

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1811 -

4-5 minutes

Steal The Spotlight “You’re telling me Yuliana brings something back every time she visits Cassandra?” Cecilia was taken aback.

Charlotte nodded. “Yeah.”

A vague but unsettling feeling crept into Cecilia’s heart. “Today, find a way to take the food she brought and get it tested at the hospital.”

“Got it.” Charlotte had also realized the severity of the situation.

That night, Yuliana arrived with a plate of scrambled eggs. “Aunt Queenie, try this.

I made it myself. Didn’t you say before that you wanted to try scrambled eggs with salmon?”

Queenie chuckled. “Yuliana, you’ve been so thoughtful lately. Thank you.”

“There’s no need to thank me. I just want you to be happy every day.” Yuliana crouched beside Queenie, holding out the plate. “Here, let me feed you.”

As Cecilia walked in and saw this, she acted as if she hadn’t noticed and deliberately bumped into Yuliana. With a crisp crash, the bowl hit the floor, shattering into pieces, the eggs spilling everywhere.

“Oh no, I’m so sorry, Yuliana,” Cecilia apologized right away. “I felt a little dizzy just now and accidentally bumped into you.”

Yuliana’s face darkened, her brows furrowing. Queenie couldn’t help but ask, “Ceci, what’s wrong? Are you okay? Do you need to go to the hospital?”

Cecilia shook her head. “No, I just stood up too fast, and my vision blurred for a second.”

“Oh, as long as you’re all right.” Queenie then turned to comfort Yuliana. “Yuliana, Ceci didn’t do it on purpose. Don’t be mad, all right?”

Yuliana had been holding a grudge against Cecilia for a long time, but in front of Queenie, she had no choice but to keep up appearances. "It's fine. I'll cook for you again tomorrow," she said before getting up.

Charlotte immediately stepped forward with the servants. "Mdm. Queenie, why don't you all rest in the living room? I'll clean this up."

"All right, thank you."

Queenie and the others moved to the living room. Seizing the opportunity, Charlotte collected a sample of the eggs and rushed it to the hospital for testing that same night.

In the living room, Alphonse and Bethany, puzzled by the commotion, turned to Queenie. "What happened just now?"

Queenie explained everything truthfully.

Bethany frowned. "Yuliana, since when do you know how to make scrambled eggs?"

Yuliana had always been the type to avoid chores, let alone cooking. And now, all of a sudden, she was making scrambled eggs and meals.

"Grandma, just because I didn't know how before doesn't mean I can't learn now, right?"

Bethany chuckled. "Hah! That's true. Learning to cook is a good thing."

Yuliana sat beside them, chatting and keeping them entertained.

Watching her from across the room, Cecilia found it hard to believe that Yuliana would actually try to harm Queenie. She had been observing her closely for days. Yuliana's concern for Queenie seemed genuine. If she were really plotting something, what was her motive?

Cecilia could only hope she was overthinking it, that there was nothing wrong with the food Queenie had already eaten.

"Granny, Granddad, you should get some rest early tonight. Luke and Gabe are coming over tomorrow," Cecilia said with a smile.

Alphonse and Bethany lit up with excitement. "Really? That's wonderful! We finally get to meet our little great-grandchild!"

When the children had first arrived. they'd caught a cold and hadn't been well enough to see anyone. Now that they were better, they could finally meet the elders.

The next morning, Elena brought the two little ones over. As soon as they arrived, Elliot let out a dramatic sigh. "Hmph! Younger kids always steal the spotlight."

Jonathan patted his shoulder. "No need to be jealous of your own brothers."

"Fine."

Without another word, Elliot followed Jonathan back to the room. Meanwhile, outside in the living room, Charlotte called Cecilia over.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1812 -

4-5 minutes

Are You Accusing Me Of Poisoning Her "Well? Did you find anything?" Cecilia asked as soon as they were alone.

Charlotte nodded quickly, worry written all over her face. "We did. There's something harmful in the scrambled eggs. It's slow-acting, which is why it hasn't been noticeable right away."

Cecilia's heart sank. Her gaze shifted toward Yuliana, who wasn't far away.

