

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1641 - 1650

Chapter 1641 The Heart Is Hard To Read

After cleaning up her room, Vivian lay down in exhaustion.

The housekeeper brought her a variety of nourishing food. “Mrs. Sinclair, do eat more. Old Mr. Sinclair said that you young folks now expended a lot of energy and need to replenish your strength to conceive a child more quickly.”

Following all that had happened, Vivian felt fearful at the sight of soup.

“No. Please take it away quickly. Just looking at it makes me nauseous.”

“Huh? You’re feeling nauseous already? That shouldn’t be it,” the housekeeper mused to herself.

Vivian wished nothing more than for the ground to open up and swallow her whole.

After sending the housekeeper away, she couldn’t resist calling Cecilia.

“Ceci.”

Cecilia was at the company that day, brushing up on business matters when she received a call from Vivian. She couldn’t help but ask, “Vivian, what’s up?”

“Oh well, it’s a long story.”

Vivian then relayed everything that had happened the previous night to Cecilia.

Hearing all that, Cecilia found it utterly unbelievable.

“Old Mr. Sinclair actually used that tactic?”

“Yes. I feel deeply regretful now.” Vivian sighed before adding, “There’s something else I haven’t been able to figure out.”

“What is it?” Cecilia asked.

Vivian recounted the incident of her having been kidnapped the day before her wedding in full detail. After listening to the her, Cecilia was also puzzled.

“So, what exactly happened that night?”

“I don’t know either. Until now, I still find it all so strange. When I was out of it that night, I could have sworn I saw those men...”

Vivian trailed off without finishing her utterance.

“This matter must be investigated thoroughly.” Cecilia was worried that the kidnappers might have done something else if they didn’t look into the issue properly.

Vivian nodded. “Yeah, I think so too. Zachary has already sent someone to investigate it. But it’s been so long now. We couldn’t find anything back then, so I reckon it’s going to be hard to find out the truth.”

“With effort, one can achieve anything. I’ll also have Sven look for leads,” replied Cecilia.

“Okay. I won’t intrude on you any longer, then.” Vivian subsequently ended the call.

At some point, Zachary had appeared at the door. “Are you still tired?”

Following his question, Vivian’s face flamed.

“I’m fine.”

Zachary walked in and naturally took a seat by the bed.

Upon seeing that, Vivian reached out and pushed him. “Why are you sitting here?”

“I’m here to hold you accountable.” Zachary was practically glowing then.

“As I’ve said, I’m not going to take responsibility. Don’t overthink things. In today’s society, such a thing is normal,” Vivian explained.

Zachary, however, demurred. “Anyway, we’re married now. Don’t even think about backing out.”

After he had said that, he sauntered out while humming and made a call to his buddies.

He acted so elated that his fair-weather friends couldn't help but ask, "Has Stella changed her mind?" "What does this have to do with Stella?"

At the mention of Stella, Zachary even snorted before adding, "The sight of her alone makes me sick." Hearing that, everyone began to ask who exactly made him so happy.

"Naturally, it's my wife," Zachary declared with a grin.

His friends were all astonished.

Once upon a time, he had a strong distaste for Vivian, complaining about her lack of refinement and her penchant for resorting to physical violence, among other things. Why had he changed so quickly now? Sure enough, a man's heart is hard to read.

At Ceci Corporation, Cecilia had come to understand most of her job responsibilities. Suddenly, Charlotte hurried over. "Boss, Mdm. Queenie is here."

Ever since Queenie found out that Cecilia was her biological daughter, she visited Ceci Corporation frequently under the pretext of

discussing a collaboration. But

reality, she was unilaterally providing

benefits to Ceci Corporation.

Chapter 1642 Visiting Ceci Corporation Daily

During the period when Cecilia went missing, Nathaniel rejected all of Queenie's collaboration proposals for the sole reason to stand up for Cecilia.

When Queenie was first approached by Cecilia, who claimed to be her daughter, she didn't take it seriously. Now that she wanted to make amends, Nathaniel naturally refused to give her any opportunity to do so.

Even so, Queenie did everything in her power to eliminate all kinds of potential business risks for Ceci Corporation.

Since Nathaniel was not around that day, Charlotte had no choice but to call Cecilia over.

In the reception room, Queenie was seated nervously.

When she saw that it was Cecilia who came, her eyes brimmed with joy.

“Ceci.”

“Mdm. Queenie.”

Contrary to Queenie’s excitement, no hint of emotion showed in Cecilia’s eyes. They remained as calm as

ever.

