

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1681 - 1690

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## Chapter 1681 Provoke Him

Eric looked at her with sympathy. “There are plenty of fish in the sea, so why obsess over Sven?” Sven, the bodyguard, was unlike any other he had known. His aura outshone many, truly making him stand out from the crowd.

“You simply don’t understand. For a woman like me, having him as my boyfriend feels like a dream.” Charlotte knew she was ordinary.

She was truly enamored with Sven. In her heart, Sven was akin to the leading man she’d seen on television.

Eric handed her back the ring. “Here, take this. Consider it a consolation.”

Eric had always been generous. Besides, for someone like him who didn’t even have a girlfriend, this diamond ring was essentially useless.

Charlotte should have been happy, yet she couldn’t bring herself to feel happy. “I don’t want it. I want to wait for the person I love to give me something like a diamond ring.”

For the first time in his life, Eric had been rejected by a girl when he tried to give her a gift. He began to question his own charm. Could it be that I’m really less appealing than a bodyguard?

“Let’s do this. Since you’ve broken up anyway, so why not become my pretend girlfriend? I’ll even pay you,” Eric suggested. “You’re upset, aren’t you? Make Sven feel the same way. You can use me to provoke him a bit. I’m a popular celebrity, you know. If Sven finds out that you started dating me right after your breakup, he’ll be livid. Haven’t you watched TV dramas? Many women use this tactic to make men think they’re highly sought after.”

Charlotte, with a face streaked with tears and a runny nose, looked at Eric. “Will this work?”

“Anyway, you two have already broken up, so there’s no harm in trying,” retorted Eric.

The two fools formulated their strategy.

Outside, Lucille was observing the situation. She returned to Cecilia's office and began discussing the events that were unfolding there with Cecilia. "I feel like Eric is leading Lottie astray."

"What do you mean?" Cecilia asked.

"I can't really put my finger on it, but those two have been acting quite secretive. I have no clue what they're up to," said Lucille.

"Don't worry. Eric isn't a bad person," replied Cecilia.

"All right, then."

Indeed, Eric was not a bad person. However, the way his mind worked, much like Charlotte's, was somewhat naive.

In the afternoon, after wiping away her tears, Charlotte sought out Sven. She found him and said to him,

"Sven, our breakup doesn't matter. I'm in a relationship with Eric now."

She even raised her hand, showing off the ring to Sven.

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Eric complied with her, chiming in, "Lottie, let's just focus on us in the future and avoid getting involved with such lousy bodyguards."

"Okay." Charlotte nodded,

occasionally glancing at Sven. As long as there was a hint of unease

on Sven's face, a touch of jealousy in his eyes, she would immediately reveal the truth to him.

Regrettably, she detected nothing.

Sven's face was inscrutable, devoid of any discernible emotion.

Charlotte finally understood that Sven might have never liked her from the very beginning.

On her way back, she was in a daze.

Sven's subordinate expressed his disdain. "Boss, this Charlotte is too much! How dare she play you like that."

"I'm certain I need to find an opportunity to teach her a lesson!"

"Exactly, exactly!"

The other subordinates chimed in as well.

With a single glance, Sven silenced them. "Quiet down. Just focus on doing your jobs."

In fact, what he despised the most was being betrayed by others.

Back then, his fiancée had been just like this, and now Charlotte was no different.

However, he wasn't the type of man to be petty. When dealing with such a woman, it was better not to bother at all. Why should he unnecessarily lower himself to their standards?

## Chapter 1682 Not Going Anywhere

This is what Sven had in mind, but only he could perceive the difference. The sting of this betrayal didn't feel the same as the last one.

The last time, when he found out that his fiancée was with another man upon his return, he had decisively chosen to let her go.

This time, even though he was as decisive as ever, hesitation brewed within him. Images of Charlotte's face would sporadically surface in his mind.

Perhaps this was the difference between having feelings for the woman and not having any.

In the afternoon, Cecilia found out that Charlotte had become Eric's pretend girlfriend when he was in public.

"What are you two doing?" Cecilia was a bit bewildered.

Charlotte explained, "It was all to deal with Mr. and Mrs. Palmer."

