

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1851

4-5 minutes

The Instigator

Upon arriving at the office, Zeke immediately started making calls to the manager of Jamieson Group.

“Sir, haven’t we always had a good working relationship?” Zeke asked, confusion evident in his voice. “Why would you suddenly want to end our partnership?”

The manager on the other end didn’t mince words with him. “Don’t you know who you have offended?”

Zeke was genuinely clueless. “Well... I didn’t offend anyone, did I?”

He was acting submissively, hardly resembling the attitude he had at home.

The manager had never seen such a clueless person before. “You can’t possibly not know our newly appointed CEO, can you?”

Zeke genuinely had no idea.

He spent his days indulging in frivolous pleasures, with no regard for his responsibilities at the company. All he did was bask in enjoyment.

Once upon a time, when his father, Finn Turner, was alive, everything was perfectly taken care of. He didn’t need to concern himself with the happenings of the business world. However, when Finn passed away the previous year, all the responsibilities fell squarely on Zeke’s shoulders.

Zeke immediately asked his secretary about the matter.

The secretary informed him that the CEO of Jamieson Group at that time was Cecilia, Queenie’s daughter.

“Cecilia...”

Zeke muttered the name and thought it was familiar, yet he struggled to recall who it was for a moment.

It was his secretary who reminded him, “Cecilia is Meredith’s best friend.”

Those words left Zeke completely stunned.

He wanted to say something more to Jamieson Group’s manager, but the line had already been disconnected on the other end.

The manager of Jamieson Group also didn’t want to have any association with Zeke.

Zeke stared at the disconnected call before slumping into his office chair.

“How could I have forgotten about this?” Zeke rapped his own head. “Meredith turns out to be the best friend of the CEO of the Jamieson Group No wonder Jamieson Group has suddenly canceled our_O collaboration. No wonder they’re discouraging other companies from partnering with us.”

The secretary nodded. “Mr. Turner, it seems you need to go find Mrs. Turner.” Before, the secretary used to address Meredith by her first name. At that moment, however, she had changed the form of address. It was incredibly pragmatic.

Zeke, of course, understood the implications. He picked up his phone once again and dialed Meredith’s number.

However, the response he received was nothing but the cold, automated voice of customer service. “I’m sorry, but the number you have dialed is currently unavailable...”

“That b*tch has actually blocked me!” Zeke clenched his fists before turning to his secretary. “Let me borrow your phone for a moment.”

“All right.”

The secretary handed over the phone.

Zeke used his secretary’s phone to make another call, and sure enough, it went through quickly.

On the other end, Meredith answered the phone. “Hello? Who is this?” she asked puzzledly.

“Meredith, it’s me.” Zeke’s voice was gentle, a stark contrast to his earlier harsh demeanor.

Before she received the phone call, Meredith had already gotten a message from Yuliana. She learned that the collaboration between the Turner and Jamieson families had been called off and that the Jamieson family had targeted the Turner family.

However, she hadn’t expected Zeke to call her so quickly.

“Oh? My ex-husband? What a surprise! Why have you called me?” she asked, a smirk playing on her lips. She felt a peculiar sense of satisfaction, her mind already plotting how to humiliate Zeke.

Zeke felt a certain discomfort in his heart when Meredith called him her ex- husband.

“Meredith, I’m sorry. I was wrong before. After we parted ways, I was filled with regret. Could you give me another chance? Let’s start over, okay?” Zeke tried his best to sound sincere.

Start over? Meredith couldn’t be bothered to beat around the bush with him, so she directly said, “This is about the Jamieson family cancelling their partnership with you, isn’t it?”

Zeke was taken aback, and he unconsciously clenched his fists. I knew it! Meredith is the instigator!

“Meredith, we were married after all. Do you really need to see me fall into the depths of despair?” he asked.

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4-5 minutes

Delusional Man

Meredith let out a yawn. “That’s right, but I enjoy seeing you all flustered now.”

Zeke forcefully suppressed the frustration in his heart.

“Meredith, all you need to do is talk to Ms. Smith about resuming our partnership and stop opposing me, then we can immediately remarry.”

Meredith was thoroughly amused by his words and burst out laughing heartily.

Zeke heard her laughter over the phone and felt a bit puzzled. “Meredith, what’s so funny? Did you hear what I just said?” he asked.

After much effort, Meredith finally stopped laughing. She then said in a cold voice. “Zeke... Oh, Zeke... Do you really think I’ve been doing all this just to reconcile with you? Let me make something clear to you. I don’t love you, nor do I want to reconcile. My sole intention is to see you get what you deserve!”

