

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1891

4-5 minutes

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## Diagnosed With A Mental Disorder

The next morning, it was just a little after eight. Cecilia tried to get up from bed, but Nathaniel’s strong arm held her down again, pulling her tightly back into his embrace.

“You’re already awake?” Nathaniel’s voice had that groggy, lazy tone to it.

Cecilia frowned a bit and tried to pry his arm away, but no matter how much she struggled, it didn’t budge. Feeling a little helpless, she finally gave up. “I need to get to work. Let go so I can get up.”

Nathaniel only tightened his hold. “Just a little longer. There’s no rush.”

He was the boss, after all. No one was going to mark him late.

Cecilia sighed. “But I can’t fall back asleep.”

Hearing that, Nathaniel slowly opened his eyes and looked straight at her small face, his lips curving into a slight smile. “Want to have a little fun again?”

Cecilia was speechless. She quickly shut her eyes. “No need. I’m tired. Let’s just sleep.”

Seeing that, Nathaniel didn’t push it. He just wrapped his arms around her and closed his eyes again. Truth be told, he hadn’t slept this well in a long time.

But he kept holding Cecilia close. She couldn’t relax or get comfortable. Sleeping in that position wasn’t exactly restful.

Still, Nathaniel insisted on cuddling her. Left with no other choice, Cecilia pretended to be asleep.

By nine-thirty, she really couldn’t take it anymore. She had to come up with an excuse. “Nathaniel, I’m hungry.”

Nathaniel's eyes snapped open. "Then let's go eat."

"Okay."

It was like she'd just gotten a royal pardon-Cecilia slipped right out of his arms and headed downstairs to the kitchen for breakfast.

Nathaniel's chef was truly top-tier. Breakfast looked like something straight out of a gourmet spread. Elliot and the others had all left earlier-students went to school, working adults headed to their jobs.

When Cecilia came down, the chef simply reheated the breakfast for her. She ate quickly, not wasting any time. Nathaniel sat nearby, watching her eat like a hungry little wolf, his gaze filled with warmth.

"Slow down, or you're going to choke."

"I know, I know," Cecilia said, still chewing.

Just then, her phone started to ring. She saw Zachary's name on the screen. Nathaniel saw it, too, and frowned slightly.

Why is Zachary calling Cecilia so early? Is it about the follow-up checkup?

Cecilia answered the call right in front of him. "Zachary, what's going on?"

"Cecilia, we just got Stella's medical report. She's got severe paranoia-it's basically a full-blown

disorder," Zachary said, each word carefully measured.

Cecilia froze, lowering her fork. "So how is she now?"

"Since she was genuinely diagnosed with a mental disorder, I decided to keep her in the psychiatric hospital. What do you think?" It wasn't about treatment. Zachary didn't see that place as a care facility-he didn't think someone like Stella deserved that. 'FindNovel

"That's fine," Cecilia replied. "Can you tell me which hospital she's in?"

She wanted to see Stella in person and confirm the truth for herself.

“I sent you the address.”

“Got it.”

She hung up, and moments later, the address popped up on her phone. After glancing at it, she picked up her fork and resumed eating.

Nathaniel, still sitting across from her, finally asked, “That was Zachary? What did he say?”

“Cecilia hesitated, remembering that Nathaniel had once dated Stella. He’d said it was nothing serious, not even a hand-hold. Still, she felt a little uneasy.

She looked at him. “Zachary said Stella was diagnosed with a mental disorder and has been committed to a psychiatric hospital. I plan to go visit her later.”

She raised her eyes to meet his. “You want to come along?”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1892**

4-4 minutes

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### Visiting Stella

The moment Nathaniel heard Stella had a mental disorder, his brows knit together. He clearly didn’t buy it.

That woman has always been a master manipulator. Who knows if she’s actually unwell or just playing games again?

Moreover, diagnosing a mental disorder wasn’t exactly straightforward.

“Yeah, I’ll go with you,” Nathaniel said seriously.

Cecilia looked at his handsome face and teased him, “Feeling heartbroken?”

Nathaniel blinked. “Huh?”

“Your first crush has lost her mind. You sure you’re not seeing her out of worry?”

