

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1721

4-5 minutes

A Traitor

Queenie curled a finger, beckoning her closer. “Come here.”

Cassandra rushed over without hesitation, much like an overeager puppy. “Mdm. Queenie, what is it?”

Queenie’s voice was weak. “A little closer.”

Cassandra leaned in.

In the next instant, with a speed and force no one expected, Queenie’s hand shot up, delivering a fierce slap across Cassandra’s face.

Cassandra stood frozen, staring at Queenie in utter disbelief. “Why... why did you hit me?” she stammered, momentarily caught off guard.

Queenie had only slapped her once, but the effort had drained her. Her breaths came shallow and uneven. After a long pause, she finally mustered the strength to speak. “Don’t even think about altering the will... or using the old one. I’ve already taken precautions. Mr. Herrera has handled everything.”

It was only then that realization dawned on Cassandra-her schemes had been exposed.

Yet, guilt never crossed her mind. Instead, she hissed, “That traitor. How could he tattle?”

I will never let her off the hook!

“What was he supposed to do just let you have your way?” Queenie shot back.

Cassandra’s throat tightened. “Mom... no, Mdm. Queenie,” she corrected herself bitterly. “Are you really not planning to give me anything? Is there nothing left of our mother-daughter

bond? I've been by your side for decades! And Cecilia? She just waltzes back in and takes my place is that fair?"

Once, Queenie had believed that even after finding her biological daughter, she shouldn't cast aside the one she had raised.

But now, she saw the truth with brutal clarity-she had been utterly wrong. There was no need to show kindness to an ingrate like Cassandra, someone who would never be satisfied no matter how much she was given.

"Get lost!" Queenie spat.

Cassandra clutched her stinging cheek, her lips parting as if to argue—but before she could say another word, the bodyguard had already stepped forward, ready to escort her out.

She had no choice but to leave.

As soon as the door shut behind her, Caliste hurried in. "Mdm. Queenie, are you all right?"

Queenie shook her head weakly. "I'm fine."

But no sooner had she spoken than a violent cough tore through her chest.

Caliste's expression tightened in concern. "Mdm. Queenie..."

Queenie caught her breath, then looked up, her voice strained yet firm. "I want to see Ceci."

Without hesitation, Caliste nodded. "I'll contact her right away," she said, grabbing her phone and stepping outside.

At that moment, Cecilia stood on the top floor of the Jamieson Group, gazing out over the city skyline. The vast view stretched before her, yet her mind was elsewhere.

Scorpius approached her, handing over a stack of documents. "What's this?"

"I know you're investigating Cassandra. These are pieces of evidence I managed to gather through my connections," Scorpius said.

His expression remained as composed as ever, but whenever he faced Cecilia, a quiet guilt settled in his eyes.

Cecilia took the documents, flipping through them. As she scanned the contents, her brows furrowed. "Thank you."

"This is the least I can do," Scorpius replied. A faint, bitter smile tugged at his lips. If you ever need help in the future, you must let me know. May be getting on in years, but I still have a few connections." FindNovel

He hesitated briefly before adding, "And don't misunderstand—I'm not doing this in hopes of earning your forgiveness. I'm simply fulfilling my responsibilities."

Cecilia nodded. "I understand."

Only then did Scorpius take his leave.

Moments after he departed, Cecilia's phone rang. It was Caliste, asking her to come to the hospital and visit Queenie.

For reasons she couldn't quite explain, an uneasy feeling gripped her. Without hesitation, she set aside her work and hurried to the hospital.

Outside the hospital, a light rain drizzled down, casting a somber mood over the city.

Cecilia arrived swiftly, pushing open the door to Queenie's hospital room. The sight that greeted her made her heart sink—Queenie looked even more frail than before. Her complexion was ghostly pale as if she were barely clinging to life.

Cecilia could hardly believe her eyes. How is it possible that, in just a few days,

Mdm. Queenie looks as though she has aged years?

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4-5 minutes

Call Me Mom

"Mdm. Queenie," Cecilia called softly as she stepped inside.

At the sound of her voice, a faint light flickered in Queenie's weary eyes. "Ceci," she murmured, a rare warmth in her tone.

Despite her discomfort, she lifted a trembling hand and beckoned. "Come here, sit beside me."

Cecilia hesitated for a moment before making her way over and settling into the chair beside the bed.

"You look..." She wanted to ask what had happened, but the words faltered on her tongue.

Queenie, however, chuckled lightly, waving off her concern. "It's nothing. The changing weather must be making me look worse than usual. The doctor assured me it's nothing serious."

Cecilia gave a small nod. "Good to know."