After she finished speaking, she quickly added, “Just you wait. This is just the beginning.”

Not wanting to waste time on idle chatter with Zeke, Meredith ended the call.

Zeke listened as the other end fell silent, his mind filled with both anger and regret. Why didn’t I listen to Mom back then and insist on divorcing Meredith? Who could have predicted that Meredith would have such a stroke of dumb luck and end up being best friends with someone of such high status and background?

“Mr. Turner, what did Mrs. Turner say?” the secretary asked cautiously.

Snapping back to reality, Zeke coldly retorted, “Stop calling her that. We’re divorced now, so she’s no longer Mrs. Turner.”

“I refuse to believe that I can’t handle a woman. Find out where Ms. Smith is right now. I want to pay her a personal visit,” Zeke declared, his earlier drunkenness completely dissipated.

“Right away.” The secretary immediately went to carry out his task.

It wasn’t hard to figure out where Cecilia was. Before long, it was discovered that Cecilia and Queenie were both recuperating in the hospital.

Zeke had his secretary prepare a variety of gifts, then, without delay, he rushed to the hospital to visit.

At the hospital, Cecilia received a call from Meredith.

“Ceci, thank you. I really got some things off my chest today. Can you believe that Zeke actually wanted to get back together with me?”

Cecilia frowned. “This man isn’t stupid after all.”

Meredith exhaled deeply. “Yes, but I’m no fool. There’s no way I’m falling into that mess again! I gave him a piece of my mind.”

“That’s the right thing to do. Never show mercy to people like him,” Cecilia said.

Meredith nodded. “I know. Next, I’m going to make him penniless!”

The thought of not being able to have

Meredith in the future filled

Meredith with a desire to make their

lives &

increasingly miserable.

“Okay. Whatever you need, I’ll help you,” Cecilia said.

“All right.”

Not long after the two ended their phone call, Cecilia heard the bodyguard stationed outside the

ward come in to relay a message

saying “Ms. Smith, there’s someone outside wishing to meet with you and Mdm. Queenie.”

“Who?” asked Cecilia.

“He said his name was Zeke,” the bodyguard responded.

Queenie on the side couldn’t help but laugh. This guy’s not stupid. Knowing that he can’t get it, he’s now come to

Cecilia understood what was going on as well.

“Mom, do you think we should meet him?”

“You can make the decision,” Queenie replied.

After hearing that, Cecilia turned toward the bodyguard. “Send him away.”

She simply didn’t have time to entertain such a heartless person.

“Understood.”

The bodyguard left.

Outside the hospital, Zeke looked at the numerous gifts he brought with him, exuding confidence.

Before, he had accompanied his father to seek collaboration with Jamieson Group. He thought he had the experience to get things done.

Finally, Zeke saw the bodyguards of Jamieson Group emerge.

He approached them like a lapdog, asking, “May I know what did Ms. Smith and Mdm. Queenie say?”

The lead bodyguard regarded him with a cold stare, enunciating, “Ms. Smith and Mdm. Queenie have no time to see you.”

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4-5 minutes

Nearing His End

Zeke’s smile instantly froze on his face, and he was in disbelief.

“How could that be? Perhaps you didn’t understand me clearly. I’m Finn’s son, and I’ve met with Mdm. Queenie before. Back then, Mdm. Queenie even complimented!”

The bodyguard looked at him with disdain. "If you don't leave, don't blame us for getting physical."

Zeke was unwilling to accept it, and he was determined to forge ahead.

However, before he could even approach the hospital's main entrance, he and his secretary were tossed out by a few bodyguards as if they were discarding bags of trash.

Zeke departed, his body covered in wounds. When he arrived home, Camila saw his face, a patchwork of blues and purples, and couldn't help but rush forward to inquire about what happened.

"Zeke, what happened to you? Did someone hit you? Who would dare to hit you?" Camila was baffled.

"Get lost!" Zeke was irritated.

When he shouted, Camila was startled and became upset. "I was speaking to you calmly. Why do you have to yell at me?"

Had it been in the past, Zeke would have surely coaxed her. At that moment, however, things were different. When Zeke saw her, he was reminded of Meredith.

"You're a disaster magnet, aren't you? Why did you have to offend Meredith? You're the reason she and I are divorced," Zeke uttered. Otherwise, I could still be with Meredith and get favors from the Jamieson family!

Surprise filled Camila's eyes when she heard those words. This morning, Zeke was just saying how great it was to have divorced Meredith...

