

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1731

4-5 minutes

Replace Her When Nathaniel descended the stairs, he caught sight of Charlotte’s cheerful silhouette.

His sharp eyebrows arched slightly. “Is there some good news today?”

Cecilia couldn’t help but chuckle. “Yes, Lottie is going on a date.”

A date...

Nathaniel looked at Cecilia, realizing it had been a long time since they had been on a date together. Now, they were even sleeping in separate rooms.

“Ceci.”

“Hmm?” Cecilia looked at him, puzzled.

“How about we go out for a walk today?” Nathaniel suggested.

Shaking her head, Cecilia replied, “No, there’s still a ton of work to be done at the office. I can’t just leave right now. Besides, I haven’t finished gathering evidence on Cassandra’s previous asset transfers within the company.”

Nathaniel felt somewhat helpless.

He hadn’t expected that when it came to work, Cecilia was even more dedicated than he was.

“All right, once you’re done with your work, let’s go explore around.”

Cecilia nodded. “All right.”

Nathaniel escorted her to Jamieson Group.

When she got out of the car, he couldn’t help but grasp her hand.

Baffled, Cecilia glanced back at him. "What's wrong? Is there anything else?"

Nathaniel gazed intently at her face. "Nothing, I'll pick you up tonight."

"You can head back first. No need to have the driver come here just for me. I can make my way back on my own."

Her politeness created an air of distance around her.

Nathaniel's Adam's apple bobbed subtly in his throat, and he forced a smile. "All right, whatever you say."

He let go of his hand, and Cecilia flashed him a smile before leaving.

The driver started the car and commented, "Mr. Rainsworth, Mrs. Rainsworth is truly considerate and understanding."

Considerate and understanding?

Nathaniel felt an inexplicable discomfort deep within him. "You think so?"

He lit up a cigarette.

yet.

Upon hearing his response, the driver replied, "Yeah, if it were my wife, she would throw a fit if I didn't pick her up for even a single day. She'd claim I didn't love her anymore. Despite being so busy every day, I still make time to pick her up, and she doesn't show any understanding at all."

Nathaniel listened to the driver's complaints and fell into deep thought.

"But have you ever considered that she's overly polite to you, as if she doesn't see you as her husband?"

The driver paused for a moment before bursting into hearty laughter. "How could that be? I'd actually prefer if she didn't consider me her husband. Then I'd be free and easy, with no one to answer to. She loves to say that I'm her husband, so I have to help her with everything."

The driver went on and on, grumbling about his wife.

Nathaniel listened in silence, thinking that the driver was unaware of how blessed he truly was.

If there ever came a day when his wife, much like his own, forgot about him and treated him with excessive formality, he might not be able to utter such words.

The driver didn't quite understand what was going through Nathaniel's mind. He simply felt that Nathaniel was ungrateful. After all, he had a young beautiful wife who was not only capable but also sensible. Yet, he still seemed unsatisfied.

Is having a clingy wife a good thing?

I guess every household has its own set of challenges. Even the wealthy ones are no exception.

Nathaniel took a few puffs of his cigarette before snuffing it out.

As the company building came into view, the vehicle came to a stop. He stepped out of the car, and a figure caught his eye.

"Nathaniel-no, Mr. Rainsworth." From a distance, Stella, dressed alluringly, stood there, offering him a nervous smile.

Nathaniel furrowed his brows, watching as the manager approached. "Why is she here?"

The manager followed Nathaniel's intense gaze and explained, "She's the spokesperson for one of our company's products."

"Replace her!"

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4-5 minutes

I Would Like You To Leave The manager was dumbfounded.

It hadn't been an easy task to get someone like Stella to come on board.

Nathaniel continued to walk ahead, and naturally, Stella heard his words. She hurriedly followed him.

“Mr. Rainsworth, I’ve changed. Please give me this opportunity. We’ve signed a contract,” Stella pleaded. After much difficulty and various methods, she had finally secured the endorsement of Imminence Corporation.

Nathaniel paused mid-stride. “Don’t worry, now that the contract is signed, our company won’t hesitate to cover the penalty for any breach of contract.”

Stella was taken aback.

Her expression grew increasingly rigid as she once again positioned herself in front of Nathaniel.

