

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1711

4-5 minutes

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visiting Queenie

After dealing with all of them, Cecilia felt drained.

“Lottie, the next time these calls come in, you should answer them. Make up an excuse and tell them I’m busy.”

“Alright,” Charlotte readily agreed.

After finishing work for the day, Cecilia didn’t rush home. Instead, she headed to the hospital.

She stood at the entrance of the hospital room, hesitating to go in.

Nonetheless, Caliste had noticed her arrival. “Ms. Cecilia, you’re here. Please, come in,” Caliste invited warmly.

It wasn’t until Cecilia entered that she noticed Queenie’s complexion had worsened compared to her last visit.

“Mdm. Queenie, how are you holding up?”

Queenie only heard the show of concern, unbothered by the detached way Cecilia

had addressed her. “I’m much better now,” she replied. “Come, sit with me.”

After a moment of hesitation, Cecilia took a seat beside Queenie’s bed.

Queenie yearned to reach out and touch Cecilia, yet she feared her daughter might disapprove. She lifted her hand, only to lower it again.

—“Ceci, how has work been for you lately? Have you encountered anyone giving you a hard time?”

Cecilia shook her head. "It's pretty good. The senior management and shareholders are all taking good care

of me."

That was a given, as Queenie had already instructed them to do so beforehand.

These individuals were the ones most terrified of Queenie, and they were also the group that were most

indebted to her.

"That's good to hear. If anyone dares to give you trouble, make sure to let me know. I'll handle it."

Cecilia nodded in response.

After a while, she couldn't help but ask, "I'm curious, why did you decide to hand the company over to me?"

Didn't Queenie initially mention that she wanted to give half of the company to Cassandra?

Queenie knew Cecilia had come to inquire about this matter, but she didn't dare to reveal the truth. "No particular reason," she said. "I just wanted to be a little selfish, to keep what's mine for my own daughter."

Her own daughter...

A strange sensation inexplicably rose within Cecilia.

Afraid that she would refuse to accept it again, Queenie continued, "I've severed my mother-daughter else to give them to."

With her head lowered, Cecilia said, "Don't you have Brooklyn? Perhaps you should hand over the company to her."

She believed she had done nothing to deserve such a thing, and she didn't want to feel indebted to anyone, even if that person was her own biological mother.

Queenie's eyes inevitably reddened.

She knew that Cecilia was unwilling to accept the inheritance, and alongside it, the fact that she was the latter's biological mother.

"Let's put this matter aside for now. I need you to help me run the company in the meantime. Once my health improves, we can discuss it further."

"Alright." Cecilia nodded.

The back-and-forth between the two individuals stirred up immense jealousy in Cassandra, who was observing from outside.

She couldn't help but exclaim, "I can't believe how good she is at faking it!"

Meanwhile, Cecilia also noticed Cassandra at the entrance.

Cecilia explained to her, "Ms. Cecilia, you don't need to concern yourself with her. She just refuses to leave."

After hearing this, Cecilia was left confused.

Just recently, Queenie was fearful of causing her adopted daughter any distress. How did things change so suddenly?

If Ms. Newton has the audacity to utter these words, she certainly has the blessing of Queenie. Otherwise, she wouldn't have dared to.

Upon noticing that everyone in the ward was looking her way, Cassandra immediately dropped her resentful expression, feigning a pitiful demeanor instead.

"Ceci, you've arrived, that's wonderful. Mdm. Queenie has been longing to see you."

Queenie was not in a good mood, shooting Caliste a look, who then stood up and closed the door.

Cassandra was thus stopped at the door. Her expression fluctuated between anger and embarrassment, an indescribable gloom etched on her face.

Ironically, there were still some patients in the hallway at that time, all of whom cast peculiar glances at her.

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1712

4-5 minutes

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## The Cure

Utterly disgraced, Cassandra slinked away from the hospital in a dejected manner.

Not long after she left, Cecilia also departed from the hospital.

When she arrived home, Nathaniel and the children had learned about the news on the internet, just like everyone else. However, compared to others, they remained exceptionally composed.

“Why are you back late today?” Nathaniel asked gravely.

“I dropped by the hospital first.”

Cecilia sat down, joining them for dinner.

After listening to her, Nathaniel didn’t ask anything else. He served her some food. “Eat more,” he said.

Elliot behaved obediently, following suit by serving Cecilia some food.

