

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 861

Chapter 861 Self Respect

“Jessica, did Old Mr. Quill not teach you self-respect?” Nathaniel parted his lips and spoke. His voice wasn’t loud, yet it cut through the air like a sharp knife.

Jessica was instantly stunned, frozen in place.

“Nathaniel, please don’t get me wrong. That’s not what I meant...”

Nathaniel had never criticized her before out of consideration for Fabian, but now it seemed she had no sense of shame and needed a wake-up call.

“If that’s not what you meant, you should watch your behavior and be decent,” he said.

Jessica didn’t mind being criticized by women, but being chided by the man she loved caused her face to flush in embarrassment.

Knowing that she might have acted too hastily, Jessica immediately clarified, “I’m sorry, Nathaniel and Cecilia. My parents passed away early, and no one taught me these things. I’ll stay outside tonight and keep vigil for you two. I won’t sleep.”

With that, she ran off, acting as if Nathaniel and Cecilia had bullied her.

Cecilia admired him. She was about to go out and check when Nathaniel, perceptive as always, noticed her movements. He asked, “Where are you going?”

“I’m going to take a look.”

“It’s raining outside. Don’t go out. There’s nothing worth seeing,” Nathaniel said.

“Is it raining?” Cecilia stuck her hand out and found out it was indeed drizzling.

Although Nathaniel was now blind, his hearing had become much better than that of an average person.

Cecilia, however, had to rely on her hearing aid. She poked her head out to see Jessica standing in front of Zachary, seemingly sobbing and complaining to him.

Elliot and Jonathan had already lain down when they saw Nathaniel send Jessica away. Watching the scene unfold, their opinion of him noticeably improved.

“You’re right, it’s raining. Let’s sleep.”

Cecilia lay down on the side, with the two kids sleeping between her and Nathaniel.

Elliot still refused to give up. "Mommy, I want to hear a scary story."

The chilling wind howled relentlessly outside, and with no lights to break the darkness, Cecilia found it all the more terrifying.

Despite her fear, she began telling the story. "Once upon a time..."

While Cecilia was telling a scary story, Jessica had followed Zachary into his tent. There wasn't even a hint of moonlight probably due to the rain.

"We can't share a tent. Why don't you head down to stay in the inn at the foot of the mountain since it's still early."

It would probably take a little over two hours to reach the foot of the mountain if they descend now.

"But I'm scared to go alone." Jessica pursed her lips.

Zachary had spent his day hiking and barbecuing today, so he was already exhausted and didn't feel like descending the mountain with her.

Besides, it had been quite some time since he last went camping outdoors.

"Then what? You can't just sleep with me, can you?"

The reason Zachary helped her was not because he was a gentleman, but purely because she was quite attractive. When they were younger, Jessica used to come over and play with him. She would call his name sweetly, and he couldn't bring himself to not help her.

Jessica knew that Zachary was a fickle man, with countless girlfriends in his past. Although the Sinclair family was affluent and influential, she still didn't want such a man. Nathaniel had always been the only man in her heart.

"Zachary, can you share a tent with Sven? You both are men, after all," she requested.

Zachary was baffled. I helped her, and she had the audacity to ask me to share a tent with Sven? Not to mention the bodyguard has beef with me, it's weird enough for two grown men to share a tent!

He regretted sticking his nose into Jessica's business.

"If that won't do either, could you have someone come up and set up another tent?" Jessica didn't want to leave just like that; it was a good opportunity for her to get closer to Nathaniel.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 862

Chapter 862 Vivian And Zachary Share A Tent

Zachary genuinely thought Jessica was dumb.

It would take at least four to five hours to reach the peak of Redbud Hill from downtown.

He was just about to offer to walk Jessica down the mountain when Vivian appeared from outside the tent, holding a kerosene lamp in one hand and a cellphone in the other.

“What are you doing here?” Zachary asked in confusion.

Vivian wore a grim expression. “Grandpa called.”

“Why is he calling at this hour?”

Vivian, embarrassed to say that out loud in Jessica’s presence, gave Zachary a look.

“What’s the matter? Just spill it out,” Zachary said.

Vivian spoke directly. “He asked why you weren’t in my tent.”

Zachary felt awkward.