At that moment, Yuliana was playing with the two little ones, her face full of warmth. Although she didn't particularly like Cecilia, she had a soft spot for these kids. "Come here, sweetie! Let me give you a hug," she cooed, her voice gentle.

The children, naturally drawn to her, ran into her arms.

Bethany chuckled. "Yuliana, children are so adorable, aren't they? When are you going to find a boyfriend, bring him home, and have a couple of your own?"

The moment marriage and kids were mentioned, Yuliana's expression soured. "Grandma, I've told you before—I don't want to get married, and I definitely don't want kids."

She enjoyed her single life too much to give it up. What was the point of finding a man?

“You silly girl,” Bethany sighed. “No wonder your mother’s always complaining about you. How do you plan to live like this?” Bethany, from an older generation, firmly believed that marriage and children were the natural course of life.

Yuliana didn’t bother arguing and simply continued playing with the kids.

Watching from a distance, Cecilia hesitated. Should I expose Yuliana right now, in front of everyone?

“Boss, should I tell Mdm. Queenie?” Charlotte asked. She could tell Cecilia was put in a tough spot.

But Cecilia stopped her. “Wait a minute. Let’s not rush this.”

Charlotte frowned. “But Yuliana is trying to harm Mdm. Queenie! If we don’t speak up now, what if she does something worse?”

“You said she’s been visiting Cassandra every day, right? And every time she leaves, she’s carrying food.” Cecilia spoke slowly, thinking through every detail.

Charlotte nodded. “Yeah, so what?”

“I’m wondering... could she have been manipulated by Cassandra?”

Yuliana didn’t seem like a bad person. If she were truly malicious, she wouldn’t have risked visiting Cassandra at all. Anyone with sense would stay far away from her right now. Yet, despite knowing it could upset Queenie, Yuliana still went. That wasn’t something a person with bad intentions would do.

“Now that you mention it... you might have a point,” Charlotte admitted. “I’ve talked to Yuliana these past few days. She’s not the smartest person, but she doesn’t seem outright evil either.”

“Exactly. But this is just our theory. I want to test it out first,” Cecilia said.

Charlotte hesitated. “And how exactly do we test this?”

People don’t just admit they’re bad guys, do they?

That evening, Yuliana brought over scrambled eggs again, this time making a big portion. Before she could hand it to Queenie, Cecilia stepped in, wrinkling her nose. "Yuliana, don't you think the O scrambled eggs look... kind of gross? How can anyone eat this?"

Yuliana instantly flared up. "What's wrong with them? Are you scared that if I keep cooking for Aunt Queenie, she'll love me more than you?"

Cecilia raised an eyebrow. "I'm just stating facts. Have you even tried it yourself?"

Yuliana, now even more irritated, snapped, "Just because I haven't tasted it yet doesn't mean it's not good."

"You won't even eat it yourself, but you expect others to?" Cecilia smirked. Without hesitation, Yuliana picked up a spoon and took a big bite. "See? I'll eat it! What, are you accusing me of poisoning Aunt Queenie or something?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1813 -

4-5 minutes

It Was Not Me Yuliana ate the scrambled eggs quickly, finishing the entire plate in no time. "See? It tastes just fine. There's no need for you to be jealous. You should spend your time taking care of Aunt Queenie instead," she said, setting the empty plate down.

Watching her, Cecilia was at a loss. She hadn't expected things to play out this way. Yuliana reached for a clean plate and was about to serve more eggs to Queenie, but before she could, Cecilia stopped her.

"Don't scoop another portion."

Yuliana frowned, clearly irritated. "What now? Just because you're my aunt's biological daughter, you think you can order me around?"

Ignoring her, Cecilia pointed at the porridge pot. "There's a drug in this."

Yuliana froze, momentarily speechless. "What do you mean? What drug?" she asked.

"A slow-acting poison," Cecilia said calmly.

Yuliana's eyes widened, shock written all over her face. "That's ridiculous! Are you accusing me of trying to hurt Aunt Queenie? Of all the people in the world, I would never harm her!" she exclaimed.

She had spent her entire childhood with Queenie and their grandparents. Other than them, she had no one else. How could she ever think of hurting Queenie?

But Cecilia wasn't backing down. She pulled out a folded report and held it up. "See for yourself," she said, handing it to Yuliana. "This is the hospital test result from yesterday's scrambled eggs."