“But if this gets exposed, it will be even harder for the two elders to bear. It will be difficult to mediate by then,” said Cecilia.

“Eric had mentioned that he would seize this period to find a girlfriend as soon as possible. Once he found one, I’ll be relieved of this position.”

“All right, then.”

After all that had been said, there wasn’t much left for Cecilia to add.

When she finished work and was heading home, she sat in the car, with Sven at the wheel.

Suddenly, he slammed on the brakes, narrowly avoiding a collision with the car in front.

Cecilia was taken aback.

Sven apologized, “Sorry.”

This was the first time Sven had encountered such a situation while driving. From his distracted state, Cecilia could tell that he still cared about Charlotte. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been so lost in thought. “Sven, is there some sort of misunderstanding between you and Lottie?” Cecilia couldn’t help but ask. Without realizing it, Sven tightened his grip on the steering wheel. “No.”

Seeing that he wouldn’t admit it, Cecilia was about to tell him about Charlotte and Eric’s pretend relationship when suddenly, she received another phone call.

The call came from Queenie’s secretary, Caliste.

“Hello, what’s the matter?” Cecilia answered the phone.

“Ms. Cecilia, is it convenient for you right now? Could you please come to the hospital? Mdm. Queenie is in emergency care.” Caliste’s voice was filled with a hint of tears

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Cecilia’s heart leaped into her throat. “All right. I’ll be right there.” She hung up the call and instructed Sven to drive her to the hospital. Outside the hospital corridor, Cassandra was somewhat restless.

She overheard Queenie and her aunt, Brooklyn, on the phone last night. They were discussing their desire for Cecilia to take over the company as soon as possible, to familiarize herself with the business affairs.

And so, Cassandra increased the dosage of the medicine by threefold. As a result, Queenie had been unconscious from the morning until now.

Caliste paced up and down the hallway. Upon finally spotting Cecilia approaching, she hurriedly dashed toward Cecilia. "Ms. Cecilia, you've finally arrived."

"How is Mdm. Queenie doing?" Cecilia asked.

Caliste shook her head. "She hasn't woken up yet, and I'm not sure why. She's been asleep all day, and no matter how much I try, I can't seem to wake her up."

After hearing that, Cecilia also began to worry.

Cassandra was seated to one side, looking up at the two of them. "Mom must've overworked herself. You guys need to stop overreacting."

After hearing that, Caliste wanted to retort, but in the end, she held back.

At that moment, Cassandra turned her gaze toward Cecilia. "Cecilia, you should head back home. Don't worry. I'll be here to take care of Mom."

In the event that Queenie failed to awaken, it would be easier to manage things if she were alone there.

Caliste, however, caught hold of Cecilia. "Ms. Cecilia, you can't leave. If Mdm. Queenie wakes up, she will surely want to see you."

"Don't meddle!" Cassandra glared fiercely at Caliste.

Caliste, who had been graced by

Queenie's kindness, feared that Queenie might not be able to see her biological daughter before her last breath Ignoring Cassandra's

warning, she tightly clutchel

Cecilia's clothes. "Ms. Cecilia, please don't leave."

She gazed at Cecilia with a pleading look.

Even if she hadn't spoken up, Cecilia wouldn't have just left like that. "Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere."

## Chapter 1683 Was It A Food Allergy Or Poisoning

After all, Queenie was her biological mother. Only then did Caliste relax a little. 62%

Cassandra, however, wasn't about to let things slide. Her voice dripped with sarcasm as she said, "Cecilia, you're staying behind, huh? Worried you won't get your share of the inheritance if something happens to

Mom?"

Initially, Cecilia had no intention of engaging in an argument, but Cassandra's relentless provocation left her no choice.

Cecilia accepted the jab without much fuss. "Yeah, after all, Mdm. Queenie is my biological mother. It's only fair that I inherit her estate, don't you think? Besides, Mdm. Queenie herself mentioned that she left a will. Half of it is mine."

She paused briefly, her expression calm. "And what if something happened to her while I wasn't here? Someone might tamper with the will."

"You!" Cassandra raised her hand in fury, ready to strike Cecilia.

