

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1821 -

4-5 minutes

The Examination After taking some medicine, Queenie spent a good while recovering in her room before her body started to feel a bit better.

She stepped outside, where everyone was waiting for her to join them for breakfast.

“Mdm. Queenie,” Charlotte said with a beaming smile, “I bought this first thing in the morning. I hope it suits your taste. You used to cook for us, but since I’m not good at making breakfast, I had to go out and buy it.”

Queenie approached the table, her eyes taking in the variety of exquisite breakfast dishes laid out before her. She couldn’t help but praise, “These breakfast items look so appetizing. I’m not picky at all.”

“That’s good. Let me serve you the scrambled eggs first.”

“All right. Thank you.”

While Charlotte brought scrambled eggs to Queenie, Elliot peeled a shrimp for her. “Grandma, have some shrimp.”

Upon seeing the situation, Queenie was deeply touched, her eyes filled with emotion.

She had lived for many years, yet it was only during recent times that she genuinely understood what happiness meant.

“All right, thank you, Eli.” Queenie nodded.

Elliot replied, “Grandma, Mommy told me we’re all family. You don’t need to say thank you.”

“Mhm, okay.” Queenie was engrossed in her food.

Her sense of taste had nearly deserted her, yet she found the food in her bowl extraordinarily delicious.

After finishing her breakfast, Queenie seemed to remember something. She turned to Cecilia and asked, "Cecilia, didn't you mention that Zachary was going to perform the ear surgery?"

"Yes." Cecilia nodded.

"You need to do it as soon as possible. I'll go with you," Queenie urged impatiently.

Her sole regret was the scar on Cecilia's face, along with the latter's hearing impairment.

Cecilia's hearing impairment might have been due to a past incident where she was betrayed by someone. She was tricked into consuming something she shouldn't have, which unfortunately led to her disability.

"Okay." Cecilia nodded.

"Let's not delay. Shall we go check it out today?" Queenie was eager get those matters resolved as quickly as possible, fearing things might take a bad turn in the future.

"All right." Cecilia always listened to her.

After having breakfast, Cecilia called Zachary. Once she confirmed that he was available, she and Queenie rode to the hospital.

As for Yuliana, she had gone with Charlotte to familiarize herself with the hospital.

Recently, Zachary was brimming with confidence, greeting everyone he met with a smile.

Upon seeing him in such a state, the doctors and nurses within the hospital were predominantly filled with fear because they didn't know what kind of madness had struck him at that time.

When Zachary received Cecilia and Queenie, he appeared exceptionally well. "Cecilia, Mdm. Queenie, please come to my office."

"All right." Cecilia and Queenie went to his office together.

Zachary had meticulously arranged everything, instructing Cecilia to be prepared for an examination and ensure all surgical matters were in order.

Queenie was waiting outside, filled with worry. “Mr. Sinclair, there’s no danger involved in my daughter’s surgery, right?”

Zachary had already performed that type of surgery several times. He nodded. “Don’t worry. I’ll personally be performing her surgery. I won’t let any harm come to her. I even brought in the best team to ensure a hundred percent success rate.”

Only then did Queenie breathe a sigh of relief. “That’s good. Thank you for your trouble.”

“There’s no need to worry,” Zachary sincerely stated. “As long as she gets better soon, that’s all that matters.”

Cecilia’s examination lasted for the entire morning, and it was determined that her health condition at that time was suitable for surgery.

“If there are no issues, we can proceed with the surgery tomorrow,” said Zachary.

“That’s fantastic.” Joy was unmistakable in Queenie’s eyes.

Although it was Cecilia’s treatment, she cared about it more than the former..

Cecilia asked Zachary, “How has Vivian been doing lately? Is she still experiencing morning sickness?”

After hearing that, a flicker of worry finally crossed Zachary’s eyes. “Yeah, she’s still dealing with morning sickness, but her appetite has improved quite a bit.”

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4-5 minutes

Fallen III After hearing it, Cecilia nodded. “You must take good care of her. This is her first pregnancy. She doesn’t have much experience. Feel free to ask me questions if there’s anything you don’t understand.”

Though Zachary was a doctor, he wasn’t an obstetrician.

“All right.” Zachary nodded. “Don’t worry, I’ll take good care of Vivian.”

The thought of his child growing inside Vivian filled him with immense joy. Recently, the employee benefits within the hospital had seen an improvement. Then, Cecilia departed with Queenie.

On their way back, Queenie was showing signs of fatigue as she kept nodding off.

Upon seeing that, Cecilia couldn’t help but say, “Mom, if you’re tired, feel free to lean on me and sleep.”

