

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1801 -

4-5 minutes

What Have You Done The newcomer met Cecilia face to face, her gaze unfriendly.

“Some paupers really think that they’ve made it from rags to riches, huh?” The speaker was a girl who appeared much younger than Cecilia.

The young girl, looking to be in her twenties, appeared snobbish.

Cecilia had seen her yesterday. She remembered the young girl seemed to be a distant relative’s daughter, temporarily residing here, and her name was Yuliana Jamieson.

The reason Cecille remembered her was because amidst the crowd, the look Yuliana gave her was filled with disdain and revulsion.

Yuliana deliberately raised her voice, preparing to walk past Cecilia.

Cecilia stopped her with an outstretched hand. “Have I offended you in some way?”

Yuliana halted in her tracks, clearly taken aback that Cecilia had the audacity to block her path.

She turned her head to look at Cecilia, not bothering to beat around the bush. “Don’t you know what you’ve done?”

Cecilia was somewhat bewildered. “What kind of joke are you playing? I don’t even know you. What could I have possibly done to offend you?”

Cecilia was no longer the pushover she used to be.

Yuliana had so blatantly criticized her, and Cecilia was determined to find out why.

Upon hearing her words, a hint of scorn tugged at the corners of Yuliana’s mouth. “You’re not apologizing to me,” she said, “you’re apologizing to Cassandra.”

“Cassandra...”

So, it turned out that Yuliana was standing up for Cassandra.

“How have I done her wrong?” asked Cecilia.

“Had it not been for your return, would Cassandra have been driven away? Could she be in jail now? It’s all because of you. I don’t know what kind of spell you’ve cast on Aunt Queenie that makes her trust you so much,” Yuliana articulated each word clearly.

Cecilia was truly at a loss for words. Wasn’t Cassandra’s current predicament a result of her own actions?

“Yuliana, I think you don’t fully grasp the situation, so it’s better to hold your comments,” Cecilia sincerely advised.

“How could not know? I used to be closest to Cassandra. I know what kind of person she is better than you do,” Yuliana quickly retorted when Cecilia brought it up.

Cecilia couldn’t be bothered to engage in a lengthy conversation with her. “Really?

Then there’s not much to discuss.”

Cecilia clearly understood the concept of first impressions being pivotal Yuliana had spent her childhood with Cassandra, so naturally, she had a certain bias toward Cassandra.

Even if she took the initiative to tell Yuliana about Cassandra’s actions, Yuliana might not believe her.

Cecilia didn’t want to waste her time.

She walked straight past Yuliana.

Yuliana’s brows were tightly knitted as she looked back at Cecilia’s retreating figure, her eyes filled with nothing but disdain.

How could there be such a shameless woman in this world? She stole Cassandra’s identity, and now she’s acting as if she’s done nothing wrong.

Yuliana returned to her place, picked up her phone, and scrolled through her past conversations with Cassandra. I wonder how Cassandra is doing now.

A while back, Cassandra had confided in Yuliana, claiming that Cecilia had stolen her husband.

Yuliana rested her chin on her hand. "I used to be really close with Cassandra. I couldn't just stand by and do nothing for her."

She decided that once she had some free time in a couple of days, she would visit Cassandra in Tudela to see if there was any way she could lend a hand.

In the days that followed, Cecilia spent her time either accompanying the elderly Jamieson family members and Queenie or she was out exploring various places with Vivian. Her days were filled with fulfillment.

The two children were particularly well-received in the Jamieson family. Their grandparents were especially fond of them, making the household lively every day.

Quite a few people came over to present them with gifts.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1802 -

4-5 minutes

Easy On The Eyes After work, Nathaniel would call and check in on Cecilia.

Every day, Cecilia would share with him about her experiences here.

"I'll come over tomorrow," Nathaniel said.

"Mm-hmm," Cecilia nodded. "Then we can still hang out here for a while."

"Of course." Nathaniel gave a quiet laugh.

At that moment, he wished nothing more than to be able to teleport right in front of Cecilia and hold her in his arms.

After having a deep conversation with Nathaniel, Cecilia lay down to rest. Together with Vivian, they pondered on where to go and have fun next.

A few days ago, Vivian had informed her that Zachary was already aware of her pregnancy.

Vivian and Zachary had grown closer to each other because of the pregnancy.

No matter where they went during the summer, Zachary would always follow. Along the way, he would be extremely cautious, fearing that Vivian might bump into something.