“Mom, it’s been a long day for you.”

With a knowing smile, Cecilia said, “Thank you, Sweetie.”

Nathaniel cast his gaze over, a glint of aggrievement flashing in his eyes. Is she only going to thank our son, and not me, her other sweetie?

Feeling slightly embarrassed under his gaze, Cecilia responded, “And thank you too.”

Only then did Nathaniel feel truly content.

Charlotte had come over to have dinner with Sven. Observing the scene, she felt relieved that she too had a boyfriend now. Otherwise, she would have been quite the pitiful little thing.

After the meal, the family was relaxing in the living room when Nathaniel inquired with Cecilia about the announcement made by Queenie.

"I'm still not sure whether I should accept it or not," Cecilia honestly admitted.

"No matter what, I'll support your decision," Nathaniel responded solemnly.

Cecilia nodded, unable to resist asking him, "Do you think I'm being foolish for doing this?"

Being served with such a large corporation on a silver platter was akin to an unexpected windfall, yet she was considering turning it down.

"We have more than enough money already. All you need to do is follow your heart and avoid having any regrets."

Nathaniel didn't have any expectations of relying on Cecilia's family financially.

He was no longer the man who had to struggle in the business world like he used to.

Initially, Cecilia thought that Nathaniel would disapprove of her actions. However, to her surprise, he actually understood her.

Recently, Cecilia had been consistently taking her medication, but her memory was recovering at a dre pace. Zachary suggested that it would be best to have regular check-up "Alright."

"Right, there's one more thing" Nathaniel suddenly recalled.

"What is it?"

"Zachary has found a potential treatment for your hearing impairment Nathaniel said slowly.

"After the follow-up examination tomorrow, we'll have you tested to see if it might work."

A glimmer of hope flashed through Cecilia's eyes. "Really?"

Mom had mentioned that she was born with a hearing impairment. Despite the numerous doctors Regas had consulted, they all claimed it was incurable.

By then, Cecilia had grown accustomed to it. To her, the hearing aid was as crucial as glasses were to someone with shortsightedness. It was exceptionally important.

However, her longstanding desire had always been to no longer use it and to hear the sounds of the world more clearly.

“Zachary said it’s possible, but he can’t guarantee it,” Nathaniel answered truthfully.

Ever since Zachary realized he had the wrong idea about Cecilia, he had spent many years seeking out various experts to understand Cecilia’s medical condition.

By now, a solution had finally been found.

Cecilia nodded repeatedly. “I understand. Even if the treatment doesn’t work, it’s not a big deal. Please thank him for me.”

Subconsciously, Nathaniel lifted his hand, gently ruffling through Cecilia’s hair.

“Don’t worry, it’s bound to be a success.”

Cecilia froze, not avoiding his touch.

The following morning, Cecilia had already gathered her things, ready to visit the hospital.

Inside the hospital, the scent of disinfectant was ever-present.

Zachary had arrived quite early, accompanied by Vivian and Jonathan.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1713**

4-5 minutes

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### **Are You Pregnant**

Cecilia hadn’t arrived yet, and Vivian sat in her chair, bored out of her mind. With a sigh, she muttered, “Ugh, this is so frustrating. Why isn’t Ceci here yet?”

Zachary glanced at her. “What’s there to be annoyed about? If you’re bored, why don’t you and Jon go for a walk?”

“I’m not going. Can’t be bothered,” Vivian replied, irritation clear in her tone.

Zachary had noticed that her temper had been getting worse lately. Jonathan, who was nearby, had picked up on it too. Nudging her lightly, he asked, "Ms. Kennedy, are you feeling okay?"

Lately, Vivian had been eating less, and her patience had been wearing thin. She would lose her temper over the smallest things.

Vivian blinked in surprise. "I'm fine. I feel great."

A thought suddenly struck Jonathan. While Zachary was busy talking to the doctor, he seized the opportunity to step closer to Vivian. Lowering his voice, he asked, "Ms. Kennedy, is there a chance you're pregnant?"

He had a strong feeling about it-her mood swings and physical state were exactly like his mother's when she had been newly pregnant with his younger brothers.

Vivian's mind went blank for a moment. "What kind of nonsense is that?" she scoffed. "I'm not pregnant. Don't talk rubbish."

"Oh." Jonathan noted her unusually strong reaction, which only made him more certain of his suspicions.