“All right.” Queenie didn’t resist. She leaned against Cecilia and closed her eyes.

After an indeterminable amount of time had passed, Cecilia felt a warmth spreading over his shoulder.

She turned her head and noticed that Queenie had a nosebleed.

Cecilia’s eyes suddenly narrowed, and she urgently instructed the driver, “Quick, head back to the hospital.”

“All right.” The driver immediately swung the car around, heading back in the direction of the hospital.

Cecilia held onto Queenie, softly calling out, “Mom, Mom...”

However, Queenie didn’t respond, seeming as if she had fallen into a state of unconsciousness.

In a moment of urgency, Cecilia exclaimed, “Mom!”

Fortunately, it didn’t take long for the car to reach the hospital after it had set off.

Even after escorting Queenie into the operating room, Cecilia was still in a state of bewilderment.

Zachary hurried over, noticing the fresh blood on her shoulder. He quickly asked, “Cecilia, what happened?”

Cecilia informed him that Queenie had fallen ill.

Zachary's brows furrowed in concern. "Don't worry, everything will be all right."

"Mhm." Cecilia nodded.

After changing his clothes, Zachary also proceeded toward the operating room.

Before he left, he made sure to give Nathaniel a call.

Cecilia sat alone in the hospital corridor, waiting. After an indeterminate amount of time had passed, a weary figure hurried over and stood before her.

"Ceci." The familiar voice caused a sting at the tip of Cecilia's nose. As et she lifted her head to look at Nathaniel's familiar face, she felt as e if her throat was clogged with cotton, leaving her unable to utter a single word.

Nathaniel bent down and held her tightly. "It will be okay. I'm here, don't be afraid."

Cecilia gave a stiff nod, her voice hoarse beyond measure. "I had only found her not long ago. We had only been together for a short while..."

Nathaniel placed his large hand on her shoulder. "I know. Everything will be all right."

"I'm aware of her condition. She has t a year left," Cecilia at most dnes continued, unable to hold back he tears that welled up and spilled from her eyes.

Nathaniel lifted his hand gently, wiping away the tear stains on her face, unsure what to say to comfort her.

Cecilia nestled in his arms, her mood heavy.

In the evening, Yuliana also hurried over. "Cecilia!"

Seeing that the operation was still ongoing, Yuliana bit her lip, her pupils constricting. "It's all my fault! It's all my fault! I deserve to die!"

Yuliana's body went limp, and she almost dropped to her knees.

She thought Queenie was in trouble because she had previously fed her something she shouldn't have.

At that point, Cecilia was no longer in the mood to comfort her.

An afternoon had passed, yet the surgery was still not over, so she was genuinely filled with worry.

Several dozen minutes had passed once again when, at last, the doors to the operating room were pushed open.

Cecilia wanted to take a look, so she got up. However, her legs were numb, and she was unsteady, ne toppling over. Thankfully, Nathaniel was there to catch her.

Yuliana had stepped forward before her, approaching the doctor to inquire.

“Doctor, how’s my aunt doing? She’s all right, isn’t she?”

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4-5 minutes

Hold Back Your Tears Yuliana’s eyes were filled with anxiety.

The doctor removed his mask, his expression troubled. “She’s temporarily out of immediate danger, but... you’re well aware of her current physical condition. She won’t be able to hold on for long.”

Yuliana’s figure swayed slightly. “Could it be because the food she ate a few days ago was off?”

The doctor questioned, “Were you not aware that her health was already at its breaking point?”

Yuliana’s pupils suddenly constricted. She couldn’t believe it, murmuring to herself, “How could this be?”

The doctor looked at her, somewhat puzzled by her behavior.

At that moment, Cecilia was standing before the doctor, completely unfazed. She was not taken aback because she had known all along.

“Thank you, doctor,” she said, her voice hoarse.

The doctor gave a slight nod. “It’s all right. During these final moments, just try to spend some quality time with the patient.”

“All right.” Cecilia watched as the doctor left, and Queenie was wheeled back into the ward.

Yuliana belatedly realized what was going on. She turned to look at Cecilia and couldn’t help but ask, “Cecilia, did you know about Aunt Queenie’s health condition all along?”

Cecilia didn’t hide anything.

“Yeah, I only found out a few days ago, too. That was when you were being manipulated by Cassandra. I was worried about Mom’s health, so I asked the doctor who was examining her to help out. That’s when I found out she had been hiding her illness from us.”

Yuliana’s eyes were rimmed with red. She was choked to the point where she struggled to speak. “How could this be...”

Enduring her heartache, Cecilia comforted, “Don’t cry. Everything will be all right... We’ll see her in a bit. You must hold back your tears, understand?”

