

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1861

4-5 minutes

The Process Begins

After hearing this, Queenie felt overjoyed on Dahlia’s behalf. “Dahlia is blessed that you want to adopt her.”

She had initially thought that if the Rainsworth family did not want to take in Dahlia, she would then raise the child herself.

Regrettably, she didn’t have much time left to live.

Now that Meredith was willing to adopt the child, it truly was a blessing.

“I feel as if I’m the one who’s blessed to be able to adopt her.”

Meredith looked at Dahlia, feeling as if this child were her own daughter.

Queenie nodded, “Yeah. I just don’t know how difficult the adoption process for her would be.”

Once Cassandra had been sentenced, she would lose custody of Dahlia.

Hence, the decision would lie in Nicholas’ hands.

After all, he was Dahlia’s father still, in name at least.

Meredith understood it too. “I’ll go and inquire with Cassandra today. Once things are sorted out on her end, I’ll meet Nicholas.”

“Sure.” Queenie nodded.

Cecilia was now able to leave the hospital.

She said to Meredith, “If you encounter any difficulties, remember to let me know.”

She felt that Meredith's intention to adopt Dahlia was not going to be easy. Meredith didn't show hesitation in accepting her help. "Alright."

After she finished speaking, she turned to Dahlia and said, "Dahlia, for now, you should stay in the hospital until you're fully recovered. Once you're better, I'll take you home, okay?"

After hearing this, Dahlia immediately reached out to her, fearing she would just leave her behind.

Meredith held Dahlia in his arms, gently soothing her.

"Don't worry," he assured, "I'll expedite your adoption process. Once that's done, we can stay together forever."

Dahlia seemed to understand what Meredith meant. She didn't cry or make a fuss but merely held onto Meredith tightly, reluctant to let go.

Even though she was young, she could sense the emotional changes among the adults. She knew who genuinely cared for her and who didn't.

After Meredith escorted Dahlia back to her hospital room, she immediately went off to see Cassandra.

However, when she saw Cassandra, she found that the once graceful swan that danced on the stage was now covered in wounds, both on her face and body.

Meredith knew the kind of woman she was and felt no sympathy for her, choosing instead to get straight to the point.

"I want to adopt your daughter, Dahlia."

At first, Cassandra was puzzled. She had no particular dealings with the Seller family, so she couldn't figure out why Meredith would come to see her. To her surprise, it turned out the father wanted to adopt her daughter.

She knew that Meredith and Cecilia were close. There was no doubt about it.

"Do you actually think that my daughter needs to be adopted

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you? Don't make me laugh! Even if I were on the brink of death, I still wouldn't let you adopt her

Meredith simply couldn't believe that a mother could think that way.

"You're being incredibly selfish, you know. You're well aware that you can't leave this place. If Dahlia follows you, what will her future hold?"

Cassandra couldn't care less. "What's that got to do with you? I certainly won't let you raise my daughter."

"Just tell me what you want!" Meredith said.

A flicker crossed the depths of Cassandra's eyes as she once again turned to Meredith. "You should have Cecilia and the others drop the charges," she said. fo FindNovel

Meredith stood up. "Never. If you won't agree, then forget it. I'll go find Nicholas."

Originally, Meredith just wanted to seek Cassandra's verbal approval. She was Dahlia's biological mother after all.

But now, It seemed that there was no longer a need for it.

Once Cassandra was sentenced, she would lose custody of Dahlia, and her decisions would no longer matter.

"Wait!" Cassandra called out as soon as he saw Meredith about to depart.

Meredith turned to look at her, a hint of confusion in her eyes. "Are you regretting your decision?"

"No, ask Cecilia to come see me. I have something important to tell her."

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Ulterior Motives

During this period, Cassandra was tormented by Yuliana's words.

She could barely eat or sleep well.

"What is it about?" Meredith asked.

"It's for Cecilia's ears only. You should tell her to come." Cassandra couldn't bear to see Cecilia having it good.

After hearing this, Meredith slightly furrowed her brows. "I'll pass on the message, but whether she will come or not, I can't say."

After she finished speaking, she walked out.

Once she was outside, Meredith called Cecilia and relayed everything that Cassandra had said.

Cecilia had always known that Cassandra would never give custody of Dahlia to anyone else.

"It seems like you have no choice but to seek out Nicholas," she said.

Meredith acknowledged with a hum, then turned to Cecilia and said, "Oh, by the way, Cassandra mentioned she wants to meet you. She has something to discuss with you."

"What's it regarding?" Cecilia instinctively asked.