But something puzzled him-pregnancy was a good thing, so why was Vivian hiding it?

If Old Mr. Sinclair found out, he'd surely be overjoyed.

Still, Jonathan was perceptive enough to realize that she didn't want to talk about it, so he kept quiet and didn't press the issue.

Not long after, Cecilia arrived, and the moment she stepped in, Vivian immediately approached her. "Ceci."

"Vivian, you're here too?" Cecilia's voice held a trace of pleasant surprise.

"Yeah." Vivian nodded. "Zachary mentioned you were coming for a follow-up today to check on your ear's recovery, so I asked him to bring me along."

Then, gently pulling Cecilia aside, she turned to Nathaniel. "We'll have a private chat first, then we'll do the check-up."

Nathaniel gave no response, merely observing the interaction.

Once they reached a quiet spot, Vivian couldn't hold back her worries any longer. "Cecilia, early pregnancy is exhausting. No matter what I eat, I throw up. Certain smells make me nauseous, and I don't feel like eating at all these days."

"Did you tell Zachary and the others?" Cecilia asked.

"Vivian, do you want to keep the baby?"

Vivian gave a small hum of acknowledgment. "Ever since I saw Cassandra's daughter, Dahlia, at the hospital, I've been thinking about keeping the baby. I just can't bring myself to abandon them."

At first, she hadn't felt much about the pregnancy. But as time passed, she kept thinking about the ultrasound she had gotten, and the idea of letting go became harder and harder.

"If you've made up your mind, it's best to tell the Sinclairs," Cecilia advised.

Vivian sighed. "You know, there was never any love between Zachary and me. The only reason we got married was that his grandfather insisted on it. He liked me and pushed for the marriage. I was getting older, and with my family pressuring me to settle down, I ended up with him. If I tell them about the pregnancy now, I'm afraid of what might happen after the baby is born."

Cecilia understood immediately. "You're worried that since your marriage doesn't have a strong foundation, if you two divorce in the future, the Sinclair family might fight you for custody? Or that the child might get hurt, and you wouldn't know how to handle it?"

Vivian nodded.

"But have you considered," Cecilia continued, "that even if you hide this now and somehow have the child on your own, the baby would still grow up without a father?"

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4-5 minutes

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## Barely Hanging On

Vivian had to admit-Cecilia had a point.

Cecilia pressed on, “Didn’t you say before that when Nathaniel hurt me in the past, I left while I was pregnant? And now, both of my kids still need a father. Besides, Zachary isn’t anything like Nathaniel was back then.”

Vivian nodded. “Yeah... I’ll think about it before telling them. I want to see how Zachary reacts first.”

“All right.”

After talking to Vivian, Cecilia went in for her follow-up.

Outside, Zachary turned to Vivian. “What were you and Cecilia talking about?”

“Why is a man prying into women’s conversations?” Vivian shot back, shutting him down with a single sentence.

Zachary sighed in exasperation. “Why are you acting so strange lately? Did I do something to upset you?”

Vivian hesitated. “No... you’re overthinking it.”

The truth was, ever since she got pregnant, her emotions had been all over the place, and she was having a hard time controlling them.

“If you’re feeling unwell, you should get checked out at the hospital,” Zachary suggested gently.

“There’s no need,” Vivian said, shaking her head.

Seeing her insistence, Zachary let the matter drop. He turned his attention to Nathaniel. “Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel merely grunted in acknowledgment, his eyes fixed on the entrance of the examination room.

“Don’t worry,” Zachary said after a brief pause. “Cecilia seems to be in good spirits. She must be recovering well.” Then, lowering his voice, he added, “Also, congratulations.”

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes. “Congratulations for what?”

“You haven’t heard?” Zachary looked surprised. “The news online-Queenie announced she transferred all her assets to Cecilia.”

Zachary leaned in. “With Queenie’s condition, things are bound to change drastically within a year or two. It’s not just Tudela that’ll be completely reshaped.”

Nathaniel’s eyes darkened, catching the key detail in Zachary’s words. “You said she only has a year or two left?”

Zachary blinked, caught off guard. “You didn’t know?”

“Explain. What happened?” Nathaniel’s tone turned serious.

The hallway wasn’t the place for such a discussion, so the two men stepped into the office and shut the door. Once inside, Zachary retrieved a medical report from

his drawer and handed it to Nathaniel. “I had a hard time getting this.”

