

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1751

4-5 minutes

Is She Taking Them Away Elliot was nodding repeatedly. “Okay. Mommy, you’re the best.”

Cecilia watched him transition from tears to laughter. Hugging him to her, she didn’t let go of him the entire journey.

Once they had arrived at the Rainsworth residence, she also led him out of the car by hand.

The housekeepers saw Cecilia and Nathaniel approaching and were particularly attentive. “Mr. Rainsworth, Mrs. Rainsworth, have you come to visit Mr. Luke and Mr. Gabriel?”

“Yeah.” Cecilia nodded.

“We’ll inform Mdm. Elena right away.” An eager housekeeper rushed off to relay the message to Elena.

Upon hearing that Cecilia and Nathaniel had arrived together, Elena was particularly delighted.

“Ceci, Nathaniel, you’re here! Come in quickly. You’re just in time for dinner.”

Cecilia gave a slight nod.

Upon entering the house, she immediately noticed two children, barely a year old.

She couldn’t help but feel a pang of heartache. She walked toward the two children, her emotions particularly mixed.

The two children had also noticed her. They didn’t feel the least bit unfamiliar with her; instead, they even ran over, wanting her to pick them up.

Elliot watched from the side, feeling a twinge of jealousy. He said earnestly, “Considering you guys are my younger brothers, I won’t fight you for Mommy’s attention.”

Cecilia hugged both children, unwilling to let go.

Elena also noticed that something was off with Cecilia today, and she couldn't help but ask Nathaniel, "What's up with Ceci today?"

"She's remembered everything," Nathaniel stated.

Upon hearing the news, Elena couldn't help but feel elated. "Is that so? That's fantastic!"

However, upon further thought, she grew somewhat apprehensive. If Cecilia were to remember everything, would she take away both her grandsons?

Elena had been raising her two grandsons for over a year. The bond she had with them was so profound that she simply couldn't bear to let go.

However, Cecilia was the children's mother, so she had the most right to raise them.

In the evening, the family gathered together for dinner.

Cecilia didn't eat much before she started feeding the two children.

Perhaps due to their blood ties, the two children were particularly fond of her.

Elena observed all of this, and privately, she approached Nathaniel, saying, "Nathaniel, are you and Ceci planning on taking both children back to stay with you?"

Before Nathaniel could respond, Elena quickly added, "If that's the case, could I come over on the weekends? I could help take care of the kids. I'd feel more at ease doing it myself rather than leaving it to a nanny."

Nathaniel could tell she was very worried and answered, "Mom, Ceci only mentioned that she wanted to visit the two kids. She didn't say she was going to take them away right now."

After hearing this, Elena, however, did not feel reassured.

Just because she wasn't planning on taking them now didn't mean she wouldn't in the future.

"All right, I understand. But if you're planning on taking the kids away, you must ensure I get time to spend with them."

"Don't worry, you will."

Nathaniel knew Cecilia.

She was very fond of Jonathan and Elliot, yet when faced with George's plea, she agreed to let Jonathan stay at Sinclair Manor.

Elena was Nathaniel's mother. If she truly wanted to take care of the two children and occasionally drop by to see them, there was no way that Cecilia would refuse.

"That's good, that's good." Elena finally seemed reassured.

That night, when it was time for bed.

Nathaniel was holding Cecilia in his arms as he inquired about their two youngest children.

"Of course, I want them by my side," Cecilia stated firmly.

"Then..."

Nathaniel was just about to relay what Elena had told him when Cecilia spoke again. "But Mom has raised them for so long and has a deep bond with them. If I were to just take the children away, I'm afraid both the children and Mom wouldn't be able to adjust."

"So, what's your plan?" Nathaniel asked seriously.

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4-5 minutes

Thank You After a moment of thought, Cecilia proposed, "Could we possibly let the two children stay at the Rainsworth residence for now? We could come and care for them whenever we have time, and once they are more familiar with us, we can then bring them to live with us?"

Naturally, this was the best possible option.

Nathaniel nodded. "Sure."

“But won’t this be a bother to Mom? If she finds it troublesome, I can take care of the children myself.” Cecilia was worried that it might be too tiring for Elena to look after two children.

Nathaniel chuckled lightly. “Not at all. She’s more than eager to look after the two kids. Earlier, she even asked me if she could visit the kids anytime if we were to take them away.”

“All right, then it’s settled.” Cecilia nodded in agreement.

She glanced at the time, realizing it was already quite late.

“It’s really late. Let’s go to sleep.” Cecilia yawned.

At that, Nathaniel’s gaze rested on her body. “Isn’t there something we’ve forgotten to do?”