He said to Jessica, “Could you please step outside for a moment?”

“All right.” Reluctantly, Jessica went out.

Vivian looked at him in puzzlement. Didn’t you tell me to just spill it? Why are you asking her to leave?

“What else did Grandpa say?” Zachary asked.

Just at that moment, Zachary’s cell phone started to ring. He picked it up and saw it was a video call from his grandfather.

“Grandpa said that he couldn’t sleep without Jon. He suggested that we lie down while video chatting with him.”

“This old man...” Zachary was at a loss for words.

Vivian sighed as well.

George genuinely cared for her. No matter where he went, he would always bring her snacks and souvenirs.

A couple of days ago, he attended an auction and ended up bidding an astronomical amount of money for a necklace she mentioned was pretty. The incident even made the trending news.

He treated her better than family.

“Answer it, or Grandpa will start overthinking again,” Vivian urged.

Zachary had no choice but to bite the bullet and answer it.

“Why did you only answer the phone now?” The elderly man, with a head full of white hair yet still

“Ah, I just stepped out for a bit to use the restroom,” Zachary explained.

George then asked, “Where is Vivian?”

Vivian immediately leaned in. “Grandpa, I’m here.”

“Why are you two still standing? Lay down quickly. Can’t you see that I’m already lying down?” George asked, lying in bed.

With no other choice, Vivian unzipped Zachary’s sleeping bag and got inside. “Grandpa, I’m going to sleep now,” she announced.

Zachary furrowed his brows. Where am I supposed to sleep?

“Brat, Vivian’s going to sleep, and you should get some rest too. Leave the video on. I want to watch you guys sleep, lest you fool me again and lie to me that you’ve started dating but still not sharing a bed.”

George yearned for a great-grandson of his own, preferably one as intelligent as Jonathan.

All Zachary could say was, “Fine.”

After he put down his phone, he swiftly headed toward Vivian’s tent, took the sleeping bag from her tent, and hurriedly returned before laying down.

“I left the sleeping bag outside earlier. I just took it in.”

“Hold her,” George suddenly said.

“Huh?”

"It's so cold on the mountain. I'm asking you to keep Vivian warm by holding her." George was speechless. Hasn't this grandson of mine been in numerous relationships? Why does he still need me to teach him the basics?

Although the old man appeared to be in good health, he had high blood pressure.

Zachary and Vivian didn't want to upset George and aggravate his high blood pressure, so they could only embrace each other.

Only then was George satisfied. "All right, go to sleep now," he said.

"Goodnight, Grandpa." Vivian, feeling uneasy in Zachary's arms, hoped George would fall asleep quickly.

Unfortunately, George was in such high spirits that he couldn't sleep. He didn't fall asleep until after they did.

Zachary had completely forgotten about Jessica, who was still standing outside.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 863

Chapter 863 Cecilia Cannot Sleep

Jessica stood outside, shivering in the cold.

She had been waiting for Zachary to call her back, but her patience was wearing thin. She walked up to Zachary's tent, only to find that the zipper had been fastened from the inside.

Zachary had clearly fallen asleep, as the kerosene lamp had been extinguished.

She was so angry that she stomped her foot.

However, since Vivian shared a tent with Zachary, Jessica had an empty tent to sleep in. She quickly crawled inside.

Without a sleeping bag, she shivered in the cold on the mountain.

Huddled inside the tent, she barely kept herself warm with the few pieces of clothing she had brought with her.

She had never been this miserable before.

At that very moment, peculiar noises emanated from the tent next to her. It was Mason and Lucille.

“Darn it...” she cursed in exasperation.

On the other side, after Cecilia lulled the two children to sleep with a horror story, she could not for the life of her fall asleep.

Outside, the wind howled, its sound reminiscent of someone crying.

Tucked inside her sleeping bag, she tossed and turned.

“Do you want to come over?” Suddenly, Nathaniel spoke.

Cecilia asked in confusion, “What?”

Nathaniel could sense Cecilia’s fear. “Sleep next to me.”

“No,” Cecilia rejected his proposal right away.

Nathaniel didn’t insist.

Cecilia closed her eyes. Ten minutes later, she still couldn’t fall asleep.

She lowered her voice. “Nathaniel, are you asleep?”

“Not yet.