Yuliana snatched the report from her hands and flipped it open. The moment she read it, she felt as if the ground beneath her had crumbled. "This can't be right..." she mumbled, trembling. "This must be fake!"

Cecilia's expression remained unreadable. "Do you really think I'd go through the trouble of faking a test report? What would I gain from framing you?"

"You're just a distant cousin. You don't pose any kind of threat to me," she added, her tone deliberate.

Yuliana lowered her head, her fists clenching at her sides.

It doesn't make sense. I would never poison Aunt Queenie. So... does that mean Cassandra did it? But why? Aunt Queenie had always treated Cassandra well, given her the best of everything. What more could she have possibly wanted?

Cecilia's voice broke through her thoughts. "Yuliana, tell me the truth. Why did you try to harm my mother? Her eyes were cold as ice. "Believe me when I say that if you don't talk, I'll tell Granny, Granddad, and my mother everything. You won't be able to walk away from this."

Panic flickered across Yuliana's face. "I didn't do it! I didn't make this!"

The moment those words left her mouth, she gasped and covered her lips, realizing she had just given herself away.

Cecilia's gaze darkened. "If you didn't make it, then who did? Haven't you been telling everyone that you cooked it?"

Tears welled up in Yuliana's eyes. "If I had really made it, do you think I would've dared to eat it just now?"

"Maybe you did it to throw off suspicion," Cecilia countered. "The poison takes time to work, after all. A little wouldn't do much to you."

Yuliana's face went pale. For a moment, she was too stunned to speak. Seeing her reaction, Cecilia didn't hold back. She reached for her phone. "I'm calling the police."

Yuliana lunged forward, grabbing her wrist. "Cecilia, please don't! I swear, I didn't know! It was Cassandra eshe gave me the food and asked me to bring it to Aunt Queenie!"

Cecilia's eyes flickered with something unreadable. "So, you're saying that you and Cassandra worked together to harm my mother?"

Yuliana frantically shook her head. "No! I didn't know she put anything in it. I swear, I didn't!" Her voice cracked with desperation.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1814 -

4-4 minutes

Completely Fooled Cecilia sat down and looked at Yuliana. "Start from the beginning," she said. "Tell me everything you know. If you lie, I'll have the police investigate."

Yuliana swallowed hard, trying to collect her thoughts. She told Cecilia everything about her meetings with Cassandra, not leaving out a single detail. By the time she finished, Cecilia was stunned.

Yuliana had been completely fooled.

"Cassandra has tried to kill my mother multiple times. And yet, you still trusted her enough to bring her food to my mother?" Cecilia asked, her voice laced with disbelief.

Tears streamed down Yuliana's cheeks. "I thought it was just a rumor. I believed that Aunt Queenie only wanted her real daughter back and that you were making up lies about Cassandra."

“And now?” Cecilia pressed.

Yuliana wiped her eyes and shook her head. “I was wrong. I should’ve seen it sooner. I never wanted to hurt Aunt Queenie.”

She grabbed Cecilia’s hand. “You need to take her to the hospital right away.”

Cecilia pulled her hand away. “You expect me to just believe everything you say? For all I know, you could be lying. Maybe you were working with Cassandra all along.”

Yuliana’s face drained of all color.

“Even if you didn’t know what was in the food, you still helped her. That makes you an accomplice,” Cecilia said sharply.

“I-I...” Yuliana opened her mouth but couldn’t find the words.

“Even an accomplice risks facing jail time. You should be more worried about yourself,” Cecilia added before walking past her.

“Yuliana collapsed to the floor, her body weak and trembling.

Her mind spun.”

Why did Cassandra do this? And to think I trusted her! She even dragged me into this mess!

“What do I do now?” she whispered.

She sat there for what felt like forever until a familiar voice spoke. “Yuliana, what are you doing sitting here all by yourself?”

She looked up and saw Bethany standing nearby. “Grandma...”

The moment she spoke, her tears spilled over. Without thinking, she rushed forward and threw herself into Bethany’s arms.

Bethany held her, gently patting her back. “What’s wrong? Tell me what happened.”

Yuliana’s heart pounded. How could she admit that she had been fooled so easily?