"Zeke, what on earth happened?" She lowered her pride, her voice soft and gentle.

Suppressing the surge of anger within him, Zeke recounted the sequence of events to her.

After listening quietly, Camila couldn't believe it either. "How is it that Meredith has such a good relationship with the CEO of Jamieson Group? Could it be that Ms. Smith would disregard the company's interests for the sake of a friend? That's a bit too reckless."

Zeke remained silent as he listened.

He understood clearly that the Jamieson family didn't really need business from families like theirs, the Turner family.

Unaware of that, Camila continued, "It's okay, Zeke. If we can't

collaborate with Jamieson Got

we can always look for other

companies, right? Besides, if

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Jamieson Group breaches the contract, we can sue them for compensation."

Compensation? How audacious of this woman! If I were to seek compensation from Jamieson Group, the Turner family would go bankrupt even before we could receive the payout! Zeke thought Camila was as naive as a fool.

The fact was that the Jamieson family was simply not a family they could afford to offend.

"Zeke..." Camila noticed Zeke's silence and gently tugged at his hand.

Regaining his composure, Zeke forcefully pushed her away. "Dumb*ss! You don't understand anything, so just shut up."

On the sidelines, Conrad watched as his father physically and verbally abused his mother. He didn't see anything wrong with it and even chimed in, "Grandma was right! Camila, you really are a fool. Haha!"

Camila was frozen on the spot, her face extremely pale.

Zeke no longer paid attention to the mother and son, heading toward his study to

get in touch with his previous business partners.

The moment he did that, he was shocked.

The companies that had previously collaborated with the Turner family had all received news from Jamieson Group. They either had already blocked Zeke or expressed their helplessness, indicating they couldn't continue their collaboration.

Throughout the night, Zeke failed to find a company willing to continue collaborating with him.

He slumped in the chair, feeling as if all the energy had been drained from his body.

“How could this happen? What am I going to do now?”

Before he could regain his senses, he received a call from the finance department; pressing for payment. They informed him that the bank was reluctant to continue approving funds for the company. They urged Zeke to prepare the money. Otherwise, the company's financial chain would be at risk of breaking.

Right then, Zeke knew his end was near.

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4-5 minutes

A Jinx

After a sleepless night, Zeke's mother hurried over early the next morning.

Tears filled Allison's eyes as she asked, “Zeke, what exactly happened to our company? Why are the previous business partners demanding money from me now?”

Zeke's eyes were tinged with a shade of blue, his stubble grown out overnight, presenting an unkempt appearance.

“Mom, we're done for.”

The conversation between the two was overheard by Camila, who, like them, had risen early and hadn't had much rest.

Her heart, too, began to flutter in panic.

Even if she was naive, she knew something serious had happened to the Turner family this time around. Otherwise, Allison wouldn't have rushed over so early in the morning with tears streaming down her face.

At that moment, only Conrad was still sound asleep.

Allison was confused. "What on earth is going on? Have you offended someone?"

Zeke had no choice but to relay the sequence of events to Allison.

Allison let out a sigh, scolding him, "You're such a fool! I warned you, didn't I? I told you not to divorce, but you didn't listen to me. The Seiler family's daughter was such a catch, but you insisted on marrying a useless model. Camila is nothing but a jinx. You've only just brought her back, but look at the chaos the company is already facing. What's going to become of our family in the future? Go find Meredith right now and apologize to her personally!"

After she finished speaking, Allison noticed Camila, who was eavesdropping from the corner. Her brows were knitted tightly in disapproval.

"You vixen! What are you still doing in my house? Get out!"

After much difficulty, Camila had finally moved in, and naturally, she wouldn't leave so easily.

"Mom, after all, I am Conrad's mother. You should at least show some respect for Conrad's sake."

"If it weren't for Conrad, I would have kicked you out a long time ago."

After Allison finished speaking, a thought suddenly struck her. She grasped Zeke's hand and said, "Zeke, here's what you should do. Take her with you. You should apologize to Meredith together. This way, Meredith will surely forgive you."

Startled, Camila declared, "I'm not going."

"You have no say in this! If you refuse to go, don't expect to see

Conrad again. I'll ensure Connet severs all maternal ties with you!" Allison said harshly.

Suddenly, Camila lost her confidence and closed her mouth.

Zeke also thought that was a feasible plan. He turned to Camila and said, "Let's go."

Reluctantly, Camila followed him as they left together.