Queenie shifted her gaze toward Caliste. Understanding the unspoken cue, Caliste gave a small nod before excusing herself, gently closing the door behind her.

Now, only Queenie and Cecilia remained in the quiet ward. Silence settled between them. Neither spoke, both unsure of what to say.

Queenie wanted to tell her the truth-to reveal the weight of her illness-but each time the words reached the tip of her tongue, she hesitated, unable to bring herself to say them.

Instead, she asked softly, "Ceci, do you still hate me?"

Cecilia hesitated before she slowly shook her head. "I can't clearly remember everything from the past... but to be honest, I don't hate you."

Queenie's chest tightened with emotion, and for a moment, she felt as though she might cry.

"Thank you," she whispered. No matter how weak her body felt, she refused to appear too fragile in front of Cecilia.

"Could you... just once, call me 'Mom'?" Queenie asked, her voice almost pleading.

Cecilia stiffened, caught off guard.

She lowered her gaze and struggled to do so.

Queenie saw her hesitation and offered a gentle smile. "It's all right if you can't," she reassured. "There's still time."

Deep down, she wasn't sure how much time she truly had, but she didn't want to burden Cecilia with that weight.

Cecilia nodded. "Okay."

Queenie shifted the conversation. "I asked you to come today because... there's something I need to tell you."

Cecilia's brows knitted together. "What is it?"

Queenie took a deep breath before speaking. "I want to transfer some of my assets to you in advance."

She was worried something unexpected would happen after she died.

Without a second thought, Cecilia shook her head. "There's no need. I don't want it."

But before she could pull away, Queenie firmly grasped her hand. "Why wouldn't you?" Queenie asked, her voice tinged with emotion. "You're my daughter. If not you, then who else would I give it to?"

Cecilia remained silent. After a long pause, she finally murmured, "I don't lack anything now."

Queenie's grip tightened. "Whether you need it or not, this is something I want you to have. I've already spoken to Mr. Herrera to arrange everything. Please don't refuse. I am your mother. What's mine is yours. There's no reason for you to feel burdened-this is what you deserve."

Cecilia couldn't quite remember how she left the hospital.

Dressed in nothing but her thin business attire, she stood beneath the drizzling rain, staring blankly at the sky. The cool droplets kissed her skin, yet all she could think of was Queenie's pale face and her words.

If Queenie had been there for me from the start, I would've been happy.

A bitter smile tugged at her lips. What a shame this kind of happiness came too late.

Her fingers curled into a fist, a tangle of emotions tightening in her chest.

Do I really have a mother who loves me? The thought was almost foreign to her.

She had endured too much, suffered too many betrayals. In the past, the smallest act of kindness had been enough to move her. But now, after everything, she wasn't sure she had it in her to believe in someone anymore.

A sleek luxury car pulled up soundlessly in front of Cecilia. The window rolled down, revealing Calvin's mesmerizing face.

"Get in," he said.

Cecilia blinked, momentarily caught off guard. She hadn't expected to see him. Regaining her senses, she pulled open the door and slid into the passenger seat. "Why are you here?" she asked.

Calvin didn't answer right away. Instead, he started the engine and drove ahead.

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4-5 minutes

The Conversation With Calvin The ride was silent for a while until his voice broke the stillness. "I happened to be passing by and saw you. Why were you standing in the rain like that?"

Standing in the rain?

Cecilia explained, "I was just thinking about something. I guess I got a little too lost in thought."

In truth, Calvin knew everything. He was well aware of the events unfolding around Cecilia.

"Tell me, have you ever considered that maybe... you've already regained your memories, but you're unwilling-perhaps even afraid to fully recall them?"

Cecilia didn't understand.

Calvin continued, "Seven years ago, I found you collapsed in a cemetery. I saw how Paula and Magnus forced you into that marriage. I've often wondered what kind of life have you been living all these years? I know that you're trying to shut yourself off, to keep from getting hurt again. But, Ceci... you can't keep your heart closed forever. There are people who truly care about you now. You're worthy of love. You deserve to be surrounded by those who see you as family."

As Cecilia listened to his words, a dull ache began to throb in her temples. She suppressed the discomfort. Forcing a faint smile, she said, "I know."

But Calvin wasn't fooled. He could tell-she hadn't taken his words to heart.

"I've been through a lot, too. From a young age, I was sent to Sparaville, where I nearly lost my life more times than I can count. Even after being brought back overseas, things didn't get any easier. But through all of it, you were the reason I held on. You were the one who gave me hope, who pushed me to keep going. And that's why I'm here."

Cecilia blinked, momentarily speechless.