“I made a mistake, Grandma,” she choked out. “I don’t know what to do now.”

Bethany's face filled with concern. "What happened?"

After a long hesitation, Yuliana took a deep breath and told her everything. By the time she finished Bethany looked utterly shaken. She was silent for a long time.

"Grandma, I didn't know Cassandra would do something like this," Yuliana sobbed. "I really thought she cared about Aunt Queenie. I was so wrong."

Bethany sighed, stroking her granddaughter's hair. "You're too naive, my dear. You believe everything Cassandra tells you. Why didn't you come to me or your aunt first?"

She looked at Yuliana sadly. "Do you really think your aunt would throw away her adopted daughter just because she found her real child?"

Yuliana bit her lip, realizing just how foolish she had been. Wiping her tears, she whispered, "I messed up. I messed up so badly."

Bethany shook her head. "You disappointed me, Yuliana. You say you didn't. But you suddenly understand now? What changed?"

Yuliana hesitated before explaining how Cecilia had uncovered the truth. Bethany listened quietly, then let out a heavy sigh. "You should be grateful," she said. "Cecilia was being merciful by not exposing you in front of everyone."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1815 -

4-5 minutes

I Am Sorry Yuliana was momentarily taken aback.

Bethany spoke firmly. "This is a serious matter. I don't know whether to believe you or not. You'll have to figure it out on your own."

Unsteadily, Yuliana rose to her feet. "Grandma, I'm going to apologize to Aunt Queenie right away," she said, determined to make amends.

Without another word, she turned and headed toward Queenie's room. As she walked, her mind raced with countless thoughts. Cassandra's lies loomed largest, followed by Cecilia. Surprisingly, Cecilia had kept quiet, not mentioning anything to the family.

If it had been me, I might have already ruined Cecilia's reputation and life.

She wiped her tears and knocked on Queenie's door.

After an indeterminate amount of time, the door finally opened again. Yuliana and Queenie stepped out together.

"Aunt Queenie, let's go to the hospital," Yuliana murmured.

Queenie shook her head. "No need. I didn't like the food you brought earlier, so I barely ate. It didn't affect me."

Didn't like them?

Yuliana's guilt deepened. It also served as a wake-up call.

If Cassandra truly cared about Aunt Queenie, how could she not even know what she liked to eat or what she didn't?

Thankfully, Queenie hadn't liked the food.

"That's a relief... that's a relief..." Yuliana kept repeating, unable to stop herself.

"All right, no more tears. You were deceived too, and I don't blame you," Queenie said gently. "The fact that you came to me and told me the truth means a lot."

She understood Yuliana well. The girl wasn't a bad person-just too naive and stubborn. Since childhood, Yuliana and Cassandra had been inseparable. In fact, Yuliana had always been like Cassandra's shadow, following along without question.

So, when Cassandra landed in trouble, Yuliana had stepped up to help, believing she was doing the right thing.

"But Yuliana, you should apologize to Ceci," Queenie added.

Over the past few days, Queenie had noticed the tension between Yuliana and Cecilia. Yet, despite their issues, Cecilia hadn't gone straight to the police. Instead, she had sought the truth first—a testament to her patience and sense of justice.

Yuliana nodded seriously. "I understand, Aunt Queenie. From now on, I'll listen to Cecilia's advice. She saved me this time. If it weren't for her, I would have been an accomplice to murder."

The thought of harming her own family chilled her. If Cassandra had succeeded, Yuliana knew she would never find peace again.

After a long conversation with Queenie, she went to find Cecilia. Cecilia was sitting on the balcony, staring into the pitch-black night. Her eyes were filled with sorrow.

That morning, she had convinced Zachary to accompany her to the doctor to ask about Queenie's condition. Neither of them had expected the devastating truth her condition was far worse than they thought. Queenie didn't have much time left.

As for the food Yuliana had brought, it had contained only a small amount of the harmful substance. Since Queenie hadn't eaten much, the damage had been minimal.

Cecilia clutched a hot cup of coffee, her mind in turmoil. She had fought so hard to find her family. Was she about to lose them again?

A sudden knock interrupted her thoughts.

Snapping back to reality, Cecilia stood up and opened the door. Yuliana stood there, looking uneasy. She hesitated for a moment, then quickly stepped inside and shut the door behind her.