Seeing Zachary's deep concern for Vivian's safety, Cecilia finally felt completely at ease.

Meanwhile, in Queenie's room, she was coughing so violently that there was blood.

Caliste grew frantic at the sight and stomped her foot. "Mdm. Queenie, we really should go to the hospital."

"No, I can't just rush to the hospital. If my parents or Ceci find out, they'll definitely overthink things." Queenie refused, her tone resolute. "Don't worry, I can still hold on. I'll be fine."

"It's all because of Cassandra. How could she be so ruthless, to harm you like this? If it wasn't for her drugging you daily, you wouldn't be in this state now," Caliste said, clenching her fists in anger.

Though Queenie had endured physical torment in her early years, the doctors assured her that as long as she stayed on her medication and underwent regular check-ups, she could easily live another six to seven years without any issues. But now, Caliste was genuinely afraid that Queenie would suffer a sudden death.

"Pointing fingers now is pointless. Let's just focus on making the most of our future days together."

Queenie, on the other hand, wasn't afraid of anything.

"Okay."

"In the future, I'm entrusting you to lend a hand to Cecilia. After all, she's still too young, and running a company on her own will undoubtedly be overwhelming. Keep an eye on Nathaniel for me. Don't let him take advantage of Cecilia." Queenie seemed to be saying her final words.

Caliste repeatedly nodded. "Rest assured, Mdm. Queenie. Ms. Cent will certainly manage the company well in the future, and she will definitely find happiness."

"Yes."

Queenie was truly exhausted. After sending her secretary away, she laid down to rest.

In reality, she couldn't sleep at all. Her body was intermittently wracked with pain, often jolting her awake in the middle of the night.

Left with no other choice, Queenie could only sit up, scrolling through her phone.

Unbeknownst to her, her phone had accumulated a plethora of photos documenting Cecilia's growth from childhood to adulthood.

Queenie gently touched the photographs, flipping through them one by one. It seemed as though the physical pain she was experiencing had significantly lessened. The following day, early in the morning, it was drizzling.

Cecilia was waiting at the door with her grandparents.

"Ceci, we heard that Nathaniel is quite the heartthrob," Bethany remarked.

Cecilia couldn't help but chuckle. "He's easy on the eyes."

"What do you mean, easy on the eyes? He must be handsome. If he's too unattractive, how could he ever be worthy of our granddaughter?"

A figure emerged from within the door-Yuliana.

Yuliana approached the two elders. "Grandpa, Grandma, don't stand outside and catch a chill."

She was merely a distant relative of the Jamieson family, hardly considered a direct granddaughter of the two elders.

However, the elderly man had no sons, only a daughter named Queenie. Therefore, he was very fond of this young girl.

“Don’t worry. We’re waiting for your cousin’s husband. When he arrives, help us out by observing him, see if he’s a good man or not.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1803 -

4-5 minutes

I Am Still Worried Yuliana didn’t want to wait, but she was curious to see what Cecilia’s husband looked like.

The group didn’t wait outside for long before Nathaniel’s car pulled up.

The car gradually came to a halt, and the driver then opened the door. A man emerged from within, his figure tall and upright, his face strikingly handsome.

Yuliana stood next to Alphonse, and her eyes widened in surprise when she saw Nathaniel.

Cecilia’s husband is so handsome!

She had previously heard from Cassandra that Cecilia’s husband and Cassandra’s husband were identical twins, so they looked exactly the same.

So, Cassandra’s husband also looks like this. Cecilia is really lucky, huh? There are actually two men that are this handsome who are smitten with her?

Yuliana was somewhat in disbelief. By the time she regained her senses, Nathaniel was already right in front of them.

Nathaniel’s presence was commanding. However, when he faced the elderly, he was extremely polite. “Granddad, Granny.”

He also had quite a few gifts brought over.

Upon seeing Nathaniel in front of them, both elderly individuals had satisfaction brimming in their eyes.

This Nathaniel was even more handsome in person than he appeared on TV, and his aura was impressive.

“Quick, come in quickly.”

Bethany, who had initially been worried about her granddaughter’s husband not being handsome, was instantly overjoyed. She cheerfully beckoned Nathaniel to quickly come inside and rest.

“You must be exhausted from the journey,” Bethany said. “Have something to eat first, then go rest.”

Alphonse looked at Nathaniel, his expression was neither cold nor indifferent.

He believed that it was useless for a man to merely have a handsome face. Strength was essential. Otherwise, how could he protect his woman?