Over at Seiler Group, Meredith sat in her office, listening to her secretary's report, and heaved a sigh of relief

silently. "It's all thanks to Cecithis

time."

If it were up to her alone, it would have been very difficult to take down the Turner family.

"We need to add more fuel to the Turner family's fire." Meredith planned further. "Understood." The secretary immediately set off to handle the task.

After a short while, the secretary returned. She said to Meredith, "Ms. Seiler, Zeke has arrived, and he has brought Camila with him."

After hearing this, Meredith couldn't help but feel puzzled. "What are they here for? Are they here to humiliate me again?"

The secretary shook her head. "From what I saw, it didn't seem like Zeke came here to cause trouble."

"Let them in. I'm intrigued to see what they are really up to."

"All right."

Meredith was sipping her coffee when, before long, she saw Zeke arrive with Camila in tow.

Dressed in a beautiful long dress, Camila wore a reluctant face when she greeted, "Ms. Seiler."

With a smile on his face, Zeke called out, "Meredith."

Meredith didn't offer the pair a seat. Instead, she rested her chin on her hand,

eyeing the two individuals. "Mr. Turner, Ms. Anderson, it's been a while."

At that moment, even though Zeke had changed into a suit, it still couldn't hide the fact that he was disheveled from lack of sleep.

Zeke walked up with a smile, saying, "Meredith, there's no need for

formalities. I've come specifically to apologize to you this time. I've also brought her along."

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4-5 minutes

Make A Choice

With that, Zeke shot Camila a meaningful glance, saying, "Quickly apologize to Meredith, and make it clear to her that there's nothing going on between us."

Although Camila was reluctant, she had to apologize for the sake of her future wealth and Conrad.

"Ms. Seiler, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for things to happen as they did before. Zeke and I are no longer involved in any way. Could you please consider reconciling with Zeke? You've always been the one in his heart."

Upon hearing those words from Camila, Meredith nearly spat out a mouthful of water. Do these two really take me for a fool?

"Oh... It's no big deal, but how about Conrad?" Meredith decided to seize this opportunity to get back at the two.

Camila's expression shifted. "That's all in the past now."

Zeke chimed in, "Exactly! Meredith, don't you also like Conrad? In the future, you'll be Conrad's mother. I'll make sure Conrad treats you with utmost respect and filial piety."

Filial piety... Meredith thought back to when she felt the same way. She believed that the kindness of nurturing would be repaid in the future. However, Conrad, that ingrate, not only lacked gratitude, but also listened to his biological mother, adding something to my meals, which resulted in my permanent infertility. Having a son like that is worse than not having one at all.

"I'm sorry, but I can't accept another person's child. How could I possibly be barren if it weren't for them?" Meredith paused, looking at Zeke. "If you want to get back together with me, fine. However, you have to send her and her child away."

Camila's face changed drastically when she heard that. "Ms. Seiler, don't be unreasonable. I've already apologized to you. Conrad is still a child. He's innocent."

Meredith was so amused by her words that she almost burst into laughter.

"You sure have a way with words, even when you're apologizing." Meredith turned to look at Zeke again before saying, "Zeke, I'm giving you this chance. It's your call, them or me."

To put it precisely, he had to choose between his company and the mother-and-son duo.

Zeke's face was filled with conflict.

In a rush, Camila pleaded, "Zeke, Conrad is your son. You mustn't abandon Conrad and me."

Zeke clenched his fists. "B*tch, if i wasn't for you, Meredith and I

wouldn't be in this mess. Our fol net

wouldn't have fallen so far. I'm done with both you and Conrad!

The final sentence seemed to have served as a death sentence for Camila.

Shock was all that filled Camila's eyes.

"Zeke, y-you-b*stard!" Camila wanted to grab Zeke's clothes. "All these years, Eve asked for nothing, and i

I've

have

even given you a son. Now, you h the audacity to drive us both away!"

Zeke didn't show her even a hint of tenderness.

If one were to suggest that there was love between the two individuals at the start,

it could also be argued that, over the years, it had long since been depleted.

Zeke had lost his feelings for Camila quite a while ago, and he had grown tired of her.

He was wealthy, and he could have as many beautiful women as he desired.

In the presence of Meredith, Zeke raised his hand and slapped Camila across the face.

“You shameless woman! How dare you criticize me? Did I ask you to bear my child?”

The burning pain on Camila’s face wiped away all the smugness she had felt when she entered the office.

At that moment, blood was trickling from the corner of her mouth.

“You... You...” She was at a loss for words.

