

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 781

Chapter 781 He Has Changed

The car started, and after about an hour’s drive, they arrived at Daltonia Villa.

Nicholas stepped out of the car, and from a distance, he could see Cecilia lying on a lounge chair in the garden, basking in the sunlight. Her exposed hand gleamed white in the sun.

Mr. Rainsworth,” the security guard greeted him without hesitation and opened the gate.

It wasn’t easy for people to distinguish Nicholas from Nathaniel, as the two looked identical.

Nicholas walked in and headed straight toward Cecilia.

She was sleeping soundly and hadn’t noticed Nicholas’ approach.

He simply stood in front of her without saying a word.

Perhaps because the light was blocked, Cecilia felt less warmth and turned over, casually removing the book covering her face.

Still, there was no light. Groggily, she opened her She looked up and met the man’s deep gaze eyes and found someone standing before her. eyes a

“Nathaniel, why are you back?”

Nicholas’ Adam’s apple moved slightly. “Ceci.”

The tenderness in his voice and the focus in his eyes immediately made Cecilia realize that this wasn’t Nathaniel standing in front of her.

“Nicholas, why are you here?”

Embarrassed, she got up from her seat.

“I heard that after Nathaniel returned from abroad, he moved out. I came to ask you what happened.”

Cecilia had always had a good impression of Nicholas and didn’t think of him as a bad person.

Still, she didn’t tell him about Nathaniel’s current condition. She only said, “He got a minor injury abroad. The doctor said it’s better for him to recover over there.”

She didn’t mention Nathaniel’s memory issues or that his memories had regressed several years.

“I see. I thought he had another fight with you,” Nicholas murmured.

Seeing he wasn’t leaving, Cecilia politely asked, “Would you like to sit for a while?”

“Sure.”

Nicholas readily agreed and sat on a nearby bench.

Cecilia sat across from him.

Not long after, the housekeeper brought over some fruit and coffee.

Nicholas accepted the coffee. “Thank you.”

The housekeeper was taken aback, unable to believe what she’d heard.

When had Mr. Rainsworth ever said thank you?

Nicholas ignored her astonished gaze and took a sip of coffee.

After the servant left, the silence between Nicholas and Cecilia grew once again.

When did it become so hard to find common topics between us?

After a long pause, Cecilia finally found a topic. “Is Magnus working for you now?”

“Yes, don’t worry. He’s changed,” Nicholas replied.

Hearing this, Cecilia was a little surprised. When Magnus was younger, he had been adorable, but as he grew older, he became spoiled by Paula and started behaving terribly.

“I’m glad he’s changed. I appreciate your help.”

Nicholas didn’t respond, his gaze lingering on her face.

As he took in the scar that marred her once flawless skin, his eyes filled with pain. “Does it still hurt?”

Cecilia was confused for a moment, then noticed he was staring at her face. She snapped back to reality.

“It stopped hurting a while ago. It’s already healed.”

Nicholas was about to say more when voices came from the entrance.

“Aunt Elena, you’ve got such great taste! The clothes you picked for Eli look amazing. In my next life, I want to be your granddaughter,” Jessica flattered Elena.

Elena was quite pleased.

Jessica suddenly noticed Nicholas sitting across from Cecilia. At first, she mistook him for Nathaniel.

“Nathaniel, you’re back?”

Carrying bags of clothes, she rushed over to Nicholas.

Her words caused a flash of disgust to appear in Nicholas’ eyes. Before he could say anything. Vivian stopped in her tracks, realizing that the person in front of her wasn’t Nathaniel.

“Yes, it’s been a while, Jessica,” Nicholas responded with a gentle smile.

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Chapter 782 Dark Aura

“It’s been a while.” Jessica forced a smile. She stepped back a few paces, waiting for Elena and the others to approach.

Even Cecilia found this version of Jessica surprising.

Usually, whenever Jessica met a man, she’d rush up to him, acting coy and playful.

Why did she behave so distant around Nicholas?

“Nicholas, what brings you here?”

Elena walked forward, looking puzzled.

“I heard Nathaniel was injured, so I came to check on him.”

“Oh, Nathaniel isn’t here. He’s at Seabay Villa,” Elena explained, then turned to Elliot. “Eli, this is your Uncle Nicholas.”

Elliot was usually well-behaved. Despite having met Nicholas a few times before, he felt uneasy around him.