There was nothing but exasperation in Nathaniel's eyes. He reached out and gently pinched her cheek. "What nonsense are you talking about? Didn't I tell you already? I've never had feelings for her. No concern, no affection—nothing."

Hearing that, Cecilia finally felt a little better. Still, she couldn't help asking, "Then why did you agree to tag along to see her?"

"Curiosity," Nathaniel replied plainly.

Well, that shut her up. She honestly hadn't expected him to admit that so bluntly. Truth be told, she was curious too. "All right, let's finish breakfast and head out." "Sounds good." Nathaniel nodded in agreement.

After they were done, Nathaniel drove. Cecilia sat in the passenger seat beside him. They had a driver, but Nathaniel preferred it when it was just the two of them.

The psychiatric hospital was a good distance away—it took them over an hour to get there. From afar, Cecilia could see the white building surrounded by patients in hospital gowns, lounging under the sun. As they got closer, she spotted a familiar figure among the patients.

Stella was also wearing a white uniform, her long hair a tangled mess draped over her shoulders, making her look strange and unkempt. Another patient tugged at her hair while Stella rambled on about something.

They were too far to hear clearly.

When they arrived at the entrance, the hospital's director was already there waiting for them.

"You two must be Mr. and Mrs. Rainsworth."

Zachary had called ahead, so the director knew they were coming and had been waiting outside.

Nathaniel and Cecilia nodded in response.

"Please, come in. Most of the patients are outside for their morning break right

now. Stella's among them. I'll have a nurse bring her over."

"Thank you," Cecilia replied.

The director waved it off. “No trouble at all. You’re welcome anytime.”

The psychiatric hospital was under the Sinclair family’s umbrella, so naturally, they treated Zachary’s friends with extra courtesy.

Cecilia didn’t bother exchanging

pleasantries. She just waited

patiently for the nurse to bring

in. Not long after, they heard a commotion outside.

“Don’t touch me!” Stella barked. “I’m a top-tier celebrity! Ever heard of Nathaniel? He’s my boyfriend—he adores me. And Zachary? He’s crazy about me too. They both love me!”

The nurse was clearly fed up. “Sure, sure. Everyone’s head over heels for you. Can’t believe how shameless you are.”

Stella laughed. “You just don’t get how good they are to me. Whatever I want, they give me. Let go of me, or I’ll tell Zachary and Nathaniel. They won’t let you off easy!”

The nurse had no words left for her. “Keep acting out, and I’ll make you take your medicine.”

The second she mentioned medication, Stella went pale. “No! I’m not taking it. Don’t give me any pills!”

In the middle of all this, the nurse managed to bring Stella into the visitor’s room.

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1893

4-5 minutes

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Lost Her Mind

The nurse turned to the hospital director and said, “Sir, the patient’s been brought in.”

The director nodded, got up from his seat, and spoke politely to Cecilia and Nathaniel. "Mr. and Mrs. Rainsworth, we'll leave you to speak with her. If anything happens, don't hesitate to call me."

"All right."

Once the director left and the door closed behind him, only three people were left in the room. Nathaniel and Cecilia both kept their eyes on Stella.

Stella didn't seem to notice their presence at all. She sat with her head lowered, aimlessly playing with her hair. She murmured, "Nathaniel, are you really going to marry me? Would Ceci be upset if she found out?"

Hearing that, Cecilia was at a loss for words. She stood up slowly and walked toward Stella. "Stella!"

Stella lifted her head slowly, meeting Cecilia's gaze. For a moment, she looked stunned, then her expression turned confused. "Who are you?"

"You don't even recognize me? I'm Cecilia," she said clearly, stressing each word.

Stella's body gave a little jolt at the name. "I was wrong, I get it now, I really do. I swear I won't dare do anything like that again! Please, just give me one more chance. I won't trick anyone anymore, I won't use you to manipulate others... Ceci, weren't we best friends?"

She grabbed Cecilia's hand, her whole body shaking. "I don't want to end up like Cassandra, locked away. I don't want to live like some nobody. I swear, I'll stay in my lane from now on, just focus on being a proper celebrity, and never hurt you again. Please... let me go this time."

Cecilia listened to her begging over and over again without even the slightest hint of sympathy. "So you're not completely insane after all."