Queenie felt a hint of disappointment, but she didn’t let it show. She pulled out a chair and sat down. “Ceci, I’d like to invest in Ceci Corporation,” said Queenie.

At that moment, Cecilia was still unfamiliar with the various operations of the company. Upon hearing that, she sat down, planning to note down everything and ask Nathaniel about it that night.

Queenie raised a hand, stopping her from doing so. “Ceci, you don’t need to note it down.”

“What do you mean by that?” Cecilia asked, perplexed.

Cutting straight to the chase, Queenie replied, “I still have a significant amount of liquid assets at my disposal, and I want to give them all to you.”

Immediately, Cecilia pulled her hand out from under hers. “No, it’s okay. Thank you.”

“Ceci, please don’t be in a hurry to decline, okay?” A trace of panic flitted across Queenie’s eyes. She was afraid that she might unknowingly upset Cecilia again. “I truly don’t know what to do. I misspoke last time.

I know you don’t care about the money I have in hand.”

I should have known long ago. If she cared about money, she would never have given all of the Smith family’s assets to her brother, Magnus.

Still, Cecilia insisted, “If there’s nothing else, I’ll be leaving now.”

She rose to her feet to leave.

Queenie hurriedly moved to intercept her.

Perhaps she got up too abruptly, but her head spun. Losing her footing, she nearly toppled onto the ground.

Cecilia reacted swiftly, reaching out and steadying her. "Are you okay?"

Feeling greatly gratified, Queenie nodded and replied with a smile, "I'm fine. Thank you."

Cecilia slowly dropped her hand on the woman.

Queenie looked at her hopefully. "Ceci, could you please keep me company for a while?"

"I still need to work," Cecilia declined.

Rejected once again, Queenie felt indescribably sad. Nonetheless, she forced a smile. "It's fine. Go on and work. I just wait at the side. promise I won't disturb you.

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Since she had said as much, it was practically impossible for Cecilia to decline further. And so, Queenie sat quietly in Cecilia's office, watching as she hustled and bustled about. Upon witnessing that scene, Charlotte and Lucille couldn't help but gossip about it.

"Is the boss of such a large company like Jamieson Group that free?" Lucille asked.

Charlotte shook her head. "Who knows? But I think she genuinely wants to do right by Boss."

"At the end of the day, she's her biological mother. I hope Ceci regains her memory soon and makes a decision," Lucille murmured.

"Once she recovers her memory, she might start hating her."

Charlotte let out a sigh.

After all, she was well aware of all that had transpired when Cecilia

went to Queenie for a reconciliation

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upon learning that she was her daughter.

Queenie was also aware of the rumors circulating out there, but she didn't pay them any mind and continued visiting Ceci Corporation daily in the following days.

She even went out of her way to cook and bring the food over for Cecilia and the others.

"Mdm. Queenie, your culinary skills are truly exceptional," Charlotte, a foodie, couldn't help praising as she savored the delicious food.

Queenie smiled brightly. "In that case, have more."

Chapter 1643 Indescribably Blissfulnoveldrama

At the side, Cecilia looked at the heart-shaped egg in her bowl. For some reason, a pang of pain repeatedly struck her squarely in the chest.

I had once gone to such lengths too, but the recipient was Paula.

Back then, Paula wore a look of disdain on her face. "What's with all this fuss over an egg? Besides, you're the daughter of the Smith family, not a housekeeper. How embarrassing."

Since then, Cecilia never again wasted her efforts on thankless things.

As she took in everything Queenie was doing then, waves of emotion involuntarily surged within her. "Ceci, why aren't you eating? Is the food not to your liking? What do you like? Tell me, and I'll learn to make it." Queenie's face was a mask of obsequiousness.

Cecilia's eyes stung slightly, and she shook her head. "Thank you. I'll eat now."

In the face of a vast fortune and Queenie's cooking, she preferred the latter. It placed little pressure on her and gave her a taste of the bond between mother and daughter for the very first time.

She lowered her head and started eating. Seeing that, Queenie was inwardly overjoyed. Cecilia finished every bit of food in the lunch box.

"Are you full yet? There's still more here." Queenie slid another lunch box over to Cecilia.

Cecilia was already very full, but she still ate a bit more. "I'm full."

She felt indescribably blissful that day.

Upon seeing that, Queenie felt even more elated. "You guys name the menu tomorrow. I'll go and learn the recipes."

Right after hearing that, Charlotte unceremoniously declared, "Mdm. Queenie, I'd like to have spicy chicken fingers and honeyed pork ribs."