“Are you scared too?”

Before Nathaniel could answer, Cecilia rose and approached him, lying down next to him.

“Don’t be scared, there are no ghosts in this world,” she whispered smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

He wanted to say he wasn’t afraid, but he decided to play along with her instead. “I know. It’s just that, I keep overthinking after hearing the story you told earlier.”

“Right? I feel the same way. When I close my eyes, my mind starts to wander.”

Cecilia hadn’t expected that Nathaniel, a fearless man, would actually be afraid of ghosts. She was thrilled, finally having found his weakness.

I’ll scare him to death if he dares upset me in the future.

“Go to sleep.”

“All right.” Cecilia moved a little closer to him.

Lying right next to him, she felt less afraid, probably because he was tall and muscular. Not long after, she drifted off.

Nathaniel, sensing the petite presence in his arms and inhaling her faint fragrance, felt any trace of sleepiness fade away.

To make matters worse, he felt flames of desire burning in his chest, one that he simply couldn't extinguish.

The next morning, as dawn broke, a thin mist hung over the surroundings, with the soft redness of redbuds faintly visible through the haze.

When Cecilia opened his eyes, she was taken aback to find herself in Nathaniel's arms.

She shifted slightly, and the man let out a muffled groan as he opened his eyes. "You're awake?"

Cecilia felt a bit embarrassed. Fortunately, the kids were still asleep. Otherwise, they would've laughed at her for being scared of ghosts and seeking refuge in Nathaniel's arms at her age.

"Yeah," she replied.

At that moment, Elliot turned and asked, "Mommy, why are you sleeping next to Daddy?"

Cecilia's face instantly flushed crimson. "Eli, you're awake too?"

"Jon and I have been awake for a while. We even used the bathroom," said Elliot.

Jonathan also turned and said, "Mommy, good morning."

Cecilia said after a pause, "Good morning."

Climbing out from her sleeping bag, she announced, "I'll go prepare breakfast for you two."

"Mommy, we've already eaten," Jonathan considerately said. "We've saved your portion for you."

Hearing that, Cecilia went out and saw that bread and milk had already been neatly arranged on the small table outside.

"Ahl Right then a niercing scream shattered the beauty of the moment.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 864

Chapter 864 A Venomous Snake

Looking in the direction of the noise, Cecilia saw that it was coming from Vivian's tent. Unaware that Jessica was the one inside, she hurried over, thinking something had happened to Vivian.

"Vivian, what's wrong?"

No sooner had she finished speaking than Jessica rushed out from the tent. With fear in her eyes, she pointed at the tent. "There's a snake inside!"

Her piercing scream had stirred the others awake.

One by one they emerged from the tent.

"What happened?"

The first one to emerge was Sven.

He was neatly dressed, having risen early; he just didn't emerge from the tent because everyone else was still asleep.

Pretending not to notice Cecilia, Jessica immediately dashed toward Sven. "Mr. Sven, there's a snake inside the tent.

Cecilia didn't pay Jessica any heed. She assumed that last night, Vivian kindly allowed Jessica to share a tent with her.

Thinking Vivian was still in the tent and worried the snake would attack her, Cecilia carefully unzipped the tent. "Vivian?"

Vivian was not inside. Cecilia spotted the highly venomous many-banded krait in the tent at first glance.

Her pupils constricted as she took a step back, zipping up the tent.

She then turned to Jessica. "Where's Vivian?"

Before Jessica could respond, Cecilia saw Vivian, her face flushed, emerging from Zachary's tent with him.

"Ceci, listen to me. Nothing happened between us," Vivian said.

Zachary furrowed his brows. "What's there to explain? We're engaged; it's perfectly normal for us to share a tent."

Vivian stomped on his foot to silence him.

Lucille and Mason were also roused by the commotion outside, emerging from their tent.

“What happened?” Lucille asked, rubbing her eyes.

Upon seeing that Vivian was unharmed, Cecilia was relieved. She pointed toward the tent, “There’s a highly venomous many–banded krait in there.”

Many–banded kraits were typically docile, they wouldn’t attack humans without provocation. However, if one was bitten by a many–banded krait and didn’t receive immediate medical attention, it could result in

“A many–banded krait? That’s a venomous snake. What should we do?” Lucille was startled.