“What is it?”

Cecilia was confused. When she finally understood a few seconds later, her face turned as red as a beet.

Nathaniel turned off the lights.

...

The following day, Cecilia finally woke up at ten in the morning, shaking off her exhaustion.

After she had freshened up, she found out that Elliot had already left for school.

The housekeeper brought her breakfast.

“Where’s Nathaniel?” asked Cecilia.

“Mr. Nathaniel has gone to the company. He asked you to rest at home today and says that he will come home from work early to see you,” the housekeeper replied.

After hearing that, Cecilia nodded.

Once she had finished breakfast, Cecilia went to look for the two little ones.

The twins were frolicking in the garden, gleefully chasing butterflies. Elena watched from the side, her eyes filled with joy.

She saw Cecilia approaching and quickly called out, "Ceci, come over here and sit."

"All right."

Cecilia walked over before settling down beside Elena.

Elena was feeling spirited that morning all thanks to Nathaniel, who had relayed to her Cecilia's words from the night before.

Elena's joy was simply indescribable at not having to part with her grandchildren. "Ceci, thank you."

Cecilia was puzzled. "Mom, why are you thanking me?"

"Nathaniel told me that you were willing to leave the two children here for me to take care of," Elena answered truthfully.

"I should be the one thanking you for taking such good care of the twins," Cecilia expressed her heartfelt gratitude.

Elena chuckled. "At my age, there I can do. Taking care of them isn't tire me out or feel like a burden; rather, it brings me joy."

"I see." Cecilia nodded.

The two of them spent quite a while chatting about everyday life before Cecilia departed.

She instructed the housekeeper to let Nathaniel know, should he return early, that she had gone to the hospital to visit Queenie.

After leaving the Rainsworth residence, Cecilia didn't rush to the hotel. Instead, she made a call to Sven, asking, "Is she still the cat?" Sven nodded. "Yes. We're keeping an eye on her around the clock. She won't be able to escape."

"Then I'll come over now."

"Okay."

On the set, Stella had been feeling a constant sense of unease and inexplicable fear all morning.

“Stella, Stella...” Her assistant was calling her from the side.

It took a while for Stella to gather her thoughts. She lifted her head to look at her assistant. “What is it?”

“Someone’s here to see you.” The assistant pointed toward the door.

When Stella looked over, all she saw was a stretch limousine.

She assumed that one of the wealthy admirers who fancied her had arrived, so she instructed her assistant to stay put while she walked over in her high heels.

However, when she approached the car and saw the face revealed as the car window rolled down, her expression instantly changed.

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4-5 minutes

The One Who Hurt Her Is Stella “Stella, it’s been a while.”

Cecilia looked at Stella with a smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes.

Stella felt a chill run down her spine at the way Cecilia was looking at her and the words she spoke.

“Ceci...”

“It’s better if you just call me Cecilia. We’re not that close. In fact, we’re more like enemies.”

Stella slowly clenched her fists. “Ceci, back then, it wasn’t just my decision. Nicholas forced me.”

“So you just do whatever he tells you to do?” Cecilia retorted. “Is that your explanation for this? Taking my children away, leaving me in a state worse than death?”

Stella was trembling with fear. Even though the weather was quite cool, her forehead was slick with a sheen of sweat.

“I’m sorry, Ceci, I was wrong. I promise I won’t do it again. Please, give me another chance.”

“I’ve already let you off the hook once. If I do it again, it would be sheer folly on my part!” Cecilia stated, emphasizing each word.

After hearing this, Stella turned and fled toward the filming site.

Cecilia simply watched her run off, not ordering anyone to go after her.

However, after Stella finished shooting the first half of the scene, she was forcibly chased out of the filming location.

Cecilia was sitting in the car, pinching the bridge of her nose as she listened to Sven’s report.

“How should we proceed?” Sven asked her.

“Let’s first bring her down from her pedestal first,” Cecilia suggested.

The past year had taught her a valuable lesson – in life, one couldn’t afford to be too softhearted. Sometimes, one had to be ruthless.

Tit for tat is fair play.

“All right.”

Sven understood what she meant.

Nowadays, the way Cecilia handled matters was very simple. After giving instructions to Sven, news about Stella being blacklisted started to circulate on all major websites.

Some of the endorsements Stella had previously signed either VI terminated their contracts with her or demanded compensation for their losses.

In the span of a single day, Stella had once again transformed back into a pariah.

She called Cassandra for help, only to find out that Cassandra had been arrested.

Left with no choice, she tried to call Nicholas again. However, to her dismay, she found out that Nicholas had blocked her number.