Since Charlotte had taken the lead, Lucille couldn't help but chime in as well, "I'd like to have crab. Any kind is fine with me."

Having had takeout too often, they had both grown sick of it.

The food Queenie prepared was on par with that cooked by a professional chef, not only delicious but also healthy.

Queenie nodded fervently. "Sure, sure. I'll cook it all."

She subsequently turned back to Cecilia. "Ceci, what would you like to eat?"

Cecilia was not picky, so she said, "I'm fine with anything."

"Alright. Then, I'll prepare something different tomorrow." Queenie then happily collected the lunch boxes.

Charlotte and the others immediately helped to clean up.

While Queenie visited Cecilia on a daily basis, Cassandra was restless at the office.

"Has my mom gone over again today?" she asked.

Caliste gave a nod.

Cassandra's eyes brimmed with annoyance. "What is she doing there?"

She goes over early every morning and only returns late at night. Could it be that she's secretly planning to transfer all her assets to Cecilia? It looks like I've got to increase the dosage a bit more when I get home tonight.

“Mdm. Queenie went over to deliver food to Ms. Cecilia and her friends.”

“Deliver food? Mom bustled around in the kitchen and even had various ingredients delivered these past

days just to cook for Cecilia and her friends?”

“Yes.” Caliste nodded once more.

Cassandra surreptitiously breathed

a sigh of relief. Nonetheless, she dared not let her guard down. “She’s truly unfair. She cooks every day but never once thought of bringing me a meal.” en

Wearing an expression of slight embarrassment, Caliste comforted her, saying, “After all, Ms. Cecilia has just been found. Mdm. Queenie is only doing so because she feels that she owes her too much.”

Cassandra snorted coldly. “I know it’s because she’s her biological daughter and I’m just adopted. Don’t worry. I won’t grow envious.

At that, Caliste zipped her mouth.

Seeing that it was getting late, Cassandra packed up and headed home.

Upon arriving home, she saw Queenie bustling around in the kitchen.

She fetched a glass of milk and added more than the usual dosage before walking over to Queenie. “Mom, have some milk.”

Chapter 1644 A Nosebleed

Queenie gazed at the milk held out to her, her eyes filled with gratification. “Thank you, Sweetie.” After she had said that, she downed the glass of milk without hesitation.

Cassandra watched it all indifferently. After Queenie was done drinking, she took the glass from her, washed it, and put it away.

“Mom, do you want me to help you prep the ingredients?” she asked.

Queenie was indeed feeling a bit worn out. Seeing that Cassandra was willing to lend a hand, she agreed, "Sure. Thank you."

With that said, she leaned back onto the couch wearily and took a rest.

For some inexplicable reason, she had been feeling increasingly lethargic lately and couldn't resist the urge to sleep.

Cassandra quietly observed her for a moment. Then, she simply prepped some ingredients before handing the task to the housekeeper.

In the latter half of the night, Queenie suddenly woke up. She touched her philtrum, only to find it damp. The housekeeper came over and urgently exclaimed, "Mdm. Queenie, you have a nosebleed!" Immediately, Queenie snagged a tissue and wiped the blood off.

"I'm fine," she replied wearily. Then, she turned her gaze to the kitchen. "Are all the ingredients prepped?"

The housekeeper nodded. "Yes, everything is prepped. It was all done by Ms. Evans herself, and she did an immaculate job."

Those words were naturally a result of Cassandra's instructions.

Hearing that, Queenie was deeply touched. "I shouldn't have Cassandra bear the burden of what I owe Ceci."

She coughed violently a few times.

Unable to sleep anymore, she decided to simply get up and make breakfast.

She even went out of her way to make some seafood chowder for Cassandra.

However, when Cassandra woke up and saw the chowder, her eyes brimmed with indifference. "It's already cold, so I'm not eating it."

She had the housekeeper discard it all instead.

That day, Queenie had prepared an abundance of breakfast. She even made a trip to the kindergarten and gave Jonathan and Elliot a serving each.

Jonathan treated her with great politeness. "Thank you, but it's okay."

Conversely, Elliot didn't show her any respect. "I'm not going to eat something given by the witch granny." Despite being heartbroken, Queenie still smiled and patted his head.

"Okay, okay, it's fine if you don't want to eat it."

Elliot promptly swatted her hand away. "Don't simply touch my head. It's annoying."

After he had said that, he turned around and returned to the classroom.

In the classroom, the other children couldn't help but ask him, "Eli, who is she? Why did she bring you breakfast, and why didn't you accept it?"