Cecilia had no idea either. She was oblivious to the fact that there was a large hole in one part of the tent.

The many–banded krait slowly slithered out of the hole.

“Ah! It’s out!” Jessica let out another shriek.

Only then did everyone realize the snake had slithered out while they were talking, getting close to Cecilia.

“Come over here, Ceci,” Vivian said.

“Hold on. Don’t move yet!” Nathaniel’s steady voice resonated.

Cecilia knew that she couldn’t run at the moment, nor could she provoke the snake. It was best to wait for it to slither away on its own.

After all, she surely couldn’t outrun the snake.

“Everyone be quiet,” Nathaniel ordered again.

Everyone fell silent.

Sure enough, once things quieted down, the snake stopped venturing toward them and slithered away instead.

Suddenly, Jessica clung tightly to Sven, screaming incessantly, “This is terrifying! Ah, kill it!”

The snake, disturbed by the noise, stopped and began hissing at Cecilia.

Sven wanted to rush to Cecilia's aid, but Jessica clung to him like an octopus, refusing to let go.

"Mr. Sven, I'm so scared! Cecilia, run! Don't just stand there!" Jessica cried out.

She clearly wanted the snake to bite Cecilia.

The two children, standing beside Nathaniel, grew anxious. "Mommy!"

If Cecilia was bitten, it would take three to four hours to get her to the hospital from the mountain peak. Given that Cecilia was pregnant, she would be at huge risk.

The snake was about to lunge at Cecilia.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 865

Chapter 865 Scheming Jessica

Cecilia couldn't dodge in time, so she immediately stepped back.

Yet, the pain she was waiting for never came. Instead, she found herself enveloped in the embrace of a tall figure.

Somehow, Nathaniel managed to dart toward her, throwing himself in front of Cecilia without a second thought for his own safety. Though he couldn't see, he relied on her voice from earlier to gauge her position. Thankfully, he wasn't, wrong. Uncertain of the snake's exact location, he used his entire body to shield her from harm.

Cecilia, protected in his arms, was in disbelief.

The snake didn't strike Cecilia, as Sven, in a swift move, kicked Jessica—who had been clinging to him—straight in the snake's direction.

Jessica flew through the air and hit the ground hard, narrowly missing the snake.

The snake, startled, darted into the bushes.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Dirt and grass filled her mouth, her waist throbbing with pain. Tears welled up in her eyes as she cried out, "How dare you kick me?"

Sven's gaze was cold as he responded indifferently, "My duty is to protect Ms. Smith, not you."

Jessica was at a loss for words. The snake would've bitten me just now! What is this bodyguard thinking?

Vivian and the others finally recovered from the shock. They held no sympathy for Jessica.

"How dare you blame Sven? The snake was about to leave, but you had to make noise and provoke it! Did you want the snake to bite Ceci?" Vivian was so furious that she wanted to kick Jessica.

Lucille chimed in, "You're so evil! Nathaniel told us to be quiet, yet you deliberately screamed."

Jessica struggled to rise from the ground. "You all were deliberately targeting me. I was so close to the snake; of course I was scared. Besides, didn't you hear me telling Cecilia to run?"

Looking at how stubborn she was, Vivian stormed over to her with a huff. "Fine. If a snake appears later, I'll put you and the snake together. Let's see if you can outrun it."

"You're being unreasonable," retorted Jessica.

Vivian, enraged, was ready to roll up her sleeves and confront her.

Zachary immediately stepped forward, grabbing Vivian, "All right, calm down. Everything's fine now."

"Everything's fine?" Vivian glared at him. "Are you blind or deaf? Can't you see through her scheming? She's after Ceci and her babies' lives!"

Nathaniel was still hugging Cecilia, who was still trembling uncontrollably in fear return to the Quill residence on your own, or should I escort you back?"

Jessica explained, "Nathaniel, it was all a misunderstanding. I was really scared earlier. I only told Cecilia to run because I was afraid she'd get hurt."

Nathaniel wasn't interested in her explanation.

The reason he let her stay in the first place was because Cecilia said she could.

"I don't want to repeat myself. The choice is yours." After Nathaniel finished speaking, he held Cecilia even tighter. His voice, though not gentle, was soft as he reassured, "It's okay now."