In a bid to show his sincerity to Meredith, Zeke slapped Camila once more, roaring, “Leave! Starting from today, you and I have no connection. Take that b*stard and go.”

After hearing that, Camila was completely taken aback. Throwing all caution to the wind, she turned to

look at Meredith, saying, “Meredith, don’t get ahead of yourself thinking you’ve won. His apology to you isn’t sincere at all. It’s all because of the company and the Jamieson family!”

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4-5 minutes

Getting Played

Zeke hastily explained, “Meredith, don’t listen to this despicable b*tch. I truly regret my past actions, and I genuinely love you. I’ve only just realized it now.”

“Ha! Just yesterday, you were badmouthing Meredith to me!” Camila retorted. The two quickly found themselves in another argument.

Meredith silently watched as the two individuals tore into each other. A subtle smile played at the corners of her mouth. With particular interest, she discreetly pulled out her phone, capturing the scene on video, and sent it to Cecilia to watch.

“Ceci, let me show you something funny. Have a laugh!”

When Cecilia received the video, she saw a man and woman engaged in a dispute. She watched the drama unfold and made sure to share the video with Queenie.

Queenie laughed heartily, saying, “Well, that’s what they deserved.”

Having grown somewhat sick of the scene, Meredith finally said, “That’s enough. Zeke, there’s no need for you two to disparage each other anymore. I’m going to be straight with you. I won’t back down, and I certainly won’t get back together with you, Zeke.”

At that moment, Zeke’s face was covered in scratch marks from Camila, while Camila’s face was swollen from being hit, her hair disheveled, strands of it torn and scattered on the ground.

They both stared at Meredith in disbelief. After taking a moment to regain their composure, they realized they had been played by Meredith.

Camila burst into laughter. “Zeke, can’t you see? She’s just toying with you! She never intended to get back together with you.”

In an instant, Zeke was consumed by a surge of anger. Without thinking twice, he strode toward Meredith, ready to give her a piece of his mind.

“Meredith! If I don’t show my power, you think I’m all bark and no bite!”

Regrettably, Meredith was well-prepared. Before Zeke could get close to her, several security guards rushed in, restraining both him and Camila.

“Let me go! Let me go!” Zeke struggled.

A business owner, who spent his days indulging in food and drinks, couldn’t possibly be a match for a few security guards.

As for Camila, she was effortlessly taken away.

Upon hearing the furious and frustrated curses of the two individuals being led away, Meredith couldn't help but burst into laughter.

However, as she continued to laugh, she began to feel an overwhelming sense of sadness. It's truly tragic!

That was her ex-husband, a man she was married to. As it turned out, she was married to such an unworthy man.

Had it not been for the alliance between the two families, she wouldn't have married such a man.

Zeke and Camila were driven out of Seiler Group.

They stood outside, their dignity nowhere to be found. Pointing at the company's entrance, Zeke cursed, "Meredith, you just wait."

However, all Zeke could do then was rant a few words. He was utterly incapable of going against the Seiler family's business.

By then, Camila had regained her composure. She gently tugged at Zeke's hand, saying, "Zeke, let's head back."

A considerable number of people had already gathered around, eager to enjoy the spectacle.

Zeke couldn't help but feel regret as he looked at Camila's pitiful state "Camila, I'm sorry. What I did earlier was aft for the sake of the act. didn't really mean to reject you and Conrad."

Camila nodded insincerely. "Yes, I understand. I don't blame you." She was seething with anger, yet she knew she couldn't let it show.

After all, even a scrawny camel was bigger than a horse. Even if the Turner family faced some difficulties momentarily, it wouldn't collapse that easily. She still planned on living the life of a wealthy lady.

"Let's go. Let's head back," Zeke said.

The two got into the car, and not long after the car started moving, even before

they got home, Zeke received a call from Allison.

“Zeke, what’s going on? Why are they sealing off our house?”

Beside Allison, Conrad was throwing a fit and shouting, “Those are my airplane models! You’re not allowed to take them! This is my toy car! Give them back to me now, or you’ll regret it!”

Conrad also pleaded with Allison, “Granma, send them all away!”

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4-5 minutes

Left Homeless

Allison gently coaxed Conrad with a few words before turning her attention back to the phone call with Zeke. “How did it go? Has Meredith not forgiven you yet?”

Naturally, Zeke didn’t dare to tell his mother that he had been outwitted by Meredith.

He let out a sigh, saying, “That woman is relentless, and she’s determined to oppose me. Mom, wait for me. Don’t let them touch our stuff. I’ll be right back.”