"She's just a stranger," replied Elliot.

Queenie felt as if she had been stabbed in the heart.

Enduring the pain, she made her way to Cecilia's company.

The moment Charlotte saw her, she grinned widely. "Mdm. Queenie, quick, come over here and have a seat."

A smile spread across Queenie's face. "Sure. Come and take a look at the breakfast I brought you guys today."

"Thank you, Mdm. Queenie." Charlotte then hollered for Lucille and the others to come over to eat. Cecilia also came over, feeling somewhat embarrassed. "Mdm. Queenie, I'm truly sorry that I'm always troubling you to bring food here."

Queenie shook her head. "Not at all There's nothing to be embarrassed about, It's me who's always hanging around your company with nothing to do."

That day, she even brought Calvin and Eric's shares.

Eric knew that Queenie was Cecilia's mother, so he was particularly flattering. "Mdm. Queenie, your culinary skills surpass even those of a Michelin chef. No, no, they simply can't compare to you."

His words had Queenie burst into hearty laughter.

After breakfast, Queenie again kept Cecilia company as the latter worked.

She could tell at a glance whenever Cecilia faced challenges at work and provided her guidance.

Originally, Cecilia found it a bit odd

to suddenly have a mother. But right then, her impression of Queenie had somewhat changed, finding her both a mentor and a friend.

Chapter 1645 Queenie Passed Out

However, Queenie was not in the best of health at the moment. Around ten in the morning, she couldn't help but doze off on the couch, her spirit noticeably flagging.

"Mdm. Queenie, are you tired from preparing our meals and managing the company every day?"

Charlotte asked.

Cecilia was also worried about Queenie. After the latter woke up, she said, "Mdm. Queenie, there's no need for you to come again in the future. We can prepare our meals."

Queenie's expression drastically changed. "Is there something I did wrong, Ceci?"

Seeing her like that, Cecilia shook her head and responded, "No, it's just that I feel..."

She was at a loss for words, but Charlotte said, "Mdm. Queenie, we appreciate your kindness. We've noticed that you've been looking more and more worn out each day, probably due to a lack of rest.

Please, go home and take care of yourself. We're not picky eaters."

I see. Queenie sighed. "I'm fine. I'm not tired. I guess I'm just getting older."

"No, you should go back," Cecilia said firmly, leaving no room for refusal.

Queenie felt a wave of sadness at that moment. "Ceci..."

"Go back and rest now," Cecilia suggested again.

Even if Queenie wasn't her biological mother, she couldn't bear to see an elderly woman without any time to rest and prepare meals for her.

Queenie also sensed the concern in her voice and couldn't help but smile. She responded, "All right, I'll go rest. However, once I'm rested, I'm still coming back."

She rose, ready to leave.

However, upon standing up, she had barely taken a few steps when she collapsed abruptly.

In a moment of panic, Cecilia instinctively lunged forward.

The two of them tumbled to the ground together, with Queenie landing on top of Cecilia.

Charlotte immediately came over. "Boss, are you all right?"

Cecilia used her hands to brace herself when she fell. "I'm all right."

Charlotte helped Queenie up, who had already fainted. "Mdm. Queenie has passed out."

"Quickly, call for an ambulance," Cecilia commanded.

The ambulance arrived swiftly, with Cecilia accompanying Queenie to the hospital.

On the road, she looked at Queenie, who lay unconscious on the stretcher. Her mind was filled with the scenes of her own reckless attempt to save Queenie earlier.

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Why did I save her without hesitation earlier? Cecilia couldn't comprehend her action. After watching the nurse employ emergency measures to revive Queenie, she couldn't help but ask, "Are you all right?"

Queenie's vision was completely dark. It took a while before she could see.

She slowly turned her head to look at Cecilia, wanting to say something, but fresh blood trickled from her nose again.

Cecilia's pupils contracted. "Doctor!"

The doctor hurried over to handle the situation.

Upon reaching the hospital, Queenie was swiftly ushered into the operating room.

Cecilia simply sat outside.

In a short while, Caliste and Cassandra hurriedly made their way over.

Caliste arrived at Cecilia, anxiously asking, "Ms. Cecilia, is Mdm. Queenie doing okay?"

Shaking her head, Cecilia said, "I'm not sure. They're still treating her."

Caliste wanted to ask something else, but Cassandra quickly pulled her away. Then, she raised her hand and slapped Cecilia.

Naturally, Cecilia didn't expect Cassandra to lash out at her, leaving her somewhat dazed suddenly. Cassandra raised her hand, ready to strike Cecilia again.