“Mr. Rainsworth, isn’t there a chance for atonement? Didn’t Ceci forgive you too? I only liked you in the past. I didn’t do anything outrageous or unforgivable.”

Even now, Nathaniel remained in the dark about whether Stella had anything to do with Cecilia’s disappearance a year ago.

The reason he kept Stella around was because she might know where Cecilia was.

Impatience flashed in his eyes as he declared, “But all I want is for you to disappear! Leave while I’m in a good mood.”

Stella’s complexion grew increasingly pale as she clenched her fists.

“All right.”

She had thought that this opportunity would allow her to interact with Nathaniel once again.

But the Nathaniel of the present was impervious to both persuasion and force.

Stella got back into the minivan, her eyes fixed on the tall Imminence Corporation building, feeling full of resentment.

“Stella, where are we going now?” her assistant asked softly on the side.

Stella, suppressing her emotions, replied, “Let’s head to Jamieson Group.”

“Huh?” The assistant was puzzled, wondering why they had to go to Jamieson Group. However, she quickly nodded. “All right.”

Cecilia was engrossed in her work when she heard a knock at the door. It was her secretary informing her, “Ms. Cecilia, there’s a woman downstairs asking for you. She says her name is Stella Ross.”

Stella? What is she here for?

Cecilia slightly furrowed her brows. “Did she mention what she wanted to see me about?”

The secretary shook her head.

After some thought, Cecilia decided to have her secretary call Stella up.

Stella had been waiting downstairs at the office building the whole time. When Cecilia called her to come up, she took in her surroundings on the way, her eyes full of admiration.

Cecilia’s office was adorned with lavish decor.

And this was merely a branch of Jamieson Group.

Stella masked her true feelings and greeted Cecilia with a smile, “Ceci.”

“Is there something you need?” Cecilia asked indifferently.

Although Stella noticed her aloofness, she didn’t mind. She took a seat on the couch and slowly asked, “Ceci, could you do me a favor?”

In this world, there probably wasn’t anyone more shameless than Stella.

Although Cecilia’s memory hadn’t fully recovered, she did recall some of the distasteful things Stella had done.

“Did you come to ask for my help?”

Stella nodded, not holding back at all. “Yeah, originally had an endorsement deal with Imminence Corporation, but I ran into Nathaniel today, and he wants to replace me.”

Cecilia was in high spirits when she heard that.

“You should be seeking Nathaniel, not me.”

“I know Nathaniel cares a lot about you. You’ve given him four children. He will listen to you. Please, help me out. Ask him not to replace me. Life in the entertainment industry is tough,” Stella shamelessly pleaded.

Initially, Cecilia thought there might be more to the situation, but now that she understood, she had no interest in engaging with Stella.

“Sorry, I can’t help you out. I still have work to do. If there’s nothing else, I’d like you to leave.” Cecilia turned to her secretary.

The secretary said, “Ms. Ross, this way, please.”

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4-5 minutes

Why Are You Calling Me Stella had thought that after Cecilia lost her memory, she would be as easy to manipulate as before. But to her surprise, she was no longer falling for Stella’s tricks.

Once again, she was asked to leave, her mood plummeting to an all-time low.

She had just settled into the car, ready to instruct the driver to pull away, when she spotted Cassandra standing not too far off.

She put on her sunglasses and mask, then walked toward Cassandra.

“Ms. Evans, why are you standing here all by yourself?”

Cassandra was startled.

She turned around and glared at her intensely. “Why does it matter to you where I am? The real question is, what are you doing here?”

Stella swallowed her frustration and told Cassandra about how she secured a spokesperson role, only for everything to fall apart afterward.

She had expected Cassandra to offer some comfort, but instead, Cassandra sneered at her, “You’re truly hopeless. If I were in your shoes, I wouldn’t have ended up like this.”

No matter how much Stella tried to hold back, she was irked at that moment.

“Even if I’m flawed, at least I was never manipulated by a man. I was always the one manipulating others.”

“You!” Cassandra was about to give Stella a piece of her mind when she suddenly remembered that she had important matters to attend to that day, so she held herself back. “I don’t have time to chit-chat with you here. Cecilia will soon take over Jamieson Group. When she recalls what happened last year, you’d better pray for yourself.”

Stella had been quite pleased with herself for having the upper hand in their verbal exchange. However, when she heard Cassandra’s following words, her expression changed instantly.