"What do you want?" Cecilia questioned.

For a split second, Cecilia thought she had misjudged Yuliana. Did she come to silence me after being exposed?

But before she could react further, Yuliana dropped to her knees. "Cecilia, I'm sorry."

Cecilia's eyes narrowed slightly.

Yuliana continued, "I confessed everything to my aunt and grandma. They told me you never said a word to them. Thank you."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1816 -

4-4 minutes

Were You Expecting Something Yuliana bowed deeply to Cecilia. "I was such a fool. You're my real cousin-we share the same blood-and yet, I believed a liar over you."

Her voice caught in her throat. "If you hadn't exposed my mistake, I might have become an accomplice to murder, living the rest of my life in guilt. I truly owe you my thanks, Cecilia."

She had once refused to acknowledge Cecilia, but now she had completely changed her tune. Gone was her arrogance from when they first met.

Sniffing, Yuliana added, "Cecilia, once I graduate, I'll work for you. I'll do anything you ask. From now on, you'll be my boss."

Cecilia listened to her words, finding them both sincere and a little childish. She reached down and pulled Yuliana up. "Enough. Stop bowing."

Yuliana straightened, her wide eyes fixed on Cecilia. "Cecilia," she pleaded, "can you forgive me?"

As soon as she said it, guilt flooded her. It felt as if she were trying to pressure Cecilia into forgiving her. "I misspoke... Don't forgive me," she quickly corrected herself. "Anyway, I'll always be in your debt."

Cecilia sighed. This girl really had been too sheltered-her words were so simple, so naive. "There's no need for that," Cecilia said coolly. "I just didn't want my mom to get hurt."

Yuliana wasn't put off by Cecilia's aloofness. "No matter what, I owe you for this. I'll never forget it." She wiped her tear-streaked face and stepped toward the door. "It's late. I won't disturb you anymore. I'll be going now."

After she left, Cecilia called Charlotte. She needed to confirm whether Yuliana had truly shown remorse-and whether she had told Queenie and Bethany the truth. Charlotte had been keeping an eye on Yuliana all along.

"She wasn't lying," Charlotte confirmed. "She really did tell Mdm. Queenie and your grandmother everything."

"Understood. Thank you," Cecilia said, finally feeling relieved. At least she hadn't misjudged Yuliana after all.

Charlotte sighed. "Ms. Jamieson is too naive. She actually fell for Cassandra's ridiculous excuse."

"Well, you can never judge the book by its cover," Cecilia replied. "She grew up with Cassandra. They were like family."

Cecilia had once been deceived by Stella herself. But back then, no one had guided her. No one had helped her.

That night, Yuliana didn't sleep at all. The next morning, she told Queenie she planned to meet Cassandra. No one stopped her. Fueled by determination, she set off.

Cassandra was being held in a private room-one that had everything she needed, thanks to Yuliana. "Yuliana, you're here early," Cassandra said, flashing a smile. "Something wrong?"

Yuliana's expression was ice-cold, her sharp gaze locked on Cassandra's all-too- familiar face. "Cassandra, are you expecting something to happen?" she asked.

Cassandra stiffened. "What are you talking about? What should I be expecting?" "You put drugs in the food you had me deliver to Aunt Queenie!" Yuliana snapped.

Cassandra's face darkened. Clearly, she hadn't expected her secret to come out. Her lips twitched. "What nonsense are you talking about? How could I possibly poison my own mother? Has someone been feeding you lies?"

Seeing Cassandra still refusing to confess, Yuliana threw a test report onto the table. "Take a good look," she spat. "You almost dragged me into hurting someone." Her face burned red, her eyes brimming with fury and betrayal.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1817 -

4-4 minutes

Refuse To Admit Yet, as Cassandra looked at Yuliana in such a state, she felt no guilt whatsoever. “Yuliana, this report could be fake!”

Yuliana grew even more furious. “Do you really think I’d lie about this?”

Cassandra’s lips curled slightly. “Yuliana, I never thought you’d doubt me this much-going so far as to get the food I made tested.” The way she twisted the blame made Yuliana livid.