Back then, Cecilia’s father, despite his capabilities, was after all a child from an ordinary family. Their social status didn’t align, which ultimately led to the misfortune of their daughter.

“Cecilia, come here.” Alphonse summoned Cecilia into the study.

It was the first time Cecilia saw her grandfather looking so serious.

Standing in the study, she couldn’t help but ask, “What’s wrong, Granddad?”

Alphonse sighed. “Sweetheart, don’t blame me for being nosy. Before you came back, I had someone look into Nathaniel. I found out he’s quite capable, and his family, the Rainsworths, are on par with us. However, I heard that Nathaniel’s health isn’t the best.”

“Huh?” Cecilia was somewhat baffled. Nathaniel’s physique was quite decent.

“I heard he was once blind. Is that true?” Alphonse asked.

It was then that Cecilia understood what the old man meant by “not in good health”. She didn’t conceal the truth and nodded. “Yes, it was due to a car accident. He was trying to protect me at the time, and shards of glass from the car window pierced his brain, causing him to lose his sight. However, he underwent surgery two years ago, and he’s fine now.”

After hearing this, Grandpa kept nodding his head, yet his brows remained knit with worry.

“But I’ve heard people say that he didn’t treat you well in the past.”

Alphonse had made it his business to gather a lot of information, whether it was about Cecilia’s childhood or her later years.

“Ah, that’s all in the past. There were some misunderstandings between us, but they’ve been resolved,” replied Cecilia.

After hearing this, Alphonse looked into Cecilia’s eyes, still filled with worry.

“When you were young and had just returned to our family, we didn’t take care of you as we should have. To be honest, we shouldn’t have interfered so much. But I’m genuinely afraid. I’m afraid you might turn out like your mother.”

Cecilia was somewhat confused.

Alphonse continued, “Your dad was a good man, but as you know, Ralph, who came later, turned out to be nothing more than an ungrateful wretch. Not only did he betray your mom, but he even plotted against her with his adopted daughter!”

Every time this topic was brought up, Alphonse would clench his fists tightly.

“If I were in Tudela, I’d surely show them what I’m made of.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1804 -

4-5 minutes

Cassandra Had It Tough Cecilia finally understood the good intentions behind her granddad’s actions.

She earnestly replied, “Grandpa, don’t worry. I’ll take good care of myself. I can’t promise that I’ll never be deceived, but I assure you I won’t place all my hopes on others.”

Upon hearing her promise, Alphonse finally nodded in agreement.

“Alright, alright.” He patted Cecilia on the shoulder. “Seeing you like this, we can rest easy. Whatever happens in the future, you must tell me and your granny. We may be old, but we’re tough and can handle a bit of trouble.”

“Alright.” Cecilia’s eyes crinkled into a smile.

Alphonse had asked her to call over Nathaniel as well.

Just after managing to eat a bit, Nathaniel hurriedly headed toward Alphonse’s study.

Initially, Cecilia had intended to accompany him and hear what Alphonse had to say. However, to her surprise, Alphonse asked her to leave.

She had no other choice but to wait outside.

After what felt like an eternity, Nathaniel finally emerged from Alphonse’s study. As they retreated to their own room, Cecilia couldn’t help but ask, “What did Granddad say to you?”

“It’s nothing. He just asked me to take good care of you,” Nathaniel responded.

In truth, during their time in the study, Cecilia’s granddad had issued him a stern warning. Alphonse had told Nathaniel that if he dared to betray Cecilia, he would face severe consequences.

Nathaniel listened in silence. Far from being upset, he was actually pleased for Cecilia.

Now, there were finally relatives and friends who genuinely cared for her.

“Is that all?”

Upon reaching the room, Cecilia was still somewhat puzzled. After all, her granddad and Nathaniel had been in the study for a long time.

She didn’t even manage to listen to Nathaniel’s reply when she heard the sound of the door being locked.

When Cecilia turned around, she was immediately swept off her feet by Nathaniel, who pressed her against the wall.

“Cecilia, I’ve missed you so much.” Nathaniel’s voice was deep and magnetic, his breath becoming heated. Without another word, he sealed Cecilia’s lips with a kiss.

Cecilia couldn’t escape at all, and in no time, they found themselves entwined on the bed.

It was dinner time, and there came a knock at the door.

Thud, thud, thud!

Exhausted, Cecilia opened her eyes and glanced outside, noticing that the sky had already darkened.