He snapped out of his daze and greeted, “Uncle Nicholas.”

“Mm.” Nicholas nodded gently, bending down to take out a piece of candy and handing it to Elliot. “I didn’t bring you a gift this time. I got this candy when I had a meal earlier.”

Even though Nicholas appeared gentle and warm, to Elliot's eyes, it seemed as if a dark aura was surrounding him.

Elliot had a strong sixth sense, and whenever he focused, he could see a faint aura around everyone.

Those who liked him, like Cecilia and Elena, would emit pink or golden auras, while those who didn't, like Jessica, had blue or green ones.

Yet, this was the first time he could sense the dark aura around Nicholas without even concentrating.

Fearfully, Elliot took the candy and then moved to stand by Elena's side.

Elliot had once told Jonathan about this ability. After researching various texts, Jonathan found explanations that modern science couldn't quite account for.

One of them stated that young children could sometimes see things that adults couldn't.

Later, Elliot ran back to his room and called Jonathan. "Jon, today I saw someone with a black aura all around him. It was so scary."

Jonathan was at the airport lounge, his fingers casually tapping the keyboard. He remained calm as he replied, "I've already told you, haven't I? The emotions you feel about someone or something make your brain cast a kind of discount them. When you get a bit older and your brain develops fully, you won't see it anymore."

Elliot pouted instantly.

"Are you saying something's wrong with my brain imph."

Jonathan thought to himself that his little brother was exactly foolish. "No, I'm just explaining why your eyes see different auras."

You don't get it. I've never seen someone with such a dark aura around them before."

Fearing Jonathan would dismiss him, Elliot quickly followed with a question, "Jon, have I been wrong when I told you who's good and who's bad?"

Sometimes, Elliot's intuitive judgments about people were sharper than Jonathan's rational analysis.

There was once a man who treated Cecilia exceptionally well who pursued her.

Jonathan also thought the man was trustworthy, but Elliot sensed that he wasn't genuine.

Subsequently, after Cecilia rejected the man, he hastily married within a month. Following the quick wedding, it was rumored that he had scammed his wife.

Didn't that prove how strong Elliot's instincts were?

"Who's the cello covered in the dark aura?" Jonathan knew his brother's instincts were usually accurate,

Science had even shown that bad people and good people emitted different magnetic fields, based on their character.

"It's so embarrassing daddy's younger brother.

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Chapter 783 I Can Be Your Assistant

Previously, Elliot hadn't been close enough to Nicholas to notice anything strange. Even when he had been closer before, he never sensed anything. It was only today that he realized the dark aura surrounding him.

"Stay safe at home. I'm about to board my flight and head back. I'll talk to you later," Jonathan said.

"Okay then."

Reluctantly, Elliot ended the call.

Looking back out the window, he could still see Nicholas outside, chatting with his mom and Elena.

Even from a distance, the dark aura around the man was still visible, making Elliot feel uneasy.

Meanwhile, seeing Nicholas, Elena was reminded of the time when Elliot did live streams to make money.

How can she let a child make money?

Elena suggested, "Ceci, since you don't have much to do every day, why don't you follow Nicholas to the company and learn the ropes? At least that way, you'll have an additional source of income. Don't worry, working just three or four hours a day won't affect the child."

Elena had been planning this ever since Cecilia and Nathaniel left for abroad.

Cecilia wasn't particularly surprised by the suggestion, but she did find it odd.

Elena had always been against her working, claiming that as a daughter-in-law with hearing difficulties, going out to work would only bring shame to the Rainsworth family.

Why the sudden change?

“Mom, I’m already writing songs occasionally. I’m not exactly doing nothing, Cecilia replied.

One had to admit that people change over time.

When Cecilia had been working, Elena had despised her for being too visible and embarrassing the family. Now that Cecilia was staying home, Elena found fault with her being idle.

“Writing songs?”

Elena’s eyes were full of disdain. “You can write songs?”

It wasn’t easy for an ordinary person to write music, let alone someone with hearing difficulties.

“I just write here and there. I wouldn’t say I’m an expert,” Cecilia replied modestly.

“Then go to the company,” Elena interrupted, her tone firm. “I’ll call Nathaniel and make sure he goes too. From now on, you’ll be his eyes and help him.”

Cecilia wasn’t sure if it was because she had changed since her return, but Elena seemed worried about being embarrassed in front of others.

