

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 681

Chapter 681 The Commotion

Elliot’s eyes widened in shock as he saw Felix charging toward him, seemingly losing his balance and heading straight for him. Fortunately, Jonathan reacted quickly, yanking Elliot to safety just in time.

Felix brushed past Elliot, narrowly missing him. Losing his balance, he slipped and fell with a loud thud.

The boy burst into tears.

Miranda rushed over. “Honey, are you all right?”

Cecilia stepped forward to check on Elliot. Seeing him unharmed, shielded by Jonathan, she finally felt a sense of relief.

At that moment, Elliot’s eyes were shadowed with anger as he cast an icy glare at Felix, who was sobbing on the ground. He knew that Felix had been aiming to shove him.

Miranda helped Felix up, turning to glare at Elliot and Jonathan.

“Why did the two of you push Felix?” she accused them without hesitation.

Cecilia frowned and replied, “Miranda, when did my son ever push Felix? Felix rushed over, almost bumping into Elliot, and fell down by himself.”

“Of course you’d side with your sons. I saw them push my son with my own eyes,” Miranda snapped.

She then turned to Felix and asked, “Isn’t that right, Felix?”

Felix nodded. “Yes, Jonathan and Elliot pushed me together.”

There was no surveillance in this area, and with everyone watching, Miranda was confident they wouldn’t dare to deny it.

Right then, Nathaniel intervened, “Did you push him?”

Elliot shook his head. “No, Daddy, we didn’t push him.”

Miranda chimed in, “Nathaniel, save it. You’re blind, so stop trying to protect your son.”

Nathaniel knitted his brows in response. “So what if I’m being protective?”

Niel, hearing Nathaniel's words, approached and chided, "Nathaniel, how could you say that! As parents, it's our responsibility to set an example for our children. When we make mistakes, we should apologize."

Niel's vision was failing due to his age, so naturally, he couldn't see whether Felix had fallen his own or had been pushed. Instinctively, he defended Felix, who was injured.

Elliot clenched his fists.

Noticing the commotion, Elena pushed through the crowd to understand what had happened. With Niel siding with Felix, she realized she couldn't defend Jonathan and Elliot without a solid reason.

Jon, tell me the truth. Did you push Felix?" she asked.

"No," Jonathan replied.

Elliot gazed at Elena with his large, adorable eyes. "Grandma Elena, do you not believe in us? Just yesterday, you promised to protect us."

Elena's heart melted when she heard that. Just as she was about to defend her grandchildren. Miranda spoke up with a pitiful tone. "Aunt Elena, everyone is watching. Don't you think it's unfair to side with your two grandsons in this situation?"

Observing the unfolding situation, Jonathan realized that even with Elena's intervention, they would still be at a disadvantage and unlikely to win any favor from the relatives.

He cast a reassuring glance at his mother, then stepped forward to face Felix, who was covered in dirt. "I'm sorry," Jonathan said, "I shouldn't have pushed you."

Felix was taken aback. He didn't anticipate that Jonathan would apologize..

Jonathan extended his hand toward Felix, seemingly intending to shake hands with him.

All eyes were on the two children. Felix, with a smug expression, reached out to grasp Jonathan's hand. But in the next moment, under the watchful gaze of the crowd, Jonathan gave him a firm shove.

Thud!

Everyone saw with their own eyes that Jonathan was the one who pushed Felix this time.

Felix, landing hard on his back, burst into tears again. "How could you trick me?"

Even Cecilia was taken aback, wondering why Jonathan, who was usually kind, would push Felix.

Miranda flew into a rage. "You all saw that, right? He's such a bully!"

Everyone began accusing Jonathan of being a troublemaker. It was difficult for anyone to take sides now, as both Felix and Jonathan were just children.

Unfazed by the accusations directed at him, Jonathan cast a cool, nonchalant glance at Felix and proceeded to explain his reason for shoving Felix.

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Chapter 682 A New Partner

"Everyone, please calm down," Jonathan said, cutting through the noise. "Look at how he fell. Compare it to the first time he fell."

His words quieted the crowd.

They were puzzled. What difference could there be?

Miranda scolded him, "You little rascal! You pushed my son and now you're mocking him? I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

"Don't you dare!" Cecilia snapped. Hearing Jonathan's words, she instantly understood the reason he pushed Felix.

Miranda, meeting Cecilia's gaze, dared not make any rash moves.

The others, who couldn't discern any difference, asked, "Is there anything different?"

A young girl pointed out the discrepancy, "Mom, Dad, look," she said. "Felix fell face down the first time, but now he's on his back."