She returned to the car, filled with unease.

Ever since Cecilia was found, Stella hadn’t had a good night’s sleep. She kept having nightmares where Cecilia exposed everything to Nathaniel, and Nathaniel and Zachary made her life miserable.

“Let’s go home,” Stella instructed the driver.

The driver immediately drove off.

Throughout her journey, Stella couldn’t stop thinking about Cassandra’s words. She was filled with fear, having already endured days that felt worse than death, and she didn’t want to experience that again.

As the car continued its journey, Stella suddenly felt an inexplicable impulse and asked the driver to turn back.

That afternoon, she lingered outside the entrance of Jamieson Group, with a vague sense that something was about to unfold.

As Stella had anticipated, around four in the afternoon, Cecilia, here assistant, and her secretary stepped out of the office, appearing to be heading off to discuss some kind of collaboration.

“Follow them,” Stella instructed the driver to follow behind Cecilia’s car.

A long-time customer wanted to discuss an order with Cecilia.

Without much hesitation, Cecilia headed over with her assistant and secretary, with her bodyguards trailing behind her.

Upon reaching the agreed-upon restaurant, they made their way to the private room.

In the expansive private room, there was an unusual tranquility, with no customers coming in.

Cecilia was in a state of confusion when a group of people suddenly burst into the room. Before anyone could react, she had already fainted.

At the entrance, Stella spotted Cassandra’s car.

“What’s going on?” Stella pulled out her phone to call Cassandra.

Cassandra answered the call and snapped, “Why are you calling me? I’m quite busy at the moment. Let’s talk when I have some free time.”

No sooner had the words been spoken than the other party hung up the phone impatiently.

Stella took everything in, snapped a picture with her phone, and saved the call log between the two as evidence. She thought it might come in handy in the future.

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4-5 minutes

Help Me Up “All right, let’s head back,” Stella finally instructed the driver to leave once more.

On their way out, the assistant was somewhat puzzled. “Stella, was that Ms. Evans outside just now?”

Stella looked at her. “You must act as if you’ve seen nothing about this matter, and you can’t tell anyone.”

The assistant became even more confused.

We just saw Cassandra outside a restaurant. Why do I have to pretend I didn't see anything and can't tell anyone about it?

Stella didn't offer any explanation. Although she was aware that Cecilia was bound to face some kind of ordeal, she had no intention of sharing this with anyone.

Deep down, she still wished for Cecilia's demise.

She resented Cecilia. Cecilia could have it all, while despite her own relentless efforts, she ended up with nothing.

She couldn't accept that Cecilia's fate was better than her own.

Only after Cecilia passed away could she finally find peace, marking the true end to everything.

Stella closed her eyes and dozed off into a light sleep.

At Jamieson Group, Scorpius passed by Cecilia's office several times, but it was always empty. Even Cecilia's assistant and secretary, who usually followed her around, were nowhere to be seen.

He asked a secretary, "Where's Ms. Cecilia?"

The secretary hurriedly answered, "Ms. Cecilia received a call from Mr. Wacian. He mentioned wanting to discuss a potential collaboration over a meal at a nearby restaurant, so she's left already."

Mr. Wacian?

After some thought, Scorpius remembered how Wacian used to hold Cassandra in high regard. Their relationship had been particularly close.

What could have caused him to transfer his loyalty to Cecilia?

Scorpius felt an inexplicable unease. "Give me Mr. Wacian's phone number."

"Sure."

The secretary did as told.

Scorpius made a call, but there was no answer on the other end.

Feeling that something was amiss, he asked the secretary again, "Which restaurant is Ms. Cecilia at?"

Noticing his anxious expression, the secretary promptly informed him of the restaurant's location.

Without uttering another word, Scorpius immediately drove off.

However, he was ultimately too late. By the time he kicked open the door to the private room, there was no one inside.

He turned back to the restaurant and said, "If anything.

happens to our CEO, you can leave your restaurant goodbye!"

Scorpius picked up his phone and contacted his subordinates through various channels, organizing them into groups to search for Cecilia.

At the hospital, Queenie had a nightmare. Once again, she dreamed of the scene from Cecilia's

childhood when she was sent away by others.

She jolted awake, consumed by fear. Quickly, she grabbed her phone and dialed Cecilia's number.