Stella didn't catch the meaning behind those words. Suddenly, her expression shifted. She glared fiercely at Cecilia. "No, you're lying! You're not Cecilia-I'm the real Cecilia!"

Cecilia narrowed her eyes.

Stella sneered. "You're Stella. That vile b\*tch!" She raised her hand and tried to slap Cecilia. "I'm going to teach you a lesson, you wicked woman!"

But before her hand could fall, Nathaniel stepped in and grabbed her wrist. With just a light push, Stella stumbled back several steps.

She barely managed to keep her balance, then turned and stared at the man across from her. His expression was cold and unfeeling. For a second, recognition flashed in her eyes. “Nathaniel! Don’t listen to this terrible woman! Stella’s the one lying to you! I’m the one who really loves you! I’m the one who saved Mdm. Elena!”

But Nathaniel didn’t acknowledge any of it. He looked at Cecilia and asked, concern in his voice, “You okay?”

Cecilia shook her head. “I’m fine. Looks like she really has lost her mind.”

Nathaniel nodded. “Yeah, let’s go. She can stay here from now on.”

Cecilia agreed, and the two of them turned to leave.

Suddenly, Stella lunged and yanked Cecilia by the hair, shouting, “Stella! You

awful b\*tch-give Nathaniel back to me!”

Cecilia felt a sharp pain in her scalp

and turned quickly. Just for a

moment, she thought she saw a strange smile flicker across Stella’s face. Nathaniel stepped in again, gently pried Stella’s fingers off Cecilia’s hair, and pulled Cecilia protectively into his arms?

“D\*mn it!”

He normally wouldn’t raise a hand against a woman, but right now, his eyes were blazing with fury. He was just about to charge forward when Cecilia stopped him.

“It’s fine. Don’t waste your breath on a lunatic.” Cecilia reached out and grabbed

his hand. “Let’s go.”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1894**

## Could She Be Faking It

Only then did Nathaniel let it go.

As they stepped outside, Nathaniel carefully examined Cecilia's scalp. Cecilia gently brushed his hand away. "I told you, I'm really fine. It was just a little tug. Besides, she's clearly unstable—no point in getting worked up over someone who's out of their mind."

"All right." Nathaniel nodded, though his gaze stayed dark and intense. Even if he said he'd let it go, in his mind, he was wishing Stella would suffer a thousand times over.

Truthfully, Cecilia wasn't as calm as she looked. Something about Stella's behavior had felt off.

*Could a person who's genuinely insane show that kind of look?*

Before they left, Cecilia turned to the director. "Does Stella have any history of violent tendencies?"

The director shook his head. "Not at all. She's been pretty cooperative since arriving. She almost never causes conflict with other patients. If someone does bother her, she usually avoids them."

Cecilia nodded thoughtfully. "Thank you."

The director asked, "Was there a problem earlier? Did she try to hurt you?"

Cecilia didn't bother hiding the truth. "Yeah, she pulled my hair. I think she needs to be calmed down a bit."

"Understood." The director gave an order right away.

"I used to know a doctor who specialized in this," Cecilia added. "He told me that some patients respond better when paired with another patient."

The director had already heard from Zachary that Stella was trouble. He nodded. "That's a good point, Mrs. Rainsworth. Consider it done."

Only then did Cecilia leave.

Not long after, the director assigned Stella a new roommate-a patient with a history of violent tendencies.

Back in the car, Nathaniel looked over at Cecilia and asked seriously, "Do you think she's really insane? Or just faking it?"

Cecilia didn't answer right away. She looked over at him instead. "What about you? Do you have a theory?"

Nathaniel shook his head. "No. But her breakdown feels sudden."

"It does," Cecilia agreed. "It doesn't sit right with me either."

"Can you drop me at the office?" she asked. She still had a mountain of work waiting for her.

"Sure."

After taking over Jamieson Group, Cecilia had found the whole thing a bit overwhelming. She'd never run a company this big before. Thankfully, Queenie had anticipated that and had arranged for a senior management team to support her.

She also said, "Ceci, you should study hard while I'm still around."

Whenever Cecilia thought of that, she felt a pinch in her heart, which only made her throw herself even deeper into work.