In response, Cecilia firmly grabbed her wrist. "What gives you the right to hit me?"

Cassandra reprimanded sharply. "I have the right because she cooked for you every day, and because of that, she's now collapsed and in the operating room. You're so young. Why do you want to live off her so badly? Can't you go out and eat on your own?"

Chapter 1646 Wished For The Demise Of Queenie

Caliste stopped Cassandra. "Ms. Evans, it was Mdm. Queenie's own decision to cook for Ms. Cecilia. It's not Ms. Cecilia's fault."

"Who else am I supposed to blame if not her? Doesn't she know how to say no? My mother's health has always been delicate!" Cassandra feigned anger. "Ever since I was a child, I've never dared to let my mother do the things that should be done by a maid."

Upon noticing her concern for Queenie, Caliste didn't find it appropriate to say much else.

Understanding the reason, Cecilia released Cassandra's hand. "I had turned her down before, but she insisted on bringing us food. As for the slap you just gave me, I will let it slide. However, if you dare lay a hand on me again, I won't be going easy on you."

Cassandra was inexplicably frightened upon meeting her gaze.

She dared not move again, shifting her sight to the entrance of the operation room. She murmured, "Mom, please, nothing bad must happen to you. What would I do if something happened to you?"

Deep down, she actually wished for Queenie's demise sooner rather than later.

Long before, Cassandra had already fabricated a will. All she needed was for Queenie to die and then

gain control over Grover. Then, all of the Jamieson family's wealth would be hers.

However, things didn't go her way.

An hour later, the operating room's doors swung open, and the doctor emerged.

Cassandra immediately asked, "Doctor, is my mother all right?"

The doctor sighed.

Upon witnessing the situation, Cassandra was secretly delighted.

However, the doctor then said, "She's been stabilized for now, but her condition isn't too promising. She must have suffered quite a bit in the past, hasn't she?"

Cassandra's complexion turned sour instantly.

As everyone was preoccupied with Queenie's situation, they failed to notice the change in her expression. Upon hearing that Queenie had been successfully rescued, Cecilia felt a great weight lifted from her heart.

The secretary led the doctor in, informing him of the various ailments that had once afflicted Queenie's health.

Queenie was wheeled out of the operating room by a nurse. Seeing her two daughters standing at the door, she felt a wave of relief wash over her.

Cassandra and Cecilia sequentially entered the ward.

Queenie extended her hand toward them. "I'm sorry for making you worry."

Immediately, Cassandra rushed to the side of Queenie's bed, crouching down and bursting into tears. "Mom, why does your health seem to be deteriorating? I was scared to death just now. If anything were to happen to you, I couldn't bear to live without you."

Queenie gently patted her back. "Silly girl, what nonsense are you talking about? You're still young while I'm already getting old."

Cassandra shook her head. "You're not old at all. In my heart, you'll always be young."

Queenie couldn't help but laugh. "Silly."

Cecilia was standing not too far away, observing the two of them. Their closeness was indistinguishable from that of a biological mother and daughter.

She was both envious and lonely.

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After coming back to her senses, she stepped forward. "Mdm. Queenie, since you're all right now, I'll take my leave."

As Cecilia turned to leave, Queenie mustered all her strength and grabbed her hand in a firm grip. Startled, Cecilia suddenly recoiled.

Queenie initially thought Cecilia didn't like her, but then she noticed the latter's palms were flushed red. "Ceci, your hand."

Cecilia gave her palm a squeeze.

Cassandra initially thought Cecilia

had done something wrong and grabbed the former on behalf of

Queenie. "Cecilia, what happened to your hand?"

Despite Cecilia's objections, she forcefully pried open the former's hand, which was noticeably swollen and red.

Queenie's heart trembled. "Cassandra, quickly get a doctor to check on Ceci."

“No need. I can handle it myself,” Cecilia declared. She then turned to Cassandra. “Can you let me go now?”

Reluctantly, Cassandra released her grip, feigning concern as she asked, “Cecilia, what happened to your hand? Why is it so swollen?”

Chapter 1647 Talk Big

Cecilia didn’t respond. Instead, she briskly walked away.

In a rush, Queenie urged Cassandra to go stop her.

Cassandra, however, refused to go over. “Mom, you shouldn’t favor her so much. You’re not in the best of health, yet you insist on waking up early every day to prepare breakfast and lunch for Cecilia and the others. I won’t stop her.”

