

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1691

Chapter 1691 Why Would She Hand The Company To You

“All right.” Ralph followed Cassandra downstairs, both eager to uncover the identity of the new CEO. What he didn’t expect was the shock awaiting him.

Amidst a cluster of senior executives stood Cecilia, poised and confident in a simple yet elegant business suit. Her aura carried an uncanny resemblance to Queenie’s younger days.

Scorpius was struck by the likeness. He called out respectfully, “Ms. Cecilia.”

The others quickly followed suit, echoing their deference.

Cecilia acknowledged them with a polite smile. “I look forward to working with all of you.”

Scorpius stepped forward. “Ms. Cecilia, you’ve just arrived. Let’s go upstairs for a chat.”

“Of course,” Cecilia agreed, following his lead.

On their way upstairs, they encountered Cassandra. She was too lost in her own thoughts to immediately notice the group until Cecilia approached. Cassandra’s eyes widened in disbelief as realization dawned.

Blocking their path, she demanded, “Cecilia, what’s going on here?” Her gaze shifted to Scorpius. “Scorpius, is she the new CEO you mentioned?”

“Yes,” Scorpius replied curtly.

Cassandra looked like she’d been struck by lightning. “What a ridiculous joke! She’s just a clueless bumpkin. Why on earth would anyone entrust her with running a company?”

Scorpius’s face darkened. “Because Ms. Cecilia is Mdm. Queenie’s biological daughter. And because Mdm. Queenie herself appointed her as the CEO of Jamieson Group.”

The weight of his words hit Cassandra like a ton of bricks. Her hands clenched into fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palms.

She turned to Cecilia, her voice trembling with disbelief. "What did you do? Why would Mom hand the company over to you?"

Cecilia didn't bother answering and moved to walk past her.

Cassandra, however, wasn't willing to let it go. She grabbed Cecilia's sleeve, clearly ready for a confrontation. But she forgot that Charlotte was right by her side.

Though not as formidable as Sven, Charlotte was more than capable of handling someone like Cassandra.

With a swift move, Charlotte grabbed Cassandra's hand and pulled it away. Cassandra cried out, grimacing in pain. "L-Let go of me!"

Charlotte released her with a flick of the wrist and dusted off her hands as though she'd touched something unpleasant. "Here's some advice-if you're not up for the task, don't stick your nose where it doesn't belong."

Cassandra's face flushed crimson with humiliation. She could do nothing but

watch as Cecilia continued toward the CEO's office, escorted by Scorpius and her entourage.

When they entered the office, Scorpius gestured around. "Ms. Cecilia, this will be your workspace. If there's anything you'd like changed, let me know."

Cecilia surveyed the room briefly and shook her head. "That won't be necessary. It's perfect as it is."

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"Very well," Scorpius said. He turned to the construction workers still lingering nearby. "You can leave now."

Realizing the shift in authority, the workers quietly packed up and departed. Watching from the hallway, Cassandra fumed silently, her frustration evident.

Beside her, Ralph finally broke the silence. “Why is Cecilia here?” Cassandra’s expression darkened. “It’s because of Queenie. She brought Cecilia here to take over as general manager of Jamieson Group.”

Ralph looked stunned. “How is that even possible?”

He knew how much Queenie had always doted on Cassandra. Now, it seemed everything had changed.

“Call her,” Ralph urged. “Maybe you’ve misunderstood. Ask her what’s going on.”

Snapping out of her daze, Cassandra pulled out her phone and dialed Queenie. It took several long rings before the call was answered.

Chapter 1692 A Fight For The Company

Cassandra, what’s the matter?” Queenie’s tone was cal, though she already knew the reason for the call.

Cassandra tried to sound composed. “Mom, why did you bring Cecilia into the company and let her take over all the business affairs?”

“I didn’t think I needed to explain,” Queenie replied bluntly, “Ceci will take over the company in the future. You should support her.”

A chill ran through Cassandra at her mother’s words.

She opened her mouth to argue, but Ralph subtly motioned for her to restrain herself. Taking a deep breath, she softened her tone. “I understand, Mom. Cecilia is your biological daughter, and it’s natural for you to pass the company to her. But she’s inexperienced. Putting her in charge now might cause resentment among the staff.”

“She’s here to learn,” Queenie replied sharply. “I’ve already spoken with the team, and no one will dare go against her. Unless... are you the one who’s not happy with my decision?”

Caught off guard, Cassandra stammered, “O-Of course not.”

“Good. My health has been worsening. From now on, I’m counting on you to ensure things run smoothly.

Don’t disappoint me.”

Without waiting for a reply, Queenie ended the call. She set her phone down, sorrow filling her eyes.