“All right.”

Zeke then hung up the phone.

However, it wasn’t long before one phone call after another started coming in again.

It was either someone demanding debt repayment, an employee reporting disturbances at the company, or even someone resigning, among other things.

Overnight, it seemed as though the Turner family truly couldn’t hold on any longer and was on the verge of collapse.

Zeke’s hands were trembling. He had never dealt with such a crisis before, and for a moment, he was at a loss for what to do. He even lashed out at those who were seeking his help.

Camila was silently listening from the side, a sense of unease growing within her. Could it be that the Turner family is really going under? Does this mean all my years of painstaking efforts will just go up in smoke?

Regret filled Camila's heart. Had I known how useless Zeke was, I would never have wasted my time on him!

At last, the vehicle arrived at the Turner residence.

From a distance, Zeke saw Allison trying to deter those who intended to seize their family assets.

"You can't touch my family's belongings! Put them down immediately!"

Allison was utterly unable to stop those people. Meanwhile, Conrad was wailing uncontrollably nearby.

"All of these things are mine! You can't touch them!"

In a rush, Zeke quickly got out of his car and ran over to those people.

"What are you doing? Why are you seizing my property without any reason?"

"Mr. Turner, right?" The man in the

lead, upon seeing Zeke approach, seems you may have

uttered, "It see

forgotten about the money you owe the bank. You're already two behind on payments. We've had to initiate compulsory enforcement from our end. You'll need to auction off all these properties to repay the bank's money."

At this point, Zeke recalled that the company's account had been in deficit some time ago, and he had borrowed a substantial amount of money.

Originally, his plan was that once the collaboration with the Jamieson family was completed that month, he could repay the loan to the bank.

However, his collaboration with the Jamieson family had fallen apart. Naturally, he had no money.

“Can we have a little more time? I promise to repay the money,” Zeke said.

“No. We’ve already been lenient. We

gave you two months. We can’t give you any more time now.” With that, the person turned to the movers and said, “Carry on.”

Zeke silently watched, his mood plummeting to an all-time low.

His entire family was left without a place to live.

Zeke had no choice but to take Conrad and Camila to stay at his mother’s place.

Fortunately, Allison’s Turner Manor hadn’t been sealed off. After they arrived there, they couldn’t help but sigh repeatedly.

“How much money do you actually owe the bank?” Allison inquired.

“Not much. It’s just a few hundred million,” Zeke said nonchalantly.

A few hundred million? Allison was utterly exasperated with him. “That’s so much money! How is that not much? Your father never owed this much when he was alive.”

“What’s the point of saying all this now?” Zeke retorted.

Allison was momentarily at a loss for words.

She was quiet for a long while before she said, “I have some jewelry on hand. If sold, they could fetch a decent sum. You can take them tomorrow to help you get through this difficult time.”

“All right,” Zeke quickly responded. “Mom, you should have told me earlier.”

Allison sighed, “Those jewelry pieces are the ones I’ve kept all these years. I’m not sure if it’s enough.”

The two of them were deep in conversation, and Camila, who was nearby, found herself entertaining thoughts she knew she shouldn’t have.

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4-5 minutes

The Missing Jewelry

The very next morning, Zeke woke Allison up to bring out her jewelry.

However, when Allison opened the jewelry box, she found it completely empty.

“Where did it go?” Her eyes were filled with shock.

Zeke himself couldn’t believe it, as he had been planning to use the jewelry to make a comeback.

“Mom, did you perhaps misplace it and have forgotten about it?”

“It can’t be,” Allison exclaimed. She hurriedly searched elsewhere but found nothing.

After searching for most of the day, the mother and son still couldn’t find the jewelry.

Allison had a sudden realization. “Where’s Camila? Has she gotten out of bed yet?”

Zeke shook his head. “I’m not sure. She mentioned last night that she wanted to sleep with our son and told me to get a good night’s rest.”

In an instant, Allison realized something and hastily made her way to Camila’s room.

Inside the room, Conrad was sound asleep, but there was no sign of Camila at all.

“Zeke, Camila has run away!”

Upon checking, Zeke felt his head spin. “Impossible, impossible...”

He picked up his phone to call Camila, but it showed that her phone was switched off.

“How could she possibly betray me?”

Zeke had always believed that Camila loved him deeply, ready to forsake the official status of a wife. However, it now seemed that this was far from the truth. It was his wealth that she was truly after.

Now, Camila had fled and even abandoned her son, Conrad.