As soon as she spoke, everyone noticed the difference. After his first fall, Felix's front was covered in mud, but now his back was smeared with it.

But what's the point?

Someone chuckled. "Jon's so mischievous. He made Felix fall face down the first time and land on his back the second time."

Jonathan felt that he had overestimated some of his relatives' intelligence..

He explained, "Everyone, you all saw Felix fall, didn't you? He was walking toward my brother and me. We were facing each other. If I had pushed him, he should have fallen backward, with his back to the ground, like now. He shouldn't be lying face down on the ground. The only explanation is that he slipped and fell himself. To provide a clearer picture, I conducted an experiment for you all."

After saying that, Jonathan approached Felix. "I didn't push you the first time, so there's no need for me to apologize. Also, I apologized before I pushed you the second time. Now, we're even."

This explanation impressed all the adults.

All they could think of was to check the surveillance footage if there was any, failing to realize

ch a simple, obvious fact

Elliot let out a yawn, relieved. Just moments ago, he had been wondering why Jonathan gave and apologized.

However, Miranda refused to let this go. "Who experiments on others' safety? What if my son got seriously hurt?"

Elena, having the upper hand, wouldn't allow her to have her way. "Miranda, stop being shameless. Your son started this by falsely accusing my two grandsons, and I haven't made you pay for that. How dare you insist on putting my grandsons on the spot?"

The moment Elena spoke, Miranda dared not utter another word. She looked at Niel, hoping he could step in and say something on her behalf.

Surprisingly, Niel stopped defending Felix after knowing the truth. "Felix, a good boy shouldn't lie. You should apologize to Jon and Eli."

Felix, who fell down and got scolded, began crying miserably.

Niel frowned. "All you do is cry. Are you even a man? Adrian, bring them away."

Adrian swiftly stepped in, helping his wife and child to their feet. "Come on, get up. Haven't you embarrassed yourselves enough?"

Cassandra stood next to Nicholas in the crowd, watching the drama unfold with a sense of disappointment.

Miranda might seem impressive, but she's actually useless. She failed to take Cecilia's kids down a peg and even made her son so miserable. Looks like I'll have to consider finding a new partner to join forces on.

After visiting the ancestors' graves, all the relatives went their separate ways.

Niel insisted that Cecilia and her family stay for dinner before returning home.

He wanted to test Jonathan to see just how intelligent the boy really was.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 683

Chapter 683 The Court Proceedings

After dinner, Niel quizzed Jonathan on some basic knowledge. As expected, Jonathan answered all of them correctly.

Niel loved Jonathan as much as George did, even asking him to stay and play chess with him.

Since Jonathan had school the next day, they could only postpone their chess game for another time.

When it was time to leave, Elena escorted them to the door, reluctant to see them go..

“Come and visit me again in a few days,” she said.

“All right.” The boys spoke in unison.

The car roared to life and left the Rainsworth Manor.

On their way home, Elliot, worn out, rested his head on Jonathan's shoulder and fell asleep.

Cecilia watched the loving interaction between the two brothers tenderly.

Tomorrow, the court case for the inheritance dispute was set to begin.

Once back home, Cecilia reviewed some documents that Norman had sent him just to be safe.

Paula and the Evans family had always assumed that Cecilia lacked substantial evidence to prove their misappropriation of her assets, and thus they paid little attention to the lawsuit. However, unbeknownst to them, Nathaniel had made backup copies of all the Smith family's documents, including the one showing Magnus' transfer of assets.

The next day, after the two children to kindergarten, Nathaniel dropped Cecilia off at the entrance of the courthouse and waited for her in the car.

“Let me know if anything happens,” he said seriously.

Cecilia nodded. "All right."

After she left, Nathaniel turned to Mason and asked, "How has Evans Group been doing lately?"

"It won't hold out much longer. Our only concern is the Jamieson family and Mr. Nicholas intervening," replied Mason

Ralph had no experience in managing a company. Over the years, he had been living off the Smith family's wealth.

Nathaniel, thinking of Queenie and Nicholas, pinched the bridge of his nose. "Keep a close eye

Queenie, don't let her pull any tricks"

He paused and added, "As for Nicholas He's been quite close with the Murdock family recently. Remind him when necessary"

The Murdocks were trouble. They might not be capable, but they were incredibly cunning. Sometimes, these deceitful underdogs could be even more dangerous than powerful adversaries. Nicholas was treading on thin ice by dealing with them.