“What should I do?” Stella sat on the couch, Weaving called some of h y admirers, yet not onene was willing to help hero One of them even revealed, “Stella, you’ve offended the Jamieson and Rainsworth families. Who would dare to help you now?”

Stella was on the verge of tears. “Didn’t you say you’d do anything for me before?”

A scoff came from the other side. “You think you’re some celestial goddess? It’s all just an act; don’t take it seriously!”

The call was then promptly ended.

Stella slumped onto the couch bonelessly. She was aware that being blacklisted was just the beginning, with more events yet to unfold.

At the same time, Nathaniel and Zachary also learned of the things that Stella had done in the past.

After they had spoken with Cecilia, they held off on taking any action for the time being, deciding to wait for Cecilia to make the decision?

Stella’s news also caught Queenie’s attention, and she summoned Cecilia.

“Ceci, there’s something I want to tell you.”

Cecilia took a seat beside her. “What is it?”

“Do you still remember what happened at your friend Vivian’s wedding?” Queenie asked her.

Cecilia nodded.

How could she possibly forget something so important?

Up until now, it was still unknown who exactly was the person that harmed Vivian.

Only then did Queenie speak up. “The one who hurt Vivian was none other than Stella!”

Shock was evident in Cecilia’s eyes. “Really? How did you know?”

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The Wicked Stella Queenie appeared lost in thought for a moment before finally speaking. “Back then, wasn’t she pretending to be you? I could tell she wasn’t you, so I had someone discreetly follow her. That’s how I discovered her unsavory dealings. That night, I made sure those thugs she was involved with learned a lesson. Vivian was never in any danger.”

Hearing Queenie’s explanation, Cecilia felt a wave of relief wash over her.

“Mom, I need to call Vivian.”

“Go ahead.”

Stepping outside, Cecilia dialed Vivian’s number.

Since becoming pregnant, Vivian had struggled with morning sickness in the early months. Food had become difficult to stomach, and more often than not, she found herself lounging on the couch, too drained to do much of anything.

She had been managing an online store, but lately, the overwhelming fatigue made it nearly impossible to keep up as she once had.

In the past, Jonathan would have urged Vivian to stop being lazy. But ever since learning about her pregnancy, he had been nothing but attentive.

He didn’t just wash fruit for her he also reminded her to keep warm under the blanket, ensuring she wouldn’t catch a cold. His tenderness made Vivian feel even more certain about her decision to have this child.

“Vivian, my mom called you.”

The phone had been ringing for a while, yet Vivian remained undisturbed in her slumber.

Concerned that Cecilia might have something important to say, Jonathan gently nudged her.

Vivian stirred, blinking drowsily. “Jonathan, what’s wrong?”

“Here, it’s for you.” He handed her the phone.

Yawning, Vivian answered, “Hello, Ceci? What’s up?”

Cecilia then repeated everything Queenie had told her.

Vivian was momentarily taken aback before murmuring, “I was wondering how...”

Cecilia immediately sensed something off in her words and felt confused. “Wait, did you already know something?”

Vivian was about to respond when she noticed Jonathan was still in the room. Without hesitation, she insisted he step out first.

Some things weren’t meant for children to hear-exposing them too early could lead them to mature too fast. Once he was gone, she shared with Cecilia her first experience with Zachary.

Cecilia was just as shocked.

“So, this is what you meant.”

“Exactly. I found it strange. If something had really happened to me on my wedding day, why was completely unscathed?” Vivian let out a sigh of relief. “I really have to thank Mdm. Queenie. If it weren’t for her, I would’ve been in serious trouble.”

Then, her thoughts shifted to the person responsible for it all.

“Stella is truly despicable. I’ve never wronged her-so why would she do this to me?”

“Maybe she was trying to get at me, and because you’re my best friend, you got caught up in it too,” Cecilia admitted, a hint of guilt creeping into her voice. Swnovel “Ceci, don’t blame yourself,” Vivian reassured her. “She’s just someone with a twisted mind-this isn’t on you.”

Worried that Cecilia might still feel upset, Vivian added with a small smile, “Besides, I’m perfectly fine now. It’s time we teach Stella a lesson.”

“Not just a minor lesson.” Cecilia gritted her teeth. “I want her to regret every decision she’s made.”

It was one thing for Stella to target her, but dragging in the people she cared about—especially her child and Vivian-was absolutely unforgivable.

“Agreed.” Vivian nodded repeatedly, then stifled a yawn. “I’ll come find you later. I’m feeling a bit exhausted right now.”

Lately, she had been sleeping more and more, as if her body just wanted to stay in bed all day.

“You need proper rest. Stay home and take it easy,” Cecilia urged. “I’ll handle things on my end.”

