

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1696

Chapter 1696

Cecilia glanced at Sven, still waiting patiently, and decided to call Charlotte.

“Lottie, why haven’t you come out yet?” she asked.

Charlotte’s voice faltered on the other end. “Is Sven still there?”

Cecilia was puzzled. “Yes, he’s still here. What’s wrong?”

“Then I’ll just stay in the bathroom until he leaves,” Charlotte replied firmly. The thought of facing a man she once had feelings for made her heart ache.

Realization dawned on Cecilia. “Lottie, he’s waiting for you. You should come out.”

“Waiting for me?” Charlotte echoed, confused, before shaking her head. “Forget it. Just ask him to leave.”

She couldn’t bear the idea of reopening old wounds.

“Don’t you want to know why he’s here to see you?” Cecilia pressed gently.

Charlotte sighed deeply. “Forget it. I don’t want to think about anything right now.” She remained curled up in the corner.

Cecilia, recalling the events Charlotte had mentioned from the previous night, decided to step in. “Do you want me to ask him for you?” she offered, sensing that Sven still harbored feelings for Charlotte.

Charlotte hesitated. “Is that possible? Boss, could you really ask for me?”

“Of course,” Cecilia replied.

After hanging up, Cecilia approached Sven. “Lottie’s stomach seems to be bothering her. Did you need something from her? If so, I can pass along the message.”

Hearing that Charlotte wasn’t feeling well, Sven frowned with concern. “Could it be food poisoning? I’ll go get some medicine for her.”

Cecilia couldn’t help but smirk inwardly. He does care about her. Why else would he zero in on her upset stomach instead of brushing off the conversation?

As Sven prepared to leave, she stopped him. “Hold on. The things you said to Lottie last night—those were lies, weren’t they? Admit it, you like her.”

Sven paused in his tracks.

“Was her relationship with Eric genuine or just a facade?” Sven asked, his tone cautious.

With that question, the misunderstanding was finally cleared.

Cecilia chuckled knowingly. “I had a feeling there was a reason behind your sudden decision to break up with her. Of course, their relationship was fake.”

Cecilia sighed and explained, “Here’s what happened: A few days ago, Eric’s dad came to the office, convinced Eric was into men, and caused quite a scene. To appease him, Eric had no choice but to bring Lottie in as a decoy girlfriend.” She shook her head. “I didn’t think you’d misunderstand. Why didn’t you just clarify it with her sooner?”

Sven’s expression shifted, a tinge of embarrassment creeping onto his face. For a moment, he was speechless.

Without missing a beat, Cecilia pulled out her phone. “I’m calling Lottie. You hurt her yesterday, and now she’s too scared to face you. That’s why she’s been avoiding you.”

Sven nodded stiffly, his voice low. “Thank you.”

Back in her office, Cecilia called Charlotte and explained the entire situation in detail.

Hearing the truth, Charlotte finally understood why Sven had suddenly suggested breaking up after she returned from Eric’s house.

“So that’s what happened.” She sighed, lightly smacking her forehead as she recalled how she had flaunted Eric in front of Sven just the day before.

No wonder Sven had misunderstood.

After letting the realization sink in, Charlotte emerged from the restroom and cautiously approached Sven. Neither of them spoke immediately, each waiting for the other to say something first.

Watching the awkward tension, Cecilia decided to intervene. “The riverside view outside the company is pretty nice. Why don’t you two take a walk?”

Both of them responded at the same time, “All right.”

Without further hesitation, they headed outside together.

Cecilia watched as they walked away, a knowing smile playing on her lips. Without needing to ask, she could tell the two were on the path to reconciliation.

She returned to her desk, plugging in the recording Sven had handed over.

Chapter 1697 Scheming Cassandra

The details of the recording were both shocking and infuriating. Cassandra had been plotting to collaborate with external forces to undermine Jamieson Group. Even more audaciously, she planned to manipulate the company’s stock.

Cecilia knew she had to act decisively to prevent Cassandra’s schemes from succeeding.

Scorpius’ office was just next door. Worried that the older employees would bully Cecilia, he frequently checked in to see if there was anything he could help with.

Cecilia knew all too well that Scorpius had once wronged her and Jonathan, which explained her frosty demeanor toward him. She only interacted with him when it was about work.

Scorpius, in turn, was acutely aware of the resentment Cecilia bore toward him. The fact that he still held a position in the company was a testament to her tolerance. He didn’t dare to ask for more; his sole wish was to protect Queenie’s family from the shadows.

At the hospital, Queenie's condition remained dire. She spent most of her days unconscious. Despite her fragile state, she occasionally mustered the strength to visit Cassandra's young daughter. The sight of the child tugged at her heartstrings, filling her with deep sympathy.

"Has Cassandra come to see her?" Queenie asked during one of her visits.

Caliste shook her head. "No, she seems preoccupied. She hasn't visited Dahlia even once."

It was painfully clear that Cassandra had never truly cared for Dahlia, like the child never should have existed.

Queenie sighed deeply. "Dahlia's very birth was a misfortune."

Caliste gently placed a hand on her arm. "Let's go, Madam Queenie. You've been out here too long. It's time to rest."

"All right."

Once Queenie returned to her ward, she turned to Caliste. "How is Cecilia managing at the company?"

"With Mr. Jiminez's help, everything has been running smoothly," Caliste assured her.

Queenie nodded, lying down. "Good. But keep an eye on Cassandra. Someone like her won't settle for being in second place."

"I will," Caliste promised.

True to Queenie's instincts, Cassandra was proving to be exactly as calculated and ambitious as she feared. By day, Cassandra schemed with the Rainsworths, plotting her moves carefully. By night, she made a show of caring for Queenie. Yet Cassandra dared not tamper with Queenie's food again after the doctor had inspected it. She would have to devise another way to carry out her plans.

Cassandra approached the doctor, her tone feigning concern. "How much longer can my mother hold on?"

The doctor, assuming her worry was genuine, sighed heavily. "Given her current condition, she's just barely. A year or two was far too long for Cassandra's plans. Masking her impatience, she pressed further. "I see. So, what precautions should we take? For example, how can we prevent her condition from worsening? Are there specific things we should avoid?"

"Make sure her emotions stay stable," the doctor replied. "Avoid any stress or sudden fluctuations. Her diet should remain light and balanced. Above all, ensure she feels both physically and emotionally comfortable."

The doctor's advice offered no information, nothing Cassandra could use.

She went to Queenie's ward.

Hearing a faint noise, Queenie sluggishly opened her eyes, her exhaustion evident. "Cassandra, you're here," she said softly.

"Mom." Cassandra sat by her side, gently taking her hand. "How are you feeling now?"

"Much better," Queenie replied, her voice weak but steady.

"That's good. How about we leave the hospital? I feel the environment here isn't quite suitable. With our family doctor, it would be much better to continue your treatment at home," Cassandra suggested.

Only at home could Cassandra execute her plans unhindered. Queenie gazed at her daughter with a complex expression, taking her time to reply.

Before she could answer, Caliste stepped forward. "Mdm. Queenie isn't ready to leave yet. The hospital's facilities are far more advanced than what we have at home."

Cassandra turned, her eyes narrowing as she cast a cold glance at Caliste. "All right then. Mom's health comes first," she said.

Queenie was about to let Cassandra leave when, with great effort, she lifted her hand and firmly grasped Cassandra's wrist.