Cecilia leaned against him, still in a daze.

She couldn't believe that Nathaniel would risk his life to save her.

Elliot stood a distance away, holding Nathaniel's phone. He captured a photo of the moment when the two were wrapped in each other's arms.

Amid the cascade of flower petals, the sight of the two embracing was breathtakingly beautiful.

"I'm setting as the background image." Elliot spoke, operating Nathaniel's phone.

Jonathan was puzzled. "How did you know his phone's password?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 866

Chapter 866 A New Wallpaper

Elliot said casually, "I watched him unlock his phone before."

Jonathan was speechless; he had thought there was some secret,

Elliot changed Nathaniel's phone wallpaper and lock screen to the photo of them embracing. It was much better than the default wallpaper he previously used.

"Sc*mbag daddy can't see anyway, so he won't say anything," Elliot talked to himself.

Not far from them, Cecilia had pulled away from Nathaniel's embrace. She looked at the disheveled Jessica and said, "Regardless of whether you wanted to harm me or save me, I will never forgive you if you hurt my babies."

The children she was carrying in her womb were her most precious treasure.

If something happened to them, she would make Jessica pay dearly.

Overwhelmed by her imposing demeanor, Jessica lowered her head. "I never wanted to harm you."

Zachary had also come to realize the gravity of the situation.

If Cecilia had been bitten by the snake, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

"Ms. Quill, you really messed up this time. You need to reflect on your actions," Zachary said.

Jessica lowered her head, biting her lip pitifully.

"I understand," she responded softly.

After the incident with the snake, everyone felt uneasy staying on the mountain. So, they had their breakfast and as soon as the sun rose, they descended the mountain.

Jessica trailed behind the group, behaving exceptionally well to avoid being sent away once they returned.

She went over to help Cecilia. "Cecilia, be careful."

Vivian pushed her aside. "Stay away, or you'll push Ceci when you get the chance."

Jessica had no choice but to obediently follow behind.

Cecilia indeed needed help when descending the mountain.

However, the path was smooth and it didn't take long before they reached the inn below. Everyone then took a rest.

After having lunch there, they continued their descent down the mountain.

On the way back, everything went smoothly.

Vivian and Zachary arrived at the Sinclair Manor first. They brought Jonathan along.

The rest of the group made their way toward the Rainsworth residence.

Upon arrival, Mason pulled Lucille aside. "Lucy, would you like to come back with me?"

"No. I can't. I just moved out. I don't want to go back."

Lucille had already made up her mind. She wouldn't live with Mason again until they were married.

Seeing how persistent she was, Mason was at a loss.

"All right then. You have to call me every day, and you're not allowed to ignore my calls, okay?" he said.

Lucille pondered for a moment. "That would depend on your performance. If you were to upset me again..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Mason interrupted her, "I swear, I promise not to upset you again."

Lucille was satisfied to hear that.

Meanwhile, Elliot grabbed hold of Nathaniel's hand and shook it back and forth, pleading, "Daddy, please just stay here with me and Mommy."

He said, "Go ahead inside. I have something to discuss with your mother."

Elliot could only nod. "Okay then."

As he walked inside, he noticed Jessica standing aside and asked, "Aunt Jessica, are you waiting for my father to send someone to take you home?"

Jessica was taken aback, responding with a smile, "I just got back. I'll tidy up my luggage first, then take a break."

She was thinking about stalling for as much time as possible.

If she were to return to the Quill family now, her uncles, aunts, and cousins would undoubtedly ridicule her.

Jessica stepped into the residence after speaking.

Only Cecilia and Nathaniel were left outside.

"A gynecologist will be here soon to examine you," Nathaniel said solemnly.

Cecilia was frightened, and they didn't know if it had any impact on her unborn children.

Cecilia quietly thanked him, "Thank you."

When Nathaniel was about to leave, Cecilia suddenly grabbed his arm.

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Chapter 867 That Is Your Problem

Nathaniel paused. "Is there anything else?"

"Why did you rescue me today, knowing how dangerous it was?" Cecilia asked, her gaze fixed on him.

If he had truly lost his memories of the recent years, his recollections would be stuck around the time when they had just gotten married. At this point, he should detest her. Why would he risk himself to save me?