Vivian didn’t argue. She simply agreed, trusting Cecilia to take care of it.

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4-5 minutes

You Are On Your Own Before hanging up, Vivian didn’t forget to say, “Ceci, please thank Mdm. Queenie for me.”

After all, if it weren’t for Queenie, she would have endured something utterly repulsive.

“Of course,” Cecilia promised before ending the call.

Meanwhile, at home, Stella sat frozen, staring at the lawyer’s letter in front of her. Alongside it were various termination contracts and legal documents—each one spelling out her downfall. A wave of unease crashed over her.

She had expected Zachary or Nathaniel to come settle the score with her, but strangely, they hadn’t.

With every passing moment of silence, the tension became more unbearable.

“What should I do?” she muttered, gripping her phone tightly before dialing Nicholas’s number.

This time was different. Unlike before, the call actually went through.

“What is it?” Nicholas’s voice came through the line.

Stella’s voice was hoarse as she pleaded, “Mr. Nicholas, it seems like Cecilia has remembered everything. What do we do now? I did all of this for you—didn’t you promise to protect me?”

At that moment, Nicholas was sitting in Dahlia's hospital ward. She was fast asleep beside him.

"You must be mistaken," he said calmly. "I promised to make you a star again, but I never said I'd protect you for the rest of your life."

"You!" Stella's frustration flared, but she quickly forced herself to stay composed. "Mr. Nicholas, please, I need your help."

Nicholas let out a quiet sigh. "I can't help you. I can't even help myself right now." He paused before adding, "You're on your own. Good luck."

Without another word, he ended the call and tossed his phone aside. His gaze drifted toward the crib nearby, where Dahlia lay sleeping. For a long moment, he found himself lost in thought.

A nurse approached, letting out a sigh. "The child's mother hasn't visited in a long time, and there are no other relatives on record. Who are you to her?"

Nicholas blinked, snapping back to reality. His voice was thin as he answered, "I'm her uncle."

"Oh? Her biological uncle?"

"No," Nicholas replied flatly.

The nurse smiled. "You're so kind."

Kind, huh?

Nicholas frowned, deep in thought. If it weren't for me, this child would never have been born. But anyone was to blame, it was tiff Cassandra herself-she was the one who insisted on climbing into my bed. If I don't teach her a lesson, she'll never learn.

belongs to After the nurse left, Jocelyn approached with a bottle of milk. "Mr. Nicholas, I've prepared the formula. Is Dahlia still asleep?"

Nicholas gave a slight nod. "Yeah."

Jocelyn sat down beside the crib, her gaze softening as she looked at the sleeping child. “Mr. Nicholas now that Cassandra has been captured, should we bring Dahlia back and take care of her?”

At her words, Nicholas’s expression darkened. He furrowed his brows and retorted coldly, “She’s not daughter. Why should I take 31.9 responsibility for her?” .net Jocelyn stiffened, caught off guard. “I’m sorry-I misspoke.”

She felt a pang of sympathy for Nicholas. Despite everything, the child wasn’t even his.

Nicholas remained calm. Instead, he simply asked, “You’ve taken care of the remaining medical bills for the child, right?”

Jocelyn nodded.

“Then we owe her nothing. Let’s go back to the office.”

“Huh?” Jocelyn blinked in surprise. She quickly set down the formula she had just prepared before hurrying after him.

Once inside the car, she absentmindedly scrolled through the news. A headline caught her eye-Stella had been officially blacklisted.

She glanced over at Nicholas. He looked exhausted, his features tense. Just as he was about to close his eyes for some much-needed rest, his phone rang.

He picked it up, his gaze lingering on the screen. He hesitated for a long moment before finally answering.

Jocelyn found his reaction odd. Curious, she subtly leaned over and caught a glimpse of the name flashing on the screen-Cecilia.

As the final seconds of the ringtone ticked away, Nicholas finally pressed the answer button.

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4-5 minutes

Should I Be Grateful To You When Nicholas answered the call, Cecilia's voice came through, calm and steady. "Let's meet," she said.

Nicholas tightened his grip on the phone. He remained silent for a brief moment before finally responding with a single word. "Okay."

After ending the call, he glanced at the address Cecilia had sent and instructed the driver to head there.

Jocelyn, noticing the sudden change in route, remained silent, quietly observing Nicholas from the corner of her eye.

Before long, they arrived.

Nicholas stepped out of the car, then turned to Jocelyn. "Wait for me here."

Jocelyn nodded. "All right."

She watched as Nicholas disappeared into a café, then slowly shifted her gaze away, letting out a quiet sigh.