Usually, Cecilia would answer the call promptly, but that day, for some reason, there was no response from her end.

Queenie couldn't help but feel anxious. She asked Caliste, "Why isn't Ceci answering her phone? Did something happen?" Caliste didn't think too much about it. "She could be in a meeting. Don't overthink it."

But how could Queenie not overthink it?

"Maybe you should go to the office and take a look. I've been feeling uneasy all day."

“I’ll give Mr. Jiminez a call then. He’s at the office every day,” Caliste replied before stepping out to make the call.

A few minutes later, Caliste returned, looking worried. “Boss, something’s happened to Ms. Cecilia.”

Struggling, Queenie managed to sit up from the bed.

“What happened to her?” Her heart tightened with concern.

Caliste relayed everything that Scorpius had said to Queenie.

Upon hearing it, Queenie was overcome with anxiety. “Quick, help me get down. I need to find Ceci.”

“But your health-”

“I’m fine. Help me up!” Queenie was on the verge of tears.

She had nearly lost her daughter several times before. She absolutely couldn’t afford to lose her again.

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4-5 minutes

Our Lives Could Be At Stake When Cecilia woke up again, she was engulfed in complete darkness, with only the faint murmur of people conversing reaching her ears.

“This is a matter of life and death. A few million is far from enough. It has to be at least this amount!”

“Ten million?”

The voice of a somewhat familiar middle-aged man rang out.

“No, it’s one hundred million Azanian currency!” said the man negotiating with the middle-aged man.

A hundred million Azanian currency?

Ralph found it hard to believe. “That’s a huge amount. Why don’t you just go rob someone instead?”

He didn’t have that much money on him at that moment.

“If you’re not going to give it to me, then do it yourself,” the young man said, exasperated. “We’re taking a huge risk here. Once this is over, we can’t stay around. Don’t think I don’t know who she is. She’s the CEO of Jamieson Group. If I were to ask her, do you think she’d give me a hundred million Azanian currency to save her own life? I suppose she’d even give me a billion Azanian currency.”

Ralph felt a twinge of regret, questioning how he had ended up with such unreliable individuals.

Yet, he himself didn’t dare to truly take action.

“I just don’t have that kind of money on hand right now. How about this? You guys start ahead, and once you’re overseas, I’ll figure something out and wire the money to you.”

Cecilia listened in silence and came to the chilling realization that someone had paid to have her killed.

“No way! How can I be sure you’ll keep your promise? Money first,” the young man stubbornly insisted. “Don’t worry, as soon as I get the money, I’ll handle her immediately. Her being alive is a risk for me too.”

“Wait for me a moment. I need to make a phone call.”

With no other options left, Ralph reluctantly called Cassandra, asking for money.

Upon hearing the demand for a billion Azanian currency, Cassandra couldn’t believe her ears. “Where am I supposed to get that kind of money right now? Can’t they give me some time? Once I become the CEO of Jamieson Group, I won’t be short on funds to pay them.”

Ralph, equally out of options, replied, “No can do. If you don’t pay up, these people won’t work.”

Cassandra slightly furrowed her brows. “All right, I’ll figure something out.”

Only then did Ralph turn back and relay the message to the man who was leading the group.

The man was pleased. "That's more like it. You wealthy people are just too stingy. Wouldn't it have been easier if you'd agreed from the et?"

Ralph forced out a laugh. "Yes, you're right."

Cecilia listened closely but the entire conversation, but she couldn't figure out who was speaking. She knew she had to save herself.

However, when she attempted to move, she realized that her limbs had been tied up.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

Immediately, Cecilia pretended to be still asleep, closing her eyes.

The light filtered in.

For reasons unknown, Cecilia found the current scenes eerily familiar, as if they had occurred a long time ago.

"She's still asleep?" The young man crouched down, reaching out to touch her lightly.

Cecilia didn't dare to open her eyes.

The young man brushed her chin with his finger. "I never thought today's rich women could be so alluring."

From the side, his sidekick chimed in, "I heard she's even the wife of a big boss."

"A big boss? Who?" the young man asked, a hint of confusion in his tone.

"Nathaniel Rainsworth. Don't you know?"

The young man quickly pulled his hand away from Cecilia's face. "Why didn't you mention that earlier?"

