asked again, "Mommy, when can you, Daddy, and Grandpa return to work at the company? Everyone is saying that you were all driven out by Uncle Nicholas." Miranda looked somewhat embarrassed. "You're just a child. You don't understand anything, so don't speak recklessly."

With that, she ended the call.

At that moment, the entire family was gathered in the living room, planning something.

Miranda glanced at the others before calling Cassandra on the phone. "Cassandra, how are things on your end?" Cassandra heard that sudden question and felt irritated. "You should worry more about yourself. I'm doing just fine over here."

Cassandra had already acquired

most of the company's documents. All she was waiting for was the death of Queenie, after which she could naturally take over Jamieson Group.

The only tricky part was Queenie's will.

Listening to Cassandra's arrogant words, Miranda couldn't be bothered to continue the conversation and hung up the phone.

Right then, Robert stepped forward and asked, "Miranda, weren't you and Cecilia on good terms before?"

His understanding was still stuck a few years in the past.

Miranda gave a forced smile and said, "Dad, all that is in the past. The current Cecilia is something else entirely."

"I've taught you long ago, no? There

are certain matters that should not be exposed openly. Even when dealing with enemies, you should greet them with a smile," Robert advised her.

Miranda nodded. "Yeah. I'll figure out a way to get in touch with Cecilia."

## Chapter 1610 Old Tricks

Dealing with Nathaniel was not easy, but Cecilia was his weak spot.

Miranda sent a message to the parents' group chat that read: Dear mothers, after discussing with the teachers, we thought it would be a great idea to take advantage of the beautiful spring weather for a field trip with the kids. We hope every parent can join us. As soon as her message was sent, it instantly garnered the support of the majority of parents.

Cecilia had also seen the message.

Considering that all the parents were attending, she didn't feel right to refuse, so she agreed to go as well.

Upon seeing Cecilia's response, Miranda felt a bit relieved. She even kindly sent Cecilia a text of a list of things to be mindful of.

The text read: Ceci, according to Mdm. Elena, you're not in the best of health. So, if you're planning to take Jon on an outing, you must prioritize safety. Here's a checklist for you. Follow it while making purchases. We'll be camping, so make sure to pack essentials like insect repellent and cold medicine.

Cecilia received a private message from Miranda and responded: Thank you.

Meanwhile, Priscilla had also sent a message to Cecilia that read: In the past, we never really did things like picnics or camping. I'm not sure what's going on this year. Is Miranda up to her old tricks?



At that moment, Priscilla was completely siding with Cecilia.

Upon seeing her message, Cecilia replied: I'm not quite sure what's going on. Let's see how things unfold.

Priscilla: All right.

After putting down her phone, Cecilia informed Nathaniel that she planned to accompany Jonathan on a trip to the countryside, followed by a camping excursion.

"Are you going on your own?" Nathaniel asked seriously.

Cecilia nodded. "Yeah. The school said it's fine as long as one parent accompanies."

"No. I'll go with you," declared Nathaniel firmly.

He was worried about Cecilia and Jonathan being out there on their own.

"Don't you have to go to work?" Cecilia didn't want to disturb him.

"Work can wait. We don't get many chances to go on a trip in a year. When are we going?" Nathaniel asked her.

"It's the day after tomorrow."

"All right. I'll have someone prepare the items needed for the picnic." Nathaniel picked up his phone and sent a message to his subordinate.

Seeing the situation, Cecilia found herself unable to refuse any further.

Two days later, Nathaniel had prepared all of Cecilia's luggage early in the morning. Even the clothes were all set.

Cecilia was somewhat incredulous. "Did you do all this for me? How would you know what I want to wear?"

"Bringing more won't hurt. See if you're missing anything, okay? If you need something else, I'll go get it," Nathaniel said seriously.

He then understood that to love someone meant to show them more care rather than merely expressing it in words.

After a glance, Cecilia noticed that t everythin

was meticulously

prepared. Nathaniel had even taken care of the things she hadn't thought of

"I have everything I need here. Thank you."

"Get in the car, then," Nathaniel said, opening the car door.

Cecilia took a seat.

The driver drove them to the preschool.

At the entrance of the preschool, several parents had already arrived. Miranda was standing not too far away, scanning her surroundings.

Finally, she spotted Nathaniel's car and hurried over with a light jog.

"Ceci," Miranda called out, her face blooming into a radiant smile, appeared extraordinarily amiable.

Cecilia also responded with a polite smile.

Nathaniel followed suit and stepped out of the car.

When Miranda saw him, her expression shifted. "Nathaniel, are you here to drop Ceci off or..."

"I'm not at ease with her bringing the child alone," Nathaniel answered gravely. "Hence, we're going together."

Upon hearing that Nathaniel was going to accompany Cecilia, Miranda couldn't help but think of her good-for-nothing husband.

Ever since Adrian was discharged

from the hospital, he had been

staying at home every day, doing nothing. He relied on Miranda for everything and couldn't even compare to Nathaniel.

“Don’t worry,” Miranda reassured in a gentle tone, We have the teachers leading us, and the security guards are also accompanying us. There won’t be any issues. If too many parents come along, it might even become difficult to manage”

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