"I asked her, but she refused to tell me. She wants you to go see her yourself," Meredith replied.

For a moment, Cecilia fell silent.

Meredith spoke again. "Could she have ulterior motives? Be careful when you meet her later."

"Sure, don't worry. I know what to do."

After ending the phone call with Meredith, Cecilia relayed the matter to Queenie. Queenie found it odd. "Why would she suddenly want to see you? Could it be that she wants us to drop the charges? Or is she up to something?"

Cecilia shook his head. "I'm not sure either, but she's locked up now, so it should be hard for her to harm me."

“True, then let me go with you,” said Queenie.

Cecilia, however, refused. “Mom, your health isn’t good. The doctors have said that it’s best for you to stay at the hospital right now. You shouldn’t go anywhere else.”

“But...” Queenie was still worried.

“Don’t worry, I’ll have Nathaniel accompany me, alright?” Cecilia said.

Upon hearing Cecilia mention Nathaniel, Queenie gave in. “Fine, get him to go with you. I’ll only be at ease if he’s by your side.”

“Sure. I’ll go with him tomorrow,” Cecilia said.

A thought crossed Queenie’s mind, causing her to grab Cecilia’s hand. “Ceci, you should stay at home tonight.”

“Why?” Cecilia questioned.

“You’re well enough to be

discharged now. You should be

spending time with Nathaniel. You

can’t always stay by my side, lest it affects your relationship,” responded Queenie.

Upon hearing this, Cecilia shook her head. “No, I want to stay with you. I have a lot of time with Nathaniel still, but you... All I want right now is to be with you.”

Cecilia embraced Queenie.

Right then, Queenie felt as if she had been pierced in the heart by something sharp.

She gently patted Cecilia’s shoulder. “Silly girl, we still have plenty of time. It’s no big deal.”

Cecilia still shook her head. “I’m not leaving. I plan to stay here.”

Once Cecilia had made up her mind, it was impossible to get her to change it. Queenie tried to persuade avail. All she could do was let Cecilia stay.

her multiple times, but to

Though Queenie didn't voice it out, she was incredibly happy inside.

"Ceci, I am truly blessed." She felt fortunate to have such a daughter. Cecilia responded with a smile, "Me too."

Both individuals were easily contented. They felt that being able to be reunited

with each other after so many years was already a wonderful thing.

After finishing his work, Nathaniel came over to keep Cecilia company.

Cecilia informed him that for a considerable period of time, she wouldn't be able to return home.

Nathaniel expressed his understanding. "No problem, you really should spend more time with your mom."

"Thank you for your understanding," said Cecilia.

Nathaniel looked at the recently somewhat gaunt face of Cecilia, feeling a pang of concern. "However," he said, "while you're taking care of mom, you should also take care of yourself, okay?"

"Right, got it." Cecilia nodded vehemently. "By the way, could you accompany me to see Cassandra tomorrow?"

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True Colors

The following day, Nathaniel and Cecilia went together to visit Cassandra.

Cecilia had Nathaniel wait outside while she went in alone.

Upon seeing Cassandra's current state, Cecilia was filled with shock.

Cassandra stood before her, her face a patchwork of blue and purple bruises. Numerous scars marred her features, and her long hair was a complete mess. There was even a spot on her scalp that was clearly visible.

When she saw Cecilia, Cassandra's eyes were filled with intense hatred.

Cecilia had no idea how Cassandra ended up in her current state. He sat across from the latter, looking at her as he asked, "You mentioned you wanted to tell me something. What is it?"

Cassandra stared at the woman before her, who hadn't changed at all, her fist clenching in response.

Taking a deep breath, she finally asked, "Do you know how Dahlia came to be?"

Cecilia was left stunned.

What a strange question. What does she mean by how Dahlia came to be?

"What do you mean?" Cecilia asked.

Cassandra emphasized each word, "I want to tell you that she is the vengeance Nicholas wrought upon me on your account!"

She was well aware that the relationship between Cecilia and Nicholas was far from ordinary.

She was suffering every day, so she didn't want Cecilia to have it good, and especially not Nicholas.

Since Nicholas cares so much about Cecilia, I will expose his true colors to her!

Amid Cecilia's confusion, Cassandra revealed the entire truth about her pregnancy to the former.

After listening quietly, Cecilia was filled within nothing but shock and disbelief.

"You're saying that Nicholas hired men to... you?"

Cecilia couldn't bring herself to repeat Cassandra's words.

She knew that Nicholas had changed, but she never imagined that he could turn into such a terrifying person.