Her voice softened, sounding more like persuasion now.

“Even though the Rainsworth family is wealthy and can support you, you and Nathaniel can’t just stagnate. You have to think about the future—for your child, if not for yourselves, right?”

Cecilia was even more surprised by Elena’s sudden shift in attitude.

Before she could respond, Nicholas chimed in, “Cecilia, don’t worry. Just come to the office, and I’ll arrange your workstations.”

“Mom, it’s better if you ask Nathaniel first. If he agrees, I don’t have a problem with it,” Cecilia said, knowing that Nathaniel would most likely reject the idea.

After all, he was still dealing with memory loss and had his own company to manage.

“Okay, that’s settled then. I’ll call him as soon as I get back,” Elena agreed.

While they were chatting, Jessica remained stiff and silent the whole time.

She finally relaxed after Elena and Nicholas left. She turned to Cecilia and said, “Congrats, Cecilia! You’re about to join Rainsworth Group.”

If an outsider wanted to enter Rainsworth Group, they had to go through numerous screenings.

“It’s not even confirmed yet. What’s there to congratulate?”

“It’s as good as settled,” Jessica insisted.

Then, with a hopeful look, she added, “Cecilia, can you take me with you into Rainsworth Group? I could be your assistant.”

Cecilia knew that Jessica’s sudden flattery wasn’t without an ulterior motive.

“I don’t need an assistant, but if Nathaniel agrees to go to the company, you can join me and be his assistant,” Cecilia replied.

Jessica’s eyes instantly lit up. She took the offer seriously.

“Cecilia, you’re so kind!”

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Chapter 784 Taking Precautions

Cecilia didn’t expect Jessica to have ulterior motives but wasn’t particularly clever.

This made things easier as dealing with her wouldn’t require much effort.

“I’m going to rest now.”

“Okay, I won’t disturb you then,” Jessica responded.

She had originally planned to remind Cecilia not to sleep too much, but seeing that Cecilia was so kind, she decided not to be a busybody.

Cecilia took a short walk in the garden before sitting down to rest.

From a distance, she saw Jessica returning with a large bag of gifts, handing them out one by one. to the maids and security guards at the mansion.

Cecilia silently observed Jessica trying to curry favor with the staff but didn’t intervene.

If people could be swayed by a few gifts, it only proved that they could be turned just as easily with a few more.

Ignoring Jessica's antics, Cecilia returned to her book and continued studying music scores.

Jessica would glance over occasionally Cecilia's complete lack of interest in her actions. emboldened her even further. She started openly making plans with the mansion's staff to go out for meals.

She even sent a message to Mason, inviting him to join them.

Mason checked his schedule and saw that he only had free time after nine in the evening the day after tomorrow. He told Jessica as much.

Without hesitation, she arranged a private dinner with Mason at nine in the evening the following evening.

Mason wasn't like the other maids. He had been by Nathaniel's side for longer than even Cecilia had.

If she could win Mason over, it would give her more chances to get close to Nathaniel.

Later, during dinner, Jessica casually placed her phone on the table. After Cecilia sat down, she heard a text notification.

Glancing over instinctively, she saw a message pop up on Jessica's phone.

The contact name was Mason.

Mason: Okay, half past nine, Moonlit Restaurant. See you the day after tomorrow.

Cecilia wasn't trying to pry into Jessica's affairs, but Jessica had Mason's contact, and they were even meeting at half past nine in the evening at Moonlit Restaurant.

Moonlit Restaurant was a well-known couple's spot, complete with a hotel and amenities designed for romantic getaways.

Cecilia knew about the place because, in the past, she had booked it in hopes of getting closer to Nathaniel and having a child together.

But unfortunately, Nathaniel never showed up.

Cecilia also remembered Mason mentioning he went on a blind date and was now his fiancée.

Does Mason's fiancée know he is meeting Jessica at such a place?

Cecilia wasn't one to meddle in other people's business, but she needed to protect herself.

She discreetly took a photo of the message as evidence.

If Mason and Jessica were up to no good, she would have to take preventative measures.

By the time Jessica returned, the phone screen had already gone dark, so she had no idea Cecilia had seen her message.

Later in the evening, after dinner, Cecilia sat on the couch, noticing Jessica chatting animatedly with someone on her phone.

She could only hope it wasn't Mason. Otherwise, his fiancée would be heartbroken.