Sven, who had been standing silently by her side, wasn't going to let that happen. With a swift movement, he grabbed Cassandra's wrist and, with a subtle flick, sent her stumbling back several steps. She nearly fell.

"Cecilia, are you just waiting for Mom to die?" Cassandra spat angrily.

Cecilia didn't react to the accusation. Her gaze remained calm as she turned her attention to the operating

room.

Finally, the doors of the operating room swung open, and a nurse wheeled Queenie out. Cassandra shot up from her seat and asked hurriedly, "Doctor, how's my mother doing?"

The doctor looked at them with a solemn expression. "What did Mdm. Queenie eat last night and early this morning?"

The question made Cassandra's mind spin. "It was just food," she replied, her voice trembling slightly. The doctor nodded thoughtfully. "Have someone bring us a sample of the food she ate," he suggested. The secretary was about to send someone to fetch it, but Cassandra intervened. "The leftovers from that day were thrown away. There's no way to bring anything here. Doctor, how's my mother really doing?" she pressed anxiously.

"For now, she's stabilized, but it might take time for her to regain consciousness," the doctor explained. "I suspect she consumed something unclean, which caused her condition to relapse."

Hearing that Queenie had pulled through, a cold dread filled Cassandra's heart.

Why is this old woman so impossible to get rid of?

Feigning innocence, Cassandra replied, "The food at home is prepared by professional chefs. How could

it

not be clean?"

"Then have your chef recreate the meal she had and bring it to us," the doctor advised. "It might help us determine if it was a food allergy or poisoning."

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Chapter 1683 Was It A Food Allergy Or Poisoning

Cassandra nodded quickly. "Of course. Thank you, Doctor."

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After the doctor left, the group moved to Queenie's room. Cassandra nudged Cecilia aside and approached Queenie's bedside, taking her hand. "Mom," she called out softly.

Queenie lay there motionless, her eyes tightly shut.

“Mom, please wake up soon. You need to get better quickly. What am I supposed to do without you?” Cassandra’s tone was full of pitiful sincerity.

Meanwhile, Caliste had already called the chef to prepare the requested meal. Returning to the ward, she noticed Cecilia standing apart, clearly being excluded by Cassandra. The sight made her sigh inwardly. Despite Cecilia being the rightful heir, Cassandra always found a way to dominate the situation.

“Ms. Cecilia, you’re not in great health yourself. Please take a seat,” Caliste offered, bringing over a chair. “I’m sure Mdm. Queenie will be relieved to know you’re here.”

Cecilia nodded in gratitude and sat down quietly, her gaze fixed on Queenie. A complex mix of emotions churned within her. Seeing Queenie lying there, frail and unresponsive, stirred a natural instinct to care for her.

Cassandra noticed Cecilia’s unwillingness to leave and wanted to drive her away, but with Caliste present, she didn’t dare to be too overt about it.

## Chapter 1684 Lean On Me

The wait stretched into three or four hours, but Queenie remained unconscious, Caliste arranged for late- night snacks to be delivered.

“Ms. Cassandra, Ms. Cecilia, please have something to eat and rest. I’ll stay here to keep watch,” she suggested.

Cassandra, clearly exhausted, glanced at the food and waved it off dismissively. “I’m not eating this. It’s too late, and eating now would just make me gain weight. It’s bad for my health.”

She rose to her feet. “I’m heading to rest. You two can take care of Mom. I feel uneasy leaving you alone.”

Cecilia didn’t mind. She wasn’t tired, especially knowing Nathaniel would arrive soon.

Caliste sighed as she watched Cassandra leave. A daughter raised for over twenty years should feel a deeper bond with her parent than a biological daughter who hadn’t been around at all. But Cassandra’s behavior suggested otherwise.



"Ms. Cecilia, would you like to rest in the adjoining caregiver room?" Caliste offered.

Cecilia shook her head. "No, I'm fine."

"At least have something to eat," Caliste urged.

Cecilia nibbled on a small portion before resuming her quiet vigil.

Not long after, Nathaniel arrived. Spotting Cecilia's slender figure beside Queenie's bed, a pang of sympathy flickered in his chest. "Ceci."

She startled slightly, like a mouse caught under a cat's gaze. "Hey."