Calvin's lips curled into a wistful smile. "And after I returned... for the longest time, all I wanted was to be with you. Truly."

It was the first time Calvin had ever said those words. For years, he had buried his feelings deep within, too afraid that expressing them would shatter even the fragile friendship they had.

But now, he was no longer afraid. He had come to understand-there was nothing wrong with expressing his feelings for someone he truly cared about.

"I really do like you," he admitted. "Even now, I still do."

Cecilia wasn't sure how to respond.

Sensing her unease, Calvin said, "Don't be afraid. Lately, I've been thinking... maybe what I feel for you isn't just love. Perhaps it's because, once upon a time, you were my salvation. And now, just seeing you brings me peace."

No one had ever told her that before-that she was someone's source of peace. She had always believed that others were her salvation. It had never crossed her mind that, to someone else, she might have been theirs.

"I understand now," she said softly.

As they spoke, the car pulled up in front of the Smith residence.

From a distance, Cecilia spotted two familiar figures-one tall, one small- standing under black umbrellas, waiting for her.

Calvin brought the car to a smooth stop. "Go on," he said.

Cecilia nodded. "Thank you."

She stepped out and made her way toward Nathaniel and Elliot.

Nathaniel immediately moved to shield her with his umbrella. "Why are you rushing? You might trip," he chided gently.

Elliot, eyes bright with mischief, chimed in, "Mom, when you jumped out of the car just now, you looked like an excited little kid. Were you just that thrilled to see me and sc*mbag daddy waiting for you?"

Cecilia chuckled. "Maybe."

"Maybe?" Elliot huffed in mock offense before lowering his voice. "The guy who just dropped you off... that was Mr. Reese, wasn't it?"

Cecilia didn't bother hiding the truth. "Yes. We happened to run into each other on the way, so he gave me a ride."

Nathaniel remained silent. Though he wasn't as openly jealous as before, he couldn't ignore the nagging sense of unease creeping in. He was worried Calvin might try to steal his wife again.

"Quite the coincidence. Next time, just call me. I'll pick you up," he said.

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4-5 minutes

Going Back To The Rainsworth Manor Cecilia waved off the suggestion. “There’s no need. I took the company car to the hospital, and the driver was with me the whole time. You don’t have to pick me up.”

Nathaniel hesitated for a moment before nodding. “Alright.”

With that, the family stepped inside.

Cecilia sank onto the couch, exhausted. Though her face remained unreadable, her mind was far from calm. Queenie’s words and Calvin’s confession had all affected her, causing her to waver.

With no one else to confide in, she eventually made her way to the study, where she relayed everything to Nathaniel.

Nathaniel listened without surprise. “Mdm. Queenie is right. You’re her daughter. She’s doing this willingly. There’s no reason for you to feel burdened by inheriting what’s rightfully yours.”

Cecilia knew that too. “I just... don’t know what to do.”

She was torn wanting to embrace the mother-daughter bond with Queenie, yet terrified of it at the same time. She had been hurt too deeply before.

Paula had spent years manipulating her under the guise of motherly love, twisting her thoughts, guilt-tripping her at every turn. Cecilia could still remember the weight of that guilt, the suffocating belief that her very existence had hindered her mother’s career.

Never in her worst nightmares had she imagined that Paula would be so ruthless —so cruel that she would wait until her dying breath to reveal the truth. That she was never her real daughter.

If Paula had spoken up sooner, Cecilia wouldn’t have spent her childhood carrying such a crushing burden. She wouldn’t have blamed herself for every misstep.

“Ceci, Queenie isn’t Paula,” Nathaniel said, his voice steady, each word deliberate. “I can see it—she truly loves you.”

Cecilia lowered her gaze, nodding slightly.

"If you're feeling overwhelmed, take your time. There's no need to rush," he added gently. "Don't pressure yourself."

She nodded. "All right."

Just as their conversation ended, Nathaniel's phone buzzed. It was Niel, asking him to bring Cecilia home for dinner.

Surprisingly, even the Rainsworth family members—who had once looked down on Cecilia—had completely changed their attitude toward her.

Nathaniel hesitated at first, considering turning down the invitation. But then, glancing at Cecilia, he realized that a change of scenery might do her some good.

"Okay, we'll come over," he finally agreed.

"Grandpa wants us to come over for dinner and pay them a visit," Nathaniel said.

"All right." Cecilia nodded.

The family got into the car and made their way to Rainsworth Manor.

Things were different now. In the past, the servants had treated Cecilia with courtesy out of respect for Nathaniel. But now, they were exceptionally warm toward her.