Nathaniel fell silent for a moment as he wasn't sure why either.

It was simply an instinct to prevent Cecilia from getting hurt.

“Since you’re carrying my child, I couldn’t just stand by if something happened to you,” Nathaniel responded indifferently.

Cecilia let go of his arm she had been holding. “I see. All right then, you should head home. It’s getting late, better get some rest soon.”

Nathaniel nodded, then walked out.

Mason quickly made his way to his side, ushering him into the car.

Cecilia and Lucille had also returned to the house.

It wasn’t long before the gynecologists Nathaniel had arranged for Cecilia arrived. After conducting a medical examination, they confirmed that the child was in excellent health and that Cecilia had not sustained any physical harm.

After hearing the doctors’ reassurances and waiting for them to leave, Jessica approached Cecilia and offered a tearful apology.

“Cecilia, I didn’t mean for this to happen. Please forgive me. Don’t ask Nathaniel to send me home, okay?”

Please.” Tears streamed uncontrollably down Jessica’s cheeks.

“My parents passed away when I was young

and

to survive in the Quill family, I had to constantly seek the favor of the elders. They now expect me to maintain ties with the Rainsworth family. If Nathaniel recounted her hardships, and her narrative dismisses me, the Quill family will make my life difficult.” She held a measure of truth. “Moreover, I’m sure my cousins from the Quill family would take advantage of the situation and make things even harder for me”

Jessica’s pitiful state did not elicit any sympathy from Cecilia.

Initially, Cecilia had considered keeping Jessica around hoping taste of her own medicine.

over time, she would experience a

However, after the incident with the venomous snake on the mountaint such a deceitful person to remain without addressing the issue could pose a serious threat.

Cecilia realized that allowing

“That’s your problem,” Cecilia remarked, “and there’s nothing much I can do anyway.”

Lucille, standing to the side, interjected, “You’re trying to guilt-trip Cecilia, aren’t you? Why should she keep someone as dangerous as you around?”

She was trying to pressure Cecilia into keeping her around. “Cecilia, if you don’t keep me by your side, I’ll have no choice but to die in front of you.”

Cecilia ignored her, instead suggesting to Lucille, “Let’s go watch a TV series.”

“All right. Let’s go.” The two of them headed to the living room, settled on the couch, and turned on the television, effectively ignoring Jessica.

Jessica caught up with them right away, persistently bowing her head in respect.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 868

Chapter 868 Jessica Finally Left

“Someone is trying to tarnish my reputation,” Jessica explained to Cecilia and Lucille.

The two of them had no interest in hearing her ramble on about such things.

Cecilia continued switching channels, munching on fruit while watching a TV series with Lucille.

Jessica’s presence there seemed out of place. She was both frustrated and unwilling to accept the situation.

At that moment, her cell phone began to ring.

When Jessica picked up her phone, she was surprised to see that Fabian was calling.

She picked up the phone and was met with a barrage of reprimands on the other end. “Jessica Quill, you’re supposed to take care of Nathaniel. What were you doing at Sinclair Manor? You’re a disgrace to the family.”

Standing up, Jessica left the room before finally responding, “Grandpa, these are all just rumors.”

“Rumors don’t just appear out of nowhere. It must be your inability to handle the situation,” Fabian stated coldly.

Jessica lowered her head. “I’m sorry, Grandpa.”

He then abruptly changed the subject. “How are things with Nathaniel?”

The relationship between the Quill and Rainsworth families had been growing increasingly distant. With the vast difference in their respective power and influence, Fabian knew that if the younger generation didn't make an effort to align themselves with the Rainsworth family, the Quills would struggle to maintain their status and influence.

Jessica didn't dare to tell the truth. "We need to handle this carefully; after all, Cecilia is still carrying his child."

Fabian understood that as well. "Jessica, I'm not trying to make things difficult for you, but this is the perfect opportunity. With Cecilia being pregnant, you can finally get close to Nathaniel."

Nicholas was already engaged to Cassandra, so the Quills' only hope lay with Nathaniel.

Fabian believed that Nathaniel's blindness and his reduced role as the head of the Rainsworth family would make it easier for Jessica to win him over.

After all, Jessica possessed both beauty and the ability to charm men.