Back then, Cassandra and he were engaged. How could he have done something so disgusting?

"Can't believe it, can you? I couldn't at first either, but he told me himself." A bitter smile spread across Cassandra's face. "How

could have been so foolish net

I was searching for those people all along, never considering that it was my own beloved who was behind it all. Where did I go wrong with him?"

Cassandra had let down many people in her life, but she had never failed Nicholas.

Cecilia managed to hide the surprise in her eyes, feigning calmness as he looked

at Cassandra, asking, "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Why?"

Cassandra looked at Cecilia's face. Even though it bore a scar, it was easily hidden.

There was a time when I was just as beautiful. But what about now?

She took a deep breath. "I've had time to think it over. Nicholas likes you, doesn't he? Of course, I can't let

him have his way. I also want to

make the person he loves despise him!"

Cecilia slightly furrowed her brows. "Is there anything else you wish to tell me?"

She stood up, ready to leave.

Cassandra desperately clutched her hand. "Cecilia, please, let me go. I swear I won't harm you or Queenie anymore. Please, just spare me."

Cecilia pulled her hand away, her expression icy cold.

“You reap what you sow.”

“But you can’t use hire people to make my life here unbearable, can you?”

Hire people?

Cecilia was somewhat perplexed, as she hadn’t done such a thing.

“It wasn’t me,” she stated, before swiftly departing.

Watching the retreating figure of Cecilia, Cassandra slumped onto the chair.

Before Cecilia could even step out, she heard the chilling voice of

Cassandra from behind. “I donal net

wan to go back. I won’t go back. They will kill me if I do.”

Cecilia was somewhat puzzled. Who has arranged for Cassandra to be attacked?

She stepped outside and from a distance, she saw that Yuliana had come.

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Just As Shocked

Yuliana was standing not too far from Nathaniel when she spotted Cecilia. In her urgency, she ran toward Cecilia.

“Cecilia, Cassandra didn’t do or say anything to you, did she?”

Observing Yuliana’s frantic demeanor, Cecilia was still a little confused.

However, she didn’t inquire, nor did he bring up the earlier conversation.

“No, she just pleaded for me to spare her,” said Cecilia.

Yuliana is a relative of mine, and she has been nearly hurt by Cassandra. Now, even if she has sought revenge on Cassandra, it was nothing less than what the latter deserves.

Cecilia wouldn't suddenly turn sympathetic toward Cassandra over just a few words and blame Yuliana for seeking vengeance.

Finally, Yuliana breathed a sigh of relief. Her concern was that Cecilia might view her as being nosy and ruthless for unilaterally hurting Cassandra.

“It's good that you're okay, but you should probably avoid coming here to see her in the future. People like her, you never know what kind of ill intentions they might harbor.”

Cecilia nodded. “Yes, I understand. Don't worry. She won't be able to harm me.”

After she finished speaking, she added, “It's working hours right now. You should probably head back.”

Yuliana's face turned a shade of red as she nervously scratched her head.

“Alright, I'll head back now. I guess I have skived for half a day now.”

She chuckled as she climbed back into the car, instructing the driver to head back to the office.

Once she left, Nathaniel approached and asked Cecilia, “What did Cassandra say to you?”

Yuliana was relatively naive, failing to notice that Cecilia was hiding something. Unlike her, Nathaniel knew that Cecilia wasn't telling the truth.

The latter briefly explained to him about what Nicholas had done.

“I truly hadn't expected that he would do something like this.”

How could any sane person treat their suitor in such a way? Besides, they were both engaged at the time. Wouldn't that be like cheating on oneself?

Upon hearing this, Nathaniel was momentarily taken aback, but he was not overly shocked.

“Nicholas isn’t as simple as he appears to be,” he remarked, a reminder he had given Cecilia several times before.

However, one had to admit that Nicholas’ performance in front of his beloved was impeccable, leaving no room for any suspicion.

“Right, I’m sorry about before for not you,” said Cecilia.

Nathaniel tightly held her hand. “It’s all in the past now.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Cecilia nodded. “Let’s head back.”

“Alright.”

Once she was in the car, Cecilia rested her head on Nathaniel’s shoulder, drifting off into a light sleep.

After she fell asleep, she had a dream. In it, she saw the young Nicholas from her childhood.

Back then, Nicholas stood in the sunlight. Pure and immaculate, he looked like an angel.

However, as the dream changed, the sky turned gloomy. The radiance that once surrounded Nicholas was replaced by darkness, transforming his entire persona into something quite horrifying.