Though she had insisted he needn't come, Nathaniel had ignored her. After ensuring their child was asleep, he rushed over.

When Caliste saw Nathaniel, she stood. "Mr. Rainsworth."

"Hello," Nathaniel acknowledged with a slight nod.

Not wanting to intrude, Caliste excused herself. "I'll leave you two to talk," she said, disappearing before Cecilia could stop her.

Alone in the room with Nathaniel, Cecilia felt uneasy. "You should go home and rest. It's late, and you have work tomorrow."

"I'm not comfortable leaving you here alone," Nathaniel replied firmly. "Go rest. I'll keep an eye on her." "No need. I'm not tired," she said stubbornly.

Understanding her resolve, Nathaniel sat beside her. "Then I'll keep you company."

Outside, Caliste peeked through the glass and smiled at the couple before heading to the caregiver room

rest.

The two stayed by Queenie's bedside through the night. As the hours passed, Cecilia grew visibly tired. 1111

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## Chapter 1684 Lean On Me

She startled, trying to pull away.

“You can lean on me,” he offered.

“No, it’s not appropriate,” she protested.

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“There’s nothing wrong with it,” Nathaniel said, his lips curving into a soft smile. “Just sleep.”

Reluctantly, she closed her eyes and leaned against him, trying not to overthink.

Around three or four in the morning, Cecilia woke to a faint noise. She pulled herself free from Nathaniel’s embrace and turned toward Queenie, who had stirred. Queenie’s lips parted weakly. “Water...” Nathaniel stood immediately. “I’ll get it. You stay here.”

“All right,” Cecilia replied softly.

As Nathaniel fetched water, Queenie’s eyes fluttered open, focusing on Cecilia’s face. A flicker of light filled her gaze.

“Ceci? Is this... a dream?” Queenie murmured, raising a trembling hand as if to confirm Cecilia’s presence.

## Chapter 1685 Is This A Dream

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Cecilia froze as she stared at Queenie’s hand reaching toward her. When Queenie’s fingers gently rested on her cheek, their warmth reminded Queenie this wasn’t a dream.

Queenie’s eyes glistened, and her voice trembled. “Ceci...”

Cecilia responded softly, “I’m here.”

“I wasn’t dreaming. You’re really here,” Queenie murmured, her voice filled with emotion. “I thought you’d... disappeared again.” She had been trapped in a long nightmare, repeatedly seeing her daughter taken from her, always envisioning Cecilia refusing to forgive her.

Cecilia watched her silently, unsure of how to respond.

At that moment, Nathaniel walked in, carrying a glass of water.

As Queenie sipped, the doctor arrived to perform a series of tests. The activity in the room stirred Caliste, who came rushing in.

“Is Mdm. Queenie awake?” she asked Cecilia.

Cecilia nodded. “Yes, she’s awake.”

Caliste reached for her phone. “I’ll let Ms. Evans know immediately.”

But just as she was about to dial, the doctor gestured for her to come inside. Caliste promptly entered,

switching off her phone before mentioning anything to Cassandra.

Shortly after Cecilia and Nathaniel stepped out, Caliste called them back in.

Queenie gestured weakly for Cecilia to come closer.

Cecilia walked over to her bedside.

With a faint smile, Queenie said, “I’m sorry to have troubled you. You stayed up all night watching over me. I’m alright now, you should go back and rest.”

“All right.” Cecilia nodded. As long as Queenie was awake, that was enough.

Once Cecilia and Nathaniel had left, Queenie slumped back against the bed, her breaths labored. Caliste rushed over. “Mdm. Queenie, are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Queenie said with a dismissive wave. “It’s just... hard to let go.”

“Mdm. Queenie, you’ll recover. Don’t lose hope.”

Queenie didn’t respond, her thoughts drifting. She wasn’t afraid of dying, but the idea of parting after finally reuniting with her daughter was unbearable.

Seeing Queenie so frail, Caliste felt helpless.

Before falling asleep again, Queenie spoke softly. "You must investigate thoroughly."

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## Chapter 1685 Is This A Dream

On the way home, Cecilia rested her head on Nathaniel's shoulder, trying to sleep but finding it impossible.