Afterwards, Shen Ze retrieved a medical prescription from his drawer and handed it over to Lu Nan Chen.

The Sinclair family had pharmaceutical businesses all over Tudela, and since Queenie was receiving treatment here, Zachary had managed to get his hands on her medical records.

“She already had a lot of underlying health issues,” Zachary explained. “And recently, there have been rumors that someone tampered with her food, which worsened her condition and triggered a relapse. She’s barely hanging on, relying on machines and medication to stay alive.”

Nathaniel studied the treatment plan, his emotions in turmoil. Cecilia didn’t know about this.

“She didn’t tell her own daughter? Isn’t Cecilia her own flesh and blood?” Zachary asked.

Nathaniel’s expression darkened. “Cecilia has no idea. Queenie probably didn’t want her to worry.”

“Should we tell her, then? She deserves to know. If we tell her now, she could still spend more time with Queenie.”

Nathaniel’s voice was firm. “We’ll talk about it later.”

“Okay.” Zachary didn’t push further.

After Cecilia’s check-up, the doctor reassured everyone that she was recovering well. There were no major health concerns, and mentally, she seemed stable. As for whether she would regain her full memory, that would depend on time and luck.

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1715

4-5 minutes

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Am I Really That Annoying

Evidently, the outcome left much to be desired. But Nathaniel didn’t let any emotion show. He had Zachary take Cecilia for an ear examination to determine if she was a suitable candidate for surgery.

The tests took up most of the day, but thankfully, Cecilia’s check-up went smoothly. Zachary mentioned that other patients with similar conditions had undergone the procedure and were now living normal lives.

“That’s amazing, Ceci,” Vivian said sincerely, happy for her.

Cecilia was just as thrilled. Since childhood, she had been shunned by friends and even family because of her hearing impairment. Now, at last, she had a chance to be just like everyone else.

“When would be the best time to schedule the surgery?” Nathaniel asked seriously.

Zachary thought for a moment before replying, “Next month should work.”

There weren’t many days left before the next month arrived. Hearing this, Cecilia hesitated before asking, “Could we postpone it for a little while?”

“Why?” Vivian asked, puzzled.

“I’ve been swamped with work lately, and there’s still a lot to handle. I might not have the time to spare,” Cecilia explained.

The surgery itself wouldn’t take long, but the recovery period afterward would be quite extensive.

Zachary nodded understandingly. “That’s fine, Cecilia. We can schedule it whenever you’re ready. I’m available anytime.” He was deeply grateful to Cecilia, so a slight delay wasn’t a big deal.

“Thank you,” Cecilia said.

“There’s no need for thanks,” Zachary responded warmly.

Vivian squeezed Cecilia’s hand. “Exactly, Ceci, there’s no need to be so formal with us. We’re practically family now.”

Cecilia smiled. “All right.”

Once the check-up was done and everything seemed fine, Vivian suggested they go shopping together. Jonathan wasn’t particularly fond of shopping, but since the two ladies were going, he agreed to accompany them.

Zachary was about to tag along, but Vivian stopped him. “We’re going shopping, just whatever men like to do.”

She had gone shopping with Zachary before and knew that having a man around could be dull. Plus, there were some things she wouldn’t be able to talk about freely with him there.

With no other choice, Zachary pulled out a card. “Here, use this for whatever you and Cecilia want to buy.”

Vivian took it without hesitation. “All right then, we won’t stand on ceremony. Bye!”

For someone like Zachary, a wealthy second-generation heir, even if they shopped for a lifetime, they wouldn’t put a dent in the Sinclair family’s fortune.

Once the women and Jonathan left for their shopping spree, Zachary felt a bit lost. “Nathaniel,” he suggested, “let’s call Darren for a drink.” Ever since getting married, they hadn’t gone out drinking and chatting like they used to.

Nathaniel, however, had other things to take care of. “You and Darren go ahead. I won’t be joining.” With that, he picked up his phone and told the driver to bring the car around.

Moments later, Nathaniel left, leaving Zachary standing there, feeling slightly dejected. He watched the car pull away, mumbling to himself, “Have I really become this annoying?”

Still unwilling to give up, he pulled out his phone again and dialed Darren’s number. “Darren, are you free? Let’s hang out.”

On the other end, Darren was sitting at home, watching Madeline and their daughter, Amelia, play in the courtyard. The scene was full of warmth and laughter. “I’m busy. Find someone else,” he replied.