“How can you say that? Do you even have a conscience? From now on, I won’t trust you anymore. Just wait and see,” Yuliana said, clenching her fists. “What you did this time will keep you locked up even longer.”

Hearing those words, Cassandra dropped her act. “Yuliana, don’t say I didn’t warn you. I may have made the food, but you were the one who delivered it. If this gets investigated, you’ll have some responsibility too. Who’s to say you didn’t add something on the way?”

She paused before adding in a probing tone, “You really despise Cecilia, don’t you? Are you after my mother’s inheritance too?”

“You-That’s nonsense! I would never!” Yuliana fumed, but Cassandra knew exactly how to push her buttons.

Chuckling, Cassandra said, “Well, you can tell that to the police when the time comes. But I won’t be admitting to anything.”

Yuliana had no idea how she even managed to walk out of there. Once she stepped outside, she took deep, shaky breaths, her chest aching as if needles were pricking it.

She had come here holding onto a sliver of hope that Cassandra would apologize. But instead, not only did she refuse to admit any wrongdoing, she even tried to shift the blame onto Yuliana.

If Queenie had really died, and an investigation uncovered the cause, Yuliana was sure Cassandra would have pinned it all on her.

How could I have been so stupid? Why did I believe her?

She slapped herself across the face. Crouching down, she covered her face with her hands, feeling utterly lost.

Just then, a car pulled up in front of her. The window rolled down, revealing Cecilia's composed yet striking face. It took Yuliana a moment to process before she lifted her head. "Cecilia, what are you doing here?"

Cecilia didn't answer right away. Instead, she stepped out of the car and asked, "Are you okay?"

Yuliana shook her head. "I'm fine... I'm just so angry. I came here to confront Cassandra, but I—" She swallowed hard "I'm just too weak."

Cecilia gently patted her shoulder. "There's no need to waste your energy on someone like that. She won't have an easy time from now on."

Slowly, Yuliana looked up at her, and for the first time, she truly understood who was genuine and who was merely pretending. "Yeah. I get it now."

"Come on, let's go home," Cecilia said.

Yuliana nodded. "Okay."

The two of them got into the car and drove back to the Smith residence. The Jamieson family had been in Tudela for some time now. Since the elders couldn't stay forever, they decided to leave the next day.

But Yuliana spoke up. "Grandpa, Grandma, I want to stay." Bethany looked at her in surprise. "Oh? And why's that?"

"I want to work here," Yuliana said, then turned to Cecilia. "Cecilia, is that okay? I'll start from the bottom, and I promise I won't be a burden. If I necessary, my parents can invest in the company."

Cecilia smiled. “There’s no need for all that. If you want to work here, you’re welcome anytime.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1818 -

4-4 minutes

Good News Yuliana beamed. “Thank you, Cecilia!”

Her response left Bethany and Alphonse a little bewildered. At first, they had noticed Yuliana didn’t seem too fond of Cecilia. How did things change so quickly?

But seeing the two sisters grow closer filled them with joy. “You two need to get along and not quarrel,” Bethany advised.

Yuliana nodded eagerly. “Don’t worry! I’ll do whatever Cecilia says-I won’t make her mad.”

Cecilia added, “Yes, Granny, don’t worry.”

Bethany chuckled. “All right, all right.”

That evening, Cecilia prepared some of Tudela’s local specialties for the elders. Early the next morning, the family saw them off at the airport, waving as they departed. Queenie didn’t leave with them. Instead, she chose to stay in Tudela for a while.

In Tudela, she had been living separately from Cecilia, which made it easier to hide her illness from her. But what she didn’t realize was that Cecilia already knew her secret. “Mom, why don’t you just stay with us?” Cecilia suggested as Queenie prepared to leave.

Queenie shook her head. “No, I’m just an old woman. I don’t want to interfere in you young people’s lives. I’ll come visit when I can.”

Cecilia didn’t want her to leave. She gently grabbed her mother’s arm. “Then I’ll come live with you,” she said.

All she wanted now was to spend more time with her mother-she didn’t want to have any regrets.

Queenie sensed something was off. “What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing... I was just thinking, ever since we reunited, we haven’t really spent time together. I just want to make up for that now.”

A wave of sorrow washed over Queenie, and for a moment, she was speechless. She patted Cecilia’s back. “All right. I’ll come see you every day from now on.”