The driver, Corvan, couldn't resist teasing, "Ms. Wright, what's going on with you? Having some trouble in your love life lately?"

Unlike her usual composed demeanor at work, Jocelyn was more at ease around Corvan, who was older than her.

She chuckled. "No, my love life has been pretty steady."

"Steady?" Corvan raised an eyebrow, struggling to keep up with the way young people spoke these days. "So, when's the wedding?"

The wedding...

Jocelyn was momentarily at a loss for words.

Her thoughts drifted to Yannick-charming yet unreliable-leaving her with a lingering sense of uncertainty.

"I don't know," she admitted. "I'm just going with the flow."

"Can't blame you," Corvan mused. "After being around Mr. Nicholas for so long, I imagine it's hard to find another man who measures up. He's got that perfect blend of gentleness and charm."

To outsiders, Nicholas was the picture of a gentleman-humble, approachable, and kind to those who worked under him.

Jocelyn chuckled again, but this time, there was a faint bitterness to her smile.

"Yeah," Jocelyn murmured. "Mr. Nicholas is indeed a great man. I hope he finds his happiness soon."

"Indeed. It's a shame that good people don't always get what they deserve, Cassandra really crossed the Mr. Nicholas is such a line.

decent man, yet she chose to betray him."

As an outsider, Corvan was unaware of the full story.

To him, Cassandra's actions were nothing short of ingratitude. After all, Nicholas wasn't just wealthy and considerate-he was also strikingly handsome. What more could she have wanted?

Jocelyn fell silent, choosing not to continue the conversation. She wasn't one to indulge in idle gossip or speak ill of others behind their backs.

Besides, Corvan's words weren't entirely accurate.

Cassandra had her flaws-her temper could be unpredictable-but Jocelyn could tell that her feelings for Nicholas had been sincere. The real issue wasn't her.

It was Nicholas. His heart had never been Cassandra's to begin with. It had always belonged to Cecilia, and no one else had ever been able to change that.

As Nicholas stepped into the café, his gaze immediately landed on Cecilia, who was seated by the window.

She also noticed him. Rising to her feet, she greeted him with a voice so devoid of warmth that it sent a chill through the air."Mr. Rainsworth."

Nicholas' throat tightened slightly. After a brief pause, he gave a small nod. "Hmm."

Cecilia sat back down, and Nicholas pulled out the chair across from her, lowering himself into it.

For a moment, they simply faced each other in silence.

In the end, it was Nicholas who broke the silence. "Ceci... have you remembered?"

Cecilia nodded. "Yeah."

Another heavy pause. Nicholas's jaw tightened, his expression complicated. "Do you hate me now?"

"What else? Should I be grateful to you?"

Cecilia had always seen Nicholas as the boy next door-a genuinely good person. But now, she realized there was something deeply wrong beneath the surface.

"I think you should consider seeing a therapist," she said.

Nicholas' expression stiffened instantly. "What?"

"On the outside, you seem like a gentleman polite, easy to get along with. But deep down, your heart is consumed by darkness. I've already told you before-everything that happened in the past was a O misunderstanding. And besides, I don't owe you anything, do I? If anything, you owe me. I saved your life back then."

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5-6 minutes

Love Cannot Be Forced Years ago, Nicholas had been the target of an assassination attempt.

Without hesitation, Cecilia had shielded him, taking the hit in his place. The scar on her back was proof of that moment-one she had carried with her ever since.

For the longest time, she had believed it was Nathaniel she had saved, convinced that he was the one indebted to her.

Nicholas swallowed, but the bitterness in his throat refused to fade.

“How could you give me psychological medication?” Cecilia demanded, her voice laced with disbelief.

Even now, she struggled to comprehend it. The person who had once been kind and outstanding in their youth had somehow twisted into someone paranoid and obsessive.

Across from her, Nicholas took a slow sip of his coffee, his fingers unconsciously tightening around the mug.

“I had no other choice. All I wanted was for us to start over.” As the words left his lips, he lifted his gaze to meet hers. “The truth is... you’ve already moved on, haven’t you? You’ve been in love with Nathaniel all along.”

Cecilia’s brows knitted together in confusion.

Nicholas pressed on. “You don’t even remember Nathaniel, yet you still didn’t want to be with me during the year we spent together. Why? Wasn’t it because you had already fallen for him?”

That year abroad with Cecilia still haunted him. No matter how much time they had spent together, no matter how close they had been, she would always instinctively shy away from his touch-like a reflex she couldn’t control.

Nicholas’s gaze flickered to Cecilia’s abdomen. “How many months along?” How many months?

Cecilia frowned, caught off guard. “What do you mean?”