Zachary nearly swore out loud. One by one, now that they had wives, they’d all forgotten about their friends.

After hanging up, Darren sat there in silence, watching Madeline and Amelia, lost

in thought. Madeline had moved back in and had stopped mentioning divorce, but her attitude toward him remained distant- neither warm nor cold.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1716**

4-5 minutes

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### **A Small World**

With no one to drink with, Zachary had no choice but to get into his car. He told his driver to discreetly head toward the mall-he was curious about what Vivian and the others were buying.

By then, Vivian and Cecilia had already arrived at the mall. They started with some food and drinks before diving into their shopping spree, buying clothes and shoes and swiping their cards at every turn.

With Zachary's card in hand, Vivian was treated like a VIP. The store assistants catered to her every need, even arranging for her purchases to be delivered straight to their homes.

"Shopping is truly a joy when you have money," she said contentedly. As a woman, who wouldn't enjoy shopping? In an ideal world, she'd have an endless supply of money to spend.

Cecilia, on the other hand, bought a lot of clothes for the four children. She carefully picked something for each of them. Vivian noticed the tiny outfits and couldn't help but sigh. "I wish I had a daughter so I could buy her tons of adorable clothes."

Cecilia smiled wistfully. She, too, had always wanted a daughter, but she had only given birth to boys.

It would be nice to have both sons and daughters.

"Mommy, Ms. Kennedy, having a son is great too!" Jonathan piped up. "When he grows up, he can carry your bags for you."

At that moment, he was dutifully holding all the bags for the two women.

Cecilia chuckled. "That's true. My Jonathan is amazing. A son and a daughter- both are wonderful in their own way."

Hearing her praise, Jonathan's face flushed red.

Vivian smirked. "Oh my, I never expected you to blush so easily! Your face is as red as an apple!"

Immediately, Jonathan turned his head away. "Ms. Kennedy, please stop teasing me. I wasn't blushing at all!"

"Of course, you weren't," Vivian teased. "It's probably just too hot in here, right? Ha!" She laughed freely.

The three of them were having a great time, completely unaware that someone familiar was watching them from nearby. A woman wearing a mask and sunglasses stood next to Cassandra, her posture tense.

Cassandra narrowed her eyes. "Why do we keep running into them everywhere?"

The masked woman tugged at Cassandra's sleeve. "Cassandra, let's keep a low profile. Now's not the time to provoke Cecilia-or Vivian, for that matter. She's the only granddaughter-in-law of the Sinclair family."

Had Cecilia been there, she would have recognized the woman immediately. It was none other than Stella- someone she hadn't seen in a long time.

Cassandra knew she couldn't openly confront Cecilia and the others in her current situation. Taking a deep breath, she muttered, "Stella, don't tell me you've really turned over a new leaf. Are you scared of Cecilia and her people now?"

Stella adjusted her sunglasses, her expression hidden behind the lenses. "I just want to live my life peacefully now," she said.

Cassandra scoffed. "Do you really think Cecilia and the others will just let you be? Once she starts digging, everything will come back to haunt you. You'll end up even worse than I am!"

Of course, Stella understood that. But she wasn't the fool she used to be, always rushing headfirst into conflicts. "Ms. Evans, I don't have the same fighting spirit I once did. I don't want to compete anymore," she said calmly.

Cassandra rolled her eyes. "Then why did you come out with me today? To mock me?"

Stella lowered her head slightly. "Of course not. We're in the same boat. I genuinely want what's best for you."

In truth, she had other motives. She wanted to see how far Cassandra had fallen.

At the same time, she was hoping to gather information on Cecilia and whether she had regained her memory.

From what she had heard, it seemed like her memory hadn't returned—and likely never would.

"Well then," Cassandra said, her voice sharp, "go over there and talk to Cecilia and the others."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1717**

4-4 minutes

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## I Have Changed

Stella hadn't expected Cassandra to pull a stunt like this. Though reluctant, she had no choice but to comply -Cassandra had something on her. And so, she made her way toward Cecilia and her group.

"Ceci, Vivian." Stella called out.

Not far away, Cecilia and Vivian froze for a moment before recognizing the voice. Even with the mask and sunglasses, that voice was unmistakable. Both Cecilia and Vivian knew exactly who it was.