"I thought you knew. What's wrong, Boss?"

The young man's eyes grew cold. "Let's take this conversation outside."

afford After stepping out, he said, "We can't move, and our lives at stake." Content belong t offend Nathaniel.

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4-5 minutes

I Am Doing You A Favor "So, what do we do now? We've already captured her. We can't just let her go!" the sidekick protested, unwilling to accept the situation. After all, Cecilia was worth a whopping hundred million Azanian currency.

The young man lit a cigarette. "Of course, we can't just let her go. But we also can't harm her. Once the money is in, we'll release her."

"Huh?" The sidekick hadn't expected his boss to be so devoid of principles.

Cecilia listened intently to everything, and a slight sense of relief washed over her.

Luckily, these people still fear Nathaniel. If not, I would have lost my life just like that. But who could be trying to harm me?

At that time, Cecilia still felt quite dizzy.

She lay on the cold floor, attuned to every sound and movement from outside.

After a long while, she heard the sound of an approaching car, and someone got out.

Ralph hurried over. "We're already arranging the money. You guys get rid of her immediately."

He had just reached out to Cassandra.

With gritted teeth, Cassandra ordered someone to handle it.

She was willing to spend any amount of money as long as it could make Cecilia leave this world.

The young man flashed a somber smile. "Don't worry, we'll take care of things here. You can go now."

“You’re asking me to go? I’m worried.” Ralph was reluctant to leave just like that.

The young man was getting impatient. “You don’t trust us? If you don’t, then handle it yourself.”

Ralph, being the crafty one that he was, sensed that something was off.

“We’re paying a substantial amount. We expect to see the outcome.”

“Don’t worry, as soon as the money is in the account, we’ll send you the video of her demise. If you don’t trust us, you’ll have to handle it yourself. This is no small matter.”

“All right.”

Ralph had no choice but to get back in the car, instructing the driver to leave.

He arrived at a secluded spot where Cassandra was.

“Dad, how’s it going?”

“They assured me that as soon as they get the money, they’ll take care of it,” Ralph responded.

Cassandra, however, remained skeptical. “What if they lie to us?”

Such matters were never meant to be brought into the light.

Ralph patted her shoulder. “Don’t worry, our people are nearby, keeping watch. If things get out of hand, we’ll intervene. We can always pin the blame on them if need be.”

He wasn’t someone who could be easily deceived.

Cassandra nodded. “Okay.”

Over half an hour later, the man received the money, a broad smile spreading across his face. “The gap between the rich and the poor is truly vast these days. Some people can just effortlessly throw around such large sums of money.

He pushed the room door open again, walked over to Cecilia, and crouched down to nudge her arm.

“Wake up. Don’t worry, I won’t do anything to harm you.”

Upon hearing his carefree voice, Cecilia didn’t open her eyes. “Aren’t you afraid I’ll see what you look like?”

The man paused, then it finally dawned on him.

He fetched a mask and put it on. “Done.”

Only then did Cecilia open her eyes. The person in front of her was a tall and thin man.

The man scrutinized Cecilia closely.

“Remember, I’m not the one targeting you. In fact, I’m doing you a favor by letting you go. Just make sure not to repay my kindness with ingratitude.”

Cecilia gave a slight nod. “Thank you. Don’t worry, I won’t mention you guys.”

Only then did the man untie the rope that bound her.

“Go now. After you get out, follow the small path to the right for a few kilometers, and you’ll see a main road.”

Cecilia rose to her feet, her legs feeling somewhat numb. “All right, thank you.” “Wait a moment,” the man called out to her again.

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4-5 minutes

I Want His Life Cecilia turned around, looking at him with a touch of confusion. “Is there something else?”

“You’ll have to help me record a video. I almost forgot,” the man said.

Without any suspicion, Cecilia joined these people and filmed a video of herself being victimized.

“All right. You can go now.”

Just as Cecilia was about to leave, she asked, “What about the secretary and assistant who were with me, and my bodyguard?”

“Oh, those people were just briefly detained. Their lives aren’t in danger.”

Only then did Cecilia completely relax, and without looking back, she walked away.

Once she reached outside, she realized she was on a desolate mountain, devoid of any human presence.

Following the man’s instructions, she found a small path to the right and quickly made her way down it.

She feared that if she moved too slowly, the man might end up regretting it later.