"All right, Grandpa. You can rest assured that even if you hadn't reminded me, I would have done my best to handle this matter."

"Okay." Only then did Fabian hang up the phone.

Cecilia and Lucille noticed Jessica start to pack her bag after receiving a call.

Jessica had led a tragic life. She lost her parents in a car accident at a young age and was constantly bullied by her cousins.

However, her misfortune didn't justify trying to snatch someone else's husband.

It wasn't a valid excuse for her to behave so maliciously. If she wanted to act out, she should seek revenge against those who had wronged her, not those who had never provoked her. Yet, Jessica didn't seem to understand this logic.

She pretended to pack/her bags, putting on a pitiful act as she said to Cecilia, "Cecilia, I'm leaving now. Please take care of yourself."

"Goodbye," Cecilia responded nonchalantly.

Jessica dragged her suitcase behind her and left.

Elliot, who was in his nursery, was surprised that Jessica would leave just because of a news report.

Somehow, Elliot sensed there was more to Jessica's departure than met the eye.

He was certain she would eventually return.

After Jessica left, the atmosphere in the room lightened considerably.

That night, Cecilia was finally able to rest peacefully and get a good night's sleep.

The next morning, after waking up and having breakfast, Cecilia received a call from the hospital.

The call was from the agency handling the DNA test. "Hi, is this Ms. Smith?

In an instant, Cecilia put her guard up. "Yes."

"The results of the DNA test you submitted are now ready. We need you to come in person to collect them."

"All right," Cecilia replied, and after hanging up the phone, she headed to the hospital, her heart heavy with unease.

The hospital had a specialized DNA testing agency, and once she arrived, the staff handed her the results. "Ms. Smith, here is your test report."

Cecilia thanked the staff and the report.

began review

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Chapter 869 Return The Bank Card

The report clearly stated that there was no biological connection between Cecilia and Paula.

Cecilia studied the results repeatedly. Even though Paula had mentioned it before, she couldn't help but feel a sense of loss now that the evidence was right in front of her. So it's confirmed. Paula is not my biological mother. No wonder she has hated me since childhood. But then, who is my real mother?

Cecilia's hand trembled slightly as she held the report.

"Ms. Smith, are you all right?" a staff member asked with concern.

Once Cecilia regained her composure, she shook her head, her voice a bit hoarse. "I'm fine."

As she was about to leave the department, a staff member approached her. “Ms. Smith, we can post a search for your relatives online if you register your information with us. Your biological parents might be able to find you this way.”

The staff member offered assistance, assuming Cecilia was having difficulty locating her relatives.

Cecilia hesitated for a moment before shaking her head. “It’s okay.”

Paula had once told her that she was adopted from an orphanage.

This implied that her biological parents simply didn’t want her. If they didn’t want me in the first place, they wouldn’t have bothered looking for me online anyway.

As Cecilia processed the situation, she gazed at the sky, a growing sense of oppression weighing on her heart.

At that moment, the caregiver who had gone out to buy food bumped into her. With excitement in her eyes, she asked, “Ms. Smith, you came to see your mother, didn’t you?”

The word “mother” sounded incredibly sarcastic to Cecilia at that moment. “You’ve got it wrong; she’s not my mother.”

The caregiver, who had known the truth all along, sighed. “Ms. Smith, I believe she truly realizes her mistake now. Last night, she was even calling out your name in her dreams.”

Upon hearing these words, Cecilia couldn’t help but let out a sarcastic laugh. “She was probably cursing me in her dreams.”

“No, I genuinely believe she holds you dear in her heart. After all, she did raise you, didn’t she?” The caregiver, unaware of their stories, simply felt sympathy for Paula.

Paula had little time left, and all her friends and family had abandoned her. She was now completely alone.

Cecilia didn’t want to explain too much to someone who didn’t know Paula and her situation well. “There are certain matters you don’t understand, so it’s best not to discuss them further.”

Suddenly, something occurred to Cecilia. “By the way, I’d like you to return the bank card I gave you earlier.”

claiming to be her birth mother, guilt–tripping her for years, and even endangering her life.

“But if I were to return the card, who would cover her hospital bills and medical expenses? Caring for her also costs money.” The caregiver voiced her concern.