"What are you doing here?" Vivian asked bluntly, skipping any pleasantries.

Stella took off her sunglasses. "Just browsing around." Her expression was different now-eyes filled with sincerity, face seemingly pure and innocent, nothing like before.

"Oh." Vivian barely spared her another glance before taking Cecilia's hand and calling out to Jonathan, "Let's go."

There was no reason to waste time on someone like Stella, someone who had bitten the hand that fed her.

But before they could walk away, Stella spoke again. "Ceci, congratulations. You're about to become the CEO of Jamieson Group. And Vivian, congrats to you too-for marrying into the prestigious Sinclair family."

Before Cecilia could respond, Vivian turned around, her eyes cold and mocking. "Stella, you're really something else," she scoffed. "Back when we were kids, you never bothered with well-wishes. And now, suddenly, you think you're in a position to hand out congratulations?"

Stella didn't seem the least bit uncomfortable. Instead, she nodded as if in agreement. "Of course, I know. My status is nothing compared to yours now. But I'm not trying to win favor with you."

Vivian wasn't buying it.



“Doesn’t it make you sick?” she sneered. “I’m not talking about status. Have you forgotten everything you’ve done? Because we sure haven’t.”

Stella pressed her lips together. “I’m sorry. I regret everything. I promise I won’t make the same mistakes again.” She looked as though she had truly changed. Her gaze then shifted toward Cecilia.

“Ceci, I mean it. I think about the past all the time. I dream about when we were kids. We were so close... like real sisters.”

Cecilia wasn’t moved. “The past is the past. If we see each other in the future, let’s just be strangers.”

But Stella wasn’t willing to give up. She stepped in front of them, grabbed Cecilia’s hand, her eyes welling up with tears. “Ceci, can’t you forgive me? I’m not the same person anymore!”

Cecilia tried to pull her hand away, but Stella held on tightly. Fortunately, before things could escalate, a voice rang out from not too far away. “Stella Ross!”

Everyone turned toward the source of the voice-Zachary. Dressed in a black trench coat, no one knew how long he had been standing there.

The moment Stella saw him, her face drained of color. “Zach... no, I mean, Mr. Sinclair,” she stammered.

got carried away. Ceci, I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

Cecilia frowned but didn’t respond. Stella looked back at Zachary, fear evident in her eyes. “Mr. Sinclair, it’s been a while. I heard you got married recently. Congratulations.”

But Zachary was no longer the naïve boy easily deceived by innocent facades. His sharp eyes narrowed, and he spoke just one word-cold and firm. “Leave.”

The single command sent a shiver down Stella’s spine, her legs nearly giving out beneath her. She didn’t dare stay any longer and turned on her heels, retreating as quickly as she could. Her heart pounded relentlessly the entire way.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1718**

## Not A Public Figure

Stella finally returned to where Cassandra was waiting. Only then did she allow herself to breathe, her nerves still tightly wound. "Ms. Evans," she murmured.

Cassandra folded her arms, unimpressed. "Look at you-shaking like a leaf. You act like Zachary's some kind of monster. Are you afraid he'll find out you were behind Vivian's kidnapping?"

Stella clenched her fists. "I am. Besides, weren't you involved too?" she countered.

Cassandra yawned, completely unfazed. "Don't twist things. You were the one jealous of Vivian, not me. I was never interested in Zachary,"

A flicker of something unreadable crossed Stella's eyes. "I heard Zachary has

been looking into Vivian's abduction recently. Ms. Evans, we shouldn't be turning on each other. We'd be better off working together."

That caught Cassandra's attention. "He is?"

"Yes."

"Obviously," Cassandra snapped. "But constantly being on the defensive won't do us any good. You have connections, don't you? Why not use them?"

Stella let out a bitter laugh. "Those 'connections' were only for show. The moment trouble starts, they're the first to run."

Cassandra rolled her eyes, exasperated. "Useless," she muttered, standing up to leave. But before walking away, she added, "If anything happens, tell me immediately. Got it?"

- "Got it." Stella nodded, her face serious.

Only when dra was gone did Stella's expression shift. A dark, resentful look flashed in her eyes as stre watched Cassandra walk away.

Meanwhile, back with Cecilia's group, now that Zachary had arrived, Vivian looked at him in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

Zachary rubbed his nose. "Just dropping by. How was your shopping trip?"

"We got a lot," Vivian replied casually. "You should go grab something to eat- we've already had lunch."