She immediately crawled out of her blanket. Looking around, she saw that Nathaniel had already drifted up neatly at some point and was heading to open the door.

Startled, Cecilia immediately grew fearful and hurried to put on her clothes.

Nathaniel opened the door, only to find Yuliana standing there.

When she saw that it was only Nathaniel who opened the door, her expression eased a bit. “Nathaniel, Grandma asked me to call you for dinner.”

“Alright.” Nathaniel turned around to call for Cecilia.

Yuliana, however, had no intentions of leaving. She stood in the doorway, peering inside.

The two elders of the Jamieson family were truly kind to Cecilia. The room’s decor was particularly lavish.

Yuliana was filled with envy.

The room that Cassandra used to live in wasn’t nearly as nice as this.

“Cassandra really had it rough,” Yuliana mumbled to herself.

At that time, Cecilia had already changed into fresh clothes and quickly freshened up. She then joined Nathaniel and stepped outside, only to find Yuliana standing at the entrance, scanning her surroundings.

Upon seeing Cecilia and Nathaniel emerge, Yuliana retracted her gaze. With an air of arrogance, she turned around and began to lead the way.

Nathaniel had already noticed the animosity this person held toward Cecilia.

He held onto Cecilia's hand, looking at her, wanting to ask what exactly was going on.

Cecilia told him, "She used to have a great relationship with Cassandra She believed that I was the one who Used Cassandra's misfortune and that I stole her place."

Upon hearing these words, Nathaniel found himself at a loss for words.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1805 -

4-5 minutes

A Visit To Tudela Despite all the wrongdoings that Cassandra had committed, Yuliana was surprisingly still on Cassandra's side.

"Does Mom know?" Nathaniel asked.

He felt certain that Yuliana must have said or done something to Cecilia in private.

Cecilia shook her head. "I didn't tell her. It's a minor issue. I didn't want her to worry."

Furthermore, Cecilia felt that even if she told Queenie, she wouldn't be able to handle it well. After all, Yuliana was a relative and hadn't done anything too outrageous.

"Indeed, if she dares to do anything that harms you, let me know," Nathaniel said with stern seriousness.

Cecilia chuckled lightly. "I'm not a child anymore. Don't worry. I can handle these matters on my own."

As the two of them talked, Yuliana, who was leading the way, did not catch their conversation.

She watched as Cecilia dragged her feet and was displeased. Suddenly, Yuliana stopped in her tracks.

"Cecilia, could you perhaps pick up the pace? Grandpa, Grandma, and Aunt Queenie are all waiting for you," Yuliana said, addressing Cecilia but not mentioning Nathaniel.

Cecilia didn't bother arguing with a young girl like her. "Sure."

Cecilia hastened her pace to the dining room.

Bethany and Alphonse beckoned for Cecilia to sit next to them, while Nathaniel took a seat beside Cecilia.

As Yuliana observed the scene, she couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy. After all, she was an outsider, relegated to the sidelines.

"Nathaniel, since you're here, why don't you spend more time exploring around with Cecilia? It would also be a good opportunity for you to interact more with some of the family and the company's senior management," Bethany suggested.

Nathaniel nodded politely. "Indeed, my visit this time is to spend a few more days here with Cecilia and the children."

"Good, that's settled then. When time allows, Alphonse and I will visit you in Tudela. We also need to catch up with Luke and Gabe."

Bethany saw photos of Cecilia's younger sons on her phone, and they were both very adorable.

She was particularly eager to meet the two.

"Granny, you guys should come over. I'll make sure to take good care of you," Cecilia said.

Finally, unable to contain herself, Yuliana spoke up. "Grandma, I'd like to go with you all and see for myself. Is that okay?"

Bethany chuckled. "Of course, Yuliana. You should spend more time with Cecilia in the future. After all, you two are cousins."

Yuliana was reluctant, yet she nodded. "Hmm, alright, I will."

"Why wait for a specific day when any day could be the right one?"

"When it's time to return to el net we should go with him and see for ourselves," suggested Alphonse.

“Sure thing,” Bethany readily agreed.

Queenie, off to the side, chuckled warmly. “Mom, Dad, if you want to go, then go ahead.”

Everyone seemed to agree, so it was decided they would all take a trip back to Tudela together.

Bethany was rambling, “I really wish I could see the place where I used to live when I was young.”

Several days passed in the blink of an eye.

Cecilia and her family prepared to return to Tudela.

Vivian and Zachary also journeyed back together. On the private jet, Vivian had the two elders in fits of laughter.