“Cassandra, you didn’t know what happened. If it wasn’t for Ceci earlier, my fall would have been much worse.” Before losing consciousness, Queenie realized that she had fallen onto Cecilia, who had used her body to shield her.

However, she didn’t expect Cassandra to say, “That was what she was supposed to do. After all, she is your daughter. If it were me, I would do the same.”

Queenie looked at Cassandra. Even though Cassandra spoke with such certainty, she couldn’t bring herself to believe it.

Then, she sighed. “You should go home. I need some time alone.”

Cassandra didn’t want to stay in the hospital forever, either. “All right, I’m leaving then.”

Only after seeing Cassandra had left did Caliste step in.

Queenie urgently instructed her, “Send someone to check on Ceci. Her health has always been fragile. I hope I haven’t made it worse because of me.”

“All right.” Caliste nodded.

Afterward, she couldn’t help but say, “Mdm. Queenie, I think Ms. Cecilia is better. Ms. Evans only talks big.”

Cecilia protected Queenie to her detriment, yet all Cassandra did was talk.

With the way she hastily left the hospital, no one knew what was going through her mind.

Of course, Queenie could tell what Caliste said.

She was clearly distressed. "Yes, I know that Ceci is superior to Cassandra in many ways, but I raised Cassandra on my own. The way she turned out, I bear some responsibility too."

Upon hearing that, Caliste found it difficult to respond.

After leaving, Cecilia had her wounds tended to by a doctor in a straightforward manner before returning to the company.

Charlotte and the others immediately turned to her. "Boss, are you all right?"

She carefully examined Cecilia's physical condition, confirming that it was only minor external injuries before she could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Cecilia comforted her, "It's all right. There's nothing to worry about."

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Charlotte sighed. "Boss, you really scared me. How could you use your body to shield Mdm. Queenie? What if something had happened to you?"

Cecilia couldn't help but shake her head. "I wasn't sure what came over me. I just instinctively went to catch her."

Charlotte nodded. "Perhaps this is what they mean by the bond of blood being thicker than water." Cecilia smiled bitterly. "It's not necessarily so. If you were to fall, I would do the same for you." Overwhelmed with emotion, Charlotte immediately embraced her. "No need. I'm still young. You don't need to catch me with your body."

The two of them had been talking for quite a while before Charlotte finally asked Cecilia, "By the way, is Mdm. Queenie all right now?"

During their time spent together in those days, Charlotte realized that Queenie wasn't as bad as she initially thought.

"The doctor mentioned it was some old ailment," Cecilia responded. "I'm not entirely sure about the specifics."

"She was a big shot, wasn't she? How come she had a serious illness before?" Charlotte didn't understand.

Cecilia had no idea what was going on, but she noticed that Queenie's health had been increasingly deteriorating lately.

Without giving it much further thought, Cecilia sent Charlotte off to work.

She went to work herself, yet her mind would occasionally drift back to the time when she saved Queenie. She also couldn't forget the worry she felt when Queenie was taken into the operating room.

The ring of the telephone snapped Cecilia back to reality.

She picked up her phone and saw that it was Queenie who was calling. After a moment of hesitation, she answered the call. "Mdm. Queenie."

"Are you okay, Ceci?" asked Queenie.

Chapter 1648 Being Watched All Along

"I'm fine," responded Cecilia.

"That's good, that's good." Queenie was speaking to Cecilia over the phone while gazing out the window. "I'm not seriously ill. The doctor said it was just hypoglycemia that caused me to faint."

Cecilia didn't understand why Queenie was telling her all that.

"As long as you're okay," she responded calmly.

Queenie continued, "I'll come over again tomorrow to see you guys and bring you some food."

"No need," Cecilia declined without giving it much thought.

She certainly didn't want any issues to arise again because of Queenie cooking for her or bringing her meals.

She didn't want to be misunderstood by Cassandra and risk getting slapped again for no reason.

Queenie was rejected, which saddened her. She was unable to utter a single word for a long time.

"If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now," said Cecilia.

"Wait, does that mean I can come to see you whenever?" Queenie asked nervously.

"Perhaps it's best not to." Cecilia ended the call.

Queenie stared blankly at her phone, a bit dazed. "I thought she had changed her opinion of me." Caliste stood by, recounting the day's events of Cassandra's clash with Cecilia to her.

"What?" Queenie couldn't believe it. "Why didn't you stop her?"

"Before I had the chance, Ms. Evans took action," the secretary said, filled with regret.

Queenie no longer wished to stay in the hospital. She got up, left the premises, and returned to the Jamieson residence.