On the other end, Cassandra was trembling with anger, her teeth clenched. She lowered her voice, her words laced with venom. "That old hag is unbelievable. Now that she has her own daughter, she's completely cast me aside. And she expects me to help Cecilia? She must be out of her mind! Why won't she just die already?"

Ralph quickly pulled her aside, away from prying ears. In the quiet corner, he spoke calmly. "Cassandra, you need to stay composed. Queenie's time is running out. And Cecilia? She's new to all of this. She doesn't know anything about how the Jamieson family works. Once Queenie's out of the picture, it'll be easy to have her under control."

Cassandra shook her head. "No, that won't work. Queenie's too shrewd-she's probably already tampered with her will. The only way to ensure my place is to get rid of Cecilia altogether."

Her eyes hardened, a fierce determination gleaming within them.

"Dad," she said firmly, "you have to help me this time. I have to become the Jamieson family's heir-no matter what."

Ralph gave a slight nod. "All right," he agreed without hesitation.

Only then did Cassandra let out a slow breath, her rage momentarily tempered. Putting on a composed façade, she accompanied Cecilia and the others to the conference room.

As the new CEO officially took charge, whispers began to ripple through the employees.

"I can't believe it! The new CEO is actually Mdm. Queenie's biological daughter, not Cassandra."

"An adopted daughter is just that-adopted. You never really know where their loyalties lie."

"Exactly," someone added. "Thank goodness Cassandra didn't get the position. If she had, we'd all be in big trouble."

The quiet buzz of gossip reached Cassandra's ears, only fueling her simmering anger.

After the meeting concluded, Cassandra wasted no time contacting her allies. She reached out to Miranda, who had been a close collaborator in the past.

"Miranda," Cassandra said, her tone measured, "I helped you before. Now it's time for you to return the favor."

Miranda, who had her own reasons to resent-Cecilia's rise, didn't hesitate. She understood well that Cecilia's control over the Jamieson Group would do them no favors.

"Of course," Miranda said smoothly. "We're on the same side, after all."

The day at the company had been nothing short of a storm.

If Queenie hadn't warned her beforehand, Cecilia's first day might have ended in disaster.

Chapter 1693 Have You Ever Liked Me

"Boss, big corporations really are on a whole different level compared to our small company. I saw so many big shots today," Charlotte exclaimed, her voice

brimming with awe.

Cecilia nodded, though a flicker of nervousness crossed her face. "You're right.

There's still so much we need to learn moving forward."

Charlotte smirked. "Yeah, but I couldn't stop laughing at how miserablenoveldrama

Cassandra looked today."

She hated Cassandra's arrogant attitude.

Later, after returning with Charlotte, Cecilia quietly settled down to review the content of the meeting.

As she went through the details, her eyes widened in surprise. The changes Cassandra had implemented over the past few days were undeniably impactful. It was clear she had meticulously orchestrated every aspect.

Cecilia leaned back, lost in thought. She began crafting her own plans.

It was getting late, but Charlotte had no desire to go back.

"Lottie, go get some rest," Cecilia said gently.

"I don't want to," Charlotte replied.

The thought of returning to her current living space with Sven made her heart sink. Every time she saw him, it shattered her all over again. Work was her only escape, the only time she could forget, even if just for a while. Only then did Cecilia remember the affair between Charlotte and Sven.

"Boss." Charlotte sniffled, her voice trembling. "Every time I think about Sven, I feel like I can't breathe. It's like I'm always on the verge of tears."

Cecilia pulled her into a comforting embrace, patting her back softly. "Don't who's truly meant for you someday."

Charlotte's heartache grew heavier. "Boss, do you think he never liked me?"

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Cecilia hesitated, feeling out of her depth. Comforting others had never been her strength. She quickly shook her head. "Of course not."

"But if he liked me, why did he break up with me?" Charlotte sighed deeply. "I think he really didn't like th me?" Charlotte sighed deeply. "I think he really didn't like

me."

Cecilia struggled to find the right words. Comforting someone nursing a broken heart was proving to be

no easy

task.

Nathaniel, seated quietly off to the side, glanced in their direction before checking the time. It was already eleven o'clock at night.

Why is this third wheel still hanging around?

His lips curved into a faint smirk as he spoke. "Men aren't as sentimental or prone to overthinking as as sentimental or protic to overthinking as women. If you want to know if he really liked you, just ask him."

Nathaniel's words struck a chord with Charlotte, sparking a sudden epiphany.

She lifted her gaze to him, her voice tinged with uncertainty. "If I ask, will he tell me the truth?"

Nathaniel met her eyes, his tone steady. "Someone like Sven wouldn't lie." Summoning her courage, Charlotte stood. "All right," she said resolutely, "I'll go ask."