"I can't sleep," she admitted.

"You're worried about Qucenic, aren't you?" Nathaniel said gently.

Cecilia hesitated but didn't deny it.

"I don't know why. I barely know her, yet seeing her sick and in the hospital worries me."

Nathaniel patted her shoulder reassuringly. "Don't worry. The Jamieson family has the resources to ensure she gets the best medical care. She'll be fine."

"Right." Cecilia nodded absently.

Once they reached home, Cecilia headed toward her room, only to realize Nathaniel was following her. Turning around, she frowned. "Why are you following me? Go back to your own room."

It was already five in the morning, and dawn was approaching.

Nathaniel looked at her, his expression unreadable. "Why don't we share the room?"

Cecilia's eyes narrowed as she pulled her hand away. "No."

Nathaniel wanted to protest, but Cecilia quickly shut the door, leaving him standing alone in the hallway.

## Chapter 1686 Live As Husband And Wife

Nathaniel stared at the closed door, a helpless smile tugging at his lips. How long would it take before he could truly live as husband and wife with Cecilia? Even though they had been married for some time, their relationship still felt like a slow, delicate dance.

By nine in the morning. Cassandra learned Queenie had woken up.

She hurried to the hospital, arriving just as Queenie was speaking with the doctor. Her anxiety evident, she asked. "Mom, you're awake? Why didn't Caliste let me know?"

Queenie's gaze was calm as she waited for the doctor to leave before answering. "I heard from Caliste

that you stayed up all night for me. I didn't want to disturb your rest."

Feeling uneasy, Cassandra moved closer. "Mom, I'm your daughter. What's all this about disturbing me or not disturbing me? How are you feeling now? What did the doctor say?"

"I'm much better," Queenie said after a pause. "The doctor thinks I might have eaten something

unhygienic.

Cassandra's nerves tightened, but she forced herself to sound calm. "Yesterday, we had the chef recreate your meals. Did the doctor find anything?"

Queenie shook her head. "The doctor said everything prepared at home was fine. I must have eaten something unclean while dining out with a client."

Relief washed over Cassandra as her fears eased. "Just be more careful next time."

"Of course," Queenie replied, though her gaze lingered on Cassandra with a subtle intensity.

Cassandra glanced around. "Where's Ceci?"

"Now that I'm fine, she went home to rest. There's no need for her to stay here," Queenie said plainly.

Cassandra frowned. "How could she leave when you're still in the hospital? I knew it. She still doesn't see you as her mom."

Queenie listened without interrupting, offering neither agreement nor denial.

After some small talk, Cassandra claimed she had work to do and left the hospital. Before leaving, she consulted Queenie's doctor, ensuring they didn't find anything amiss.

Inside the hospital room, Queenie turned to Caliste. "Has she gone?"

Caliste nodded. "She left after speaking with the doctor."

"What did she ask the doctor?"

"She seemed to be inquiring about your condition," Caliste said carefully. "I believe Ms. Evans cares about you, even if she doesn't always show it."

A strained smile flickered on Queenie's lips. "Perhaps."

Upon returning to the company, Cassandra headed straight for Queenie's office.

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Chapter 1686 Live As Husband And Wife

"Ms. Evans, do you need something?"

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"My mom is still hospitalized. I'll be taking over her work for the time being." Cassandra announced.

The two exchanged uncertain glances. "Please wait a moment while we confirm with Mdm. Queenie."

"Is that really necessary? I'm her daughter!" Cassandra snapped impatiently.

Not wanting to cause trouble, the assistant relented. "Well..."

"Don't worry, I've got it from here. Besides, I've already spoken to my mom about it." With that, Cassandra pushed past them and entered the office.

Once inside, she warned the staff not to inform Queenie of any office matters, claiming she didn't want her mother's recovery to be disturbed.

Chapter 1687 Cassandra Takes Over 75%

Everyone at the Jamieson Group knew how much Queenie valued Cassandra. No one dared to offend her.

Queenie, however, was at the end of her strength. It was no secret that after her passing, Jamieson Group would naturally go to Cassandra. The staff was furious but kept their grievances to themselves. Unaware of what was happening at the company, Queenie rested in the hospital. Meanwhile, Cassandra took over her position and began consolidating power.