In the courtroom, only Paula showed up; even Magnus was absent. None of the Evans family attended, as they didn't believe Cecilia had any chance of winning.

Paula's face was pale, her complexion no better than when she was in the hospital. Seeing Cecilia, she cursed, "You really have the nerve to show up. Aren't you afraid of karma? Fighting your own mother over your father's inheritance?"

Cecilia didn't pay her any attention.

Norman had warned Cecilia that Paula would likely try to provoke her during the court proceedings. If Cecilia retaliated, it could impact the outcome. Paula, venting her frustrations, eventually fell silent when Cecilia ignored her. The main reason she came was to find out about the details of the will.

Soon, the hearing began, and the late Regas new will was revealed.

Paula scrutinized it carefully, ensuring there was no information that could be detrimental to her. She then let out a heavy sigh of relief.

"How dare this brat deceive me?" she murmured.

Cecilia, observing her relaxed expression, clenched her fists.

Norman then presented the evidence, which clearly demonstrated that the assets, including Smith Corporation and several fixed properties, were Regas' premarital wealth and not marital assets. The evidence also revealed proof of Paula and Magnus' covert transfer of these assets.

Paula couldn't believe it. "Where did you get all this evidence from?"

Cecilia paid her no heed, and swiftly, Paula was silenced.

The court proceedings concluded with a decision mandating Paula and Magnus to return all assets within one month. Given that Smith Corporation no longer existed, a portion of the assets had to be temporarily appraised to determine their value. The total amount, reflecting the appraised value, would be compensated to Cecilia in full.

As Paula walked out of the courthouse, the carefree demeanor she had when she first arrived was gone. She appeared utterly drained and devastated, her earlier composure completely shattered.

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Chapter 684 The Result Of The Court Proceedings

All the money was given to the Evans family! How am I supposed to return it to Cecilia? Besides, there's no way I'd give her the money.

Paula called out to Cecilia, who was walking away, her tone softened in an attempt to sound conciliatory. "Ceci, I've already given the money to the Evans family. There's no way I can get it back."

Cecilia stopped and turned to face Paula, her expression unreadable. "Is that so? Then I'll proceed with applying for enforcement."

She was sure Paula and Magnus had some personal savings.

Paula approached Cecilia, her earlier aggression now replaced by a desperate tone. "Are you trying to drive me to my grave? I don't have many years left!"

Cecilia looked at her calmly. "You brought this upon yourself."

Paula's voice trembled with a mix of desperation and threat. "I'm your mother! If I end up with nothing, you won't have it easy either," she warned.

With a dismissive smile, Cecilia asked, "Do you think I'm doing well now?"

Paula was momentarily taken aback.

Cecilia's eyes flashed with resolve as she glared at Paula. "I'm not intimidated by your threats. I'm determined to reclaim what rightfully belonged to Dad. You squandered all his money on another man. How can you even look at yourself in the mirror? My father loved you deeply—do you even deserve him? What's happening to you now is nothing but karma."

After finishing her words, Cecilia turned and left.

It took a while for Paula to regain her composure. She yelled at Cecilia's retreating figure, "You monster! You'll pay!"

She only stopped glowering at Cecilia upon noticing the passersby looking their way.

Cecilia remained silent after returning to the car.

Nathaniel had also heard Paula cursing Cecilia.

Mason, irritated, almost wanted to say. What mother curses her own daughter? If her daughter's a monster, then what does that make her?

"Get out of the car, Nathaniel instructed the driver and Mason.

Though unsure why, the driver and Mason did as they were told.

When they were alone in the car, Nathaniel finally said to Cecilia, "If you want to cry, just cry."

All Cecilia did was embrace him.

Taken aback, Nathaniel stiffened.

Cecilia didn't shed a tear. Instead, she muttered, "Don't worry. I'm okay. I won the lawsuit. I can finally reclaim my father's money. I'm thrilled. Let's go celebrate."

Nathaniel rested his hand on her shoulder, patting it and saying in a warm voice, "Okay."

She suggested celebrating the occasion, but she hardly ate anything when they went to her favorite restaurant.

Nathaniel knew she was hurt by Paula's words and stayed by her side, offering her comfort.

Upon returning to the Evans residence, Paula immediately informed Ralph and Cassandra about the unfavorable outcome of the lawsuit.

Ralph's eyes were filled with disbelief. "Didn't you say it was impossible for us to lose? How much do we have to pay?"

"The transferred funds amount to thirty billion."

"Thirty billion? That's outrageous—she might as well have robbed a bank!" Ralph roared, his face turning red with fury. He was already strapped for cash, and the news sent him into a panicked frenzy.