She knew for sure that Queenie would not appreciate their tears.

Yuliana nodded. “All right, I won’t cry anymore. Her illness is so severe, she’s more vulnerable than us now. We must stay strong, keep her company, and help her fight off this disease.”

Cecilia forced out a smile. “Yes, that’s right.”

1.n At that moment, within the confines of the ward, Queenie lay on the cold hospital bed, a respirator strapped to her. Her eyes held a distant, unfocused look. Why did I have to faint in front of Ceci? Now she knows...

The sound of the door being pushed open echoed from the entrance.

From the corner of her eye, Queenie saw Cecilia and her companions walk in, smiling.

Cecilia approached her, softly calling out, “Mom.”

Yuliana also chimed in, “Aunt Queenie, how are you feeling now? Is there any discomfort anywhere?”

Struggling a bit, Queenie shook her head before she finally spoke with difficulty. “No, I’m fine.”

Of course, she wasn’t fine.

Sitting by the bed, Cecilia held her hand tightly, reassuring her, “Mom, the doctor said you’re fine. You just fainted from anemia. You’ll get better soon.”

Upon hearing those words, Queenie felt a wave of bitterness wash over her heart.

Of course, she knew that Cecilia was just trying to comfort herself.

At that moment, Queenie knew it was time to clear things up with Cecilia.

“Ceci, there’s no need to deceive me. I’m not afraid of death.” Queenie spoke softly.

A tightness gripped Cecilia’s heart.

Yuliana immediately said, “Aunt Queenie, you’re not going to die. We will bring in the best doctor available, and he will definitely cure you.”

Queenie looked toward Yuliana, offering a helpless, bitter smile. “Silly girl. Even the most skilled doctor can’t cure someone who’s on the brink of death.” Yuliana could no longer contain herself. Tears streamed down her face, and she was left speechless.

Cecilia was also holding Queenie’s hand, trembling slightly.

Queenie felt it and turned to look at her, each word deliberate. “Ceci, I’m sorry for keeping this from you for so long.”

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4-5 minutes

Leave You Again Queenie, pale, continued to speak. “Years ago, I was betrayed by my foster brother. I was tricked into consuming a considerable amount of poison, then locked away and

nearly burned alive. That day, I inhaled a dangerous amount of harmful fumes. Although your father managed to rescue me, we both suffered extensive burns and almost lost our lives. Since then, even though I underwent treatment, my body has been plagued by all sorts of illnesses. I was never going to live for many more years anyway.”

Cecilia listened silently, unsure of what to say, feeling as though her throat was being sliced.

The mother she had finally found after much difficulty was soon to leave her.

Queenie saw her distress. She wanted to comfort her, but she was at a loss for words.

She felt a pang of immense guilt toward her child. For so many years, she hadn’t been there to raise Cecilia, leaving her vulnerable to torment. After finally finding her, she was faced with the heart-wrenching prospect of leaving her once again. “Ceci... After all the trouble I went through to find you, now I have to leave you again. It’s my fault.”

Upon hearing those words, Cecilia couldn’t help but shake her head. “Mom, don’t say that. I’m not blaming you. None of this is your fault.”

She was well aware of how deeply her mother loved her.

Tears welled up in Queenie’s eyes. “Thank you, my sweet daughter, for your understanding.”

Cecilia was struggling to hold back the tears welling up in her eyes.

Seeing that, Yuliana and Nathaniel tactfully excused themselves, leaving the mother and daughter some time alone.

Cecilia leaned close to Queenie, still holding onto the latter’s hand, hesitant to release it.

Queenie also looked at her. “Ceci, I’m hungry.”

Cecilia snapped back to reality. “What would you like to eat? I’ll go and buy it right now.”

“Anything will do. I’m not picky,” Queenie said. “I think as long as my body still feels hungry, I should be able to hold on for quite some time.”

Cecilia nodded repeatedly. “Yes, absolutely. I’ll go buy something for you now.” “All right.”

Cecilia hurriedly went outside.

She wiped away the tear streaks that had unknowingly covered her face, opened the door, and said to Nathaniel, "I'm going to buy some food for Mom. Please take care of her for me."

"I'll go with you," Nathaniel insisted, uneasy about leaving Cecilia alone.

Yuliana instantly reassured, "Cecilia, you go with Nathaniel to buy some food. I'll stay here and watch over Aunt Queenie. Don't worry."

"All right." Only then did Cecilia follow Nathaniel out of the hospital to buy some food.

Outside the hospital, there were quite a few restaurants.