She systematically removed anyone loyal to Queenie, including long-time employees. Even Scorpius, who Nathaniel had recently released, wasn't spared.

Scorpius left Jamieson Group without much attachment. He spent his days near the hospital, silently watching over Queenie, hoping she was recovering.

When Caliste spotted him, she exclaimed, "Mr. Jiminez, are you here to visit Mdm. Queenie?"

Caught off guard, Scorpius managed a sheepish grin. "Oh, no. I was just passing by."

His excuse didn't fool the sharp-eyed secretary. "If you're already here, why not come in and chat with Mdm. Queenie? She's been awfully bored during her recovery."

Despite his initial reluctance, Scorpius found himself inside Queenie's hospital room.

The air was thick with the smell of medicine, and Queenie's pale complexion made it clear she wasn't well.

"Mdm. Queenie, how did your health deteriorate like this?" Scorpius asked, visibly concerned.

He had assumed that Queenie's recurring illness would improve quickly, just as it had in the past.

She smiled faintly, trying to reassure him. "I've always been like this. No need to worry."

But after a moment, she looked at him curiously. "Why aren't you at work? What brings you here?"

Not wanting to create conflict between Queenie and Cassandra, Scorpius simply said, "I've resigned." "What? You resigned?" Queenie couldn't hide her shock. "Why?"

"I've gotten older, Mdm. Queenie. It's time to let the younger generation take over," he replied with a lighthearted chuckle.

Queenie didn't buy his explanation but kept her suspicions to herself. Once Scorpius left, she immediately asked her secretary to investigate what was happening at the company.

The findings shocked her. Many employees had been dismissed, and Cassandra had taken over her role. When Caliste reported the situation, Queenie let out a bitter laugh. "Why is she in such a hurry?" "Could this be a misunderstanding?" Caliste asked hesitantly.

Queenie shook her head. "No, there's no misunderstanding. Cassandra's using my illness as an opportunity to seize control. But," her voice grew firm, "she's naive to think she can push me aside so easily."

Queenie had spent decades navigating the corporate world. She'd faced down countless rivals and never 1/2

15:37 Wed, 26 Feb

Chapter 1687 Cassandra Takes Over

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Handing her phone to Queenie, Caliste watched as she scrolled through her contacts and dialed Cecilia's number.

When Cecilia answered, her voice carried concern. "Mdm. Queenie?"

Hearing her voice brought Queenie some relief. "Ceci, are you busy? I need a favor."

"What kind of favor?" Cecilia asked cautiously.

"I need you to help manage the company," Queenie said plainly.

Chapter 1688 Help Manage The Company

Queenie's request left both Cecilia and Caliste stunned.

When Cecilia found her voice, she declined immediately, "I'm sorry, but I can't handle a company of that scale."

"It's all right. Consider it a learning opportunity," Queenie countered.

Cecilia shook her head, "If it's that important, shouldn't you ask Cassandra instead?"



Queenie sighed, realizing Cecilia wouldn't agree easily. She resorted to a tactic her sister once

suggested.

"My health is deteriorating, Ceci. I don't know how much time I have left. Can't you grant me this one

wish? Cassandra isn't fit to run the company. If it's left to her, Jamieson Group will crumble. And you," she paused for emphasis, "are my biological daughter. The company belongs in your hands."

Cecilia was silent, her thoughts racing. She finally spoke, her voice uncertain. "I don't think I can handle this responsibility. If Cassandra isn't suited, why not hire a professional to manage it?"

Queenie pressed further, "You don't need to take full control. Just oversee things for me while I recover. I can't trust anyone else, Ceci. You're my only daughter.'

After a long pause, Cecilia hesitantly replied, "Let me think about it."

"All right," Queenie said, relief evident in her voice. "Call me when you've made up your mind."

Once the call ended, Queenie began coughing violently.

Caliste rushed to her side, handing her a tissue. "Do you really think Ms. Cecilia can manage the company?"

Queenie nodded confidently. "I believe Ceci will do well."

In terms of selecting her employee, she rarely misjudged people.