Upon learning that she was pregnant, the two elders gifted the child with valuable presents. They also took care to ensure that Vivian was well looked after.

Yuliana was utterly dismissive of all this.

She thought to herself, finally, she could pay a visit to Cassandra. She felt she hadn’t let Cassandra down.

It was already nighttime when they arrived in Tudela.

Vivian and Zachary went back together to share the good news with George, while everyone else returned to the Smith residence with Cecilia.

The Smith residence was considered one of the finest mansions in Tudela, but it paled in comparison to the grandeur of Jamieson Manor.

Charlotte knew that Cecilia was bringing her relatives home today, so she hurriedly came to greet them. However, as she stood at the door, she found herself at a loss for words.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1806 -

4-5 minutes

Who Am I To You “What’s wrong?” Cecilia noticed something was off with Charlotte. She pulled the latter aside before asking her what had happened.

Charlotte let out a sigh. “Boss, we have other visitors at home today.”

Other people?

Cecilia asked in confusion, “Who is it?”

“They said that you’re their relative,” Charlotte said, sounding somewhat conflicted.

In Tudela, Cecilia barely had any relatives.

“What relative?”

“She claims to be... your granny.” Charlotte forced out the last two words awkwardly.

Because she knew that today, Cecilia had brought her maternal grandparents back home with her.

But now, within the Smith residence, there was an elderly lady who claimed to be Cecilia’s maternal grandmother.

For a moment, Cecilia was taken aback, but quickly recollected her thoughts.

This grandmother was no stranger; she was, in fact, the mother of Paula, the woman who had once been her foster mother.

From childhood to adulthood, she, like Paula, had no fondness for Cecilia. Even after Paula’s death, she seldom made an appearance.

Why is she suddenly here now?

Cecilia tightened her grip somehow. She didn’t quite know what to do.

“Boss, I’m sorry, I couldn’t stop her. She was desperately pleading at the door, saying if she couldn’t come in, she would just stay outside. I knew you were bringing your grandparents over today, and I was worried she would cause a scene at the door, so I let her in.” Charlotte looked full of regret.

She rarely dealt with matters involving such shrewish women.

Cecilia didn't blame her. She patted Charlotte's shoulder and said, "It's alright. This isn't your fault. There's no need to blame yourself."

"What should we do now?" Charlotte inquired.

Meanwhile, Bethany noticed that Cecilia was continuously chatting with Charlotte, seemingly in a difficult situation. She couldn't help but walk over.

"Ceci, what's the matter? Is there something making you uncomfortable? If it's not convenient, we can always go stay at a hotel or perhaps at the mansion your mother bought."

Queenie had also come over. "What's wrong, Ceci?"

Naturally, Cecilia would not have had her mother and the two elders who had traveled from afar to stay somewhere else.

However, she didn't want them to worry about her.

"Don't worry. I just have some matters to attend to. Please don't take offense later on." Cecilia had barely finished speaking when a somewhat sharp voice rang in their ears.

"Oh, my granddaughter has returned, and she's brought quite a few guests with her?"

The one speaking was Paula's mother, Heather Chapman, who was once Cecilia's grandmother, despite not being related by blood.

Heather was nearing her seventies, yet she wore a tight-fitting gown, strutted in kitten heels, and dressed in a way that belied her age.

She steadily made her way toward them, her piercing gaze sweeping over Queenie and her group.

"Aren't you going to introduce me, your granny, to this group of people?" Granny?

Queenie and the two elders of the Jamieson family were all taken aback.

Yuliana, who was standing off to the side, also found it unbelievable, silently observing the unfolding drama.

Cecilia regarded the woman before her with an indifferent gaze. Then she introduced her family members. "These two are my maternal grandparents, and this one is my biological mother."

After speaking, she lowered her voice and shared with Queenie and the two elders, "She is Paula's mother."

Only then did Queenie understand.

No wonder Cecilia looked so troubled earlier.

"What are you talking about, Ceci? If they are your maternal grandparents, what about me?"

Cecilia looked at her coldly. "Didn't Paula tell you? I'm not her daughter at all. She never considered me as her own. And you, you have even less to do with me."

Once upon a time, when Cecilia was unaware of her adopted status, she yearned for the affection of her granny.