“How far along are you? Didn’t you and Vivian go for a check-up recently?”

Realization dawned on Cecilia-he had completely misunderstood. He thought she was pregnant when, in reality, it was Vivian.

Before she could correct him, Nicholas' expression darkened. His voice dripped with sarcasm as he said, "You've really let me down. You claim not to remember Nathaniel, yet you're carrying his child? Tell me, did he force you, or was it your choice?"

This wasn't the Nicholas she had once known. The warmth, the gentlemanly demeanor—all of it was gone. What remained was a man whose words cut like a blade, sharp and bitter.

Cecilia's grip tightened around her coffee mug, the temptation to throw it in his face flaring hot within her. But in the end, she forced herself to remain composed.

Taking a slow, measured breath, she met his gaze head-on. "I'm not pregnant. And even if I were—what business would it be of yours?"

Nicholas's gaze flickered, his expression unreadable.

Cecilia met his eyes, her tone firm and unwavering as she delivered a warning. "I asked you here to make one thing clear—I don't love you, not now, not ever. There was never a beginning for us, and there never will be an end. So stop overthinking this."

With that, she grabbed her bag and walked out of the café without looking back.

Nicholas remained in his seat, motionless. He should have felt sorrow, regret—something. But all that lingered was a slow-burning anger.

He hated being betrayed more than anything.

Outside, as Cecilia stepped onto the sidewalk, she spotted Jocelyn standing by a car.

Jocelyn noticed her as well, giving her a polite nod. "Ms. Smith."

Cecilia returned the gesture, equally courteous.

Just as she turned to leave, Jocelyn suddenly quickened her pace, hurrying after her.

"Ms. Smith, Mr. Nicholas meant no harm. You have no idea how difficult these past years have been for him. When he was abroad, he was confined to a sterile ward, unable to go anywhere. He spent countless days alone, just sitting there, staring at your picture." Jocelyn 'didn't know what had come over her today, but for some reason, she felt compelled to tell Cecilia everything.

Cecilia stopped in her tracks. For a fleeting moment, she hesitated. A part of her wavered at Jocelyn's words, but she hadn't forgotten the outrageous things Nicholas had done.

She turned to Jocelyn, her gaze steady. "Let me ask you something. If you loved someone, would you do anything to have them-even if they already had a family, children?"

Jocelyn fell silent.

She already knew her answer. No, she wouldn't. She had watched Nicholas marry a woman he didn't love, had silently endured her own feelings, never once ve interfering-because she understood something Nicholas never did.

Love couldn't be forced.

Cecilia continued, "Besides, what he feels for me now... I don't think it can even be called love anymore."

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4-5 minutes

Jocelyn Defends Nicholas To her, no one in their right mind would do the things Nicholas had done and still call it love.

For a moment, Jocelyn was at a loss for words. "Maybe... maybe Mr. Nicholas was just under too much pressure."

After all, between the two brothers, Nathaniel had always overshadowed Nicholas in every way.

Cecilia could see that Jocelyn was still trying to defend him. Rather than argue, she chose to let it go. As Nicholas stepped out of the café, Cecilia said, "I'm leaving."

Jocelyn nodded. "Alright."

She watched as Cecilia walked away.

At that moment, Nicholas approached. "What were you talking about with Ceci?"

Jocelyn shook her head. "Nothing important."

Something flickered in Nicholas' eyes, but he said nothing more. "Let's go. Back to the office."

"Okay." Jocelyn nodded.

As they sat in the car, Jocelyn hesitated for a moment before speaking. "Mr. Nicholas, I plan to return to my hometown this weekend."

Nicholas glanced at her, a hint of confusion in his eyes. "Is something wrong?"

"I'm going back for my engagement. My family has been urging me," Jocelyn replied.

A heavy silence settled inside the car, thick and suffocating.

Nicholas had always encouraged Jocelyn to settle down, often telling her not to delay marriage. Yet now, the words that left his lips were entirely different. "You know how important our collaboration with the Griffiths family is right now. Could you postpone it for a while?"

Jocelyn blinked, momentarily caught off guard. She hadn't expected Nicholas to subtly ask her to stay.

She thought of her aging grandmother back home, of the decision she'd already made. Taking a slow, steady breath, she finally said, "I've already made arrangements. I can't postpone them."

Nicholas was momentarily stunned.

Jocelyn had never turned him down before.

His gaze deepened as he studied her, his eyes lingering for a long moment before he finally said, "All right then. I shouldn't hold you back."

"Thank you," Jocelyn replied.

"But," Nicholas added, "I'll have the finance department prepare a generous gift for you. Though, I'm afraid I won't be able to attend your engagement party."