The ring of a phone call jolted Cecilia from the throes of her nightmare.

Upon checking, she realized it was Meredith who had called.

“What is it, Meredith?”

“Could you possibly lend me a hand?” Meredith asked, a hint of embarrassment in her voice.

“What do you need? Tell me.”

Meredith hesitated for a moment

before speaking. “I went to see ut he said he’d prefer to

this matter with you.”

Cecilia fell silent.

Across from line, Meredith immediately added, "If it's not possible, then forget it.

I'll find another way."

Upon regaining her senses, Cecilia thought of the innocent Dahlia and then of Meredith, who would never be able to have her own children. She hesitated for a good while before he spoke.

"Alright, I'll go talk to him."

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4-5 minutes

The Meeting

"Ceci, I can't thank you enough." Meredith expressed his heartfelt gratitude.

"Don't worry, and don't rush to thank me just yet," Cecilia said. "I'm not even sure if I can pull this off."

She was quite curious as to why Nicholas wanted to involve her in the discussion.

After ending the call, she relayed the matter to Nathaniel.

After listening, Nathaniel didn't stop her, knowing that changing her mind was futile once she had made a decision.

"Then I'll go with you," he said.

"Alright," agreed Cecilia.

She took out her phone and reached out to Nicholas to arrange a meeting.

Nicholas sent her an address.

When Cecilia saw it, her eyes flickered slightly.

The place was near a small lake by the Rainsworth Manor. She could still recall her younger days when she would sneak out to meet with Nicholas there.

Cecilia responded with a simple okay.

Meanwhile, Nicholas sat in his office, his fingers gently tapping on the desk.

Jocelyn was beside him, engrossed in her work. She couldn't help but wonder why Nicholas would reject Meredith's request.

Nicholas clearly doesn't love that child, so why did he refuse to give her up for adoption?

However, she didn't ask.

Nicholas watched Jocelyn pacing back and forth in front of him. Finally, he couldn't help but say, "Jocelyn, why don't you sit down and take a break?"

Jocelyn halted. "No need, I'm not tired."

"I want to talk to you," Nicholas said.

Jocelyn had no choice but to sit on the couch away from him. "Mr. Nicholas, what do you want to discuss with me?"

"Do you think I'm being heartless?" Nicholas asked her.

Jocelyn was not a sycophant, so she spoke her mind. "Hmm, I don't understand why won't you agree to Ms. Seiler adopting Dahlia? I can clearly see that she genuinely adores the girl. Moreover, Cassandra had always been unkind to Dahlia. Dahlia needs a mother's love."

Nicholas listened quietly before saying, "I really don't know."

Jocelyn couldn't help but ask him

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again, "Is love really that important? More important than a child's future? You're willing to gamble a child's future just for the chance to see Cecilia?"

She knew that Nicholas wanted to see Cecilia and was using the child to achieve his goal.

Love?

Nicholas looked at Jocelyn. For a moment, he didn't know what to say.

Jocelyn looked straight at him. "Our lives are not just about love, right?"

Nathaniel's throat bobbed slightly as he took a sip of water.

"Jocelyn, I've come to realize that I just can't let it go."

Can't let it go?

Jocelyn didn't understand.

"Why do people change?" Nicholas paused, then looked deeply into

Jocelyn's eyes. "Ceci changed

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so have you. Why is that?"

Jocelyn was completely taken aback, as she didn't understand what he was getting at.

When

she couldn't help but say, "No one e

can remain the same We're aren't we?"

all growing, aren't we?"

Nicholas fell silent, no longer speaking.

The atmosphere within the room seemed to have grown heavier.

Seeing that he had stopped talking, Jocelyn didn't bother to ask any further.

She rose to her feet, ready to get back to work.

Nicholas asked again, "How are things between you and Yannick?"

Jocelyn's grip on the contract involuntarily tightened.

"That's my personal business."

Nicholas choked on himself, unable to utter another word.

Without any hesitation, he stood up and left his office to meet Cecilia.

Not long after Nicholas left, Jocelyn noticed the rain that had started to fall outside without her realizing it.

She thought about Nicholas not having an umbrella and hesitated for a moment, then she grabbed an umbrella and went out after him.

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Two Timing

By the lake, after the rain, Cecilia and Nathaniel arrived first, discovering a quaint little pavilion nestled among the trees.

Nathaniel stood still, eyes drifting over the familiar landscape. After a moment, he murmured, "I've been here with you before."

Cecilia blinked in confusion. "With me? Are you sure?"

"You don't remember?" Nathaniel turned to her, his voice soft but laced with quiet disappointment.