As a woman, Cecilia understood all too well how much it hurt to be betrayed by a man.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Paula was going through a particularly tough time.

Ralph had found another woman, and her daughter, Cassandra, barely cared about her.

Cassandra had promised to confront her father about his affair just a week ago, but now, days had passed without any update.

Even outsiders could tell that the Evans family didn't care about her, but she wasn't ready to admit it yet.

Unable to bear it any longer, Paula called Cassandra

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Chapter 785 A Spam Call

Recently, Queenie had returned to Tudela to negotiate business deals.

Today, Cassandra was having lunch with her. She personally served her food and water. “Mom, have more.”

“Mm,” Queenie responded, feeling comforted.

However, the peaceful moment was abruptly interrupted by the sound of a phone ringing.

Cassandra picked up her phone and saw that it was Paula calling. She pressed decline and put her phone back into her bag, unaware that she had accidentally answered the call instead of hanging up.

Because the phone was now inside her bag, she couldn't hear Paula speaking.

“Who was it?” Queenie asked. “Why didn't you answer?”

“Oh, just a spam call, Cassandra replied casually.

Not hearing Cassandra's response, Paula was about to hang up and call again when she overheard the conversation between Queenie and Cassandra.

A spam call?

Paula quickly realized that Cassandra had answered the call by mistake.

Curious, she decided to listen in and hear what Cassandra and Queenie talked about.

"Mom, this foie gras is really delicious. I had it specially ordered in advance and flown in."

"Mm." Queenie nodded, taking a small bite.

Suddenly remembering something, she asked, "Cassandra, I heard Paula was diagnosed with cancer?"

"Yeah, late-stage cancer. The doctor said she won't live more than two years," Cassandra replied bluntly.

Knowing Queenie disliked Paula, she continued, "It's karma. She stole Dad from you, and now she's got cancer."

She had no idea that every word was being heard by Paula on the other end.

Queenie let out a scornful laugh. "Cassandra, you have to understand, Paula didn't take Ralph away from me. I didn't want Ralph anymore, got it?"

Back then, Queenie had married Ralph only to appease certain members of the Jamieson family.

Additionally, Ralph had been easy to control, and her feelings were never involved.

Even so, she despised betrayal.

"I misspoke, Mom. A woman like Paula could never compare to you," Cassandra said, disdainfully taking a bite of her food. "You have no idea how disgusting it feels every time I have to call her 'Mom' in front of others. I just wish she'd hurry up and die!"

Queenie looked at her daughter fondly. "Good girl."

The two of them continued chatting for a while, but Paula wasn't listening anymore.

She stood frozen in place, her mind a complete blank. It wasn't until the caregiver came over to bring her food that she finally snapped back to reality and ended the call.

The caregiver brought in the food. She couldn't help but sigh upon seeing that she was the only one by Paula's side.

“Eat something.”

“No, I’m not hungry,” Paula replied.

“You have to eat, even if you don’t feel like it. Your body’s already in bad shape the caregiver gently coaxed.

Paula, for once, didn’t get angry. “I really don’t feel like eating. Just leave it over there.”

Sensing that Paula seemed like a different person today, the caregiver didn’t push further, fearing she might upset her. She quietly placed the meal aside and left.

Meanwhile, after finishing lunch, Cassandra saw Queenie off and finally took her phone out of her bag.

She was about to return Paula’s missed call, wondering what it was about when she noticed that the call she had supposedly missed had actually lasted for six minutes.

Six minutes?

Realizing that Paula might have overheard her conversation with Queenie, Cassandra quickly dialed Paula’s number.

The phone rang for a long time, but there was no answer.

She tried calling again, and after waiting a while, Paula’s voice finally came through.

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Chapter 786 Far More Important Than Queenie

“Do you really hate me that much, Cassandra? Do you truly want me to die soon?” Paula whispered from under the covers, afraid that the person in the next bed might overhear her.

Her voice was especially hoarse.

Thinking back, Paula couldn’t help but feel heartbroken. The daughter she had always been proud of, the one she had loved unconditionally and even compromised her own principles for, had just told her adoptive mother how much she despised her, found her repulsive, and even wished for her early death!

It was perhaps only at this moment that Paula could fully understand the harsh words she had once spoken to Cecilia.