At that moment, Cassandra was amidst a lively conversation with a group of young ladies, all smiles and laughter. Queenie, with a cold expression, called her out.

"Mom, how come you're back from the hospital?" Cassandra didn't yet know what had happened. Queenie didn't bother with small talk. She cut straight to the chase. "Who gave you the authority to lay a hand on Ceci?"

A tremor passed throughnoveldrama

Cassandra's heart as she

instinctively assumed Cecilia tattled on her. "Mom, I was just so worried

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about you back then. Cecilia was t

one who told you, right? She doesn't really care about you. She just knows how to tattle."

After hearing that, Queenie became even more infuriated. "Ceci didn't tell me anything. It was Ms. Newton who told me."

A ruthless glint flashed in Cassandra's eyes. She resolved that once she held the reins of power, she would surely drive away everyone around Queenie. "I'm sorry, Mom."

"You should apologize to Ceci," Queenie stated, punctuating each word. "I chose to cook for Ceci willingly."

Cassandra nodded. "I understand now. I won't do it again in the future."

"You must remember your words, or else I won't tolerate you anymore..." Queenie coughed fiercely, her anger exacerbating her condition.

Cassandra hung her head low, her eyes filled with a cold fury. She wished she could have made Queenie drop dead right then and there. "Understood, Mom."

Only then did Queenie cough and leave.

Once Queenie left, Cassandra could no longer sit still. She headed out and instructed the driver to take her to a secluded spot.

No sooner had Cassandra stepped inside a private residence than the door was closed from within. "Cassandra," Ralph carefully emerged. "You've finally arrived."

"Dad, I can't wait any longer,"

Cassandra complained, recalling the scolding she had just received from Queenie. That old witch is incredibly tough. She shows no signs of kicking the bucket even now. + feel that if she continues to live, all her wealth will eventually fall into Cecilia's hands."

After hearing that, Ralph was also full of concern. "It seems we must hasten our pace. You should increase the dosage."

"Mhm." Cassandra nodded.

The two individuals were inside the

house, deliberating on how to carry out their plan without raising any suspicion. They also discussed how to inherit Queenie's estate after her demise.

They thought they were discreet, unaware they were being watched all along.

Chapter 1649 The Kidnapper

Recently, Jonathan had been residing in the Smith residence.

He was on high alert, constantly feeling as though someone was secretly watching him, yet he had no idea who it could be.

That day, after he had sent a message to Sven, he deliberately headed toward a secluded area, intending to lure that person out into the open.

Jonathan headed to a dead end, deliberately hiding in a corner.

Scorpius, who had been following him all along, ventured into the narrow alley. Upon realizing that the path ahead led to a dead end and there was no sign of the child, he couldn't help but feel a surge of anxiety.

He strode forward, asking, "Where is he?"

As he was talking to himself, a crowd surged from behind, encircling him.

Jonathan also emerged from behind a trash can, instantly recognizing Scorpius. "So it's you."

Scorpius was none other than the person who had kidnapped him back then.

Immediately, Sven had Scorpius restrained.

It was then that Scorpius understood that he had been deceived. However, he wasn't scared in the slightest. Instead, he was awestruck by Jonathan's intelligence, for the boy had successfully fooled him. Sven quickly approached Jonathan. "Jon, are you okay?"

Jonathan shook his head. "I'm fine. Thank you, Mr. Sven."

After he finished speaking, he pointed at Scorpius and said to Sven, "He was the one who kidnapped me back then."

Sven nodded. "All right, I understand. I'll hand him over to either Cecilia or Mr. Rainsworth."

"Mhm," Jonathan nodded repeatedly.

At that moment, he slowly approached Scorpius, questioning him, "Why are you following me? Are you planning to harm me again?"

Scorpius shook his head as he looked at the child who, although not as tall as himself, exuded an air of nobility. "No, I came to atone for my sins."

He was aware of Queenie's physical condition, understanding that she couldn't endure for much longer. Therefore, he decided to spend more time with Queenie.

Before that, he could also covertly safeguard Jonathan, ensuring that the boy wasn't harmed by others.

Jonathan slightly furrowed his brows. "Atone?"

"Yes." Scorpius' eyes were filled with sincerity.

Jonathan didn't readily trust Scorpius. He got into a car with Sven while Scorpius was escorted into the vehicle by a few bodyguards.

They journeyed toward the Rainsworth residence.

When Cecilia and Nathaniel returned, they already knew that Scorpius had been arrested.

Cecilia was worried and asked, "Did he do anything to Jon?"