Yet, during that time, Heather had declared that Cecilia, being disabled, wasn't fit to be her granddaughter. She had instructed Cecilia not to reveal to others that she was Cecilia's granny.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1807 -

4-5 minutes

Just An Adopted Daughter The corner of Heather's mouth twitched slightly before she immediately lashed out at Cecilia. "You really have no heart. If it weren't for my daughter, you would've frozen or starved to death long ago. She raised you, and now you won't even acknowledge her as your mother?"

Cecilia remained completely unfazed. "The ones who raised me were my father and Martha. Paula never bought me a single piece of clothing or cooked a meal for me. On the contrary, she used me, deceived my father, and even sold me off. I owe her nothing."

She took a step forward, her words slow and deliberate. "Tell me, why are you really here?"

Nothing happened without a reason. Cecilia didn't believe for a second that Heather had come just to visit her.

Heather was momentarily speechless at Cecilia's sharp rebuke. It took her a while to recover, but when she did, she got straight to the point. "I came to reclaim my daughter's assets."

Cecilia nearly laughed at the absurdity of her words. "Your daughter's assets? What assets?"

After Regas died, the entirety of the Smith family's fortune had been inherited by Magnus and Paula. Paula squandered every last penny, leaving nothing behind.

Heather pointed toward the Smith residence standing behind her. "This house belongs to my daughter. It has absolutely nothing to do with you, an adopted daughter."

So now she's openly admitting that I'm just an adopted daughter?

Cecilia had always believed that no one acted without self-interest. She had suspected from the start that Heather's visit wasn't without ulterior motives, and she was right.

"This house was once sold by Paula," Cecilia stated plainly. "My husband bought it back. It's no longer Paula's."

Heather scoffed. "You're lying. I think you're just trying to fool an old woman. Aren't you afraid of retribution?" She was behaving like a shrew.

At that moment, Nathaniel stepped forward. "I'll have someone bring the property deeds and contracts."

The sight of Nathaniel-tall, imposing, exuding an air of authority made Heather uneasy. Still, she clung to her position, relying on her seniority. "I don't believe in any deeds. This house should rightfully belong in part to my daughter. Now that she's gone, I'm her rightful heir."

As she spoke, she deliberately glanced at the two elders standing behind Cecilia.

"I hear the Jamieson family is quite wealthy. Are you really coveting our Escobar family's modest property?"

The way she said it made it sound as if Cecilia and the Jamieson family were in the wrong.

Cecilia didn't want to drag her grandparents into this mess. She picked up her phone, ready to call Sven to send these unwanted guest away. Bethany, however, stepped forward and took Cecilia's hand in her own.

"Listen here, old woman, don't mistake my kindness for weakness," she warned: "Your daughter may be dead, but that doesn't erase the way she mistreated my granddaughter. Mark my words, I will hold you, her mother, accountable."

Bethany's tone was sharp, commanding. "You're well aware of how the Jamieson family handles things. Wouldn't want to spend your golden years behind bars, would you?"

For the first time, Heather faltered, a flicker of fear crossing her face. "What nonsense is this? I never bullied Cecilia!"

Bethany let out a cold scoff. "And yet, here you are, trying to extort us. For a house of this size, that's what-at least ten years in prison, wouldn't you say?"

"You! You're spouting nonsense! This house belongs to my daughter! I'm not extorting anyone!" But her confidence was clearly shaken.

She hadn't expected Cecilia to bring Alphonse and Bethany along today. She had assumed dealing with Cecilia alone would be easy.

At that moment, a housekeeper arrived with the property certificate and the official transfer papers. Nathaniel presented them to Heather. "See for yourself."

Heather stared at the documents but refused to acknowledge them. "I don't understand. All I want is my daughter's inheritance."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1808 -

4-5 minutes

The Intentions Of Yuliana Heather was nothing more than a picture of helplessness. Alphonse and Bethany, who had lived long enough to deal with all sorts of shameless people, were hardly fazed.

Bethany let out a cold chuckle before turning to Cecilia. "Ceci, don't waste your time on her. If she wants to make a scene, let her. We should head inside and get some rest."

Cecilia nodded immediately. "All right."

Without another word, the group left Heather standing at the doorstep as they walked inside. Heather stood frozen in place, torn between leaving and barging in.

Charlotte hesitated before shutting the front door. She then spoke in a serious tone, "Madam, have some sense of shame. You should go home and take care of yourself."

Heather's face drained of color. Furious, she erupted into a loud tirade right outside the villa. "You bunch of scoundrels! Stealing my daughter's property and leaving an old woman like me out in the cold! You'll all get what's coming to you!"