Cassandra, too, never expected such an outcome. "Mom, can't you try to talk some sense into her? She's a woman. What does she need all that money for?"

Paula let out a sigh. "I tried, but she's determined to go against me. She insists on reclaiming all the wealth her father left behind."

"I can't come up with the money," Ralph said coldly.

"Cecilia threatened to proceed with enforcement if we don't pay up." Paula added.

Ralph thought about Paula's personal savings and said, "Honey, don't you still have some savings?"

"I'm down to my last billion or two. How could that possibly be enough?" Paula said.

In reality, her personal savings were way more than a hundred million, but she didn't want to use

The Evans family had amassed quite a fortune over the years, so she thought they should be able to pay Cecilia,

However, she was unaware that the Evans family's wealth was merely superficial. They had been living off their past achievements,

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Chapter 685 Ralph And Cassandra Joining Forces.

"You only have one billion or two left?" Ralph glared at her.

Paula, irritated by the look on his face, snapped, "What? Is there a problem?"

Ralph immediately forced a sycophantic smile. "I'm just surprised. It's your money. You can spend it however you want."

Only then was Paula appeased.

Ralph was still wary of Paula. Firstly, she had given birth to their daughter. Secondly, everything he had now was all thanks to Paula.

Most importantly, he feared that if he offended Paula, Paula would expose all the unsavory things he did in the past.

“Honey, it’s getting late,” Ralph said gently, helping her up the stairs. “You’re seriously ill and need to rest. Let’s return to the hospital for further observation tomorrow,”

After ensuring Paula was settled in bed, he returned to the living room, sighing.

Cassandra couldn’t help but ask, “Dad, are we really going to give all the money back to Cecilia?”

“Of course not!” Ralph’s usually amicable face was shrouded in gloom.

Who would willingly spit out the money they’ve already pocketed? Besides, unless he sold his company, there was no way he could raise that much money.

He lowered his voice. “Cassandra, remember. Paula’s the one who had a legal dispute with Cecilia. Paula lost, so it’s her responsibility to repay Cecilia. The debt belongs to Paula, not us.”

“But you two are still married...”

“So what? How much longer could she possibly live? Remember this and find a way to get her savings before she dies. I estimate it’s no less than a billion,” Ralph said.

Cassandra nodded. “Don’t worry, Dad. Mom loves me so much. She would definitely give me the money.”

But she still has that fool, Magnus. Who knows, she might give the money to Magnus.

“Magnus never even returned to see her since she fell ill. She’d never give the money to Magnus. Besides, all that money will go to waste if she gave it to him.”

The father and daughter discussed how to swiftly swindle Paula out of her personal savings.

In the room upstairs, sleep cluded Paula. These days, whenever she closed her eyes, she would dream of the times she spent with Regas.

They were happy as a family back then

Regas would hand her all his money and assets for review, but it was a different story with Ralph. Even though they were each other's first love, it felt as though there was a wall between them.

She could never quite understand Ralph.

The clock was ticking away.

She had initially thought that Ralph would share the bed with her tonight, but he ended up sleeping in the next room with the excuse that he didn't want to disturb her.

She could clearly sense that Ralph no longer loved her. Yet, she had never felt this way before her illness, leading her to wonder if her sickness was causing her to imagine things.

Struggling to fall asleep, she got out of bed and called her daughter, intending to share her feelings with her.

Annoyed, Cassandra asked, "Mom, why are you calling me at this late hour?"

"Are you still at home?" Paula asked.

"I'm back at the Rainsworth Manor. Is there something you need? I'm pregnant now, you know. If

I don't get enough rest, it's not good for the baby." Cassandra said, exasperated.

"No, nothing. Get plenty of rest. Come visit me tomorrow." Paula ended the call.

She then tried calling Magnus, but when she dialed his number, it was engaged. It seemed that Magnus had blocked her.

Paula suddenly felt a sharp pang of sorrow overwhelming her.

At that moment, for some reason, her thoughts once again drifted back to Cecilia.

Before she had severed her mother-daughter relationship with Cecilia, Cecilia wouldn't have hesitated to spend days and nights taking care of her, let alone spend time talking to her.

"Why am I thinking of that brat again? What's so great about her? She doesn't know anything- she mumbled to herself.

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Chapter 686 Watch A Musical

Paula had a restless night, and to her surprise, the very next morning. Cassandra came to visit her.

“Mom, how are you feeling now?” she asked.

Paula’s face instantly lit up with joy, “I’m feeling much better now.”