She hesitated, unsure of how to respond. Maybe it wasn't that she'd forgotten- maybe the memories had simply blurred together.

After all, he looked so much like Nicholas. Sometimes, she wasn't sure which face belonged to which memory.

Nathaniel must've sensed her uncertainty. He gave a short, wry laugh. "There was that one time-you got into a fight with a classmate. Ended up crying your eyes out. We crossed paths, and you ran straight into my arms, sobbing about being bullied. I beat the guy up and made sure he got transferred to another school."

The memory, once vague, slowly came into focus. "Oh... That was you," Cecilia said.

"No wonder she'd thought Nicholas was acting strange that day.

He had always been gentle-soft-spoken, steady. But that time, he'd snapped at her. "Why are you crying? How useless. If someone bullies you, fight back."

Cecilia hadn't questioned it then, brushing it off as his bad mood. She hadn't realized it wasn't Nicholas at all. It had been someone else entirely.

Then, she had stubbornly dragged Nathaniel to this place.

Back then, Nathaniel had leaned against a large tree, arms crossed, his posture brimming with impatience. He watched her cry, eyes sharp with disdain. Not once did he reach out to comfort her.

"If you keep crying, I'm leaving," he'd said coldly. "What a godforsaken place. There's not even a single soul around. I didn't come here to stand around like an idiot."

Cecilia had cried harder at that. She was certain he would walk away. But he didn't. Despite the harsh words, Nathaniel stayed. He stood there, grumbling under his breath, waiting until the sun dipped low behind the hills. Then, without a word, he walked her home.

Cecilia snapped out of her reverie and returned to reality. When she looked at Nathaniel again, she found herself at a loss for words.

"If that's the case," she said quietly, "the person I liked as a child might not have been Nicholas after all."

A pang of jealousy hit Nathaniel. "So you liked both of us? That's pretty low, you know. That's called two-timing."

Cecilia burst out laughing. "I was a kid! How can that count as two-timing?"

At that age, she probably didn't even understand what love meant. It was more likely blind admiration for both Nathaniel and Nicholas.

After all, they were strong. And they had helped her.

The two of them were caught up in their conversation, laughing and chatting, completely unaware of Nicholas' arrival.

From a distance, Nicholas stepped out of the car and spotted them. He paused, watching as Cecilia and

laughed together. He

didn't move forward.

A taxi pulled up behind him.

Nicholas turned around, surprised to

see Jocelyn stepping out, an

umbrella in hand-and another

tucked under her arm. She hurried

over to him. "Mr. Nicholas, you

forgot your umbrella."

He blinked at the sight of it, caught off guard. "There's already one in the car. You

didn't need to bring it all the way here."

Jocelyn's hand, mid-gesture, faltered and froze in the air.

Only then did it hit her-how absent-minded she'd been. How could I forget there

is already one in the car?

"Sorry, I forgot," she murmured.

She looked away as she spoke, and that was when she noticed Cecilia and Nathaniel, laughing together in the nearby pavilion.

Her gaze dropped quickly, and she said, "I should head back to the office now." Nicholas nodded. "Okay."

He took an umbrella and started walking toward the pavilion.

Jocelyn stood there for a moment, watching his figure retreat. Then, without a word, she turned back toward the taxi.

The car had barely gone a short distance when she told the driver to pull over. She got out-and without really thinking, began walking in the same direction Nicholas had gone.

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4-5 minutes

The Past Is In The Past

"Nathaniel. Ceci." Nicholas stopped a short distance from the pavilion, calling out to them.

Both Cecilia and Nathaniel turned at the sound of his voice.

Nathaniel gave a low hum in response, then leaned slightly toward Cecilia. "If anything happens, let me know right away. I'll be here, waiting."

Cecilia nodded. "All right."

She stepped out of the pavilion.

Nicholas held the umbrella over her head.

"Thank you," Cecilia said politely, subtly creating a bit of distance between them as she walked beside him.

Nicholas noticed every small gesture-but said nothing.

Cecilia didn't waste time. "Meredith is a dear friend of mine. It's true she can't conceive, and she sincerely wants to adopt Dahlia. Would you be willing to let Dahlia stay with her?"

Her directness made Nicholas tighten his grip on the umbrella. But he didn't answer immediately. Instead, his eyes wandered. "It's been a long time since we came here, hasn't it?" he said.

Cecilia nodded. "Yes."

Nicholas gave a faint smile. "Lately, I keep dreaming about our childhood. If we could go back to those days... wouldn't that be nice?"