“Mom, you misunderstood,” Cassandra quickly lied, trying to cover her tracks. “Queenie was with me earlier. You know how much she dislikes you. I had to lie to please her. Don’t take what I said. seriously. You’re my real mother. You’re far more important than Queenie, right?”

Paula no longer believed a word Cassandra said.

Her eyes grew colder. “Am I really more important than Queenie?”

“Of course.”

“Then go and tell Queenie the truth—that I’m actually your biological mother, that I gave birth to you,” Paula demanded.

Cassandra’s eyes narrowed. She nearly called Paula a crazy woman.

“Mom, are you joking? If Queenie knew I was your biological daughter, do you think she’d still leave the Jamieson family inheritance to me?”

Paula clenched her phone tightly. “What’s more important? That money or your own mother?”

“Mom, listen. Once Queenie has written her will and is close to dying, I’ll tell her the truth, okay?” Cassandra offered.

“She won’t even die before I do!” Paula said, deeply disappointed. “If you don’t have the courage to tell Queenie, then I will.”

At this, Cassandra finally dropped her long-hidden mask.

“Don’t you dare!” she shouted,

Paula was startled by her sudden outburst.

Cassandra quickly softened her tone. “Mom, if you tell Queenie, I’ll kill myself! Without the Jamieson family fortune, I’ll be nothing. Dad already took all of the Evans family’s money. Do you want me to end up on the streets?”

Paula’s heart softened once again.

“I..”

“You used to be a dancer, right? Can’t you rely on yourself?” Paula’s words would have shocked Cecilia if she had overheard them.

Cassandra scoffed bitterly. “Everyone knows my success was bought by Queenie. Do you really think I have your talent? If I had your talent, I wouldn’t have chosen to get married and have children!”

Her words cut Paula deeply, leaving her defenseless.

Cassandra was essentially blackmailing her with her own life, forcing Paula to keep quiet about the truth. Once again, Paula had to compromise her principles.

It really seemed like this world had a way of making everyone meet their match.

Noticing Paula talking quietly under the covers, the caregiver guessed she was speaking to her ungrateful daughter.

“Mdm. Paula, not to meddle, but we really shouldn’t favor one child over others.”

Paula lifted the blanket, her lips pale. “You don’t understand.”

The caretaker shook her head, changed her medication, and then left.

Once alone, Paula pondered for a moment before calling Cassandra again. “Cassandra, if I had a way for you to get a large sum of money, would you be willing to tell Queenie the truth?”

Even now, Paula still held onto a sliver of hope for her daughter.

She believed in the strength of blood ties.

“Really? Then I’ll stop by tomorrow.”

Excited by the prospect of more money, she didn’t hesitate and hurried over early the next day.

Seeing her, the caregiver didn’t hide her displeasure and got busy in a corner.

“Mom, what’s the plan you mentioned?” Cassandra asked eagerly

“I know how to invalidate Cecilia’s will.”

Paula had been keeping this secret for years, never revealing it to anyone.

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Chapter 787 Her Arrogance All Gone

“What’s the point of invalidating Cecilia’s will? Evans Group has already been transferred by Dad, and Cecilia only got a small amount of money.” Cassandra immediately lost interest.

Paula was about to speak, but seeing Cassandra’s indifference, she lost the urge to continue.

“I must be getting senile. That bit of money is nothing compared to the Jamieson family’s fortune.”

“Mom, if you don’t have anything else to say, don’t contact me again.”

With that, Cassandra stood up. Perhaps she feared being judged, or maybe she was worried Paula would speak to Queenie.

She pulled out a check and handed it to the caregiver beside her. “Here, this is for this month’s food, medical expenses, and your salary.”

The caregiver immediately took it.

After Cassandra left, the caregiver looked at the check and was surprised to see it was for only thirty thousand.

“Only thirty thousand? That’s not even enough to cover your chemotherapy and other treatments.

Currently, Paula was spending thousands daily just on hospital bills, not to mention the various medications.

“Thirty thousand?” Paula couldn’t believe it either.

The caregiver shook her head, “I told you, this daughter of yours isn’t quite as good as the other one, but you wouldn’t believe me.”

Paula remained silent.

The caregiver noticed that her usual arrogance had disappeared over the past couple of days.

Whether rich or poor, everyone faces death in the end.

Curious, the caregiver asked, “By the way, what were you going to talk about with Ms. Evans earlier?”

Realizing she was nearing the end of her life, Paula decided to speak up.