She couldn't find peace until she understood the real reason for their breakup.

Without hesitation, Charlotte left the house. The moment she was gone, Nathaniel quickly got up and locked the door behind her, as though afraid she might second-guess herself and return.

Cecilia's expression turned serious. "But what if Sven lies? What if he says he doesn't like her when he actually does?"

Nathaniel let out a soft sigh, walking over to help her shut down the computer. "You're overthinking it. Take a break."

"All right," Cecilia muttered. She didn't want to dwell on it any longer; her head was already throbbing.

When Charlotte returned, she noticed the light in Sven's room was still on. She hesitated briefly before mustering her courage and knocking on the door.

Moments later, the door opened, revealing Sven in dark-colored pajamas. He stood by the doorway, momentarily stunned to see Charlotte standing there. "Is something wrong?" he asked.

Charlotte kept her head bowed, unable to meet his gaze. "I... I have something to discuss with you," she said softly.

Sven's expression hardened, his tone turning cold when he thought of what she did. "If it's personal, there's no need to discuss it."

Tears quickly filled Charlotte's eyes. "What do you mean by that?"

Without thinking, she reached out, gripping his arm tightly. Her gaze locked onto his. "Tell me," she demanded, "have you ever liked me?"

She stared deeply into his eyes, searching for any hint of emotion, any sign of the truth she desperately sought.

But Sven's composure was unshakable. His expression remained calm and unreadable. "That's not important," he said evenly.

Chapter 1694 Not Important

Not important?

Charlotte felt as if the ground beneath her had crumbled. Her voice rose, tinged with desperation. "What do you mean it's not important? It's important to me! I need you to answer me right now-do you like me or

not?"

Her fiery temper simmered dangerously close to boiling over.

If he likes me or doesn't, he could just say it. What does he mean by "it's not important"?

Her grip tightened on his shirt, wrinkling the fabric in her hands. A flicker of impatience flashed in Sven's novel drama

eyes.

"I don't," he said curtly.

He had been blind before, unable to judge people's true character. But now he was certain-Charlotte was no different from his former fiancée. How could he possibly still have feelings for her?

Hearing his words, Charlotte felt her once-burning heart grow cold.

"Really?" she whispered, her voice trembling.

"Can you leave now?" Sven said, his tone flat and unyielding.

Charlotte remained frozen in place, unwilling to leave without answers.

"Do you really not like me?" she asked, her frustration spilling over. "Then why did you agree to date me in the first place?"

"In this world, does being in love mean we have to stay together forever?" Sven's voice was calm, each word deliberate. "Before we fell in love, maybe we didn't fully understand each other. Now that we do, it's clear we're not right for each other." He turned to head back into his room but paused, unable to resist adding coldly, "Aren't you already with Eric? Isn't one enough for you?"

What does that mean?

Charlotte froze, his words stinging like a slap. Her frustration boiled over, and without thinking, she swung her fist at him in a fit of anger.

Sven could have dodged-it would have been easy-but for some reason, he didn't. Her punch landed squarely on his face.

“Why didn’t you dodge?” Charlotte demanded, her anger momentarily replaced by shock. Her punches weren’t ordinary, and sure enough, when she pulled her hand back, she saw a dark bruise forming on Sven’s sharp features.

Sven’s expression darkened further, his voice as cold as ice. “Are you satisfied now?”

Seeing his now icy and indifferent demeanor, Charlotte realized that persisting any further would be meaningless. Her hand slowly dropped to her side. “All right, I understand,” she said quietly, her voice tinged with resignation. “I’ll leave now. I wish you happiness in the future.”

As she turned to leave, an unbearable ache gripped her chest, as though her heart was shattering into pieces.

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But after taking a few steps, she suddenly stopped and turned back. Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke, “Sven, I’m not with Eric. His parents are pressuring him to get married, and he asked me to pretend to be his girlfriend.”

Before he could respond, she turned and fled, as if escaping the weight of her own words. She didn’t notice the storm of emotions that erupted in Sven’s eyes.

He stood motionless by the door, watching her silhouette disappear into the night. A sinking realization began to take hold-had he misunderstood her all along?

Early the next morning, Sven decided to seek out Charlotte for some answers, only to learn that she had left early to accompany Cecilia to the Jamieson Group. “Why did she leave so early?” he asked.

Yawning, Elliot glanced up at him. “Maybe it’s because she’s scared of your fierce and intimidating face, Mr. Sven.”

Lately, even when Sven dropped Elliot off at kindergarten, his mood hadn’t gone unnoticed. Many of the children could tell he was unhappy. Elliot, observant as ever, had picked up on it too. Though Sven typically maintained a neutral expression, it rarely intimidated the children-until now.