"What's in the past is in the past," Cecilia said firmly. "I came here today to talk about Dahlia."

Nicholas stopped in his tracks. "Dahlia is my daughter. There's no way I could let anyone else raise her."

Cecilia's fists clenched at her sides. "I know that there's no blood relation between you and Dahlia, and you don't love her."

Caliste visited Dahlia often. According to the nurses, Nicholas rarely visited the hospital. And now, Dahlia no longer even recognized him as her father.

A smile tugged at Nicholas's lips, though it was tinged with something unreadable. "She and I may not share blood, but how do you know I don't love her?"

Cecilia studied his gentle expression. "Some things are better left unsaid. It might not be good for either of us if we speak too clearly."

She didn't want to bring up how Cassandra had become pregnant with Dahlia. But Nicholas, ever sharp, seemed to sense the underlying tension in her eyes. His heart tightened.

"You know, don't you?" he asked.

Cecilia didn't hesitate. "Please, spare this child. She's done nothing wrong."

Nicholas stood frozen for a moment before his voice dropped, quieter than before. "Ceci, don't you want revenge? Have you forgotten who tried to kill Jon?"

“That was all Cassandra,” Cecilia said quickly. “It had nothing to do with Dahlia. When Cassandra hurt Jon, Dahlia wasn’t even born yet.”

Nicholas fell silent once more, the weight of his thoughts lingering before he finally spoke. “Everything I did, I did it all for you. Why don’t you understand?”

“For me?” Cecilia couldn’t help but let out a bitter laugh. “You must be kidding yourself. I never asked you to do such disgusting things on my behalf.”

Disgusting things? Nicholas’ expression changed subtly.

It was clear that reason wouldn’t reach him, so Cecilia asked straightforwardly, “Are you willing to give Meredith custody of Dahlia or not?”

Nicholas’ eyes turned cold, his voice laced with frost. “Is this how you ask for a favor?”

Cecilia had no choice but to swallow her pride. “Consider it... me begging you.” “No,” Nicholas replied without hesitation.

Cecilia’s heart sank. She couldn’t understand why, despite his outward gentleness, Nicholas could be so ruthless.

“All right then,” she thought, steeling herself. She would have to find another way.

She stepped out from under Nicholas’s umbrella, turning her back to him and walking briskly toward Nathaniel.

As Cecilia walked away, she

remained unaware of the complex emotions swirling in Nicholas’ gaze—feelings that were a strange mix of indifference and something deeper, something far more difficult to decipher.

At that moment, Jocelyn was not far off. Though she couldn’t hear the details of their conversation, the tension in their expressions made it clear that things hadn’t gone well.

After waiting for Nicholas to leave first, she turned her attention to Cecilia and

hurried after her. “Ms. Smith.”

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4-5 minutes

Not A Bad Person

Cecilia turned around. “Ms. Wright?”

Jocelyn caught up to her. “Did Mr. Nicholas reject you?”

Cecilia nodded, her expression resigned. “Yes.”

Jocelyn was taken aback. “How could he do that? What could Dahlia have possibly done to deserve this?”

“You can know a person’s face, but not their heart,” Cecilia replied quietly.

But Jocelyn, determined, reached out and grasped Cecilia’s hand. “I’m sure there’s a reason for his actions. Don’t be too hard on him. I’ll speak with him. We’ll find a way to have Ms. Seiler adopt Dahlia.”

Jocelyn had seen Dahlia often. The child was so sweet and mature for her age- she should never have ended up an orphan, unloved and alone.

“Thank you,” Cecilia said softly.

She paused for a moment, then added, turning to Jocelyn, “But I don’t think there’s a reason. Ms. Wright, let me give you a piece of advice-don’t let him deceive you.”

Jocelyn’s face stiffened, a mix of confusion and concern crossing her features. “Mr. Nicholas can be stubborn, yes, but he’s not a bad person.”

In the past, Cecilia had felt the same way.

Before Jocelyn could respond, her phone rang.

“She glanced at the screen and saw it was a call from the hospital.

With a hint of confusion, she answered. "Hello, may I ask what's the matter?"

"Is this Jocelyn?" a voice on the other end asked urgently. "Your fiancé has been in a car accident. You need to come to the hospital immediately."

A car accident?

"Jocelyn's body swayed, her legs almost giving way beneath her.

"All right, all right, I'll be there right away," she stammered, her voice trembling with fear."

She hung up quickly, her hand shaking as she returned her attention to Cecilia. "Ms. Smith, something's come up. I have to go."