Cassandra, hesitant to ask for money outright, began ingratiating herself with Paula instead. “The weather’s lovely today. How about getting some fresh air? I can take you out for a walk.”

Paula, however, shook her head. “Cassandra, I would like to go watch a musical.”

She had always loved musicals and once dreamt of performing in one. However, circumstances beyond her control forced her to abandon that aspiration.

“Mom, you’re not well. What if something happens?” Cassandra hesitated to take Paula far, knowing her condition often caused frequent urination, and she dreaded the possibility of an embarrassing situation.

“The doctor said I’m recovering well. I’ll be fine,” Paula insisted, her eyes filled with a quiet yearning. “Please, let’s go together.”

“Fine, I’ll book the tickets. We’ll go see it tonight.” Left with no other choice, Cassandra had to

agree.

Meanwhile, Cecilia received two musical tickets from Eric, whom she hadn’t heard from in quite

some time.

Along with the tickets came a message: Ceci, I was hoping to come back earlier and take you out to dinner, but alas, work has kept me captive. A friend of mine passed along these tickets, and it would be a shame to let them go to waste. How about you enjoy them for me?

Eric knew that Cecilia was quite interested in musicals.

Cecilia replied: All right, thank you.

With the two tickets in hand, Cecilia pondered for a moment before deciding to invite Vivian. It had been a long time since the two of them had spent any quality time together, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity to finally reconnect.

In the afternoon, Cecilia dolled herself up while Nathaniel and Elliot sat in the living room.

Nathaniel seemed disappointed. "Ceci, why didn't you invite me?"

"Vivian and I haven't seen each other in such a long time," she explained.

Elliot, too, pouted. "Mommy, I want to go with you, too."

"I'm sorry, sweetie. I need some time with my friends."

A lot had been going on recently. She wanted to have fun with Vivian and clear her mind.

"All right. Come back soon," the boy said.

"I will," she responded.

She left after bidding goodbye to the father-and-son duo.

Vivian was waiting outside. After Cecilia got into the car, they chatted throughout the journey there.

Both of them failed to notice as they brushed past a familiar car.

They quickly reached the theater, which was neither crowded nor empty.

However, it was quite dim, and Cecilia didn't notice Paula and Cassandra, who were seated in the distance.

When the musical ended, a commotion rang out.

"My goodness! Didn't you say you're recovering fine? Why did you..." Cassandra exclaimed as she detected the unmistakable odor of urine. She realized Paula's condition had flared up again.

Paula appeared nervous. "... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

A woman sitting nearby heard that and turned to look at Paula's stained seat. "Ma'am, how can you urinate here? How dirty."

Cassandra didn't defend Paula. Instead, she quickly disassociated herself. "I'm sorry, this is my stepmother. She has been diagnosed with cancer."

Stepmother?

Paula looked at Cassandra in disbelief, her heart sinking.

Upon hearing Cassandra's words, the woman turned to look at her and recognized her. "Aren't you Cassandra, the renowned dancer?"

That's me."

"You have such a kind heart. May I take a picture with you?"

"Of course, you can."

Hearing that a celebrity was in the front row, the people from behind looked over, including

Vivian and Cecilia

Vivian recognized the two individuals. "Isn't that Paula and Cassandra?"

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Chapter 687 Stop Lying

As expected, Cecilia spotted Cassandra surrounded by a group of people.

Paula, on the other hand, was pushed into a corner by the crowd, looking utterly helpless.

An unusual glint crossed Cecilia's eyes, but she quickly looked away. "Let's go."

"All right."

Meanwhile, Paula stood awkwardly in the crowd, hoping Cassandra might lend her a hand. However, before she could ask, someone unexpectedly shoved her forward.

She fell hard to the ground. Passersby glanced her way but offered no help.

A sharp pain shot through her abdomen as if she were being stabbed repeatedly. She wanted to get up, but no matter how hard she tried, her body refused to cooperate.

Paula glanced toward Cassandra, only to find her engrossed in signing autographs and taking pictures with fans.

With no other option, she began to muster the strength to climb back on her own. Just then, a voice came from above. "Mdm. Paula, do you need any assistance?"

Paula froze, slowly lifting her head, only to meet Cecilia's cold, unyielding gaze.

Her pupils contracted, panic surging within her. All she wanted at that moment was to disappear and find a corner where Cecilia couldn't see her.

"What are you doing here? I don't need help from someone like you!" Paula shot back, her tone sharp and biting. "You're just here to mock me, aren't you?"