Once she got started, she'd lose

track of time. It was the phone

ringing that finally pulled her back to

reality. She glanced down at the

screen and saw a name she hadn't seen in a while-Magnus.

She stared at the phone for a long moment before finally picking it up. "Hello?"

“Hey, Cecilia! What’ve you been up to? Took you long enough to answer,” Magnus said, his voice light and cheerful.

Cecilia had already recalled the past. Her tone toward him was flat, distant. To her, Magnus was nothing more than the son of her adoptive father—a technical relation, not much else.

“I was in the restroom. Just saw the call,” she lied smoothly.

“Oh, I see.”

“What do you want?” She flipped through documents while asking the question, not even pausing in her work.

“You remember when Granny came to see you?” Magnus asked carefully.

Cecilia knew right away that he wouldn’t be calling unless it was important. “Yeah, she wanted to take the Smith residence away from me.”

“Granny’s really just confused these days. I already talked to her and explained everything. She regrets it now. She asked me to apologize on her behalf.” He added quickly, “Don’t worry, Cecilia—no one’s going to try to take that house from you again.”

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1895

4-5 minutes

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Play The Matchmaker

Cecilia listened quietly, realizing Magnus still wasn’t getting to the point. She finally said, “I’m about to get off work. If there’s nothing else, I’m going to hang up.”

“Wait, Cecilia, hang on! I just wanted to ask if you could maybe do me a favor.” Magnus rushed his words, clearly worried she’d hang up on him.

“What kind of favor?” she asked.

“Well, you know how I recently started a company with some help from my brother-in-law? A while ago, I met someone while meeting with a client...” Magnus chose his words carefully. “She’s really attractive, and I’ve been thinking, I’m not getting any younger. I was wondering if you could help me set something up between us.”

Cecilia hadn’t expected to hear that Magnus had developed feelings for someone. Over the years, he’d dated plenty of women, but none of it ever seemed serious. This time, though, his tone felt different-more genuine.

“Who is she?” Cecilia asked.

“Her name’s Chelsea Rainsworth. She’s from one of the Rainsworth family’s branch lines. You know her?”

The name did ring a bell. Cecilia thought for a moment. When Niel passed, that girl had shown up. If she remembered right, Chelsea was the granddaughter of Niel’s brother, which made her Nathaniel’s cousin.

But Cecilia couldn’t recall what she looked like.

“I’ve heard of her, but we’re not close,” Cecilia answered honestly.

“Can you help me, then?” Magnus asked quickly.

“I can ask around.”

Magnus’ face lit up over the phone. “That’s great. Thanks, Cecilia!”

“But let me make this clear,” she added. “I’ll ask on your behalf, but I’m not promising anything.”

Cecilia knew full well that, with Magnus’ background, getting involved with someone from the Rainsworth family wouldn’t be easy.

Magnus replied immediately, “I trust you, Cecilia.”

Once the call ended, Cecilia gathered her things and left the office. Nathaniel was already waiting for her outside. “I thought I said you didn’t have to pick me up?” she asked, a bit surprised.

Nathaniel opened the car door for her and said, "Didn't have anything else going on after work."

She got in and, as they pulled away, asked, "Are you close to Chelsea?"

"Chelsea?" Nathaniel thought for a second. "Why are you asking about her? We're not that close."

Chelsea was his grandfather's brother's granddaughter, but she hadn't spent much time at Rainsworth Manor as a child. He'd only seen her a few times in the past year.

Cecilia told him about Magnus' request.

Nathaniel stayed quiet for a moment after hearing it.

"Ceci, Chelsea's parents will never agree to a marriage with someone like Magnus." After thinking about it more, he said, "Her family's pretty well-known in Tudela. I've heard her parents have been trying to set her up for blind dates. But with Magnus' situation, he wouldn't even be considered."

It was exactly what she thought.

Cecilia didn't say anything right away.

Seeing her go quiet, Nathaniel

assumed she was upset. "If you

really want to help him, I can speak with her parents for you." If Nathaniel stepped in, Chelsea's parents would likely show some respect.

But Cecilia quickly shook her head. "No, there's no need for that."

Nathaniel looked puzzled.