Although she couldn't remember, she heard from someone else that Scorpius kidnapped Jonathan before and almost killed him.

"No. Based on our inquiries, ever since Scorpius returned to the country, he's been sporadically following Jon. If he had wanted to harm Jon, he would have done it by now." Sven paused. "He said he wasn't aware of Jon's identity before, but now he's here to make amends."

After quietly listening, Cecilia turned to look at Nathaniel, seeking his opinion.

After a moment of silence, Nathaniel turned to Cecilia and said, "I'll go see him."

"All right." Cecilia nodded.

Before leaving, Nathaniel couldn't help but ask her, "Earlier, Scorpius said he'd like to be given the opportunity to spend time with Queenie. After that, he promised to go to jail voluntarily. Should we let him go if nothing incriminating is found this time?"

Cecilia was not willing to gamble with Jonathan's life. "He could be released, but he must not be allowed to get close to Jon and the other children again."

After hearing her say that, Nathaniel left.

Cecilia immediately went to check on Jonathan.

At that moment, Jonathan was seated in front of the computer, busily immersed in some task. Upon hearing footsteps approaching from behind, he promptly shut off his computer. "Mommy." "Jon, you didn't encounter any danger today, did you?" Cecilia asked with concern.

Jonathan shook his head. "Mommy, don't worry. I'll take good care of myself."

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Cecilia looked at the child, so young yet so sensible. She felt both proud and heartbroken. "It's our job to protect you, silly. Whatever happens in the future, you must let us know in advance, okay?"

Jonathan nodded. "All right."

After exchanging a few more words with him, Cecilia finally took her leave.

At that moment, Elliot also entered the room.

"Jon, how did you manage to catch that jerk?" he asked with curiosity.

Jonathan simply informed him.

"Jon, you're so cool," Elliot suddenly became an admirer. "Although, how are Mommy and sc*mbag daddy planning to deal with him?"

"I'm not sure, but..." Jonathan paused for a moment before continuing, "I feel like Scorpius truly doesn't want to hurt me now."

He could tell that Scorpius' gaze held no malice toward him. On the contrary, it was filled with affection, just like Queenie's.

"If he's associated with that old witch Queenie, he might not harm us. However, if he's under Cassandra's command, things will be different," Elliot analyzed thoughtfully.

"You're right, so we can't afford to take this lightly," Jonathan said seriously.

"Mhm." Elliot leaned in. "Jon, what are you messing around with this time?"

Jonathan spread his hands. "It's nothing. I'm just checking out the scope of Jamieson Group."

When Elliot looked over, he saw the computer screen was cluttered with all sorts of information, instantly giving him a headache.

"I already feel dizzy looking at it. I think I'll stick to painting and listening to music." Elliot was acutely aware of his strengths and weaknesses.

Without uttering much, Jonathan went back to being busy with his affairs.

At that moment, Felix sent him a video call, which he promptly answered.

Felix's face loomed large on the screen. "Jon, what are you doing at home?"

"Is there something you need?" Jonathan asked straightforwardly as soon as he opened the door.

After a moment of hesitation, Felix finally said, "I want to hang out with you."

Jonathan didn't believe that. "I'm busy."

Felix was taken aback, clearly not expecting Jonathan to reject him so decisively. "You're just a kid. What could you possibly be up to?"

"Do you think all the children in the world are as bored as you?" Jonathan retorted.

Felix was taken aback and ended the call.

Miranda asked, "What did he say?"

Felix shook his head. "Jon said he's very busy."

After speaking, he couldn't help but grumble, "He even makes it sound like I have all the time in the world.

Miranda rolled her eyes. What could two children be busy with?

After some thought, she said, "Let's go to his place tomorrow then."

Felix was somewhat displeased. "Why, though? Why do we have to go find him?"

Ever since Jonathan came into the picture, his standing in the Rainsworth family plummeted rapidly. Moreover, he was expected to curry favor with Jonathan which he didn't want to do. "You wouldn't understand." After returning home a few days ago, Miranda had a discussion with Robert. They were planning to somehow get their hands on the secrets of Imminence Corporation.

However, they couldn't gain access to Imminence Corporation. Thus, their only option was to make a

move from where Nathaniel had settled down.

Additionally, she was curious to see how things were with Cecilia's amnesia.

The following day, after breakfast, Cecilia was engrossed in a book at home when she heard from the housekeeper that Miranda had come over, bringing Felix with her.

She was somewhat perplexed, unsure of why the two of them had come.

Miranda had already walked in with the child. "You wouldn't be unwelcoming me, would you, Ceci?"