“Do I look fierce?” Sven asked, almost to himself.

“You didn’t before, but now you do,” Elliot replied with honest simplicity.

Sven exhaled quietly, already understanding the reason behind his low spirits. “Let’s go to school,” he said.

“All right.” Elliot nodded.

As Sven got into the car, Elliot couldn’t help but ask, “Mr. Sven, is it true that you and Charlotte have broken up?”

“Children should stay out of adults’ matters,” Sven replied curtly, his tone betraying a hint of annoyance.

Disappointment flickered in Elliot’s eyes, but then a mischievous spark lit up his gaze. “Ah, what a shame. I know you still have feelings for Charlotte, Mr. Sven. But as for Charlotte...”

Chapter 1695 Elliot Tries To Help

Sven’s curiosity piqued. “What about her?*

Elliot leaned in with a grin. “She’s really something, you know. As a girl, he’s not just cute, but also tough when she needs to be. A lot of men find that kind of strength appealing

He said this deliberately, knowing it would provoke a reaction.

Sven’s grip on the wheel tightened, his driving fluctuating between quick and slow as a flash of jealousy crossed his mind. “Is that so?” he asked.

“Of course, when she and my mom were working outside, Charlotte had a lot of suitors. Elliot said, resting his chin on his hand. “Compared to her. Mr. Sven, you really need to step up your game. With that poker face of yours, girls are too intimidated to approach you. Aren’t you getting on in years? Don’t your parents pressure you to get married?*

The mention of his parents hit a nerve in Sven’s chest.

Before Elliot could say more, Sven quickly cut him off. “Did you finish the

homework assigned by your teacher last night? If not, make sure to complete it as soon as possible.

Elliot had planned to keep teasing, but hearing the mention of homework made him panic. Without another word, he scrambled to pull out his books and start working on it in the car.

After dropping Elliot off at kindergarten, Sven found himself lost in thought as he made his way home. The events of the previous night and Elliot’s teasing replayed in his mind. In the past, he never felt the need to compare himself to other men. But now, he couldn’t help but wonder-between him, Eric, and Charlotte’s past suitors, who was truly the better choice?

Absorbed in these thoughts, Sven found himself driving without thinking, his hands steering the car toward Jamieson Group. As he parked outside the company, he remained in the car, silently observing, thinking of approaching Charlotte during her break to talk things through.

Just then, Sven’s attention was drawn to a car parked in a secluded corner. His professional instincts immediately kicked in, and he observed it carefully. Moments later, two figures stepped out-Cassandra and her father, Ralph.

The pair appeared to be deep in conversation, though the content of their exchange was unclear. Shortly after, another car pulled up, and Miranda and her father-in-law, Robert, emerged.

After a brief round of pleasantries, all four entered the same vehicle together. Sven's suspicions deepened. Certain they were up to something questionable, he got into his car and discreetly tailed them.

The group eventually arrived at a hotel, and Sven followed them inside, taking a seat in the private room adjacent to theirs.

After Cassandra and Robert met, they wasted no time plotting how to sideline Cecilia, with the ultimate goal of transferring all of the Jamieson family's assets solely to Cassandra.

Seizing an opportunity as the waiter served their dishes, Sven discreetly placed a listening device in a hidden spot.

The group spent the entire mo

ning morning

no proceeded in their scheming before gradually discerning. Once he was confident he had secured the evidence, Sven headed straight to Jamieson Group to find Cecilia.

As soon as Charlotte spotted him approaching, she quickly ducked into the ladies' restroom, avoiding him before he could even say a word.

Sven noticed her evasion but said nothing, heading directly to Cecilia's office.

"Ms. Smith," he began, handing her a recording device. "I ran into Cassandra and Miranda today. This contains their conversation. They're planning to undermine Jamieson Group-and you."

Caught off guard, Cecilia quickly grabbed the device and plugged it into her computer. "Thank you."

Sven didn't leave immediately. His gaze shifted toward the restroom before he casually said, "I think I'll wait for her here."

Cecilia shrugged, allowing him to do as he wished. "Suit yourself."

Sven settled onto the couch, waiting patiently for Charlotte to emerge. Ten minutes passed, then thirty, yet Charlotte, who had gone into the restroom, was still nowhere to be seen. Sven frowned slightly, puzzled. Why is she taking so long?

Meanwhile, Charlotte was practically beside herself with frustration. She peeked at the time and clenched her fists. Why hasn't he left yet? I don't want to stay here anymore.

Even Cecilia started to feel something was amiss. Charlotte had been in the restroom for over an hour. Her brows furrowed in confusion. What's going on in there? Could she be constipated?