But Queenie knew her condition was worsening. She was afraid that if she wasn’t careful, Cecilia would find out the truth, and that was why she was reluctant to move in with her.

Yuliana, who had been watching from the side, chimed in nonchalantly, “Aunt Queenie, Cecilia, what’s with all this drama? You’re acting like you’re saying goodbye forever. You’re just going to be living separately, right?”

She had no idea about Queenie’s health.

Queenie chuckled. “You silly girl, what are you talking about?”

Yuliana stuck out her tongue playfully.

Cecilia held back her tears, forcing herself to stay composed. “Exactly, stop spouting nonsense,” she said.

“Right, right! My mistake,” Yuliana said, pretending to slap herself twice. Then she turned to Queenie “Aunt Queenie, I want to live with you too. Stay here—it’s normal for family to live together. Besides, this place is huge, it’s not like we’ll be in your way or anything.”

Her words, along with Cecilia’s, left Queenie without any excuses. After a long pause, she finally nodded, though a flicker of worry crossed her face. “All right, then.”

Only then did Cecilia breathe a sigh of relief. She turned to Queenie and smiled. “Mom, how about we go for a walk today?”

“Sure,” Queenie said, her face lighting up.

Cecilia took her mother’s hand and led her outside. Yuliana trailed behind them, while Nathaniel and the two kids stayed home.

Standing by the door, Elliot and Nathaniel watched them go, their faces filled with envy. Elliot pouted. "Ever since Mommy got Granny, it's like she's forgotten about us."

Nathaniel said nothing.

Inside the house, Jonathan's phone started ringing. It was a call from George. "Jon, when are you coming back? I have some good news for you!"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1819 -

4-5 minutes

Become His Son Instead Jonathan didn't even need to ask-he already knew what good news George was referring to. "Great-grandpa, are you trying to tell me I'm going to have a little brother or sister?"

George looked completely taken aback. "Oh dear, Jon, how did you figure that out?" He had only heard about it today from Vivian and Zachary. The two of them had deliberately kept it a secret from him, saying they wanted to surprise him.

"I'm just guessing," Jonathan replied, choosing not to reveal the truth. If he admitted he had known all along, the old man would certainly scold him for keeping secrets.

George didn't think much of it and simply laughed. "Young minds are sharp these days. You really are clever, Jon. Ms. Kennedy is pregnant-she's already two months along."

"Congratulations, Great-grandpa! You'll finally get to hold your great-grandchild," Jonathan said sincerely.

George let out a hearty laugh. "No matter what, you're still my great-grandchild. You all mean the same to me."

Jonathan nodded. He knew George would never treat him differently just because he had a biological great-grandchild now.

"When will you be coming back? I miss you," George asked again.

Jonathan could tell that George truly did miss him. Having a child around made the house more lively, and Jonathan had always been the bright spark in the family. Sometimes, George treated him like a great-grandson, and other times, more like a friend.

"I guess I'll come back tomorrow," Jonathan decided.

He was also missing George. After all, compared to him, his younger brother Elliot was still far too naïve.

Jonathan spent a lot of time with George-not just playing chess but also learning about business. He had picked up many valuable strategies that would definitely help him in the future.

"All right, all right! I'll come pick you up tomorrow."

"No need, Great-grandpa. I can come back from kindergarten on my own. Just send the driver to pick me up."

"All right," George agreed, nodding. His health wasn't the best these days, and he couldn't be running around too much.

Just today, when Vivian and Zachary had given him the surprise news, his heart had nearly skipped a beat. Thankfully, he hadn't had a sudden heart attack, or what was supposed to be a joyful occasion would have turned into a disaster.

After finishing his call with George, Jonathan saw Elliot approaching. "Jonathan, you're heading to the Sinclair residence again? You might as well just become their son," Elliot teased.

Jonathan shot him a look. "Mr. Zachary is about to be a dad-he doesn't need me to act as his son. Besides-"

He turned to look at Nathaniel, who stood not far away with a cold expression. "You want me to be Mr. Zachary's son, but have you even considered what our dad might think?"

Elliot froze for a moment.

Before he could respond, Nathaniel suddenly grabbed him from behind and lifted him up. "Watch what you say next time."