“Her own daughter should figure that out,” Cecilia replied indifferently.

The caregiver had no choice but to hand over the bank card. “I’ve already spent a portion of the money inside.”

“From now on, I won’t contribute a single penny toward any of her expenses. As for what’s already been spent, I’ll just let it go.” Cecilia took back the card and left without hesitation.

After the caregiver returned to the ward, she had no choice but to inform Paula about the situation.

In the past, Paula would have already started berating Cecilia for her perceived heartlessness.

Perhaps nearing the end of her life had given Paula a new perspective, allowing her to see things more clearly. “You can go now. I can take care of myself.”

“But...”

“I know you’re a caring person, but you have a family to care for. I can’t afford to pay you a salary, so it’s best if you find another job elsewhere,” Paula said.

The caregiver sighed. “I’ll stick around until the end of the month since I’ve already been paid.”

Paula gazed out at the lush trees outside the window. “Okay.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 870

Chapter 870 I Want To Make Her Proud

The caregiver had prepared a meal for Paula. “Please eat some.”

To the caregiver, Paula still deserved forgiveness, considering she was nearing the end of her life and hadn’t committed any serious offenses.

Over the past few days, Paula had consumed nothing but the glucose she was injecting.

Just when the caregiver thought Paula wouldn’t eat that day either, she mustered enough strength to sit up.

The caregiver quickly moved the small dining table closer.

"I want to watch some TV shows," Paula uttered.

"All right." The caregiver turned on the television, tuning it to Paula's favorite dance show.

Paula nibbled on her food while watching the show.

"Enjoy your food. I'm stepping out for a bit."

"All right." Paula nodded.

After the caregiver left, Paula found herself mesmerized by the young dancer twirling gracefully on the television screen. It stirred up memories of her past.

She had once led a blissful life, but now...

As the show ended, Paula stumbled upon a recent interview with Cassandra.

In the interview, the reporter praised Cassandra's dancing skills and frequently mentioned Paula, though his intentions were unclear. "Cassandra, I heard your stepmother was a renowned international dancer. Did her influence contribute to your success today?"

Cassandra's expression turned grim at that question. "I owe all my accomplishments to my beloved mother, Queenie. She taught me that we can only rely on ourselves and instilled in me the importance of perseverance, of continually learning and mastering a task."

Paula knew Cassandra would never acknowledge her help, but hearing it spoken aloud only deepened her sense of disheartenment.

Thinking of Cassandra as the daughter she had brought into the world, Paula could no longer suppress her disappointment.

However, at that moment, Paula also questioned herself. Why should I continue to think about someone like her?

Seconds later, Paula found her thoughts drifting back to Cecilia.

She remembered Cecilia as a child, standing on stage with battered and bruised feet, yet wearing a proud smile as she told the host, "My mother is a renowned dancer, and I want to make her proud."

The memories of the past filled Paula with a deepening sense of guilt and regret. When she was alone, she often broke down in tears.

Meanwhile, Cassandra had just finished her interview.

As she stepped off the stage, she turned to her assistant and asked, “Who was that reporter who just interviewed me? Find a way to get rid of her. I don’t want to see her in this industry ever again.”

She was infuriated with the reporter for asking inappropriate questions.

“I’ll have someone take care of it right away.”

Although the Evans family had sold their business to another entity, Cassandra still had Queenie’s support.

The Jamiesons were an influential family in Drocver and could easily get a reporter fired.

Cassandra sat down to rest as her assistant dabbed away her sweat. In a hushed tone, the assistant said, “I have an update on the song you asked me to investigate. It was composed by Cecilia but registered under a different name.”

Cassandra instantly perked up. Cecilia participated in a songwriting competition?

“How could she compose music since she’s deaf?” Cassandra couldn’t help but be curious. “Play her song for me.”

The song Cecilia composed, “Won’t Give Up,” had garnered significant attention online.

Its number of downloads and streams far exceeded those of the second-place contestant, leaving no doubt that Cecilia would be chosen as the best songwriter of the year.

However, instead of being impressed by Cecilia’s achievement, Cassandra’s first thought was whether Cecilia had spent a fortune on purchasing streams.

Cassandra couldn’t believe that someone with a mild hearing impairment could have composed such a successful piece of music.