"And Ms. Evans?" Caliste asked cautiously, referring to Cassandra.

Queenie's expression hardened. "Do you think I've treated Cassandra unfairly?"

"Of course not," Caliste replied quickly. Queenie had raised Cassandra as her own and shown her nothing but kindness.

"I don't want to keep indulging her anymore. For once, I just want to do something kind for my own

daughter. For once, I want to be selfish!" Queenie declared with conviction.

After a brief pause, she added, "Call all the senior executives to the hospital."

Her decision was final-she would formally introduce Cecilia as her future successor to the executives and shareholders of Jamieson Group.

At Ceci Corporation, Cecilia sat in her office, her thoughts tangled with uncertainty. Queenie's proposal weighed heavily on her mind, and she couldn't decide what to do.

Calvin, noticing her distracted state, walked in. "What's on your mind?"

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#### Chapter 1688 Help Manage The Company

After some hesitation, Cecilia confided in him. She explained Queenie's request for her to take over. Jamieson Group,

Calvin listened carefully before responding without hesitation, "Then you should go. Mdm. Queenie is your biological mother. If anyone has the right to step in, it's you."

"But I haven't even acknowledged her as my mother," Cecilia admitted, her voice laced with conflict. Deep down, she carried a burden she couldn't let go of a barrier that kept her from fully accepting Queenie as her mother.

Calvin understood. Even though Cecilia had lost her memory, the lingering impact of Queenie's past actions had left a mark on her.

"You need to spend more time with her," Calvin suggested. "Get to know her, try to connect. Avoiding her isn't going to help. Didn't you always tell me back in the day? Don't run from problems-face them head- on,"

#### Chapter 1689 Preparing Herself

When Calvin's words reached Cecilia, a wave of clarity seemed to wash over her. "All right, I'll give it a try," she said, her tone resolute.

She was eager to challenge herself and, more importantly, use this opportunity to spend time with Queenie and see where things might lead.

“Good,” Calvin responded.

With her change in attitude, Cecilia’s mood noticeably brightened. Seeing this, Calvin finally took his leave. Cecilia, in turn, returned a call to Queenie to confirm her decision.

Queenie had asked her to visit the hospital that afternoon before starting at the company the following day, and Cecilia agreed without hesitation. She also texted Nathaniel to let him know he didn’t need to pick her

1. up.

Shortly afterward, Nathaniel called her, asking her why.

Cecilia decided to tell him everything. Nathaniel wasn’t surprised Queenie wanted her to join the company; what caught him off guard was that Cecilia had agreed.

When Cecilia explained that Calvin insisted she face the challenges head-on, Nathaniel couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy. However, he kept his emotions in check.

“All right,” he said, “just make sure you come back early tonight.”

After hanging up, Cecilia went straight to the hospital.

When she arrived, Queenie’s hospital room was bustling with activity.

Shareholders and senior executives, some of whom had traveled long distances, were there to visit her.

Caliste, who had been waiting outside, greeted Cecilia the moment she appeared. “Ms. Cecilia, these are the shareholders and senior executives of Jamieson Group,” Caliste explained. “Mdm. Queenie wanted you to meet them beforehand.”

It was evident Queenie had briefed everyone in advance. Despite the formal nature of the introductions, the older shareholders and executives were warm and respectful toward Cecilia.

“Ms. Cecilia,” they greeted her with smiles, to which she replied with polite nods.

Queenie raised a hand, motioning for Cecilia to approach her bedside. “Ceci,” Queenie said softly, “thank you for coming. If you ever have questions in the future, don’t hesitate to ask these seniors for guidance.”

“I will,” Cecilia assured her with a nod.

Queenie still seemed uneasy. After the introductions were complete, she sent Cecilia off to rest, but not before reminding her trusted confidants of their responsibilities.

“Ceci is my biological daughter,” Queenie emphasized. “Many of you owe me favors, and now I ask for your support. Don’t disappoint me.”

The group collectively assured her, “Don’t worry, Mdm. Queenie. We’ll take good care of Ms. Cecilia.”

However, one among them voiced a concern.

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Chapter 1689 Preparing Herself

“What’s the matter?” Queenie asked.