Cecilia had sought out the closest restaurant, informed the owner that the meal was for a patient, and then waited patiently.

Nathaniel kept to her side, holding her hand.

Cecilia would gaze out blankly, her eyes vacant and distant.

"Ceci." Nathaniel looked at her with deep concern.

Regaining her senses, Cecilia looked at him in confusion. "What's wrong?"

"Are you all right?" Nathaniel asked, his voice heavy with concern.

Cecilia nodded. "I'm fine. Everything's good."

Nathaniel lifted his other hand, gently caressing Cecilia's face. "Everything will be okay."

Cecilia often heard others say that to her, but she knew some things just couldn't be fixed.

The severity of Queenie's illness was such that only a miracle could change the situation.

Cecilia pressed her lips together, taking a sip of the water the ed shopkeeper had poured for her. She nodded stiffly, saying, "I know. Mom will definitely be fine."

When she uttered those words, she didn't even believe them, but there was nothing else she could do.

Cecilia had a sore throat. She didn't know how to alleviate the discomfort she felt, so she kept drinking water. Her glass was quickly emptied. "Where do you think people go when they die, Nathaniel?"

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4-5 minutes

The Surgery Will Proceed As Planned Nathaniel didn't know how to respond, nor was it easy for him to do so.

Before he could speak, Cecilia continued, "Ignore me. I was just asking nonsense."

She gave a bitter smile. "Do you know? In truth, I'm not afraid of death at all. However, what I fear, what truly scares me, is the thought of people I care about leaving me."

First, it was her father, then it was Martha, and at that moment, it was her mother, whose health was deteriorating.

Many of Cecilia's dreams involved the appearance of the already deceased. Whenever she woke up, her face would be stained with tears.

Nathaniel gently embraced her.

"Don't overthink it. We'll all part ways, eventually. However, one day, we'll all reunite in the same place."

Cecilia's voice turned hoarse. "Really?"

"Yes." The Nathaniel of the past would never have uttered such words, yet he did at that moment, and he didn't know why.

He was used to life and death, believing them to be of little significance. However, seeing Cecilia heartbroken, he was unable to remain indifferent.

There were others around, and Cecilia didn't want to be seen. She extricated herself from Nathaniel's embrace and pretended as if nothing had happened. "You're right. I shouldn't be this upset. After all, we're all going to die someday."

When Cecilia spoke those words, there was an extraordinary sense of desolation in her tone.

Once the meal was prepared, Nathaniel picked it up, and the two of them returned to the hospital together.

At the entrance of the hospital ward, Zachary spotted them approaching. He couldn't help but say to Cecilia, "Cecilia, don't be too upset. Life and death are beyond our control."

Cecilia nodded. "Yes, I understand."

"Rest assured, I will ensure Mdm. Queenie receives proper treatment. I won't let her suffer too much."

"Mhm." Cecilia continued to nod.

"The surgery tomorrow?" Zachary asked again.

Cecilia initially intended to refuse, but Queenie, who was inside the room, overheard the conversation and called out, "Cecilia."

For a moment, Cecilia didn't respond to Zachary. Instead, she went into the room first. "Mom. What's wrong?"

"Go ahead with the surgery tomorrow as planned. I'm truly fine."

Queenie hoped to see her daughter's ears recover quickly.

After hearing that, Cecilia turned to look at Zachary. "Then let's do as my mom suggested. The surgery will proceed as planned tomorrow."

"Okay." Zachary nodded.

After Zachary left, Cecilia placed the meal in front of Queenie, proceeding to feed her.

Yuliana wanted to lend a hand, but couldn't.

After Queenie managed to eat some food, she simply couldn't eat anymore. "You all have been with me quite a long while, Ceci. You must be hungry, right? You should go grab something to eat."

Cecilia simply couldn't eat a bite.

Yuliana also said, "We're not hungry."

"Don't give me that. You must eat something," ordered Queenie.

At that moment, Nathaniel said, "I'll have someone bring us food."

Cecilia nodded. "All right."

She didn't want Queenie to worry about her.

"That's more like it. Having meals on time is important, or you'll damage your stomach." Queenie smiled knowingly. "I feel much better now after having my meal. There's no pain at all."

Cecilia understood that she was only trying to put her mind at ease, so she nodded. "That's good then."

"Once I'm feeling better, I'll cook something delicious for you all," Queenie added.

Cecilia continued to nod.

In the evening, under Queenie's watchful eye, Cecilia heartily ate her meal.

Yuliana did the same. Both of them were worried that Queenie might be upset, fearing she might overthink things.

Perhaps it was due to the unbearable discomfort that, after having dinner, Cecilia went to the restroom, vomiting up everything she had eaten.