Clearly, she was trying to send him away. But Zachary had no intention of leaving alone. He leaned against the wall and smirked. "I've already eaten. I just happened to run into you guys. Let's hang out a bit. I'll help escort Cecilia home later."

Vivian exchanged a glance with Cecilia before sighing. Seeing Zachary all alone, looking like a lost puppy, she decided to let it slide. "Fine," she said.

Zachary watched her reluctant expression and felt a bit wronged. Still, ever the gentleman, he took the shopping bags from Jonathan's hands. "Let's go. We can keep walking around."

Zachary's striking looks made him stand out wherever he went. As soon as he appeared, people started whispering.

"Isn't that Zachary Sinclair? Oh my god!" a woman gasped.

"Who are the two women with him?" someone else asked.

"Maybe one of them is his new girlfriend?"

In the past, Zachary was always surrounded by women whenever he went out. He was known for being generous, which naturally made him popular. But he also cycled through friends pretty quickly.

"What about that kid?" another onlooker asked.

Among the four, Jonathan stood out-his good looks and charm made him impossible to ignore.

"I've never seen Zachary with a child before. Could he be his illegitimate son?" someone speculated.

Excited murmurs spread as people pulled out their phones, eager to snap photos and post them online. But before they could even press the shutter, several men dressed in black stepped forward.

“Put your phones away. Mr. Sinclair is not a public figure and does not consent to being photographed. If you insist on taking pictures, be prepared to hear from the Sinclair family’s lawyers.”

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1719

4-5 minutes

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A Tie

In the past, Zachary never minded when others took his photo. But now, things were different. He was married, and more importantly, standing beside him was none other than Cecilia and Nathaniel’s son.

If the two of them ended up in the news for no reason, it would be on him. Because of that, the bodyguards. stayed vigilant throughout the journey, ensuring no one took any casual photos.

Cecilia and Vivian, however, paid no mind to these concerns. After wandering around for a while, they eventually grew tired. Seeing this, Zachary escorted them home.

He dropped Cecilia off first before returning with Vivian and Jonathan.

Jonathan busily flipped through photos of the clothes Cecilia had bought for him earlier.

Zachary leaned in for a look. “New clothes?”

“Yeah!” Jonathan nodded happily. “Mommy bought them for me.”

Zachary turned to Vivian, his gaze settling on her. “Vivian, did you buy something for me?”

Vivian was momentarily stunned. “Huh?”

She had never even thought about buying anything for Zachary. First, because she simply didn't care. And second, because Zachary lacked nothing.

Seeing her slightly dazed expression, Zachary already knew the answer. His gaze dimmed. "Ah, I see. I just thought... since you used my card, you might have at least bought me a little something as a thank-you."

"Oh, so you gave Ceci and me this card just so I could repay you? How petty. Here, take your card back," Vivian shot back, her words sharp.

But the moment they left her lips, she realized they were uncalled for.

After all, Zachary had given her money, yet she hadn't even considered him. It was only natural for him to complain.

Just as she was about to apologize, Zachary cut in first. "That's not what I meant. Don't get me wrong. Keep the card. Use it however you want."

His pitiful tone only deepened Vivian's guilt,

Vivian wasn't sure what had come over her-she just knew she had been too harsh on Zachary,

Just then, Jonathan tugged at her sleeve. "Vivian, didn't you buy a tie for Mr. Zachary? Did you forget?"

Vivian frowned, scratching her head. A tie? When did I ever buy a tie for Zachary?

She made exaggerated faces at Jonathan, silently urging him to jog her memory.

A glimmer of hope flickered in Zachary's eyes. "Really?"

Jonathan glanced at Vivian, who still looked completely lost, and sighed before reminding her again. "Do you seriously not remember? The one that cost three hundred and fifty-eight thousand eight hundred."

Vivian finally recalled-the new bag she had bought had come with a matching tie.

At the time, she hadn't wanted it, but the shop assistant had wrapped it up for her anyway.

Realization dawned on her. “Ah, right! Now I remember. Zachary, I bought so many things that I forgot for a moment-1 got you a tie.”

Zachary’s eyes lit up with excitement. “Really? Where is it? Can I see it?”

Vivian’s cheeks flushed with embarrassment. “It’s been delivered home. You’ll see it when you get back,” she lied effortlessly.