At that time, the sky was somewhat dim, and the path was littered with thorns. Cecilia’s arms and legs were scratched by the thorns as she traveled. Despite the pain, she endured and continued to press onward.

There was a main road nearby, but the man had mentioned that it was being guarded, and she could expose herself.

Ralph was on the other side, guarding the place with his men.

He also saw the video sent by the man.

“Cassandra, look, Cecilia is finally gone. Now, there’s no one left to come between us.”

Cassandra watched the recently filmed clip, brimming with immense joy. She felt no remorse or fear about her actions.

“That’s great, Dad. Why don’t you call and see how things are going with Mr. Herrera?”

After kidnapping Cecilia, she had sent someone to fetch Grover.

Ralph picked up his phone and made a call. After receiving a response, he let out a long sigh. “Mr. Herrera is under their control. All that’s left is for him to forge a will for the inheritance. Once Queenie is out of the picture, everything will be settled.”

Cassandra furrowed her brows at the mention of Queenie.

“Queenie is still in the hospital. When I saw her a few days ago, she seemed to be in poor spirits. I’m not sure how much longer she can hold on “It’s okay. Now that her only biological daughter is gone, she only has you, her adopted daughter.” Ralph patted her shoulder. “Once we have Mr. Herrera on our side, things will be much simpler in the future.”

“Mm-hmm.” Cassandra nodded repeatedly.

While they guarded the main road, they were oblivious to the fact that Cecilia had already slipped away through another path.

The group they had hired had also fled overseas once they received the money.

The billion Azanian currency had gone to waste.

The night was still young.

Finally, Cecilia emerged from the narrow path. She was so exhausted at that moment that she was gasping for air, her legs devoid of any strength.

She was both hungry and thirsty, unsure of what time it was. All she could do was continue walking along the edge of the highway.

Occasionally, there were passing cars, but she dared not hitch a ride, fearing the potential dangers and those who might wish her harm.

Meanwhile, Scorpius and Queenie were actively searching for Cecilia.

Nathaniel was also informed about the situation.

They found the bodyguards and secretaries who had been with Cecilia, and none of them had sustained any injuries.

Queenie clenched her fists. “Cut off all business dealings with Wacian. I want his life!”

If anything were to happen to her daughter, Wacian and his family wouldn’t stand a chance to continue as they were.

Wacian had been framed and was completely unaware of the situation. Upon discovering that Cecilia's disappearance was linked to him, he immediately apologized to Queenie incessantly.

Queenie glared at him. "You better pray nothing happened to my daughter."

At that moment, Scorpius hurried over.

"Mdm. Queenie, we've located Ms. Cecilia."

"Let's go." Queenie rose to her feet, almost toppling over in the process.

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4-4 minutes

Ceci And I Are Sisters Scorpius quickly steadied Queenie, helping her out.

Cassandra was standing in front of a car, tears streaming down her face as she gazed at Queenie.

"Mom-no, Mdm. Queenie, I've received a video."

Hearing that, Queenie anxiously looked at her. "What video? Did it reveal anything about Ceci's whereabouts?"

Cassandra nodded slowly. "But you must stay strong after watching it."

Queenie felt a chill run through her heart. She steadied herself and demanded, "Give it to me!"

Cassandra took out her phone and played a video.

The moment Queenie watched it, she nearly fainted.

Cassandra said, "I believe this could be the doing of an enemy of yours or Ceci's. You mentioned wanting Ceci to inherit Jamieson Group, and it seems those people couldn't wait any longer and began targeting Ceci."

It was a really flawed statement on her part.

However, Queenie's mind was in such turmoil that she had no inclination to dwell on her words.

Scorpius, on the other hand, remained relatively composed.

"Ms. Evans, how did that person end up sending you the video?"

After a brief moment of hesitation, Cassandra responded, "I'm not sure either."

Scorpius didn't ask any more questions. Instead, he comforted Queenie, "Don't be upset. This video could very well be fake or doctored. The Jamieson family hasn't made any real enemies in the business world over the years. If it's merely a matter of competition, I doubt they would go so far as to threaten Ceci's life."

Queenie could barely stand, but she managed to nod and ask, "Didn't you say you knew where Ceci was?"