Without waiting for a response, Jocelyn turned and rushed off.

How could Yannick have gotten into a car accident?

Jocelyn made her way to the hospital, her mind racing. By the time she arrived, Yannick had already been moved to the general ward. The doctor told her that he only sustained some superficial injuries.

"Thank you, Doctor," Jocelyn said, her voice filled with relief. After expressing her gratitude, she went to check on Yannick.

He lay in the hospital bed, groaning softly in pain.

The moment he saw Jocelyn approach, he immediately silenced himself. He refused to show any weakness in front of her.

"Jocelyn, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Jocelyn stepped forward and sat beside him. "I got a call from the hospital."

"Oh, right," Yannick suddenly remembered that he had saved Jocelyn's contact under 'Future Wife Jocelyn' and even set her number as

a priority contact. That was why the hospital had called her first.

Jocelyn's eyes softened as she took in Yannick's pale face, concern creeping into

her tone. "How did this happen? How did you end up in a car accident?"

At the mention of the accident, Yannick's expression darkened with frustration.

"I don't know what happened," he

muttered, clearly agitated. "I was driving just fine when suddenly a taxi came barreling towards me. I managed to swerve in time, or else it would've been much worse."

"Have they found out why the taxi driver did that?" Jocelyn asked, her brow furrowed.

Yannick shrugged dismissively. "Seems like the car just lost control. It's bad luck, that's all. Nothing to worry about."

Jocelyn nodded and was about to say something when she was interrupted by the low rumble of Yannick's stomach.

Yannick looked slightly embarrassed. "I haven't eaten yet."

Without hesitation, Jocelyn picked up her phone. "I'll order some takeout for you." Takeout?

Yannick's lips twitched. My fiancée doesn't seem all that concerned... I get hospitalized, and all she does is order takeout.

But of course, he didn't dare voice that thought. "All right," he said instead.

As Jocelyn scrolled through the delivery app, a notification popped up-a message from the company secretary, asking where she was.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1869

4-5 minutes

Apply For A Leave

Only then did it hit her: it was still work hours.

She quickly completed the order and turned to Yannick with an apologetic look. "I have to head back to the office."

Yannick gazed at her, his expression full of exaggerated sorrow. "You're really leaving me here alone? The doctor said I need to be observed for at least two or three days. What if there's some hidden internal injury?"

Jocelyn hesitated, guilt flickering across her face. "I'll come by right after work-I promise."

"But who's going to take care of me?" Yannick asked, his voice deliberately pitiful.

Jocelyn thought for a moment, then said gently, "Don't worry. I'll take a couple of days off later and stay with you."

Yannick looked satisfied with her response. Still, he hesitated before asking, "Nicholas won't criticize you for that, will he?"

Jocelyn shook her head. "I don't think so. I've never taken leave before, and besides, a car accident is not a small issue. I have to take care of you."

She had already made up her mind to ask for time off. Yannick was her fiancé, the person closest to her, second only to her family.

"Jocelyn, you're the best," Yannick said earnestly, his tone full of gratitude.

His words made Jocelyn inexplicably flustered. She quickly stood up. "Your food should be delivered soon. I'll head to the office now to request leave—I'll be back later."

"Okay," Yannick nodded eagerly. But as soon as Jocelyn left the room, the smile slowly faded from his face.

He looked down at the phone still buzzing in his hand. Unlocking the screen, he read the message from one of his subordinates: This incident might be tied to Nicholas. We've found that the driver has had frequent contact with him in the past.

Nicholas...

Yannick silently repeated the name in his mind.

At first, he had assumed someone from the Reese family was behind the accident.

But to his surprise, it was Nicholas.

What's his problem? As far as I know, there's no bad blood between us. Why would he go out of his way to harm me?

He closed his eyes and asked his subordinate, "Do we have any solid proof?"

"We weren't able to gather concrete evidence," came the reply.

So, there was nothing they could hold against Nicholas.

Of course. Nicholas would never leave a trail behind.

Back at the office, Jocelyn headed straight to Nicholas' office to request leave.

Nicholas' expression didn't waver at first. He simply asked, "Why the sudden time off?"

"Yannick was in a car accident today. I need to take care of him," Jocelyn replied.

Nicholas' gaze darkened ever so slightly. "As the heir of the Hayes family, I doubt he's lacking someone to care for him."

Jocelyn was taken aback. After a beat of silence, she replied firmly, "I'm his fiancée. He's been hurt, and it's only right that I look after him."

Nicholas fell quiet.