Luckily, Zachary didn’t notice her hesitation. As soon as he returned, his first priority was to search for his ‘gift’.

Meanwhile, Vivian turned to Jonathan, whispering, “Is it really okay for us to lie like this?”

Jonathan, completely unfazed, shrugged. “This isn’t really lying, right? He’s the only man in our family who could wear that tie anyway.”

Vivian was growing increasingly impressed by Jonathan’s sharp wit.

Meanwhile, after finding the tie, Zachary wasted no time putting it on. He even snapped a picture and posted it on social media.

Watching him treat the tie like a treasured possession, Vivian made a mental note-next time she went shopping, she would buy him something even nicer.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1720**

4-5 minutes

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### **You Must Not Tell Ceci**

At that moment, inside a private hospital, Nathaniel stood in Queenie’s ward, his expression unreadable as he told her he already knew about her condition.

Queenie’s heart clenched with worry. She fixed her gaze on him urgently. “Nathaniel, no matter what happens, you mustn’t tell Ceci. I don’t want her to worry.”

Nathaniel’s brows furrowed, his voice low and serious. “But have you considered how devastated she would be if you kept it from her... and then you were gone?”

Nathaniel could see it clearly-Cecilia might have been outwardly rejecting Queenie, but deep down, she was already wavering. After all, she had always longed for her mother's love.

"If you wait too long, she might end up filled with regret-for not realizing your condition sooner, for not spending more time with you, for treating you with indifference," he said, his voice low and solemn.

Queenie knew that all too well. Her fingers tightened around the blanket.

"But I don't want her forgiveness just because I'm sick," she murmured. "Please understand, Nathaniel-I want to earn it on my own, with the time I have left. I don't want Cecilia to suffer because of me."

Nathaniel knew her intentions. "I don't think she hasn't forgiven you. It's just that she can't get past the pain in her heart. And her memory-it's still incomplete. If you trust me, tell her the truth sooner rather than later. That way, she won't have to live with regrets."

Queenie stared at Nathaniel, disbelief flickering in her eyes. "Really?"

Nathaniel gave a small nod.

He knew Cecilia too well-she was too soft-hearted. It wasn't just because Queenie was her mother; even if it were a complete stranger, she wouldn't have the heart to be cruel.

Just then, Queenie was wracked with a violent coughing fit.

Caliste quickly stepped in, gently patting her back. It took a while before the coughing subsided.

Through ragged breaths, Queenie managed to say, "Nathaniel... could you give me a little more time? I'm not brave enough to tell Ceci everything just yet."

"All right." He didn't push further-this was her choice to make.

After settling things with Queenie, Nathaniel left with a sense of relief.

Queenie watched as the ward door swung open and then shut behind him. A heavy silence filled the room before she turned to her secretary. "Do I really have to tell Ceci?"

Caliste met her gaze, agreeing with Nathaniel's point of view. "Yes, I believe it's necessary. Ms. Cecilia may seem indifferent, but she's already started to care about you. It won't be long before the misunderstandings between you two are resolved. And if she only learns about your illness later... she'll be consumed by Queenie exhaled slowly. She understood. But fear still gnawed at her—fear that Cecilia would only accept her because of pity, not because she truly forgave her. After a long pause, she finally said, "All right... I'll talk to her in a few days."

Caliste nodded in quiet approval.

As time passed, Cecilia grew more adept at managing her role within the Jamieson Group. The work had become second nature to her.

She was well aware that Cassandra had quietly reassigned key collaborations within the company and had even begun secretly moving assets. But instead of exposing her right away, Cecilia chose patience-silently gathering more evidence.

Meanwhile, Cassandra, having secured a portion of her wealth, was living quite comfortably. Every day, she wished for Queenie's demise to come sooner.

Desperate to secure her claim, she repeatedly sought out Grover, offering a hefty reward in exchange for one thing-the will Queenie had previously written. Any updated versions were to be ignored.

However, Grover was no fool, nor was he heartless. He knew exactly who had supported and elevated him throughout the years. Without hesitation, he rejected Cassandra's offer and relayed everything to Queenie.

Queenie lay in bed, silently listening to Grover. Her gaze occasionally drifted toward Cassandra, who stood outside.

Noticing Queenie's lingering stare, Cassandra assumed she had a change of heart. Eagerly, she stepped forward. "Mdm. Queenie, is there something you wish to discuss with me?"