Jocelyn quickly shook her head. "It's okay. I appreciate it."

As a boss, Nicholas had always been generous. He had never treated her unfairly, and she knew better than to ask for more.

Silence settled between them once again. When they arrived at the company, Nicholas was the first to step out.

Upstairs, in the CEO's office, Blaine was already waiting.

After leaving the café, Cecilia got into the car.

Nathaniel was already inside, asking, "Finished talking?"

"Yeah." Cecilia nodded. "I made things very clear to him—there won't be a next time."

Nathaniel didn't say much. He understood Nicholas far better than Cecilia did. When Nicholas couldn't have something, he had a tendency to destroy it instead. It had been that way since they were kids—first with toys, and now with people. "Where to now?" he asked.

Cecilia thought for a moment before saying, "The hospital."

She wanted to spend more time with Queenie.

Though Queenie never said anything, Cecilia could sense that her condition was worsening.

The driver started the car.

Inside the ward, Queenie coughed from time to time, pressing a tissue. When she pulled it away, blood stained the fabric.

She quietly folded the tissue, making sure to hide the evidence before discarding it in the trash.

Caliste watched with a frown, unable to hold back a sigh. "You're getting worse every day."

"Don't worry," Queenie reassured her with a gentle smile. "I feel much better now."

Caliste was about to argue when a knock sounded at the door. She walked over and opened it, revealing Cecilia and Nathaniel standing outside. "Ms. Cecilia, please come in," she said, stepping aside.

Queenie's face lit up the moment she saw them. "Ceci."

Cecilia walked over and sat beside her. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m doing much better,” Queenie replied.

As she spoke, her gaze flickered around the room, searching. But when she didn’t see her grandsons, a trace of disappointment crossed her face.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1759

4-5 minutes

Go Home Cecilia followed Queenie’s gaze and quickly reassured her, “I’ll bring the kids to see you this weekend.”

Queenie nodded eagerly. “Okay.”

A moment later, something seemed to cross her mind. She reached for Cecilia’s hand.”Once you’ve settled things here, come home with me, won’t you?”

By home, Queenie meant Drocver.

While the Jamieson family had business interests in Tudela, their true roots and headquarters were in Drocver.

Cecilia hesitated. “Is something happening back there?”

Queenie simply smiled.

Before she could respond, Caliste chimed in, “Now that you and Mdm. Queenie have reunited, it’s only natural for you to return and reconnect with your heritage.”

Queenie gently interrupted, shaking her head. “It’s not about that. I just want to take you back to see where you truly belong. Your home.”

My home...

It was the first time Cecilia had ever heard those words.

For as long as she could remember, her life had revolved around the Smith residence, the Rainsworth Manor, and other places that never truly felt like home. She had never known what it was like to have a home that truly belonged to her.

Without hesitation, she nodded. "All right."

Queenie's smile deepened. "When the time comes, you'll meet your relatives. They've all been eager to see you, you know?"

Hearing that, Cecilia felt a flicker of unease.

Family had never been a source of warmth for her. Whether it was the Smiths or Paula's relatives, they never really liked her. The idea of meeting more relatives left her feeling uncertain.

She hesitated, about to voice her concerns, when Queenie suddenly picked up her phone and smacked her forehead lightly. "Oh, my memory! Your grandparents have been wanting to meet you for a while now. They even asked me to add you to the family group chat."

Cecilia felt flustered.

Queenie, however, remained completely unaware of her unease. With a few quick taps on her phone, she sent an invitation for Cecilia to join the family group chat. "Come on, accept it quickly," Queenie urged, her excitement evident.

Seeing the anticipation in Queenie's eyes, Cecilia found it hard to refuse. She tapped the screen, officially joining the group.

Inside, there were hundreds of members. Apart from Brooklyn, Cecilia didn't recognize a single name.

The moment she joined, Queenie wasted no time and tagged everyone in the chat: Guys, this is Ceci. Everyone, welcome her!

The group was silent at first.

Cecilia glanced at the screen, unfazed.

She was used to this. The Smith family's group chat had always been the same— unless there was a major event, no one really bothered to respond.

Shrugging it off, she locked her phone and set it aside, not thinking much of it. Suddenly, messages began pouring in one after another.

Within seconds, the chat exploded. Cecilia's unread messages skyrocketed past ninety-nine in an instant.

Emojis and stickers filled the screen-smiling faces, waving hands, celebratory fireworks-all welcoming her home.

Amidst the chaos, a few voice messages appeared. Curious, she tapped on one.