"Ms. Rainsworth, please have a seat here. Watch your step." Everywhere she turned, attendants hovered nearby, eager to serve, their attitudes completely transformed.

It was no secret now—Cecilia was Queenie's biological daughter, and soon, she would inherit everything.

Meanwhile, Queenie had indeed instructed Grover to begin transferring all her assets to Cecilia.

Given the vast wealth under Queenie's control, any movement of assets was bound to attract attention. It wasn't long before word spread—and inevitably, it reached Cassandra's ears.

At home, she paced frantically, her nerves on edge.

“What am I going to do? She’s already transferring everything to Cecilia! What should I do?” Her voice was laced with desperation.

Ralph was also at a loss. “You were too impatient back then. Even getting half would’ve been better than this. Now, you’re left with nothing.”

Cassandra spun around, her frustration boiling over. Seeing her father offering nothing but hindsight and criticism only fueled her fury.

She grabbed her phone and quickly dialed Miranda’s number. “Miranda, what are you doing right now? Can we meet?”

Miranda and Adrian were also summoned back to the Rainsworth Manor for dinner.

She said, lowering her voice, “Not now. We’re having dinner at Rainsworth Manor with Old Mr. Rainsworth... and Cecilia is here too.”

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4-5 minutes

Final Affairs Cassandra could only wait. “All right. When you’re free, remember to give me a call.”

“Mm-hmm.” Miranda nodded, ending the call.

She returned to her seat, settling down next to her husband, Adrian. She noticed that Adrian’s gaze would occasionally drift toward Cecilia.

Even though Miranda no longer harbored romantic feelings for Adrian, she couldn’t help but feel anger toward him. She jabbed him harshly with her hand.

“Adrian, what are you doing?”

Adrian immediately averted his gaze, clearing his throat awkwardly.

Miranda moved closer to him, lowering her voice. “Adrian, you better not have forgotten what I asked you to do last time. Did you take care of it?”

She threatened Adrian, demanding the elimination of Cecilia's child.

However, at the moment, all three of Cecilia's children were still happily playing and frolicking around.

Looking at these children, Miranda felt a headache coming on.

Adrian's expression was somewhat unnatural. "I know. Can't I take my time to plan? Do you want me to get into trouble?"

"Hurry up. Cecilia is now the heiress of the Jamieson family. If you keep delaying, our family will be left with nothing."

Given the size of the table, everyone was seated quite far apart. The whispered conversation between the two wasn't overheard by anyone else.

At that moment, Niel also emerged, leaning on his walking stick.

Recently, his health had been deteriorating. Even though Robert had been tirelessly searching for all sorts of miraculous cures for him, it couldn't alter the inevitable fate of his impending old age.

"Grandpa..." everyone called out.

With a smile, Niel gestured for everyone to take their seats and start eating.

He also thoughtfully asked Cecilia, "Cecilia, I'm not sure what your favorite foods are. If what's served doesn't suit your taste, let the chef know, and he'll prepare something you like. Don't hesitate to tell me."

Niel spoke with a gentle expression on his face.

Shaking her head, Cecilia responded, "It's fine, Grandpa. Thank you. I'm not picky with food."

"It's good not to be picky. Eat more," said Niel, his face brimming with smiles. During mealtime, he was constantly attentive toward Cecilia, while his daughter-in-law, Miranda, was completely ignored. The difference was stark.

Miranda watched, her heart filled with immense jealousy.

She knew the star of today's show was Cecilia, not herself.

"Ceci, congratulations. If there's any help needed at home in the future, I hope you can lend a hand," Miranda couldn't help but say.

The expression on Niel's face turned unsightly in an instant.

Why would she ask for Cecilia's help?

Although he thought it was quite impressive that Cecilia became the heiress to Jamieson Group, he didn't believe the Rainsworth family would fall so low that they needed help from the Sinclair family.

"Miranda, what are you saying?" From the side, Robert scolded, noticing his father's intentions.

Miranda immediately shut her mouth.

Robert then turned his gaze back to Niel. "Dad, you didn't call us all here just to have this reunion dinner, did you?"

Seeing that everyone had almost finished eating, Niel decided not to hold back any longer.

"Robert, you know as well as I do that my health is deteriorating day by day. There are some matters that I should address now."

As soon as these words were spoken, Etena, who was amusing her grandson on the side, also ceased what she was doing. She became serious, pricking up her ears to listen to Niel's words.

Miranda was also incredibly nervous, so much so that she even nudged her son, Felix, forward a bit.

Felix immediately understood and quickly said, "Grandpa, I'm sure you will live a long and prosperous life."

"Hahaha..." Niel was amused by him. "Felix is such a good boy."