“I’ll tell you, but you must promise not to tell anyone.”

“Okay,” the caregiver agreed.

Paula revealed the secret she had kept buried in her heart.

After hearing this, the caregiver was utterly stunned. “What? How could you do such a thing?”

“What’s wrong with that? I gave her life! If it weren’t for me, she would have frozen to death long ago!” Paula said, agitated.

“But why didn’t you tell her?”

“Why should I? She’s always opposing me. If it weren’t for her, would I be in this position now?”

Paula blamed everyone but herself for her current situation.

“You’re beyond saving. Think about it. You have a son and two daughters. Now, who’s here taking care of you?” The caregiver was straightforward.

Paula had no response.

Magnus had stopped answering her calls because she hadn’t given him any money. He even went as far as saying that whatever happened to her was none of his concern.

As for Cassandra, it was as if she didn’t even exist.

As for Cecilia....

Paula suddenly remembered the image of a young Cecilia, obedient and eager to please.

“Mom, can you hug me too?”

“Mom, I’ll take care of you in your old age. Let’s not bother others anymore, okay?”

“Mom, I am your daughter too.”

Paula’s mind suddenly became a chaotic mess.

“Have I really been wrong?”

“Of course! You couldn’t be more wrong.”

A sharp pain shot through Paula’s abdomen again. “I don’t believe it. Cassandra must be being used by Queenie. I need to make Queenie see the truth.”

The caregiver had no idea what Paula was rambling on about.

She just saw Paula get out of bed.

“Where are you going?”

The last time Paula had snuck out, her condition had worsened. The caregiver tried to stop her, but Paula snapped at her, “Stay out of it! Get lost!”

The caregiver was at a loss and dared not provoke her further. Remembering the business card Cecilia had left behind, he decided to give Cecilia a call.

“Ms. Smith?”

“I’m the caregiver at the hospital. Your mother is insisting on leaving the hospital for some reason, and I don’t think she’s in good condition. Could you come and check on her?”

Cecilia had just finished breakfast. She had no plans for the day.

“Sure, I’ll come over.”

She was curious to see what state Paula had fallen into now.

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Chapter 788 Current State

Following the real-time location shared by the caregiver, Cecilia drove over.

Fearing any unexpected incidents, she had Sven accompany her.

It wasn’t long before they arrived at the approximate location. From a distance, Cecilia spotted Paula wearing a hospital gown, her hair disheveled. There was no trace left of her once refined, upper-class demeanor.

Paula had grown alarmingly thin.

Cecilia glanced around. They were in front of a branch of Jamieson Group.

What is Paula doing here?

She didn’t inform the caregiver of her arrival. Instead, she temporarily disabled her phone’s mobile data, making it impossible for the caregiver to track her.

Then, Cecilia stepped out of her car and found a hidden spot to observe.

After reaching Jamieson Group’s branch company, Paula tried to enter but was stopped by security.

She shouted, “Tell Queenie to come out and see me!”

The security guard frowned at her audacity to call out their CEO by name. “Who do you think you are, demanding to see Mdm. Queenie? Get lost!”

Despite her physical pain, Paula sat stubbornly at the company’s entrance.

“Tell Queenie I’m Paula Escobar. Once she hears my name, she will definitely come out to see me.”

The guard didn't bother relaying the message.

"Get lost, or I'll have you thrown out!" one of them warned.

The caregiver tried to pull Paula back. "Mdm. Paula, please, stop this. Why are you here causing trouble?"

Soon, more security guards arrived.

The caregiver grew nervous, but Paula wasn't afraid at all.

"You can lay hands on me if you want, but let me tell you this—I have late stage cancer. If you're not afraid of jail, go ahead."

Upon hearing this, the security guards each hesitated to step forward.

"Call out your CEO. I'm here to bring her some good news."

Paula's words piqued the curiosity of onlookers, including some employees inside the company who had started watching the scene unfold.

Queenie hadn't yet arrived at the office.

She was with Cassandra who came with her to inspect the branch together.

Queenie was also mentoring her on how to manage the company, planning to temporarily hand over the branch's operations to Cassandra.

Cassandra was particularly eager about this, but she never imagined her biological mother would ruin everything.

When their car pulled up to the branch's entrance, Cassandra immediately spotted Paula from a distance.

Her heart raced, and it felt as if her pulse had stopped for a moment.