Perhaps that was simply what happened to a person when their sorrow reached its peak.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, Cecilia was at a loss for words.

Despite her relatively short acquaintance with Queenie, one could argue that their emotional connection was minimal. As such, she didn't understand why she was so upset.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1826 -

4-5 minutes

Could Not Sleep Cecilia thought perhaps it was because she had never experienced a mother’s affection before. Then, one day, she received it. She assumed that was probably why she was so terrified of losing it.

After repeatedly dousing himself with cold water, Cecilia finally managed to soothe her troubled mind somewhat before stepping out of the bathroom.

At night, Cecilia sent Nathaniel back to look after Elliot, while she chose to stay behind to keep Queenie company.

Yuliana also wanted to stay.

Left with no other choice, Queenie reluctantly agreed to their stay.

By the time night rolled around, the pain in Queenie’s body had become particularly pronounced.

She gritted her teeth, utterly unable to fall asleep.

Cecilia had noticed it and approached her. “Mom, if you can’t sleep, let’s chat for a bit. I’m not sleepy anyway.”

Yuliana was also repeatedly nodding in agreement. “Indeed, Aunt Queenie, how about a chat?”

Queenie readily agreed. “All right.”

Yuliana initiated the conversation. “Cecilia, could you tell me about your early childhood? I don’t know much about it.”

When Cecilia recalled that period, she chose not to mention anything that was unpleasant, only focusing on the happy moments. “Actually, there isn’t much to tell. Back then, I was living with my nanny, Martha. One day, after school...”

Yuliana and Queenie listened quietly.

Queenie especially listened with exceptional attentiveness, despite the fact that it was a rather ordinary matter. It was as if she were trying to glimpse into Cecilia's past through that story.

Yuliana occasionally chimed in with a few words.

The three of them were engrossed in conversation, their attention diverted. Thanks to that, Queenie felt as though her pain had significantly subsided.

By the time it was ten o'clock at night, Queenie decided to change the topic.

She knew that Cecilia had surgery scheduled for the next day, so she couldn't afford to delay the latter any longer.

Thus, pretending to be tired, she yawned. "I'm genuinely tired this time. Let's sleep."

"Ah, going to bed already?" Yuliana sighed. "I don't feel sleepy at all."

Queenie couldn't help but chuckle. "I'm an old-timer. I can't keep up with you youngsters. Go on, all of you should head next door to sleep. Ceci has a surgery scheduled for tomorrow."

"Right, I totally forgot." Yuliana turned to Cecilia. "Cecilia, you should get some rest. If Aunt Queenie needs anything, she can call on me.

Your surgery is the most crucial thing right now."

Yuliana's relationship with Cecilia had improved. She also showed great interest in Cecilia's hearing impairment.

Cecilia understood everything, yet she had to pretend she knew nothing. She nodded. "All right, I'm going to sleep now."

"Sure, rest well and try not to overthink things. I'll always be by your side," said Queenie.

"Right."

Once again, Cecilia nodded in agreement. After freshening up, she lay down to rest.

Lying in bed, Cecilia stared at the faint light seeping from the room next door, unable to fall asleep.

Yet, she was aware that she was scheduled for surgery the next day. She knew that if she didn't rest well, it could affect the outcome of her surgery tomorrow. fo FindNovel She closed her eyes, willing herself to fall asleep quickly.

Even so, she didn't fall asleep until the wee hours of the morning. Her sleep was light, the slightest noise would jolt her awake.

The following day, at the break of dawn, Cecilia couldn't sleep anymore and went to check on Queenie.

Queenie had her eyes closed, her breath steady. It would appear she hadn't woken up yet.

Seeing her sound asleep, Cecilia didn't disturb her. She gently covered her with a blanket before stepping out to freshen up.

After freshening up, she had also prepared everything for breakfast.

Not daring to stay in the ward for fear of disturbing her mother, Cecilia spent her time sitting outside in the corridor.

Zachary and Vivian had also arrived early in the morning.

As the two of them strolled, Zachary reminded, "Walk slowly. Don't forget there's a baby in your belly."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1827 -

4-5 minutes

She Is Pregnant Vivian furrowed her brows. "How much slower do you expect me to go when it already takes me a few seconds to take a single step? I'm pregnant, not paralyzed, okay? Please, can you stop fussing over me?"

Ever since she became pregnant, Zachary had been particularly watchful of her, especially her diet. There were so many things she couldn't eat.

Even her every step was closely monitored out of fear that she might stumble or get hurt.

Vivian was truly at a loss for words.