Elliot, who was standing on one side, understood the gravity of the situation. Wasn't this the moment Niel was preparing to discuss his final affairs, instructing the younger generation on how to handle his assets?

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4-5 minutes

Wealth Distribution Elliot was no fool. Of course, he knew he had to fight for his own interests.

He approached Niel, a look of fear and concern etched on his face. Grasping Niel's arm, he pleaded, “Great-grandpa, you must recover quickly. You must accompany me forever.”

His acting skills were impressive, even more adept than Felix's attempts at flattery. It seemed like he was genuinely concerned about Niel's health.

Niel watched his great-grandson, who cared for him so deeply, and an unexpected wave of melancholy and emotion washed over him.

“Eli, everyone has to face death and departure at some point. Don't be sad. I will strive to keep living.”

At that moment, he exuded an added measure of genuine affection.

The way he treated Elliot and Felix left both sets of parents somewhat incredulous.

Miranda frowned. How could she not have thought of letting Felix win Niel's affection?

She even wanted to instruct Felix to step forward and engage in more conversation with Niel.

It seemed as though Niel had discerned her thoughts, and he began to speak. “All right. Let's get down to business now. I have a substantial amount of assets in my possession. After my demise, I intend to distribute all these assets among you.”

Everyone fell silent, no longer speaking. They were all engrossed, watching the elderly man intently.

After taking a sip of water, Niel continued speaking.

“It’s tough for children from less fortunate families to achieve equal distribution, let alone in families like ours. So, if there’s any unfairness in the allocation, try not to take it too personally.”

By saying this, he left no room for anyone present to object or question.

Over an hour later, all the food on the table had gone completely cold.

Niel had finally made clear his intentions regarding the division of his estate after his death. Incredibly, most of the wealth was bequeathed to Robert.

Elena was quite disgruntled. “Dad, isn’t this favoritism? It feels like Nathaniel and I hardly got anything.”

Niel interrupted her, “Elena, Nathaniel is now in charge of Orion Corporation, and with Cecilia by his side, they lack nothing. Robert needs more assistance now.”

“Does it mean that the capable descendants are destined to get nothing?” Elena retorted.

Niel’s face turned ashen. “I’ll give my wealth to whomever I want!”

Nathaniel had been silent all along, but at this moment, he spoke.

“If that’s the case, Grandpa, I don’t want a single penny of your wealth.”

Niel was taken aback.

With an indifferent expression, Nathaniel said, “You’re right. Ceci and I have everything. I’m not lacking trivial things.”

Trivial things?

The expression on Niel’s face darkened even further. He pointed at Nathaniel, then turned to Elena. “You see this, don’t you? This is the wonderful son you’ve raised en FindNovel At this moment, Nicholas also stood up.

QUMS “Since Nathaniel doesn’t want it, I it either. Let’s give it don a family. It could really use it.”ket Uncle they like Nicholas’ voice was gentle, yet his words were sharp, laced with sarcasm at every turn.

Upon witnessing the situation, Robert felt a sense of embarrassment.

However, what was pride really worth?

He had put in a lot of effort, trying to win his father's favor, with the hope that his father would leave the majority of his wealth to him "All right. All right. You're all capable. Give it all to Robert's family, then."

Upon hearing Niel's exasperated words, Miranda and Adrian were overjoyed. They struggled to contain the smiles spreading across their faces.

Nathaniel didn't pay any attention to those words. Instead, he said to Cecilia, "Let's head back."

"Okay." Cecilia nodded, rising to her feet.

Niel was worried about offending the two troublemakers, so he immediately stopped them. "Nathaniel, Ceci, come with me to the study."

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4-5 minutes

Have A Meal Inside the study room.

Niel pleaded earnestly, "Nathaniel, Ceci, you must understand me. As an elder, we always want the best for the younger generation. If a younger one is not doing well, the elder would naturally want to lend a hand."

His words were somewhat amusing.

When Nathaniel first took over the Rainsworth family business, he was targeted several times and nearly lost his life on a few occasions. Yet, Niel did not lift a finger to help.

Nowadays, the reason why Niel was so patient in his explanations was due to Nathaniel's own capabilities.

“Grandpa, that’s your personal wealth. You have the right to give it to whomever you wish. We respect your decision,” Nathaniel stated, emphasizing each word.

Niel knew he was not convinced in his heart, and pleaded with him, “Nathaniel, no matter what, Robert is your uncle, and Adrian is your cousin. You must not harm them.”

He was also aware of the clandestine activities that Robert and Adrian were involved in behind the scenes.