Sitting beside her, Queenie was equally puzzled upon seeing Paula. "What is she doing here?"

"Mom, I'm not feeling well today. Should we head back first?"

"Not feeling well? I'll have the driver take you to the hospital," Queenie replied. "I have a lot of work to handle today, so I can't go with you."

With that, the driver got out of the car and opened the door.

Queenie stepped out.

Cassandra was unable to stop her.

Paula saw Queenie get out of the car, along with Cassandra.

As soon as Cassandra got out, she frantically shot Paula warning looks.

Paula had come all this way and had no intention of leaving so easily.

“Cassandra, didn’t you say you weren’t feeling well?” Queenie asked, looking back at Cassandra.

“I feel much better now. It was probably just a bit of carsickness earlier, Cassandra lied.

Queenie sensed that something was amiss but didn’t press further. Instead, she turned to the security guard. “What’s going on here?”

The guard pointed to Paula. “Mdm. Queenie, this woman insists on seeing you.”

Queenie had no patience for women like Paula. Paula had been involved with a married man shortly after her own husband’s death and even gave her late husband’s money to another man.

She didn’t even spare Paula a glance and coldly asked, “What do you want?”

Paula clenched her fists. All the grievances she had bottled up burst forth, fueled by the paltry

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“Queenie, I came to tell you, the daughter you’ve been raising all this time is actually mine-”

“Mdm. Paula, don’t talk nonsense,” Cassandra interrupted her at once.

Mdm. Paula?

Paula was taken aback.

Yet, Queenie found herself intrigued and stopped Cassandra, “Cassandra, let her speak. Don’t worry, even if she says something bad about you, I’ll still believe you.”

Cassandra could only grit her teeth and say, “Alright.”

Paula watched her own daughter sharing a tender, mother–daughter bond with another woman and found the situation increasingly ironic.

Unable to contain herself any longer, she blurted out, “Queenie, I must tell you, Cassandra is my biological daughter.”

Queenie's eyes narrowed, looking at Paula in disbelief.

She had assumed that Paula would say something negative about Cassandra, but she never expected this.

"What kind of joke is this? Cassandra was personally brought home from the orphanage by Ralph and me. How could she possibly be your daughter?" Queenie had always looked down on Paula and had no respect for the latter.

But now, all she wished for was that Paula had deceived her and that everything was a lie.

Cassandra was also constantly making meaningful glances at Paula, hoping she would quickly retract her words.

Paula, however, seemed as if she was oblivious to Cassandra's looks, and she merely let out a cold chuckle.

"Hmph, don't you always pride yourself in being a shrewd businesswoman? You don't even know who your adopted daughter truly is? Let me tell you, Cassandra is the biological daughter of Ralph and me. I've known Ralph since the very beginning!"

Queenie's expression remained unchanged, yet it seemed as if the air around her had taken an icy turn.

Could Ralph had lied to me?

Paula continued, "When I was twenty, I gave birth to Cassandra. Ralph was terrified that my dancing career would come to an end, so we chose not to marry. Instead, we secretly hired someone to take care of Cassandra. But that scumbag, Ralph, was always cheating on me, and so we ended up breaking up. Later on, he met you, and to my surprise, even married you. Somehow, he learned that you loved children, particularly daughters. So, he discussed with me about sending our daughter, Cassandra, to the orphanage, hoping you would agree to adopt her. Ralph knew you had a soft spot for pitiful children, so he purposefully left Cassandra alone in the corner. Also, I heard him say that because you have double eyelids, you prefer girls with double eyelids. Originally, Cassandra had single eyelids. She underwent a surgical procedure for double eyelids at the hospital, just so you would accept her..."

Paula related everything from the past but didn't make everything entirely clear.

Upon hearing the detailed account, Queenie didn't think it sounded like a lie at all.

However, she knew she couldn't just take Paula's word for it.

"After saying all that, do you have any proof? Have you done a DNA test?" Queenie asked.

Paula was taken aback.

She had only thought about coming over to clear the air with Queenie, in hopes of bringing Cassandra back to her side. The idea of a DNA test had not even crossed her mind.

“Cassandra is my flesh and blood, why on earth would we need a DNA test?”

Hearing Paula say this, Queenie began to doubt her words again, unable to believe that Cassandra. was truly the former’s daughter.

Queenie stepped forward, looking her straight in the eye. “You don’t actually think I would believe you just because you’ve spun a few lies, do you?”