“You’re my wife, carrying our child in your belly. If I don’t take care of you, who will? Please, listen to me and take it easy, I beg you.” Zachary was carefully watching Vivian.

Vivian was utterly speechless, too lazy to even utter a word.

People would occasionally pass by in the hallway. There were doctors and nurses, as well as relatives of patients, and so forth.

Upon seeing those people approaching head-on, Zachary moved to shield Vivian and said to them, “Please step to the side a bit. Don’t bump into my wife. She’s pregnant.”

Knowing who he was, the nurses and doctors stepped aside upon hearing his words.

However, some of the patients and their family members didn’t know who Zachary was, let alone that he owned the hospital. They looked at him and Vivian as if they were seeing something bizarre.

Vivian wished she could disappear into a crack in the ground. She wasn’t sure if she should be happy or sad that her husband was a man like that. “Stop talking. You might not care about being embarrassed, but I do.”

At that moment, Zachary cared not for matters of dignity or disgrace. His utmost priority was Vivian and the precious life growing inside her.

People around were whispering among themselves.

“Is this necessary? She’s just pregnant.”

“Yeah, he’s acting as if no one else has ever been pregnant before.”

“I feel like it’s precisely because he’s protecting her so fiercely that she’s more likely to encounter danger.”

“Yes, some people are so pampered that they are prone to danger. Unlike us, we aren’t that pampered.”

“Besides, her belly isn’t even showing yet...”

A few older women were gossiping.

Ever since Zachary discovered Vivian's pregnancy, his temper had significantly improved. However, that didn't mean he was completely devoid of temper.

He was especially irritated by what those women said because he interpreted it as them cursing his wife and child.

He merely asked them to step aside, not to stop walking altogether, yet they spat out such vile words!

Zachary picked up his phone and dialed the director's number. "Clear the people around me within a minute."

"Understood," the person on the other end agreed without immediately.

Those gossipmongers from earlier had no clue about what had transpired when they were abruptly ushered out.

Vivian witnessed everything, yet she said nothing because she believed those few older women earlier were truly out of line. We're all women, and they've all been pregnant before. How could they utter such O disgusting words?

"Don't pay any attention to the nonsense those old witches are spouting. They're just jealous that you're under my protection," Zachary noticed Vivian's discomfort and reassured her with a lighthearted smile.

Vivian looked at him teasing her and couldn't help but laugh. "I know. Our baby is the most precious thing to us." How could the only How great-grandson of the Sinclair family not be precious?

"By the way, have we reached Mdm. Queenie's ward yet?" Vivian surveyed the surroundings.

After learning about Queenie's hospitalization yesterday, she had planned to come over.

Zachary stopped her, telling her that Cecilia's group was still processing the situation. He suggested she wait until the next day before heading there.

Moreover, Cecilia had to undergo surgery on that day, so Vivian could also accompany her.

“We’re almost there. Don’t rush.” Following Zachary’s remark, Vivian noticed Cecilia sitting in the corridor.

Under normal circumstances, Vivian would have reached there within a few minutes.

However, Zachary had forbidden her from walking briskly or taking long strides, causing her to take much longer than usual. Therefore, she felt the distance was greater.

“Ceci!” Vivian yelled out.

Upon hearing her voice, Cecilia looked over. “Vivian, what brings you here?”

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4-5 minutes

The Surgery Upon hearing that, Vivian grasped Cecilia’s hand. “Aren’t you scheduled for surgery today? I’m here to accompany you and also to visit Mdm. Queenie.” Cecilia nodded. “I don’t think my mom has woken up yet.”

“No worries, we’ll wait outside. After all, I don’t have anything else to do.” After Vivian became pregnant, Zachary delegated her work responsibilities to others.

She was essentially an idler with nothing to do at the moment.

Sitting next to Cecilia, Vivian glanced around. “By the way, where’s Nathaniel?”

“He dropped off Eli this morning and will be here soon,” Cecilia said.

At that time, Sven was also quite occupied, so Nathaniel took it upon himself to drop off Elliot. Only then did she feel at ease.

“Oh, okay then.” Vivian held onto Cecilia’s hand, offering her a comforting reassurance.

Cecilia listened quietly, nodding, seemingly not too upset.

Vivian, however, understood the pain Cecilia was harboring inside her heart.

"It's all right, Ceci." She embraced her.

Zachary stood to the side, unsure how to comfort Cecilia, and it didn't feel right for him to interrupt either.

"Mhm," responded Cecilia, hugging Vivian back. Her mood was heavy, yet she said nothing.