An elderly woman's voice came through, tinged with mild exasperation. "Can you all slow down with the stickers? I can't even see Ceci's profile picture! Ceci, m your grandmother. You lot, stop spamming!"

The elderly woman had originally wanted to send Cecilia a private message, but the overwhelming flood of greetings had completely buried Queenie's message.

Staring at the nonstop stream of messages, Cecilia had no idea how to respond.

Queenie quickly sent a private message to the elderly woman: Mom, stop scrolling. I'll give you Ceci's number.

The old woman let out an exasperated sigh before replying Finally! We've been asking you for ages, and you've only now added my dear granddaughter to the group. Send me her number-quickly!*

Before Cecilia could fully process what was happening, a new message popped up-this time from her grandmother.

One after another, more relatives started messaging her privately.

Such warmth and enthusiasm had always been reserved for Magnus.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1760

4-5 minutes

Family Group Seeing Cecilia staring blankly at her phone without responding, Queenie assumed she was hesitant and quickly reassured her.

“It’s okay. If you don’t feel like replying, don’t force yourself. Your grandparents aren’t very familiar with these modern communication methods anyway. Once we get back, you can talk to them in person.”

It wasn’t that Cecilia was unwilling-she simply hadn’t processed the overwhelming response yet.

After a brief pause, she began replying to the messages one by one, then looked up and explained, “I just... haven’t wrapped my head around it yet.”

Queenie smiled warmly. “They can be a bit too enthusiastic sometimes. But remember, you can always talk to me. You don’t have to force yourself into anything, okay?”

Cecilia nodded. “Got it.”

She wasn’t uncomfortable—just in disbelief. This kind of warmth was something she had never experienced before.

While Cecilia was chatting with Queenie, a notification popped up on her phone- it was a message from her grandmother, Bethany Roberts. Upon opening it, she was stunned to see a bank transfer.

Two hundred thousand.

It was the daily transfer limit, but to Bethany, it was far from enough.

Almost immediately, another message followed: Ceci, I can only transfer two hundred thousand a day. Send me your full bank account details-I’ll send you some pocket money.

Cecilia stared at the message, momentarily at a loss. Two hundred thousand as pocket money? That’s more than enough!

Before she could even process it, another notification appeared. This time, it was a transfer from her grandfather, Alphonse Jamieson. Then more followed-various amounts from other relatives, filling her transaction history one after another.

To them, money was nothing more than a string of numbers. In fact, they thought the amount they had sent was too little, and the transfer limits were simply an inconvenience.

Cecilia quickly typed a response: No need. I have money.

Queenie glanced at her phone and chuckled. “Just accept it. This is nothing to them just a small token of their affection. If you refuse, they probably won’t be able to sleep tonight. Besides, your grandparents are absolutely loaded.”

Hearing that, Cecilia finally gave in and accepted the transfers, thanking each sender one by one. However, she still refrained from sharing her full account details. She had always been self-sufficient and didn’t need much.

Noticing how overwhelming the sudden enthusiasm might be, Queenie sent a message to the group chat: All right, everyone net Ceci has received your love. No need to send more. We need to rest now.

After Queenie’s message, everyone in the group chat expressed their understanding. One by one, the flurry of messages slowed until the chat finally fell silent.

At last, the relentless buzzing of Cecilia’s phone subsided.

She sent one final message of gratitude before closing WhatsApp.

Queenie glanced at her. “Did they scare you?”

Cecilia shook her head with a small smile. “They’re certainly enthusiastic, but I like it.”

Ever since she was a child, she had longed for this kind of warmth and affection. Queenie let out a soft sigh. “If only I had found you sooner.”

If she had, Cecilia wouldn’t have grown up lacking love or feeling so distant from her own family.

“I think things are pretty good as they are now,” Cecilia said lightly. She truly didn’t mind. After all, some children spent their entire lives searching for their mothers and never found them. ‘ That night, Queenie pleaded with Cecilia to stay. In the end, Cecilia agreed and asked Nathaniel to head back first.

“All right,” Nathaniel responded simply before getting into the car and leaving the hospital.

On the way back, he rubbed his temples, exhaustion creeping in. When he arrived at the entrance of the Smith residence, he noticed a figure standing there-Stella. He wasn't sure how long she had been waiting.

The moment she spotted his car, she threw caution to the wind and dashed in front of it.

Nathaniel frowned, watching as the driver slammed on the brakes. Once the car came to a full stop, he opened the door and stepped out.

"What are you doing here?" His voice was cold.

Stella's eyes were filled with fear. "Nathaniel... I mean, Mr. Rainsworth," she stammered. "I was wrong. I swear I won't do it again. Please, just this once, spare me..."