After she had spoken, she turned back to look at Cassandra.

“Cassandra, are you aware of what she’s talking about? Tell me the truth. I won’t blame you regardless of whether or not you’re her daughter.”

What Queenie said was the truth. After all, she was the one who raised Cassandra.

She couldn’t possibly blame Cassandra just because she was Paula’s daughter.

She knew that no one was ever able to choose their was ever able to choose their parents.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 790

Chapter 790 Cecilia Steps In

Faced with Queenie’s question, Cassandra suddenly found herself at a loss for words.

Paula also looked at her, hoping she would tell the truth.

However, Cassandra gave Paula a teary-eyed look and said, “Mdm. Paula, why are you saying such things?”

“My mom is my real mom. She raised me. Regardless of who gave birth to me, I only acknowledge her.”

Her words deeply touched Queenie.

However, Paula’s heart had already turned ice-cold.

It was one thing if Paula had ignored Cassandra her entire life, but every year, Paula would secretly meet with the latter and she would fulfill all Cassandra’s requests.

Years ago, when she married Ralph, she even brought along the Smith family’s assets as dowry. This was all done in an attempt to make amends to the daughter who hadn’t been by her side since childhood.

“Cassandra, one must have a conscience. I am, after all, your biological mother.”

The words Paula spoke now truly humiliated her. She now remembered what she had said to Cecilia in the past.

Cassandra’s expression remained unchanged.

“Mdm. Paula, please stop lying. I understand that you can’t accept Dad having another woman in his life, but you can’t take out your frustration with him on me,” Cassandra said with a pitiful tone.

“You, you...”

Paula felt a sharp pain in her abdomen due to her anger.

She was dressed in a white hospital attire, and one could clearly—see her white pants gradually stained red with blood.

The caregiver was shocked. “Mdm. Paula, are you alright? We should head back to the hospital quickly.”

Upon seeing Paula in such a state, Cassandra also felt a bit scared.

Queenie, however, wore an expression of indifference. “You brought this upon yourself.”

Paula clutched the caregiver’s clothing tightly. “I’m not going back! Queenie, if you don’t believe me, you can check for yourself. Cassandra has known for a long time that I am her biological mother. A few days ago, she took all of my savings. It was over a hundred million. Yet, when I came over today, she only gave me thirty thousand for medical expenses.”

Paula was genuinely disappointed in Cassandra. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have spilled everything Out

Although Queenie dearly loved her adopted daughter, she couldn’t help but feel a rising sense of doubt in her heart.

If it was indeed as Paula had claimed, then her adopted daughter was being far too cruel.

The woman standing before her was none other than her own mother.

Cassandra was afraid that Paula would say more, so she retorted sharply, “Mdm. Paula, when did I ever take your money? You should stop lying. The thirty thousand I gave you was out of goodwill, not obligation. You’re not my mother. I gave you money for treatment, and you have the audacity to say it’s not enough?”

After she finished speaking, she turned to the security guards. “What are you all doing standing there for? Do you think you’re watching some drama?”

Upon hearing this, the security guards couldn’t help but step forward, intending to escort Paula away.

Despite her increasing abdominal pain, Paula simply refused to leave.

The ongoing commotion naturally attracted a crowd of onlookers. Unbeknownst to Paula and the others, Cecilia was also among the crowd.

Cecilia hadn’t expected Paula to come over and reveal everything to Queenie.

Judging by Cassandra’s current demeanor, it seemed like she was afraid that Queenie would believe Paula.

Cecilia hadn’t forgotten that the ones behind the kidnapping of Jonathan and the ruining of her face were none other than Cassandra and her adoptive mother, Queenie..

Since there was an opportunity to upset the duo, Cecilia wasn’t going to let it go to waste.

“Ms. Evans, Mdm. Queenie.”

Cecilia moved through the crowd with Sven by her side to ensure she wasn’t harmed by the security guards.

Several people turned their gazes toward Cecilia, each one of them filled with surprise.

Facing Cecilia, Paula wished the ground would open up and swallow her whole. The thing she despised the most was her own shortcomings, especially when they were discovered by Cecilia, whom she had looked down upon.

She had assumed that Cecilia came forward out of a sense of schadenfreude. However, she hadn’t expected that the latter was there to help her. What surprised her even more was that while she hadn’t done a DNA test, Cecilia did.