After exchanging a few more words with Vivian, they went to see Queenie. Queenie's spirits were high. Upon seeing Vivian, she didn't appear at all like someone gravely ill. She even smiled and invited her to sit down.

"Mdm. Queenie, I came to see you. I also bought some fruits on the way here." Vivian didn't let her emotions show too much for fear it might affect Queenie. "Thanks, Vivian."

"I'm Ceci's friend, and you're her mom, so you're like my own mom, too. There's no need to thank me," said Vivian. She then pointed to Zachary standing behind her. "you ever need anything in the future, just let my husband take care of it."

Zachary stepped forward. "Mdm. Queenie, Vivian is right. If you're not comfortable where you're staying, or if you need anything at all, you must let me know."

"I understand. Well, I'm quite comfortable here," Queenie responded, her face brimming with joy.

Seeing her mother in such a state, Cecilia momentarily forgot about Queenie's impending departure.

During that final period, she didn't want to leave her mother with too many regrets. "By the way, when does Ceci's surgery start? I'd like to go and watch," Queenie was still thinking about Cecilia's operation.

Zachary immediately said, "The operating room over there has already started preparations. Roughly in an hour or so, the surgery can commence. In a moment, I'll have the medical staff accompany you over there." Queenie nodded repeatedly. "All right."

An hour later, Queenie, Yuliana, Nathaniel, and Vivian all accompanied Cecilia to her surgery.

They waited outside the operating room, each filled with worry. However, their predominant feeling was one of anticipation for a miracle to happen, hoping that Cecilia's hearing impairment could be cured.

As the surgery progressed, Queenie's eyes were filled with worry as she looked at Nathaniel.
"Nathaniel."

"Mom, what's wrong?" Nathaniel asked seriously.

Queenie had so much she wanted to say to Nathaniel, but with Cecilia always around, it was difficult to find the right moment. "Could you accompany me outside for a bit?"

"There's something I'd like to discuss with you." s̃ñovel "All right." Nathaniel pushed the wheelchair forward, taking Queenie out first. He told Vivian and Yuliana to call him if anything came up.

The weather outside had been pleasantly warm lately. The sunlight splashed across her face, leaving Queenie somewhat dazed.

"Nathaniel, if I die, can you promise me to take good care of Ceci?" asked Queenie.

The seriousness in Nathaniel's eyes was undeniable as he firmly stated, "I definitely will."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1829 -

4-5 minutes

Surgery Was Successful Only then did Queenie feel somewhat relieved.

"Suppose, just suppose, if one day you no longer love her, please, don't hurt her. Send her back to the Jamieson family." Queenie had been through a lot and knew that many promises couldn't last long.

Nathaniel understood her thoughts well, and he was aware that he couldn't really prove himself to her.

He crouched down. "Mom, I know that verbal promises don't mean much, so I'll prove myself through my actions. I had already transferred all the shares of Imminence Corporation under her name. If I ever harmed her, she would have a solid safety net to fall back on."

In reality, Cecilia already owned Jamieson Group and had no material or financial concerns. However, the sense of security and assurance, as well as the promises that Nathaniel gave Cecilia, were what truly mattered to Queenie.

Queenie nodded emphatically. "All right, I will also remind Ceci to be with you. I want both of you to focus on building a good family together."

"Mhm." Nathaniel grinned. "Shall we head back now and wait for the surgery to conclude?"

"All right."

Nathaniel gently pushed her back to where they came from.

What Queenie said was similar to what Alphonse told him back at Drocver.

Back then, Alphonse had even warned, "If you dare to bully her in the future, I'll risk my own life to protect her, no matter what it takes."

Nathaniel didn't feel angry thinking about that. Instead, he was happy for Cecilia. Cecilia finally had loved ones who cared for her, and she was no longer alone.

In the operating room, Cecilia's surgery was still underway.

The operation lasted until noon, and Zachary, dressed in a white lab coat, emerged from the operating room.

"How's it going?" Nathaniel anxiously asked.

Zachary removed his mask, took a long breath, and said, "There shouldn't be any issues. We'll have to wait for some time to recover before we know the specifics."

Hearing that, Nathaniel, Queenie, and the others relaxed.

"All right, everyone must be hungry by now. It's about time we ate," Zachary said with a smile.

The others nodded in agreement.

Cecilia lay in the operating room. After being administered anesthesia, she felt somewhat groggy.

Perhaps due to a lack of sleep the night before, she felt somewhat drowsy after the anesthesia from the surgery.

She was worried that Queenie and the others would fret over her, so she forced herself to stay awake. After being wheeled out, she reassured them with a smile she was fine before finally allowing herself to sleep.

After Nathaniel and his group had their meal, they stayed by her side.