A flicker of amusement danced in Cecilia's eyes, the faintest hint of mockery crossing her face.

Vivian, standing nearby, stepped in to explain, "Mdm. Paula, Ceci and I just happened to be

around."

Paula, however, didn't believe her words. How could there be such a coincidence?

Despite feeling embarrassed, she glared fiercely at Cecilia. "Stop lying! You really think I don't know what's on your mind?"

Upon hearing that, Cecilia let out a cold, mocking laugh. "I'm just curious how your own daughter didn't bother helping you."

Cassandra didn't see me fall" Paula glanced over at Cassandra, but instead of getting angry, she directed her scorn at Cecilia. "And don't even think you can compare yourself to her. She's a world-renowned dancer! And you? You're nothing but a cripple, a useless waste of space. Do you think you can compete with her? Someone like you should've been dead ages ago."

It was the first time Vivian had witnessed a mother berating her own daughter so harshly.

Even though her own mother had passed away years ago, she had always loved and cherished her.

The thought that a mother could treat her child this way was unfathomable. Unable to hold back any longer, Vivian spoke up. "Mdm. Paula, do you even realize your daughter is just as exceptional as Cassandra? She's a renowned composer. Remember when you were begging for her help..."

Before she could finish, Cecilia cut her off sharply. "That's enough, Vivian."

Vivian stopped talking.

The earlier surge of anger had almost made Vivian forget that Cecilia's identity as a composer was still a secret to many in the country.

Paula didn't take her words seriously at all. Paula scoffed dismissively. "A composer? What a joke! How could someone who's hearing-impaired compose music? She can't even listen properly! And you think I'd ever beg her for help? Please, that would never happen."

Vivian struggled to comprehend how a mother could be heartless toward her daughter.

Even in her current fallen state, Paula spoke with such indifference.

Vivian wanted to defend Cecilia, but Cecilia gently stopped her. "Let's go, Vivian."

Vivian nodded in response.

As they turned to leave, Paula, unable to stand on her own, glanced around for help. With no one stepping forward, she reluctantly called out to Cecilia again. "Hey, you. Get over here and help me up."

Cecilia stopped in her tracks, and Vivian, considering after all it was Cecilia's biological mother, suggested, "I'll go help her."

Once again, Cecilia stopped her from approaching Paula. Without turning to look back, she said, "Don't worry. Despite her physical limitations, Mdm. Paula is strong-willed. I'm sure she can manage just fine on her own."

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Chapter 688 You Know What To Do

Cecilia vividly recalled her childhood, the day she had tumbled down a hill while picking flowers for Paula. Instead of rushing to help, Paula had stood with her arms crossed, watching. "Cecilia. you need to pick yourself up. Learn to be independent."

It was at that moment Cecilia realized she and her mother had different thoughts about the definition of independence.

As she and Vivian walked away, Paula's enraged voice trailed behind them. "How dare you! Go to hell!"

Vivian, an outsider to the family, felt a shiver run through her. How could a mother ever curse her own daughter to die?

As they stepped outside, bracing against the cold wind, Cecilia paused for a long moment, lost in thought. After what felt like an eternity, she quietly flagged down a passing staff member. "Someone's fallen inside."

Whether or not Paula had been helped up, Cecilia didn't linger to check. She simply didn't want to carry the weight of guilt.

Vivian, knowing her friend's gentle nature, looped her arm through Cecilia's and said softly, "You're too kind."

Previously, Vivian could never understand why some children were unfilial to their parents, but seeing Paula's behavior, she now felt that Cecilia shouldn't feel guilty for not helping her.

As Cecilia gazed into the pitch-black night, a hint of melancholy clouded her eyes. "Vivian, Paula always criticized me for being too weak. Now it seems she was right. I just can't bring myself to be as heartless as she was."

Vivian tightened her grip on Cecilia's arm. "Cheer up, Ceci. She's gotten a taste of her own medicine, hasn't she?"

"Yeah." Cecilia nodded. "Anyway, I'm fine. I've gotten used to it."

Vivian ushered Cecilia into the car, noting how cold it was outside.

Once they were inside, Vivian cautiously asked, "Ceci, can I ask you a question?"

"Yeah, sure."

"What if Paula isn't your mother?" Vivian knew the question might sound ridiculous, but she believed no mother would intentionally deprive her child of love and care.

It was evident that Paula treated Cassandra differently.

On the other hand, Martha was willing to risk her life for Cecilia, even though Cecilia wasn't her biological child.

Even Cecilia herself, as a mother, would disregard her own safety for Jonathan.