Jocelyn used to think of him as a reasonable man. But lately, she couldn't tell what was wrong with him. Even something as simple as asking for a day off now felt like walking on eggshells.

"If you think I'm taking too many days off, I can resign," Jocelyn said, each word crisp and deliberate.

Nicholas hadn't expected Jocelyn propose resigning for Yannick's

sake. A flicker of surprise crossed

his eyes, and the pen in his hand tightened unconsciously in his grip.

“Jocelyn, you’ve worked with me for years. How could I possibly think you’re taking too much leave?” His voice was composed, almost too calm. “Honestly, even if you didn’t ask for my permission, it’d be fine.”

Jocelyn nodded. “Thank you, Mr. Nicholas.”

“There’s no need to thank me,” Nicholas said with a polite smile. “I hope your fiancé recovers quickly.”

Jocelyn returned the smile with a nod, then turned and left without hesitation.

The moment the door closed, a crack echoed in the quiet room-the pen in Nicholas’ hand had snapped in two.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1870

4-5 minutes

It Was Nicholas

When Jocelyn returned to the hospital, she hadn’t even stepped inside the room when she overheard voices coming from within.

She hadn’t meant to eavesdrop, but the moment she heard Nicholas’s name, her footsteps froze.

“Is Nicholas trying to get revenge for his brother?” a man’s voice asked.

“No way. Nicholas and Nathaniel can’t stand each other,” Yannick’s voice answered bitterly. “I didn’t see this coming at all. Never thought I’d be dealing with such a calculating bastard who’d actually send someone to run me down.”

Jocelyn stood frozen in the corridor, stunned.

Nicholas? He arranged for someone to hit Yannick with a car? But why?

“That’s all we can do for now. I’ve got to head back. If anything else comes up, keep me posted.” The man speaking to Yannick sounded like a close friend.

Upon hearing him prepare to leave, Jocelyn instinctively ducked into a nearby corner, staying hidden until his footsteps faded.

It took her a while to gather herself before she finally stepped into the room.

“Jocelyn, I thought you weren’t coming back.” Yannick’s face lit up the moment he saw her. His voice, filled with joy, made it clear just how much her presence meant.

She walked over to sit beside the bed. “Have you eaten yet?” she asked gently. Yannick nodded eagerly. “Yes, I have. The takeout you ordered was amazing.” Jocelyn blinked, a little speechless. It’s just takeout. What’s so amazing about it? She felt slightly embarrassed, regretting not getting him something more thoughtful—but she quickly moved on and shifted the topic, sounding him out, “About your accident... did that taxi hit anyone else?”

Yannick took a slow sip of the water she handed him, adamant about keeping it from her. “No. I was the only unlucky one.”

Yannick knew exactly where Nicholas stood in Jocelyn’s heart. That was what worried him the most. If he told her the truth, she might not only refuse to help- she could even turn against him.

But Jocelyn wasn’t naïve. She might

be slow when it came to matters of love, but that didn’t mean she was blind She could tell Yannick deliberately hiding something from

was

her. s̄novel

And she didn’t like it. “I overheard your conversation with your friend at the door earlier,” she said quietly.

“Huh?” Yannick froze, clearly startled. He quickly scrambled to explain, “We were just speculating-it might not be him.”

Jocelyn lowered her eyes. “We’re

getting married soon. I want us to be honest with each other-completely. I’ll trust you, just as I hope you’ll trust me Don’t worry, I won’t doubt you just because of him.”

She was calm, reasonable. Feelings were one thing-knowing where to draw the line was another.

After a pause, Yannick realized there was no use in keeping anything from her anymore. He let out a breath shared everything his investigation had uncovered.

"I just don't understand," he murmured. "Why would he go after me? I've never done anything to offend him."

Jocelyn recalled the photo Nicholas had given her, along with the sharp, unkind words he'd spoken about Yannick. She still couldn't fully grasp his intentions.

"He's also the one who gave me that photo," she said quietly.

"What?" Yannick immediately understood. A bitter smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. "So, he's upset about our engagement."

Jocelyn shook her head at once. "That's impossible. He doesn't even like me."

She said it with certainty. Nicholas had always been drawn to Cecilia-she'd never doubted that.

Yannick looked at her, unsure whether her innocence was charming or just painfully naive.

"Some men have a strong sense of possession. Just because he doesn't love you doesn't mean he can stand seeing you with someone else."

Jocelyn blinked, surprise and disbelief flashing across her face.

Seeing how shaken she was, Yannick began to wonder if he'd said more than she was ready to hear. "It's just a guess. I could be completely wrong."