Only then did Scorpius remember. "Yes, based on the surveillance, we've identified the car that took Ceci. We can begin by tracing its route."

"Okay."

Queenie was assisted into the car.

She refused to believe that Cecilia was already dead. She lived by the principle, "Seeing is believing," and she needed tangible proof-to see her body-before accepting her demise.

Cassandra became somewhat uncertain. After all, videos could be easily manipulated. They might not necessarily depict the truth.

She regretted not verifying if Cecilia had truly died.

"Mdm. Queenie, I'll go with you. After all, Ceci and I are sisters."

Queenie offered no response as she got into the car.

Cassandra got into her own car and instructed her driver to follow them.

She then called Ralph and said, “Dad, I need you to go to where Cecilia is being held. I need to know if she’s really gone. I can’t find peace otherwise.”

Ralph had originally gone back, but upon hearing these words, he jolted upright.

“Could this really be a hoax? I’ll head over right away to check it out.”

“Okay.”

Cassandra stared at the disconnected call, overwhelmed with emotions. If Cecilia is all right, what am I supposed to do?

No, there’s no way she’s still alive.

During the entire journey, she, like Queenie, was deeply troubled and anxious about Cecilia’s fate.

Cecilia had been walking for several hours. hadn’t been for the moone , she would have bal.ne been able to see the path.

This place was too remote, with very few streetlights.

Suddenly, Cecilia’s legs gave out, causing her to tumble to the ground.

She hurriedly scrambled to her feet, disregarding the pain in her hands and legs, and continued to move forward.

Upon hearing the distant sound of a car, she quickly took cover.

Concealing herself behind a cluster of large trees, she observed as one black car after another approached from the distance.

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4-5 minutes

A Living Hell From such a distance, Cecilia had no clue where these cars were coming from.

She remained vigilant, deciding to wait until all the cars had passed before making her move.

As long as she could survive, she believed she could endure anything.

Fortunately, Cecilia had abandoned the idea of seeking help. All the cars belonged to Ralph's men.

Ralph had asked his driver to pull over as he needed to relieve himself.

As he stepped out of the car, the headlights illuminated him, and Cecilia instantly recognized him.

"What kind of godforsaken place is this?" Ralph exclaimed loudly.

This voice belonged to the person who had intended to harm her.

Cecilia felt lightheaded and her head ached.

"So it was Cassandra who wanted to harm me!" She clenched her fists.

For some inexplicable reason, these scenes felt eerily familiar to her.

It was as if something was gradually resurfacing in her mind, almost like a faint memory from a year ago when she had been kidnapped.

As she sank further into her thoughts, the pounding in her head began to intensify once more.

Cecilia no longer lingered on these thoughts. Once the cars had passed, she resumed her journey.

She had no idea how long she had been walking when she noticed another car approaching from ahead.

Once again, she hid herself.

But this time, it was Queenie's car.

Throughout the journey, Queenie had been scanning her surroundings. "How could Ceci have ended up in a place like this?"

Cassandra, following behind, pulled out her phone and sent a message to Ralph: Dad, how's it going?

Ralph responded quickly: Perhaps those people have dealt with Cecilia. I don't see anything here.

Cassandra: You should leave now. Queenie and the others are coming over. We wouldn't want them to bump into you.

Ralph: Okay.

Upon seeing the final reply, Cassandra finally put down her phone.

It didn't take long for Queenie to arrive.

At the end of the road stood a dilapidated house. Without saying a word, Scorpius led a team inside to begin their search.

However, there was no one inside.

"The interior of this house matches exactly what was shown in the video,"

Queenie stated, her face noticeably pale.

Cassandra immediately came to her side. "Don't worry, everything will be all right."

She attempted to support Queenie but was shrugged off.

"Whoever is behind this, anyone attempting to harm my daughter will face severe consequences once I find out. I will make their life a living hell Queenie's words carried a deep and powerful meaning.

Feigning ignorance, Cassandra donned an innocent expression and said, "That person will definitely regret it."

Queenie turned to Scorpius and instructed, "Have someone thoroughly search the area."

If anything has happened to Cecilia, it would likely be nearby.

"All right." Scorpius wasted no time and took the lead, guiding the team as they began their search.

with Meanwhile, Cecilia pressed on her journey and eventually arrived at a wide street. She could now see cars passing by in both directions.