"She's definitely my biological mother." Cecilia explained. "Back in junior high, I secretly had a DNA test done, and the results confirmed that we are indeed mother and daughter."

When she was young, Cecilia felt that Paula didn't shower her with the love a mother should, so she engaged a professional agency to conduct a DNA test.

After hearing this, Vivian couldn't help but sigh. "Okay."

Realizing it was getting late, Cecilia turned to Vivian, forcing a smile, and said, "All right, let's head back. I'm fine now." She forced a smile.

Worried about Cecilia being alone, Vivian insisted on taking her home.

Meanwhile, a theater staff member found Paula and escorted her to the break room.

By the time Cassandra remembered her mother, it was already ten at night. When she entered, she saw Paula, covered in filth.

“Ms. Evans, your mother is inside,” the staff member said, noticing she was still lingering outside the room.

Cassandra immediately clarified, “She’s not my biological mother; she’s my stepmother.”

The staff member was puzzled, unsure why Cassandra felt the need to make this distinction.

Cassandra then called for a caregiver. When the caregiver arrived, she instructed them to help Paula into the car and take her back to the hospital.

Despite arriving at the hospital some time ago, Paula took a while to regain her composure.

Meanwhile, Cassandra was busy calling her manager. “You know what to do next, right?”

“Don’t worry, I’ve already arranged for the trending search,” her manager assured her.

After hanging up, Cassandra turned her attention back to Paula, focusing on the matter of where her personal assets were stored.

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Chapter 689 Take Care Of The Money

“Mom, are you feeling better now?” Cassandra asked, sitting by the bedside.

Paula’s previous discontent seemed to melt away when she noticed Cassandra staying by her side late into the night. “Much better now. You’ve had a long day.”

“No worries, Mom. You’re my mother. I need to show you respect and care,” Cassandra replied, holding her hand. After a moment, she added, “However, there’s something I’ve been meaning to discuss, though I’ve been hesitant because I didn’t want to worry you.”

“What’s the matter? Go ahead, tell me.”

"I think it might be wise to start planning for the future, given your current situation," Cassandra suggested, trying to be as tactful as possible.

Tangements for after my

Paula quickly understood the implication. "Are you talking about death? Didn't the doctor say that with treatment, I could live for at least two more years?"

"Mom, please don't be upset," Cassandra said gently. "I want you to live as long as possible. But we need to be prepared for the future. If something were to happen to you, like what happened today, I wouldn't know what to do with your belongings."

Paula listened in silence, a wave of disappointment surfacing once more. "Cassandra, I don't have much money left."

Seeing her mother's reluctance, Cassandra felt a surge of annoyance. "Mom, do you not trust me? Do you think I'm only interested in your savings? Remember, I'm not just your daughter but also Queenie's adopted child. Queenie made a will stating that all her properties would pass to me after her death. The Jamieson family is so wealthy and influential. Do you really think I would cover your money?"

"Besides," Cassandra continued, "Queenie may have been my adoptive mother, but you're my birth mother. It doesn't make sense for my adoptive mother to care for me more than my birth mother, does it?"

The remark hit Paula hard.

After giving birth to Cassandra, Paula had abandoned her due to emotional issues with Ralph.

She had always felt guilty about abandoning her daughter, but hearing Cassandra suggest that her adoptive mother was more caring than she was struck a painful chord.

"That's not what I meant," Paula said, visibly upset. "Go to my room and look for a bank deposit

the safe. Take it to the bank and ask for Mr. Jacobson. The password is your birthday"

Cassandra had never imagined that reverse psychology could be so effective, "All right, Mom. F

ike good care of this money for you."

Paula nodded.

She had initially wanted to share her encounter with Cecilia tonight with Cassandra, but Cassandra said, “Mom, it’s getting late. I’m pregnant, so I’ll head home now and come see you

tomorrow.”

“All right.” Paula had no choice but to let her go.

After Cassandra returned, she immediately went to Paula’s room. She opened the safe and, as expected, found the bank deposit slip.

Ralph, who was still awake, joined her and took a look at the document.

The amount in the bank account was astonishing—an impressive one billion five hundred million.

“I knew your mom had more than just a billion or two. She’s been pulling the wool over our eyes,” Ralph remarked.

Cassandra handed over the deposit slip to Ralph. “Dad, take this to help the company get by.”

She had her own money and didn’t need any at the moment.

“All right. Thank you.” Ralph’s eyes glistened with hope.