She explained, "I already told Magnus I'd only ask around. I never said I'd make it happen. Please don't talk to her parents. It'd just make things awkward for them."

She knew what kind of person

Magnus was. Maybe he was

behaving for now, but people could change in a blink. If things ever went wrong, she didn't want Nathaniel caught in the middle. And if Magnus ever hurt Chelsea, it'd be on her as well.

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1896

4-4 minutes

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Just A Kiss

“How will you handle Magnus then?” Nathaniel asked seriously

He knew that Cecilia wasn't helping Magnus out of some deep affection, but rather for the sake of Regas. Magnus was, after all, Regas' only son.

“I haven't figured it out yet,” Cecilia replied, closing her eyes to rest for a bit. When she opened them, she said, “I'm not in a rush. I need to look into it more.”

Magnus hadn't reached out in so long, and now out of nowhere, he wanted her to set him up with someone. It made her suspicious-like there was something else going on beneath the surface.

“Fair enough.”

They soon reached the hospital, and the car came to a stop.

Just as Cecilia was about to step out, Nathaniel grabbed her hand. His deep, steady eyes locked onto hers. “Cecilia,” he said softly.

“What is it? Something else?” she asked, confused.

“Come a little closer.”

She leaned in without questioning him.

His lips brushed gently against her forehead.

The driver, sensing the moment, politely turned his gaze away.

Cecilia froze slightly, lowering her voice, "What are you doing?"

"It's nothing. Just a kiss on the forehead."

For some reason, the idea of parting with her-even just for the night-left him uneasy.

Cecilia's face flushed deep red. She shot him an accusing look. "There are people around."

"It's fine, no one can see," Nathaniel said, completely unbothered.

Cecilia sighed deeply. "Unbelievable..."

As she tried to get out of the car again, Nathaniel kept holding her hand, not letting go. "I kissed you. Don't you think I deserve a kiss back?"

*Where did this shamelessness come from? I didn't even ask for a kiss.*

Cecilia tried pulling away, but Nathaniel's grip was too strong. Resigned, she leaned in and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "Happy now?"

"Mm." He nodded, clearly pleased, his eyes full of amusement.

Cecilia couldn't help but sigh again.

*How are you a grown man and still acting like a kid?*

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She left the car and made her way to the hospital room, carrying some fruits and snacks that Charlotte had bought. The weather had been getting colder, and Cecilia noticed Queenie's condition seemed to worsen along with it. She watched with a heavy heart, feeling helpless.

At the door, Cecilia took a moment to compose herself before knocking. "Mom?"

"Come in," Queenie replied, her voice weak.

Cecilia smiled softly as she pushed open the door.

The caregiver had just finished helping Queenie change into clean clothes.

"You're here, Ceci," the caregiver greeted her.

“Yes, thank you for your help,” Cecilia said.

“Not at all—it’s my job. But if you’re ever too tired to come by every day, don’t forget, you can call me anytime.”

“Got it, thank you.”

Once the caregiver left, Cecilia placed the things on the table and sat beside Queenie. “Mom, how’re you feeling today? Any better? Still hurting?”

Queenie gave her a faint smile. “I feel much better now.”

“That’s good to hear.”

While chatting, Cecilia stood up, washed some cherries, and brought them over to Queenie. “Here, have some fruit.”

“All right.”

The doctor had advised Queenie to eat more to build strength. But her appetite was nearly gone.

Oyela Sometimes, she’d eat, only to throw it all back up.

Cecilia knew, but what else could she do? If she didn’t at least try to get Queenie to eat, her condition would only get worse.

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1897

4-5 minutes

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## Single Or Not

Queenie could feel how much Cecilia cared for her. She didn’t turn her down, accepting the fruit one bite at a time. Even though her mouth had a bitter taste now, the fruit her daughter had washed with her own hands tasted sweet.

“This is really good,” Queenie said with a smile.

Cecilia was careful not to let her eat too much at once, worried it might upset her later. After feeding her a bit, she held onto her arm.

At this point, their relationship had grown so close that there was no awkwardness between them—just warmth and familiarity. Maybe that was what people meant when they said blood was thicker than water.

Queenie gently stroked Cecilia’s head. “Ceci, how did things go with Nathaniel?” “Everything’s settled. Nathaniel took care of it all,” Cecilia said.