Nathaniel didn’t immediately agree with him. Instead, he stated, “I won’t trouble others unless they trouble me first.”

“You…”

Niel had summoned them today with the intention to mend their strained relationship. He feared that after his death, his son, Robert, would encounter trouble.

“Consider this a plea from me. Don’t harm your family,” he implored.

Nathaniel’s narrowed eyes flashed with an unusual expression. “Are you done speaking? If so, let’s go.”

He took Cecilia’s hand, and they headed out.

Left with no other options, Niel summoned Nicholas next.

Nicholas and Niel had a long conversation, the duration of which was unknown. When they walked out, their expressions were complex.

He stepped outside, where Robert greeted him with a hearty laugh, patting him on the shoulder. “Nicholas,” he said, “from here on out, we’re family. Adrian will be like an older brother to you.”

Nicholas gave a fake smile. “We’re just partners, Uncle Robert. Don’t overthink it.”

He briskly walked away.

A cold glint filled Robert’s eyes as Adrian approached him. “Dad,” he began, “Nicholas is nothing but a weakling. We’ve been working with him for so long, yet he hasn’t achieved anything substantial. Maybe it’s time we cut ties with him.”

Adrian was afraid of Nathaniel, and he was equally terrified of that face which was the spitting image of Nathaniel's.

Robert looked at him coldly. "What do you know? I just want to see those two brothers tear each other apart!"

Nicholas ventured outside, opting not to return to rest, but instead, he headed toward his car.

At that moment, his assistant, Jocelyn, was still there, sitting in the passenger seat. She was busy responding to clients' messages while simultaneously replying to Yannick.

When Nicholas walked over, he noticed the message notification.

His eyes immediately noticed a message on the screen: Grandma says to take some time off to settle the marriage matters.

Nicholas' deep-set eyes narrowed slightly, as he pretended as if he hadn't seen anything. He casually opened the car door and got in.

"Mr. Nicholas."

Upon seeing him, Jocelyn immediately closed her laptop.

"It's quite late, and yet here you are accompanying me. I appreciate your effort," Nicholas said slowly.

Jocelyn shook her head. "It's nothing, Mr. Nicholas. Shall we head back to the company now?"

"I won't go back. Let me take you home," Nicholas said.

Jocelyn was puzzled. Hadn't Nicholas mentioned returning to the office to handle some work before he left?

Nicholas instructed the driver to start the car.

Soon, he thought of something. "You haven't eaten yet, have you? Let me take you out for a meal."

“But haven’t you already had your meal? I’m fine. I can just grab something to eat at the Vol the residential area later,” Jocelyn responded nonchalantly.

in Nicholas felt an inexplicable heaviness in his heart. “I had dinner at home, but I’m still hungry.”

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4-5 minutes

Celebrate Our Marriage Jocelyn was taken aback once again. Once she had processed the situation, she immediately nodded in agreement.

“All right. I’ll find a nearby restaurant right now.”

She pulled out her phone and began to search.

Nicholas spoke up again. “How about something spicy?”

“But your body can’t handle spicy food. You’ve even mentioned that lighter meals are better for you,” Jocelyn said.

Nicholas listened in silence before he spoke up. “I feel like having something spicy today.”

Jocelyn found him a bit odd today, but she still followed his suggestion and chose a restaurant that served spicy food.

Nicholas couldn’t tolerate spicy food, but he had once seen Jocelyn indulging in it.

In the past, he had always assumed that Jocelyn, like himself, couldn’t handle spicy food.

Later, upon inquiring about Jocelyn’s hometown, it was discovered that spicy food was a staple there. Consequently, whenever she dined alone, she would always opt for something spicy.

However, ever since she started following Nicholas and taking care of his daily needs, Jocelyn had essentially altered her eating habits.

Sitting inside the restaurant while the dishes were being served, Jocelyn felt a bit anxious. She asked for some hot water to be brought over. "If it's too spicy, you can wash the spice off with hot water."

Nicholas didn't respond. Instead, he picked up a piece of vegetable and put it in his mouth, the spicy flavor stimulating his taste buds and nostrils.

He frowned slightly and couldn't help but state, "These years with me... They've been hard on you."

"Mr. Nicholas, why would you suddenly say som taken aback.

thing like this?"

celyn was Nicholas smiled. "Nothing. It's just something I thought of."

He couldn't handle spicy food; even a single bite made him uncomfortable.

Jocelyn had followed him, having eaten bland food for so many years.

"By the way, when you set a date for the engagement, be sure to let me know. I'll definitely be there and bring you a grand gift," Nicholas remarked, lifting his head to look at Jocelyn.