Upon seeing this situation, Allison couldn't help but reprimand him, "Look at what kind of woman you've brought home. I told you she was only interested in your money, but you wouldn't believe me. What are we going to do now? That's my life's savings she has taken."

Zeke picked up his cell phone and called the police.

At this point, however, Camila had already fled and was nowhere to be found.

It wasn't long before the bank's representatives came around again, pressuring Zeke to repay his debt.

In just a few short days, Zeke had completely turned into a pauper.

Meanwhile, Meredith visited the hospital to express her gratitude to Cecilia and Queenie.

"Ceci, Mdm. Queenie, I really can't thank you enough."

Queenie waved her hand dismissively. "Don't worry, people like him will get what's coming to them, even if we didn't do anything. That said, what about the model?" Queenie asked.

She could recall from what Cecilia told her that Camila was responsible for Meredith's infertility.

Queenie deeply loved her own daughter. Naturally, as a woman herself, she understood just how important a child could be to a woman.

Camila has audaciously stripped Meredith of her ability to be a mother. She should be duly punished for it.

Meredith replied, "It seems she stole something from the Turner family and fled. However, I've already sent someone after her. She won't be able to run for long."

Queenie then nodded. "Yeah, that woman is terrible. Don't let her off the hook."

Meredith felt the same way, and she too wanted Camila to pay the price.

In truth, if the latter had only stolen her husband, she might have let it slide. But Camila had physically harmed her.

Cecilia took Meredith's hand. "Meredith, after this, you must take good care of yourself."

Meredith nodded.

At that moment, Caliste entered.

"Mdm. Queenie, I visited Dahlia. The doctor said she is out of danger and is expected to be fine."

Queenie was somewhat taken aback. "Really?"

"Yes. She's very lucky indeed," Caliste exclaimed.

Previously the doctors had given the child days to live. Unexpectedly nee Dahlia managed to pull through,

t to the mysteries of life.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1859

4-5 minutes

Feeling Guilty

Upon hearing the mention of Dahlia being lucky, Queenie shook her head. "This child has had a hard life. Her mother doesn't care for her, and she doesn't even know who her father is."

"Indeed..." Caliste sighed in agreement.

She's so young, yet she has to live alone in the hospital. Cassandra would only her when she sees an opportunity to use her.

Some time ago, Queenie had heard that Cassandra had exploited Dahlia's illness to secure her release.

Upon hearing the conversation between the two, Meredith, who was beside them, couldn't help but feel curious.

"What child?"

Cecilia briefly shared Dahlia's situation with Meredith.

Meredith couldn't believe it. "Isn't the child a member of the Rainsworth family?"

No matter how bad Cassandra is, the Rainsworth family couldn't possibly ignore their own child, could they?

Cecilia shook her head. "I heard it's not Nicholas'."

She had no idea who the biological father of the child was, let alone that it was Nicholas who orchestrated it all.

"It's just so heartbreaking." Meredith expressed her sympathy for the child. Suddenly, a thought struck her. "Mdm. Queenie, could I see the child?"

Queenie didn't understand what Meredith was trying to achieve.

"What are you thinking?"

Meredith pinched the center of his palm. "I must admit, I've turned thirty this year and of late, I've been contemplating adopting a daughter."

Queenie quickly understood and said to Caliste, "Ms. Newton, could you please bring Ms. Seiler to see Dahlia?"

It would be a blessing if Dahlia could be adopted by Meredith.

Meredith nodded. "I'll go see her now."

Dahlia was also in this hospital, so it wouldn't take long to visit her.

"Alright."

Queenie watched as the two individuals departed.

After they left, Queenie turned to Cecilia and said, "Your friend is quite a kind person. If Dahlia could spend her life with her, I would have no more regrets."

"Yeah." Cecilia nodded in agreement, as she knew that Meredith had a fondness for children.

"However..." Queenie's tone took a turn. "Dahlia is Cassandra's biological daughter. I fear that when she grows up, she might become just like Cassandra."

At times, one simply couldn't deny the power of genetics.

Cecilia understood her worries and consoled her, saying, "Mom, I believe that every child is born a blank slate, and what matters is who writes on that state. I don't mean to say your upbringing was lacking, only that external environmental factors often have a larger impact."

Moreover, having grown up with Ralph, it wasn't a surprise that Cassandra had picked up many bad traits.

In contrast to Ralph, Meredith wasn't one to spoil children.

Cecilia was confident that the latter would certainly do a good job raising Dahlia.