“That’s good. I told you not to stress about it,” Queenie said. “Nathaniel’s a strong kid. He’s not the kind they can push around.”

“Yeah, that’s true.” Cecilia nodded.

The two chatted for quite a while. Then came a knock at the door.

Cecilia got up to answer it, and there stood Scorpius with his hands full of food. Scorpius hadn’t expected to see Cecilia there, and his expression shifted slightly.

“Ms. Cecilia.”

“Uncle Scorpius,” Cecilia greeted him politely.

Back when things had been more formal, she called him by his first name or Mr. Jiminez. Now, using the more familiar term caught Scorpius off guard.

He smiled softly. "Are you here taking care of Mdm. Queenie?" He'd seen the news. He knew something had happened to Nathaniel. "How's Mr. Rainsworth doing?"

"He's fine now," Cecilia answered.

"That's good to hear," Scorpius replied, though he looked a little out of place, still standing at the door.

Cecilia knew he truly cared for her mom. Seeing him like that, she said, "I was actually just thinking of getting some air. Since you're here, would you mind sitting with my mom and chatting for a bit?"

"Of course," Scorpius agreed right away.

Only then did Cecilia head out.

Once she was gone, Scorpius carefully stepped inside the room. He closed the door and sat down beside Queenie. He visited her now and then, and each time, he could see how much she'd changed.

She used to be so full of life. Now, lying there in her hospital gown, her thin frame made her look so fragile.

"Scorpius, you're here," Queenie said, breaking the silence as she watched him come in.

Scorpius nodded quickly. He didn't know what to say. "Is there anything you'd like to eat? I can go get it."

Queenie let out a quiet laugh. "I've eaten plenty. No cravings at the moment."

"All right then," Scorpius muttered, unsure of what else to say, though his eyes were clearly filled with concern.

Queenie knew what he was trying to say, and she tried to ease his worry. "I'm okay, really. You don't have to look so serious. You never used to be this solemn."

Scorpius lowered his head, staying quiet.

Queenie sighed. “You’ve got so many good qualities, but you’re just so stubborn. I set up a blind date for you a few days ago. Why didn’t you go?” She sounded just like an older sister or a mother, scolding him gently.

Still looking down, Scorpius answered, a bit annoyed, “I don’t want to get married. At my age, what’s the point?”

“Exactly because you’re older now, you shouldn’t stay alone forever,” Queenie said, as she had so many times before. But no matter what she said, Scorpius never listened.

He clenched his fists. “You don’t need to worry about whether I’m single.’

Queenie frowned. “Fine. If I’m not allowed to interfere in your love life, then don’t worry about my health

either. You don’t need to keep visiting me. Every time you show up, you just get me worked up!

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1898**

4-5 minutes

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Do You Want To Be With Him

Seeing her upset, Scorpius immediately lifted his head. His eyes were red. Queenie saw it too, and despite herself, her heart ached.

“Mdm. Queenie, I’m not trying to upset you. I just really don’t want to get married, so please stop trying to push me,” Scorpius said, almost in a pleading tone.

“Is it because of me?” Queenie asked, frowning.

Scorpius struggled to hold back his emotions.

Queenie looked at him seriously. “I’ve said this before, and I’ll say it again—I’m not going to be with you.”

Those words hit him like a knife to the throat. He swallowed hard and nodded stiffly. "I... know."

"Are you really planning to spend the rest of your life alone?" Queenie couldn't understand him. Why was he so down, even though she'd already made things clear?

Scorpius was just that kind of man-stubborn through and through. He nodded again, firmly. "I don't see anything wrong with living alone. I know you don't like me. You don't want to be with me. I've known that for a long time. Me deciding not to marry has nothing to do with you."

He continued, "And I made a promise to Ms. Cecilia. I told her I'd see you through to the very end. I've got to make up for the mistakes I made in the past."

Queenie leaned against her pillow, breathing steadily. "All right. I won't bring it up again."

Only then did Scorpius finally let out a breath of relief.

"There's one more thing." Queenie looked over at him. "Let the past be the past. You don't have to carry that guilt anymore."