She cursed one insult after another, her voice ringing through the air. But the mansion was massive. Once they were inside, her shouting became little more than a faint noise in the background.

"Inside the living room, Cecilia's face was filled with embarrassment. "'Mom, Granddad, Granny, I'm sorry you had to see that.'"

Bethany stepped forward, taking her hand. "Silly child, what are you even saying?" she chided gently. "We're family. There's no need for apologies." Neither she nor Alphonse felt anything but sympathy for Cecilia.

Hearing those words, Cecilia was deeply moved, her eyes glistening with emotion. "Granny, thank you."

Bethany patted her head with a fond smile. "Silly girl."

Alphonse came over as well. "Ceci, don't overthink it. At our age, we've seen it all. Situations like this? Child's play."

Cecilia nodded.

Queenie also chimed in, "Exactly. We love you more than anything. Let us face this together."

The fact that Cecilia was now a grown adult and Heather still dared to harass her-one could only imagine how terribly she must have been treated as a child.

Cecilia was touched, her heart full. "Okay."

Charlotte then beamed. "Granddad, Granny, Mdm. Queenie, and Ms. Yuliana, dinner's been ready for a while now. Let's eat."

"All right."

The group gathered around the large dining table, the warm atmosphere of family filling the air.

Yuliana, however, barely touched her food. After a few bites, she stood up. "I'm full. Where's my room? I'd like to rest."

Seeing how little she ate, Queenie frowned. "Yuliana, do you not like the food? Or are you just exhausted from the flight?"

With her elders present, Yuliana remained polite. "I guess I'm just not that hungry. I'm feeling a bit tired and want to sleep."

Cecilia immediately had a housekeeper escort her to her room. Once inside; Yuliana freshened up before lying down. She pulled out her phone and started searoun a lawyer, planning to arrange a meeting with Cassandra.

for Cecilia still had her doubts about Yuliana's visit. But as long as Yuliana wasn't hurting herself or anyone else, Cecilia didn't care enough to interfere.

The next day, Cecilia took Alphonse and Bethany on a leisurely tour around Tudela. Queenie, however, made an excuse to leave early. She wanted to join in on the fun, but her body simply couldn't keep up. Left with no choice, she went straight to the hospital instead.

After examining her, the doctor sighed. "The best course of action would be hospital treatment. Given your condition, going home really isn't an option."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1809 -

4-5 minutes

I Was Framed Queenie shook her head. “No, I have to go home.”

“Doctor, could you prescribe me some painkillers?” she added. “The pain keeps me up at night—I just can’t sleep.”

“Too much pain medication isn’t good for your health,” the doctor replied. “It can also build resistance over time, making it ineffective for your condition.”

Queenie no longer cared. She gave a faint, bitter smile. “It’s fine. As long as I can stay at home, that’s enough for me. With the way my health is now, even if I stay in the hospital, I won’t live more than a few months. I’d rather spend my time happily at home.”

The doctor had seen plenty of patients like her before. He didn’t argue and simply prescribed the medication. “For now, you’ll need to stay in the hospital for treatment for a few more days. Once you’re stable, then you can go home.”

Only a couple of days...

After giving it some thought, Queenie nodded. “All right.”

She could keep Cecilia and her parents in the dark for a little while longer.

At noon, Yuliana left alone under the pretense of visiting a friend. Cecilia had a hunch and decided to check on her. She ended up discovering that Yuliana had actually gone to see Cassandra.

“Why did Yuliana go to see Cassandra? Doesn’t she know that Cassandra almost got Mdm. Queenie killed?” Charlotte asked, puzzled.

Cecilia shook her head. “I’m not sure. But whoever she chooses to visit is her own decision. Just make sure she doesn’t do anything that could harm me or the Jamieson family.”

Once bitten, twice shy.

Having been burned too many times, Cecilia knew she had to stay vigilant and cut off any potential trouble before it escalated.

At that moment, Yuliana had already met with Cassandra. She had never expected Cassandra—who had always carried herself like a proud swan—to now look so frail and lifeless.

Cassandra's hair was a mess, and her wrinkled clothes made her seem completely drained of energy. When she saw Yuliana, her dull eyes suddenly brightened with hope. "Yuliana!"

"Cassandra, you've been through a lot." Yuliana took her hand, concern written all over her face.

Cassandra's eyes welled up with tears. "Yuliana, did you come to help me?"