Upon hearing his words, Jocelyn felt a lump in her throat. Her hand, which was holding the fork, involuntarily tightened. "Well, I..." she began.

"It should be soon." She hastily took a sip of water, concealing the panic in her eyes.

Nicholas gave a slight nod, yet he couldn't help but ask, "Have you made up your mind?"

Once again, Jocelyn nodded.

Nicholas had a feeling in his heart that he couldn't quite describe, managing to pull off a gentle smile.

"That's good, then."

After they had dinner, Nicholas escorted Jocelyn to her apartment building.

He was about to leave when he spotted a figure stepping out of a flashy sports car not too far away.

Yannick, dressed casually, strolled over in this direction.

“Mr. Rainsworth, it’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Yannick and Nicholas were not familiar with each other. It was through Nicholas’ face that Yannick came to know him.

Nicholas’s eyes narrowed slightly, reflecting the slightly frivolous face of Yannick in their depths.

“Pleasure to meet you.”

Jocelyn was somewhat puzzled and asked Yannick, “How come you’re here?”

Yannick walked up to her, naturally draping his arm around her shoulders.

“I’ve missed you, as simple as that.”

In the presence of Nicholas, being so intimate with Yannick made Jocelyn feel somewhat awkward.

She reached out to take’s bife hand.

Yannick, however, had her firmly under his control, provocatively casting another glance at Nicholas.

“Mr. Rainsworth, thank you for vel?get bringing Jocelyn back home. When we get married, we would be honored if you could join ouro wedding banquet.”

Then, he said to Jocelyn, “Let’s go.”

How could Jocelyn not grasp what Yannick meant? Initially, she wanted to pull away from him, but considering that they had already decided to be together, she refrained from doing anything more.

After bidding farewell to Nicholas, she went home with Yannick by taking the elevator.

Nicholas stood downstairs for a long while before she finally left.

Upstairs, in Jocelyn’s apartment, Yannick arrived. Without any hesitation, he took a seat, surveying his surroundings.

The interior of the house was as meticulous and uncluttered as Jocelyn herself, reflecting her attention to detail.

Jocelyn poured him a glass of water. "You really didn't have to do that."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1729

4-5 minutes

Would She Mind Yannick was taken aback, asking somewhat innocently, "Are you upset?"

Jocelyn shook her head. "I just thought it was too childish."

Childish?

Yannick's handsome face appeared somewhat rigid.

He had initially prepared himself to bear the brunt of Jocelyn's towering rage. However, who would have thought that he would instead be dismissed as immature?

After a while, his expression finally eased. He touched his nose and said, "Sorry. It's my first time, and I lack experience. I promise I'll be more composed next time."

It was him facing a romantic rival for the first time.

A man should forever stay youthful at heart. Yannick comforted himself. Then he picked up the glass of water that Jocelyn had handed him and drank it continuously until it was all gone.

Jocelyn didn't expect him to be so thirsty. "Do you need more water?"

"No need." Yannick repeatedly waved his hand and spoke no more.

Yannick was sitting on the couch, showing no signs of wanting to leave.

Jocelyn was somewhat weary. She could only ask bluntly, "Aren't you leaving yet?"

Yannick simply didn't want to leave.

"Aren't we already engaged? Should we perhaps have a test run?"

“A test run?” Jocelyn was somewhat baffled. “You can even have a test run for marriages?”

Yannick looked at her innocent demeanor, unable to resist teasing her, “Of course. What if I can’t live up to your expectations? If you marry me just like that, won’t you be at a great loss in the future?”

Jocelyn initially wore a face of confusion, but at this moment, she understood completely.

Her cheeks were mostly flushed. “Well... I guess that’s fine...”

She had been single for so many years and had long since stopped caring about that aspect of life.

However...

Once again, Jocelyn looked at Yannick. “If it matters to you, we could give it a try and see if it works.”

As she spoke, she nervously removed her coat.

Such an action left Yannick, who was still enjoying the sight of Jocelyn’s awkwardness, instantly dumbfounded.

He never imagined that Jocelyn would be willing...

When Jocelyn was about to remove her inner clothing, he immediately stood up and properly helped her into her coat. “As a grown man, there’s no need for me to try that,” he said. “Besides, women generally don’t have any issues.”

“Are you sure?” Jocelyn looked at him.

She merely asked out of curiosity without giving it much thought. After all, she didn’t harbor any real feelings for Yannick, nor did she care much about it.

After hearing this, Yannick felt the alarm bells in his head rang loudly. “Let’s not bring up the past.”

As a typical man, and a wealthy one at that, how could he have possibly reached this age without having been with a woman?