"I can't do that!" Scorpius answered right away. "I nearly got Ms. Cecilia and Jon in trouble. If I just move on like nothing happened, I'll never forgive myself."

That was the kind of person he was. Once he set his mind on something, there was no changing it.

Queenie didn't know what else to say. At her age, she understood-people didn't change. Once they'd grown into who they are, that was it.

"Fine. Do what you want," she said.

Only then did Scorpius properly settle into his seat again. "Do you want me to call the doctor?"

Queenie was confused. "Why would you call the doctor?"

"Weren't you mad at me just a second ago?" Scorpius asked, genuinely puzzled.

Queenie chuckled. "If I got sick every time I got angry, I'd have died years ago." Scorpius laughed too.

Seeing him like that, Queenie just felt exhausted. They didn't talk about anything serious after that. They just reminisced for a while, and eventually, Scorpius left with a bit of reluctance.

Not long after, Cecilia came back into the room.

"Mom, did Uncle Scorpius stop by for something?"

"Nothing specific. He just came to visit, to chat a bit," Queenie answered openly.

Cecilia nodded.

Queenie shifted a little closer to her.

Even though Cecilia wasn't usually the nosy type, she couldn't help but ask, "Mom, do you want to be with him?"

Queenie was caught off guard at first but then frowned. "Silly girl. What are you even talking about? I've always seen him as a younger brother. There's nothing romantic going on. In my life, the thing regret most was marrying Ralph. Now I've figured it all out. A woman's happiness doesn't have to come from being with a man."

Cecilia sat quietly, listening to her.

Queenie talked for a while before she started getting tired. She closed her eyes to rest.

That was when Cecilia stepped out and pulled out her phone. She dialed Sven's number. "Sven, can you help me check on what Magnus has been up to lately?"

Cecilia had nearly forgotten about that situation.

"All right," Sven agreed right away, no questions asked.

Meanwhile, Magnus was at his

maternal grandparents' place. Olivia Bane, his maternal grandmother, sighed. "If your mother hadn't

passed away so young, the Smith residence would've been yours."

## When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1899

4-5 minutes

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### Only Child

Taking a sip of water, Magnus said, "Granny, didn't I already tell you? That house was mine to begin with, but it got auctioned off. After all kinds of complications, it ended up in Cecilia's hands."

"She should've given it back to you. How could she just a daughter, and not even a biological one—take over the Smith residence?" Heather huffed, clearly believing that family estates should be passed down to sons, not daughters. To her, there was nothing to debate.

Magnus understood she was getting old, and her beliefs were deeply ingrained.

"Granny, no matter what happens, you can't cross her. She's now the only heir to the Jamieson family and Nathaniel's wife. I owe her a lot."

Hearing that, Heather finally realized how serious things had gotten. "All right, I get it. I won't offend her anymore. But," she paused, "didn't you say you were interested in that girl from the Rainsworth family? You think Cecilia could help you with that? I visited that family before, and honestly, the parents are unbearable."

Magnus' eyes flickered with something sharp. "If I can't do it myself, Cecilia and Nathaniel can."

He was realistic—he knew he didn't have what it took to win Chelsea over on his own. But his sister was CEO of Jamieson Group, and her husband ran Imminence Corporation. With the two of them backing him, there was no way Chelsea's parents would turn him down.

"That's good. Chelsea's parents act like they're above everyone. Once you marry her and bring her home, you'll be in a stronger position to deal with them."

Chelsea was their only child. When her mother gave birth to her, something had gone wrong, and she couldn't have more children afterward.

Marrying Chelsea meant inheriting everything they had.

That was exactly why Magnus had gone to Cecilia for help.

He was at an age where marriage was expected, and in the past few years, he'd been carefully selecting from well-off families. But none of the women fit the bill— some were too spoiled, others had average family backgrounds, or too many siblings. He was only interested in an only child.

Now that Chelsea had returned, she checked all his boxes-beautiful, well-bred, and the only heir.

He had already made up his mind he was going to marry her.

With that goal clear in his mind, Magnus chatted with Heather a little longer before heading out.

On the other side, Chelsea's parents had been lining up blind dates for her, and she had shot down every single one.

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"Chelsea, you're not getting any younger. You can't keep being this picky," her parents urged her, growing more anxious. "Every guy we've introduced has been decent. You should at least give a few of them a proper chance."