Yuliana averted her gaze, guilt flashing across her expression. "Cassandra, you know my limits. I don't know if I can help you, but at the very least, I wanted to see you."

A chill crept down Cassandra's spine, but she quickly composed herself. "It's all right. Just knowing you still care means a lot to me." She forced a weak smile.

Yuliana felt a deeper pang of guilt. She tightened her grip on Cassandra's hand and asked, enunciating each word, "Cassandra, did you really hurt Aunt Queenie? People are saying you did it for the Jamieson family's wealth. Is that true?"

For a brief moment, Cassandra's face stiffened, but she quickly masked it. "Do you really believe what they said?"

Yuliana shook her head immediately.

"Of course not. If I did, I wouldn't have come here." She wasn't the type to blindly accept accusations. If Cassandra had really harmed Queenie, then she was nothing but an ungrateful traitor.

Seeing this, Cassandra finally spoke. "Thank you. You're the only one who still believes in me. My mother has always been good to me-why would I ever hurt her? I was framed."

"Was it Cecilia?" Yuliana asked.

Cassandra fell silent, as if that alone was confirmation.

Yuliana's anger flared. "I knew she was bad news. Even though she's Aunt Queenie's biological daughter, she wasn't raised in the Jamieson family. She's too calculating."

Then, after a brief pause, she asked again, "Cassandra, is there anything I can do to help you?"

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1810 -

4-4 minutes

Fate Is On Her Side Hearing Yuliana’s offer, Cassandra didn’t hesitate. “My mother has put all her trust in Cecilia now, and I can’t avoid being locked up. But... I can’t bear to be separated from my sick daughter.”

Yuliana hesitated. “Hm...” She lowered her head. “How about this-I’ll take care of her for you.”

“It’s not just about taking care of her,” Cassandra said, tears rolling down her face. “The doctor says she doesn’t have much time left. I just want to be with her for whatever time she has left.”

Yuliana’s heart ached for her. She thought about how cruel Cecilia had been- forcing a mother and daughter apart. Clenching her fists, she declared, “All right. I’ll talk to Aunt Queenie and hire a team of lawyers. We’ll figure out a way for you to spend more time with your child.”

Of course, Cassandra wanted more than just that. “Yuliana, let’s not bother,” she sighed. “I doubt my mother will agree.”

“Aunt Queenie might seem cold, but she’s kind at heart. You’ve been her daughter for years- she’ll forgive you,” Yuliana insisted.

Cassandra reached for her hand. “Yuliana, I know my mother isn’t in the best health. Could you help take care of her?”

“Of course,” Yuliana answered without hesitation.

Cassandra hesitated for a moment before continuing. “You know how she is-she never takes care of herself. When I was home, I always made sure she drank milk and ate properly. But now that I’m gone, I know she won’t do those things.”

Yuliana nodded. “Too bad I don’t know how to cook though.”

"Here's an idea," Cassandra suggested carefully. "What if I cooked something for her? You could bring it to her without telling her it's from me. After a while, when she softens up, then you can tell her."

Without a second thought, she responded, "That's a good idea. I'll contact the lawyer right away. Don't worry, Cassandra, I can handle this minor issue."

"Thank you," Cassandra said sweetly. "I'll leave the ingredients and arrangements to you."

"Of course." Yuliana nodded eagerly. "No matter what, you're still my cousin."

Yuliana had plenty of money and good connections. She hired the best lawyer and negotiated an arrangement allowing Cassandra to prepare home-cooked meals even while in custody.

Cassandra knew this was her last chance. She reached out to another person- Miranda.

Only Miranda could get her the medicine she needed.

If Queenie died before the trial, everything would become much simpler.

Cassandra could easily deny any involvement.

It's like fate is on my side, Cassandra thought, marveling at how gullible her cousin was.

Yuliana completely trusted her, going out of her way to help and visiting her daily. That evening, when Queenie returned from the hospital, Yuliana brought pastries made by Cassandra. "Aunt Queenie, try some," Yuliana urged.

Queenie shook her head helplessly. "Yuliana, you know I don't like sweets."

"Aunt Queenie," Yuliana pleaded, "I went through a lot of trouble to get these. Just try a bite."

Queenie adored Yuliana and didn't want to disappoint her, so she took a small taste.

At first, Cecilia didn't think much of it. But soon, every time Yuliana went out alone, she would come back with homemade food.

Suspicious, Cecilia discreetly had Charlotte investigate where Yuliana was getting the food from. It didn't take long for Charlotte to uncover the truth.