The first light of dawn was beginning to break.

Before she could even react, a towering figure rushed out of a car, swiftly sweeping her into his arms.

“Ceci!”

Nathaniel had been tirelessly searching for Cecilia, and now, he finally spotted her.

Since her disappearance the previous day, he had been looking for her everywhere.

Leaning against Nathaniel, Cecilia finally felt a sense of peace wash over her as if all her strength had left her.

Nathaniel scooped her up in his arms and settled into the car. “To the hospital.”

Exhausted and drowsy, Cecilia nestled into his embrace and quickly drifted off to sleep.

Nathaniel instructed Mason to call and inform the others that Cecilia had been found.

At that moment, Queenie received phone call. She had initially lost att hout to her surprise, Cecilia was found unharmed.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1740

4-5 minutes

We Have Been Deceived Queenie gripped her phone, almost bursting into tears. “Ceci... Ceci has been found.”

Cassandra had also spent the night without sleep, but upon hearing these words, she instantly perked up.

“Where is she?”

“She’s been taken to the hospital, but it doesn’t appear to be anything serious,” Queenie replied with a smile. Then, she turned to Scorpius. “Let’s go. We should head back quickly. We need to check on Ceci. She must be terrified.”

“All right.” Scorpius felt a wave of relief wash over him.

They were so elated that they failed to notice the gradual pallor creeping onto Cassandra’s face.

How is this possible?

How did they find her?

Cassandra’s figure wavered, and she felt as if she might topple over at any moment.

Seeing that Queenie and the others were about to leave, Cassandra’s assistant asked, “Ms. Evans, should we follow them?”

Cassandra nodded stiffly. “Of course!”

She needed to confirm with her own eyes whether Cecilia was truly alive.

As she settled into the car, her hand, still clutching her phone, trembled subtly.

At the hospital, after a thorough medical examination, it was determined that there was nothing wrong with Cecilia. She was simply extremely exhausted and had fallen into a deep sleep.

She only had minor scrapes on her hands and legs.

After sleeping for several hours, Cecilia finally woke up.

When she opened her eyes, she saw Nathaniel right there by her side.

“How do you feel?” Nathaniel asked.

“I’m fine, just... a bit hungry and thirsty.”

Since she had been kidnapped yesterday, Cecilia hadn’t eaten anything.

Nathaniel quickly got up, poured her a glass of water, and had someone bring over some food.

When Queenie and the others arrived outside the hospital ward, they saw Cecilia eating voraciously.

She hurried in, her excitement palpable. "Ceci! This can't be a dream, can it?" Cecilia was somewhat taken aback by her sudden actions.

"What's the matter?"

Queenie shook her head. "It's nothing. Tell me, who took you away? And how did you manage to escape?"

Cecilia was just about to respond when she saw Cassandra walking in from outside the door.

"Ceci, I'm glad you're all right," Cassandra said, her smile not quite reaching her eyes.

At that moment, Cassandra felt relieved that she hadn't revealed of herself. She believed Cecilia was unaware that she was the one who had acted against her.

"I only know someone paid to have me killed, but I have no idea who that person is," Cecilia responded.

Cassandra quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

Queenie clenched her fists. "I must find out who that person is. I swear they won't get away with this!"

Noticing Queenie's worried expression, Cecilia reassured her, "I'm all right now, don't worry."

"Okay." Queenie nodded, yet she was reluctant to leave.

Scorpius stepped forward. "You haven't rested all night. Why don't you take a break first? Once you're rested, you can come back to see Ms. Cecilia."

Queenie shook her head. "No, I want to stay here with Ceci."

Scorpius knew she was stubborn, and there was nothing he could do about it.

This time, Cecilia didn't refuse Queenie's company. Instead, she suggested to Scorpius, "Mr. Jiminez, why not arrange a bed in here?"

Mdm. Queenie can sleep next to me"

Queenie's eyes brightened, yet a trace of uncertainty lingered in her gaze. With a slight tremor in her voice, she asked, "Can I?"

"Of course." Cecilia nodded.

Queenie urged Scorpius to make the necessary arrangements.

They appeared joyful, making Cassandra feel out of place.

She left the ward and confronted Ralph, "Dad, didn't you say Cecilia was dead? I just saw her in the hospital, perfectly fine. We've been deceived."