Upon seeing the situation, Jocelyn understood and nodded. “Okay.”

“I’ll be heading back first.” Yannick knew that Jocelyn was unlike the gold-diggers he had known in the past. He couldn’t afford to be nonchalant like before.

Jocelyn escorted him to the elevator before she turned back.

On his way back, Yannick couldn’t help but dial Calvin’s number in his car. “Calvin, do you think a woman would mind if a man wasn’t a virgin?”

At this point, Calvin had already gone to bed when he suddenly heard this question, causing him to frown involuntarily.

“You called me this late just to ask about this?”

Yannick gave a bitter smile. “What else could I do? I don’t have anyone else to ask.”

If I were to ask anyone else, they’d probably laugh me to death.

“What I can tell you is this – if she is, she will naturally care.”

This was a universal truth – like attracted like.

Yannick couldn’t accept it. “So, you don’t mind that about Cecilia?”

Upon hearing these words, Calvin showed no mercy and promptly hung up the phone.

Yannick stared at the disconnected call, dumbfounded for quite some time. “So petty. Was it wrong to just ask a question?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1730

4-5 minutes

Have Fun The Rainsworth residence.

After returning from Niel’s place, Miranda dialed Cassandra’s number.

“What happened?” she asked.

At long last, Cassandra finally received her call and hastily said, "Queenie plans to give all her wealth to Cecilia now."

"What?" After her initial shock, Miranda was filled with envy for Cecilia's good fortune.

As a daughter who had been married off, the Leighton family had never considered sharing a slice of their wealth with her.

"Cassandra, it seems that Queenie is on guard against you," Miranda said. "You should move the company's money as soon as possible."

Of course, Cassandra understood. However, her previous authority was so limited that even if she wanted to transfer funds, she couldn't move much.

The Jamieson family was immensely wealthy and powerful; they weren't the least bit scared of her diverting their assets.

"I just can't accept it."

As Miranda listened to her tone, an idea suddenly struck her. "Cassandra, I know quite a number of people in Tudela. If you trust me enough, I could introduce them to you. They might be able to help you with your concerns."

"You're saying..." Cassandra was no fool, but she immediately shook her head. "No way. Cecilia is always surrounded by bodyguards, especially Sven, and Charlotte. They're practically with her every day."

Miranda chuckled. "Cassandra, where can you find someone who can keep one company round the clock?"

"Then... give me the contact information of those people." Cassandra decided to just act recklessly.

"All right."

After ending the call, Miranda quickly sent Cassandra a string of numbers.

She had stayed in Tudela longer than Cassandra had and knew quite a few more people than her.

Cassandra glanced at the numbers, still feeling a bit hesitant.

Ralph leaned in. "I think it's feasible."

Back then, without a bit of skill and cunning, how could he have possibly married Queenie?

"Cassandra, if you're hesitant, let me handle this matter for you. It might be a bit unsafe for a girl like you," Ralph drawled.

Upon hearing his earnest words, Cassandra agreed. "Dad, if this matter is successfully handled, I promise to take good care of you."

"You're my own flesh and blood, my daughter. There's no need for such formalities."

Ralph had his own plans as well.

He knew he had aged, no longer possessing the youthful charm he once had. Relying on his good looks and sweet talk to please wealthy women was no longer a possibility.

His only obstacle lay in Cassandra, his sole daughter.

Once Cecilia was out of the picture, the Jamieson family's wealth would belong to his daughter, and by extension, to him. The latter half of his life would then be worry-free and peaceful.

Recently, Cecilia had been feeling rather restless. She struggled to find a good night's sleep, often jolting awake in the middle of the night.

She was always plagued by nightmares, dreaming of numerous terrifying scenes. Even after she woke up, her heart would still be filled with unease. So truly unable to sleep, Cecilia rose from bed and decided to take a walk. She ended up sitting outside until the early hours of the morning.

Charlotte went over with a big smile on her face. "Boss, I would like to take a leave."

"Is there something wrong?" Cecilia asked her, filled with concern.

Charlotte immediately shook her head. "It's nothing serious. I just want to go out on a date with Sven."

Cecilia felt relieved.

Over the past few days, Charlotte had been keeping her company, tirelessly working overtime in the office, with no time left for rest.

Without uttering another word, she agreed.

“All right. You guys should stay out and enjoy yourselves for a few more days.”

Charlotte embraced Cecilia. “Thank you, Boss. However, what about your security?”

“Don’t worry, Sven has quite a few bodyguards under his command. They’ll protect me. You guys go ahead,” said Cecilia.

Charlotte nodded repeatedly. “All right, then.” Cecilia watched as she happily ran off.