Chelsea was sitting on the balcony, flipping through a book. Her face was delicate

and pretty, her expression calm and distant, like still water.

"Dad, Mom, don't stress over me," she said, each word clear and steady. "Don't you get it? All those men-you think they're interested in me? They're after the fact that I'm the only child in this family. Haven't you seen the stuff online? Wives getting schemed against families falling apart."

Kingston Rainsworth and Phoebe Johnson were stunned. "What have you been reading? Don't talk nonsense. There are still plenty of good people in the world." Phoebe motioned toward her husband. "Look at your father. Isn't he a good man?" Chelsea couldn't be bothered to argue. "I'm not gambling my future like that."

She put her book down, ignored their protests, and left the house.

Niel had passed away, and she'd returned to Tudela, but she hadn't really had any fun since coming back Chelsea made plans to meet her girlfriends at Royale Club.

That same day, after seeing that her mom had fallen asleep, Cecilia was invited out by Lucille and the others.

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1900

4-4 minutes

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### Getting Hit On

At Royale Club, Vivian had also shown up.

Cecilia frowned. “Vivian, you’re still pregnant. Why’d you come?”

Vivian clung to her arm, acting all cute. “Don’t worry, I’m not drinking. It’s rare for us girls to hang out—I couldn’t just miss it.”

“All right, but be careful,” Cecilia said, guiding her to a quiet corner where she wouldn’t get bumped around.

“Got it.” Vivian nodded obediently.

So far, her pregnancy hadn’t been too rough—just some morning sickness now and then. Other than that, she felt fine. Nevertheless, Cecilia had been treating her like she was made of glass, always hovering nearby.

Meanwhile, Lucille, Madeline, and Charlotte were having a blast. Charlotte had wanted to invite Sven, but the others immediately shot her down. “No way. It’s a girls’ night. No guys allowed.”

“Fine.” Charlotte looked a little disappointed.

Her feelings for Sven were growing stronger. She liked his seriousness, even his occasional aloofness. She wanted to spend every day with him.

With Cecilia there, the group of beautiful women drew plenty of attention. A rich young guy came over, "Hey, ladies, your drinks tonight-on me."

"You're paying?" Lucille looked at him, a little surprised.

The man assumed she was impressed by his offer. "Of course. Drink whatever you want. No need to hold back."

As he spoke, his eyes were fixed on Madeline. Among the five of them, Madeline really did stand out the most. If not for Cecilia's scar, she might've rivaled her.

"Care to dance with me, gorgeous?" He extended his hand toward Madeline.

She stared at his slightly greasy hand, expression ice-cold. "Yeah, no."

The guy froze mid-motion.

Lucille found it funny.

*Does this guy seriously not realize who he's hitting on? That's Darren's wife.*

*And this place belongs to Darren.*

"Hey, no pressure. I just thought we could be friends," he said again.

Madeline figured he hadn't done anything too out of line, and since they were out socializing anyway she replied calmly, "I'm married. And I have a kid."

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The guy's face changed instantly. He pulled back his hand and looked away from

her, shifting his attention to Cecilia instead. "What about you, miss?"

Cecilia answered coolly, "I've got four kids."

The man hesitated, clearly thrown off, but then looked toward the others.

Before he could say more, Charlotte spoke up. "Buddy, maybe go hit up another table."

She pointed at Vivian. "She's pregnant."

Then pointed at Lucille. "She's already married."

Finally, she pointed at herself. "And I've got a boyfriend-he's crazy handsome, tall, and strong enough to take you down in one hit."

The other girls were used to Charlotte praising Sven.

Charlotte figured that after laying it all out, the guy would finally give up. But instead, he laughed. "Who says being married means you can't make friends?"

He looked them over again. "A group of stunners like you-why else would you come to a place like this if not to make a few new friends?"

His earlier words might've passed as

harmless, but now, they were starting to take a nasty turn. His tone was full of suggestive innuendo, trying to feel out the

group's boundaries. ' FindNovel

Charlotte snapped, "How is that an appropriate thing to say?"

"What? Did I say something wrong? If you were really virtuous, would you even be in a place like this?"