Upon hearing Cecilia's words, Queenie could only smile helplessly. "You're absolutely right. Honestly, my actions played a significant role in shaping Cassandra into who she is."

"I've spoiled her," she confessed.

"From a young age, whatever she wanted, I gave her. I was always so afraid of her facing even the slightest hardship. Furthermore, since she isn't my biological child, I was worried that she might overthink things."

Cecilia nodded. "I understand."

"Unfortunately, I turned her into the person she is now..."

Previously Queenie had never put her foot down on Cassandra largely due to these concerns. She figured that if something were to happen to Cassandra, she, as a mother would undoubtedly bear responsibility.

And so, she let Cassandra do as the latter pleased.

Cecilia reached out to give Queenie a hug. “Mom, don’t be too hard on yourself. Yuliana grew up with you and her grandparents, didn’t she? Why didn’t she turn out bad?”

Queenie felt somewhat better upon hearing the words.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1860

4-5 minutes

A New Life

Meanwhile, Meredith saw Dahlia in the hospital room.

Dahlia’s condition had stabilized, and she had been moved from the intensive care unit to a regular ward.

Apart from the nurse, there was no one else by her side.

However, Dahlia was very well-behaved, as if she understood that she had been abandoned by her parents. She didn’t cry or fuss, sitting upright on her bed as she stared blankly out the window with her big eyes.

Caliste said to Meredith, “This child is truly resilient. Even when the nurse gave her injections or performed procedures, she didn’t make a fuss.”

Meredith gave a nod, stepping forward and calling out softly, “Dahlia.”

Upon hearing Meredith’s call, the small figure stirred slightly.

Dahlia turned her head to look at who it was.

Meredith stared into her beautiful eyes, initially taken aback.

The child is barely over a year old, yet there’s not a spark of light in her eyes. They seem vacant, much like a stagnant pool of water.

At that moment, Meredith made up her mind.

She took a few strides forward, arriving in front of Dahlia.

“Dahlia, would you like to be my daughter?” Meredith wasn’t sure if Dahlia could understand, so she added, “Would you let me be your mother, is that okay?”

Caliste, who was standing by the side, couldn’t quite believe that Meredith really wanted to adopt Dahlia.

After all, the child was not in good health, and her mother was anything but decent.

Dahlia’s large eyes flashed with a glimmer.

It seemed as though she understood, yet at the same time, it appeared as if she didn’t. She remained silent, her expression blank.

Caliste stepped forward. “Dahlia, do you like Ms. Seller? Would you like to live with Ms. Seller from now on?”

Caliste was particularly hopeful that Dahlia would nod in agreement.

She would occasionally come over to see the child, whom she pitied.

She knew that Nicholas would also visit, but his indifference toward the child was clear. She had heard that since Dahlia’s birth, Nicholas hadn’t even held the child once.

Eventually, Dahlia came to her senses. Under the expectant gazes of the two people, she slowly nodded in acknowledgment.

Meredith burst into laughter, swiftly pulling Dahlia into her arms.

“Dahlia, from now on, you’re my daughter.”

Dahlia, cradled in her arms, initially wore a vacant expression. Gradually, it began to change, and large tears started to roll down her cheeks.

This was the first time she shed tears after her surgery.

Meredith held Dahlia tightly, simply unable to let go.

She asked Caliste, "Can I take her home with me?"

Caliste

couldn't help but shake her

head. "It's not possible at the moment. You still need to go

through the adoption proceduren et

on to stay in

Besides, this child still has to stay in the hospital for observation

week." ne

"Oh, right, right, I was a bit too hasty," Meredith said.

Caliste once again wore a troubled expression. "There's another issue. Cassandra hasn't been sentenced yet, We don't know if she willagree to this, so it might still be tricky."

From Caliste's understanding of Cassandra, she wouldn't allow Dahlia to be adopted by Meredith even if she didn't care about her own daughter.

After hearing this, Meredith also became serious.

"It seems there are more obstacles ahead, but no matter what, I'm determined to have this child."

She felt a special connection the moment she laid eyes on Dahlia.

Dahlia was now temporarily allowed to leave her hospital room, so Meredith took

her along to visit Queenie and Cecilia in their ward.

When Dahlia caught sight of Queenie, her eyes lit up.

Queenie reached out to her, and without any hesitation, Dahlila lunged toward the former.

“Good girl,” Queenie held her, feeling a deep pang of heartache.

After all, Dahlia was her granddaughter.

Meredith then revealed her plans to adopt Dahlia to Queenie.