In the afternoon, Charlotte brought Madeline and Lucille over to meet Cecilia and Queenie.

After a while, Sven, Mason, and Darren arrived to inquire about the progress of the surgery.

Knowing that the surgery went smoothly, everyone was finally at ease.

After Cecilia woke up, she found herself surrounded by a circle of people. "Why have you all come?"

"I just got off work and thought I'd swing by to check on you, Boss,"

Charlotte cheerfully said. After speaking, she couldn't help but ask, "Boss, how's your hearing now?"

The hearing aid had already been removed from Cecilia's ear, so Cecilia couldn't Charlotte loudly, but it was clear enough.

Perhaps it was because she had just undergone surgery and was still adorned with bandages.

"I could hear clearer," she said.

Zachary couldn't help but explain, "It's quite normal for things to be like this right now. We'll have to wait a week or two before assessing the situation."

"Cecilia, you must ensure to take ample rest recently. The surroundings shouldn't be too noisy," Zachary continued.

Upon hearing that noise was not permitted around Cecilia, everyone began to speak in hushed whispers.

They lowered their voices, and as a result, Cecilia had difficulty making out what they were saying.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1830 -

4-5 minutes

Darren And Madeline Everyone chatted for a bit, but out of fear of disturbing Cecilia and Queenie’s rest, they each bid farewell to Cecilia and left.

When they left, they did so in pairs.

Sven and Charlotte were holding hands together.

Mason and Lucille were arm in arm as well. Mason even shared some great news with everyone, which was that Lucille was pregnant.

Only Madeline and Darren seemed quite distant among the three groups, maintaining a gap even as they walked away.

Darren observed everything, feeling quite displeased. However, he couldn’t afford to show it in front of so many people.

When he was about to leave, Zachary held him back. “Darren, I’m going to have a baby soon, too.”

Darren said, “Oh. Well, my little Amy is almost two years old now.”

Zachary said nothing for a moment, then boasted, “So what? My daughter will definitely be more beautiful than yours in the future.”

Darren rolled his eyes. “You’re not even sure if your child is a girl yet.”

Zachary was once again at a loss for words. Fair. It’s not like I can will my unborn child into a daughter. Nathaniel wanted a daughter, but all four of his children are sons. These things are truly up to fate.

Seeing Madeline about to walk away, Darren couldn't be bothered to engage in idle chatter with Zachary anymore. "I'm done talking to you."

He quickly caught up with Madeline. "Why are you walking so fast?"

Pausing momentarily, Madeline continued walking as she replied, "You never asked me to wait for you."

Darren felt somewhat resigned.

He looked ahead at Sven and Charlotte, as well as Lucille and Mason.

Those pairs of couples seemed particularly harmonious and joyful.

Even though Darren and Madeline hadn't brought up the divorce again, their relationship still seemed pretty cold.

Darren realized that he had misunderstood the situation between Madeline and Calvin last time. As he was walking toward the car, he reached out and held Madeline's hand.

Madeline's hand stiffened. She halted, looking up at him with a hint of disbelief. "What are you doing?"

"Let's hold hands," Darren suggested as a matter of course.

Madeline attempted to pull her hand away, but he held it firmly in his grasp.

"Since we're not getting a divorce, can we stay together happily now on?" He lowered his voice, fearing that Madeline would reject him outright.

Upon hearing that, Madeline remained in silent for a long while.

She didn't respond, nor did she resist when Darren took her hand.

Sitting in the car, Darren gently rubbed the palm of her hand. "Do you know? Lately, I've been dreaming of our past."

Madeline turned her head to the side. "Mhm."

There were times when she would reminisce about the past, back when her parents were still alive and she was still young.

Back then, she was just a wild young girl, always found trailing behind Darren.

Darren was four or five years older than her. He was strikingly handsome with a reserved demeanor, which made him quite popular among girls his age.

Madeline had a secret crush on him, too. To prevent him from being with someone else, she even involved her parents. She persuaded them to visit the Faust residence, securing an arranged marriage agreement.

She still remembered when she nearly drove her father mad from anger.

Then, she also ended up kneeling outside her house for a good part of the day.

She had always assumed that her feelings for Darren were unrequited, a one-sided love affair. However, to her surprise, she discovered that Darren also had feelings for her.

After Madeline started university, Darren's parents discussed the marriage arrangement between their families with her parents.

That day, she felt like she was in a dream, and her parents were similarly in disbelief.

After all, Darren was an exceptional individual. By and large, the Faust family was significantly more powerful than the Foster family. Naturally, Madeline's parents were more than happy to agree to such a nice marriage.