After a brief struggle, Nathaniel finally let him go. "All right, all right! I get it! I won't blabber anymore, Dad, you're going to ruin my clothes," Elliot grumbled.

The house was filled with laughter and warmth. That evening, when Cecilia and the others returned home, they were greeted by this heartwarming scene.

Jonathan told her that after school tomorrow, he would be heading to George's house. Cecilia reminded him, "Ms. Kennedy is pregnant now, so make sure you behave yourself and don't give her any trouble, all right?"

Jonathan sighed softly. "Mommy, do you really think I'm the kind of kid who causes trouble?"

Cecilia hesitated he had a point. Compared to Jonathan, Vivian seemed more like a child.

An idea came to her, and she quickly added, "Jonathan, just keep an eye on Ms. Kennedy, okay? Make sure she doesn't move around too much. She's pregnant now and needs to be careful for the baby's sake.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1820 -

4-5 minutes

One Night Would Not Make A Differenec That's more like it.

Jonathan nodded in satisfaction. "All right, don't worry, Mommy."

Hearing his reassurance, Cecilia finally felt at ease.

That evening, after freshening up, Cecilia had a brief conversation with Nathaniel. Then, under his dark and brooding gaze, she headed to Queenie's room. "Mom."

Queenie was already lying down, but she wasn't asleep yet. When she saw Cecilia walk in, she looked a little surprised. "Cecilia, what are you doing here?"

Cecilia walked to the edge of the bed and sat down. "Can I sleep with you tonight?" she asked.

Queenie hesitated for a moment, studying Cecilia's face carefully. "You're all grown up now- you shouldn't be sleeping with your mother. You and Nathaniel have finally gotten together. You should focus on your relationship with him."

Cecilia suddenly wrapped her arms around her tightly. "I've been with Nathaniel for so many years—one night won't make a difference. I just want to spend time with you."

"Other kids got to sleep next to their moms when they were little... but I never had that." She said this to convince Queenie to let her stay.

Hearing these words, Queenie felt an even deeper sense of guilt. She raised her slightly wrinkled hand and gently stroked Cecilia's hair. "I'm sorry, my precious daughter."

Cecilia could hear the tremble in her voice and realized she had said the wrong thing. She quickly slid under the blanket and hugged Queenie tightly.

"Mom, don't apologize to me I know you didn't do it on purpose. From now on, let's just be good to each other. No more saying sorry."

Queenie nodded. "All right... all right."

But deep down, she was hurting. She didn't know how much longer she had left. If she could, she wished she could stay by Cecilia's side forever.

Cecilia held her close, and it was only then that she realized how thin Queenie had become. She was nothing but skin and bones.

"Mom..." Cecilia's voice turned hoarse.

"Hm? What is it?"

"No, it's nothing."

She pretended not to notice. She had decided she would respect Queenie's wishes. Queenie didn't want to tell her about her illness, so she wouldn't ask.

"Go to sleep," Queenie said. Her voice trembled slightly.

She was in pain again, her forehead covered in a thin layer of sweat. But she didn't dare let it show. She clenched her teeth and held onto Cecilia's hand tightly. Maybe it was because

Cecilia was by her side, but despite the sharp pain in her body, she somehow felt better than before.

That night, neither of them got much sleep. Early the next morning, when Cecilia woke up, she saw that Queenie's brows were tightly furrowed, her forehead damp with sweat.

Her heart clenched in worry. She got up quietly and grabbed a handkerchief, gently wiping the sweat away. Queenie was a light sleeper. She opened her eyes and met Cecilia's gaze. "Ceci?"

"Mom, you're awake. Did I wake you? You were sweating a lot, so I thought I'd wipe it off for you."

Queenie shook her head. "No," she said. "I woke up on my own."

She quickly added, "Maybe it's because we slept together-it got a little too warm, that's all."

"Yeah." Cecilia nodded, choosing not to expose her.

"I'll go make breakfast. Take your time getting up," Cecilia said softly, glancing at her pale face.

Queenie nodded. "All right."

Once Cecilia left the room, Queenie slowly putted herself up. She opened the drawer beside her bed, took out a bag, and pulled out several bottles of pills. She grabbed a bottle of water and swallowed them one by one.