“Don’t thank me, Dad. We’re a family. These past few days have been utterly exhausting. You have no idea—she even wet her seat today. It was so embarrassing” After heaving a sigh, Cassandra continued, “I’m glad you didn’t end up with her back then. I believe Queenie is the one who truly deserves to be my mother.”

Ralph nodded in agreement. “It’s a shame that Queenie isn’t as beautiful as your mother once was. But then, your mother is old now anyway.”

Ralph still harbored hopes of reuniting with Queenie. Unfortunately, Queenie was a woman of steel. Ever since Ralph’s infidelity, she had promptly filed for divorce.

If it weren’t for Cassandra, Queenie would have already taken action against Ralph.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 690

Chapter 690 Magnus Had Mended His Ways

Upon receiving the money, Ralph immediately used it to fund his company’s operations.

He wasn't quite sure what had been happening lately. Although his company hadn't been making high profits before, it hadn't been suffering any losses either.

Recently, regardless of what the company produced or managed, they faced constant sabotage. Most of their business partners had been poached by a group called Imminence Corporation. As a result, Ralph was gradually finding himself in financial difficulties.

Meanwhile, Paula remained unaware that Cassandra had taken her money. It didn't take long for them to use up all of her funds.

Early the next morning, news had skyrocketed to the top of the trending list: Internationally Renowned Dancer Takes Her Ailing Stepmother to the Opera House.

Upon clicking the headline, the article detailed how tirelessly Cassandra worked, her dutiful nature shining through as she took her stepmother to the opera house.

When her stepmother fell ill, Cassandra, unafraid of the mess, personally assisted her and escorted her to the hospital.

Upon waking up, Cecilia saw the news and couldn't help but feel a sense of irony.

She had observed the night before that Cassandra hadn't even bothered to accompany Paula to the hospital, let alone offer her support.

Cecilia didn't spend much time looking before closing the page.

Now that Cecilia had won the lawsuit, Paula was obligated to return the money within two weeks. Failure to do so would result in compulsory enforcement.

Worried that Paula and the Evans family might be transferring assets during this period, Cecilia instructed Sven to secretly monitor them.

It wasn't long before Sven sent her several photos and a report. "According to the investigator, Paula had a large sum of money in her bank account. This morning, Ralph and his crew withdrew it all."

Cecilia's brows furrowed slightly. I knew it. I knew that they had no intention of paying back the money.

"It's a shame we have to wait fifteen days?"

They would keep all these pieces of evidence to use as the basis for enforcement. Only then would it be clear where all their money had been transferred.

In response, Cecilia instructed Sven, "Please ensure someone keeps an eye on them. If any evidence surfaces, make sure it's secured immediately."

"All right"

After Sven ended the call, Cecilia went downstairs to have breakfast.

Recently, she had been eating more than usual, and her stomach had started to subtly grow, hinting at a possible pregnancy.

Before she could even finish her breakfast, another call came through. Cecilia answered, surprised to find it was from Nicholas. "How have you been lately?"

This was the most ordinary of inquiries, to which Cecilia courteously responded, "I'm fine. How can I help you?"

"I heard from Magnus that you're in a legal dispute with Paula over money she's unwilling to repay." Nicholas calmly stated. "Magnus has agreed to pay back a portion on her behalf."

"Magnus?" Surprised, Cecilia asked, "Are you referring to Magnus Smith?"

Nicholas hummed in acknowledgment and then asked, "Do you want him to speak with you? He admitted that he was at fault."

Cecilia wasn't buying it. Magnus had always been selfish since he was young. Could he really have changed?

However, she was curious about what Magnus was up to and why he seemed so familiar with Nicholas.

"All right." Nicholas handed the phone to Magnus.

Magnus took the phone and tried his best to flatter Cecilia. "Cecilia, I just found out about the lawsuit. Otherwise, I would have definitely been there for you in court. Thank goodness you won. Even if you hadn't, I would still return your money."

Upon hearing that, Cecilia asked, "What are you up to?"

A flash of impatience crossed Magnus' eyes. If it hadn't been for Nicholas, he wouldn't have apologized to Cecilia or humbled himself at all.

"Cecilia, I was pretty naive back then, not really getting how the world works," Magnus admitted. "But working with Nicholas has opened my eyes. I've realized how foolish I was." He paused for a moment before continuing, "So, here's the deal: I want to give you what I've saved up—the two hundred million Mom gave me. The rest went to Ralph."

I genuinely didn't have anything left. I only managed to put together this two hundred million by selling off my stuff.””

Soon after Magnus finished speaking, Cecilia received two hundred million in her bank account.