“But, Mdm. Queenie,” he hesitated, “the company is currently under Ms. Evans’ management. If Ms. Cecilia joins, won’t she become a target?”

Queenie’s expression darkened. She had anticipated this. “That’s why I sought your help in the first place,” she replied.

“Does this mean we’re solely backing Ms. Cecilia?”

“That’s correct,” Queenie confirmed without hesitation. She had been deeply disappointed in Cassandra and was determined to safeguard Cecilia’s position. That night, once Cecilia returned home, she didn’t rest. Instead, she delved into researching Jamieson Group, combing through a mountain of information online. Though she knew it would be impossible to absorb everything in one night, she was determined to familiarize herself with as much as she could. This was her opportunity, and she refused to risk appearing unprepared.

By midnight, she was still at her desk when Nathaniel approached her from

behind. "It's late," he said gently. "You should get some rest."

"I'm fine, I'm not tired," Cecilia replied, shaking her head.

Nathaniel glanced at her computer screen. "You only need a basic understanding," he said. "Overloading yourself won't help."

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Cecilia turned to Nathaniel, her expression curious. "So, what should I be focusing on then?"

"You need to conserve your energy," Nathaniel said firmly. "You don't want to be dozing off in tomorrow/s meeting. Just establish your credibility, and the rest will be handled by others."

Cecilia realized she was starting to feel tired. She powered down her computer. "I'll head to bed now. You should get some rest too."

"All right," Nathaniel replied.

Once she left, Nathaniel switched off her computer completely. He then made a call. "She's starting at Jamieson Group tomorrow," he said, his voice calm but decisive. "If she faces any issues she can't resolve, inform me immediately."

Nathaniel had his own loyal contacts within the Jamieson Group, ensuring he would stay informed.

Meanwhile, Cassandra was living without a care in the world. The hospital had sent her several medical crisis notices about her child, but she had ignored every single one.

She had also brought Ralph into Jamieson Group, and together, the two of them had thrown the company into complete disarray.

Neither of them knew that Queenie had already finalized arrangements for Cecilia to step in as CEO.

The next morning, work began early to renovate the CEO's office.

"Ms. Evans, these are all Mdm. Queenie's personal belongings. Are you sure you want to throw them out?" -Caliste asked hesitantly. "What if Mdm. Queenie recovers and asks for them?"

Cassandra shrugged, entirely unfazed. “Then put them in storage.”

“But...”

No buts,” Cassandra snapped. “I’m running this company now. Naturally, the office should reflect my taste,

hers.”

Ralph

me.”

appeared, looking pleased with himself. “Cassandra, I’ll take the office next to yours. It’s perfect for

That particular office, however, belonged to Scorpius, who had met with Cecilia the day before.

That day, Scorpius returned with a group of senior executives.

As Ralph made his way toward the office, Scorpius and his team intercepted him. “This office isn’t yours to claim,” Scorpius said sharply.

Ralph and Cassandra froze in their tracks.

Cassandra tried to mask her confusion with a friendly smile. “Scorpius, didn’t we agree yesterday that you would leave room for the younger generation? Why the sudden change of heart? And why bring all these executives? Are you staging a coup?”

Scorpius had remained patient out of respect for Queenie, but now that Queenie had explicitly thrown her

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“Ms. Evans, as of yesterday, Madam Queenic appointed a new CEO. Any personnel changes you made are invalid,” he announced.

A new CEO?

Cassandra’s disbelief was evident. “Why wasn’t I informed?”

Ignoring her, Scorpius turned to his team. “Has the new CEO arrived?”

“Already downstairs,” one of them replied.

“Let’s go meet them,” Scorpius said. “We’ll leave the office decisions to the CEO once they’re here.”

With that, the group swept out of the office, leaving Cassandra standing there, stunned.

What is Queenie thinking? Instead of trusting her own daughter, she brings in someone else to run the company?

Ralph frowned. “Cassandra, what’s happening?”

She clenched her fists, seething. “I don’t know, but we’re going to find out who this so-called CEO is.”

In her mind, Cassandra dismissed the idea that the CEO could pose a real challenge. She figured it would be some easily controlled executive from headquarters-a mere puppet for her to manipulate.