

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 872**

Chapter 872 Have Feelings For Her

The phone was quickly picked up on the other end. “What’s up?”

“Jessica had a car accident on her way back to the Quill residence, and she’s now in the hospital. She wants me to go and pay her medical bills,” Cecilia stated straightforwardly.

The Quill family had no particular connection with her.

She had no blood ties with Jessica either, so why should she interfere? It would be better to let Nathaniel handle it.

“I understand,” Nathaniel responded solemnly, “I’ll have someone take care of it.”

“Okay.”

Cecilia ended the call.

At the hospital.

Jessica lay on the hospital bed, feeling as though her body was falling apart. In order to stay back, she had truly put in tremendous effort, almost crossing the threshold into the afterlife.

At last, someone pushed the door open and came in.

With great difficulty, Jessica managed to pry her eyes open. To her surprise, she found herself looking at Mason.

Her chapped lips parted slightly as she asked, “Where’s Cecilia?”

“There’s no need for Mrs. Rainsworth to come over just to pay your medical fees.”

Mason was exceptionally indifferent.

He had come over intending to verify for his boss whether Jessica had really been in a car accident or if it was just a rumor. From the looks of it now, it seemed like it was indeed true.

Jessica’s right leg was encased in a cast, making it impossible for her to get out of bed for at least a couple of weeks.

“Oh.” The disappointment was clear in her eyes, but she quickly composed herself and continued, “Did Nathaniel find out? Please tell him I’m fine. As soon as I recover, I’ll return to the Quill residence, I promise not to bother him anymore.”

Had he not known Jessica’s true nature, Mason might have actually believed her pitiful facade.

Mason didn’t respond. He left the sickroom and took care of the bills before he called Nathaniel.

“Boss, she really was in a car accident. I just reviewed her medical records, and they’re not fake.”

“Find a caregiver to look after her.”

After all, Jessica was sent here by the Quill family. If the Rainsworth family failed to show any concern after she got hurt here, it would seem rather rude.

“Understood.”

Mason kept his phone away before addressing the hospital’s director, “Keep a close eye on Jessica Quill. If there’s any change in her condition, inform me immediately.”

“All right.”

Mason had once again regained his sharpness.

He knew it was too much of a coincidence for someone like Jessica to have a car accident just as she was about to leave.

At Seabay Villa.

Zachary had been here all day, collaborating with Nathaniel on their work.

Once they were nearly done with their work, he couldn’t help but ask, “Nathaniel, how did you manage to endure?”

“Endure what?” Nathaniel asked.

“Being separated from Cecilia!” Zachary coughed once, lowering his voice as he added, “I know you have feelings for her now.”

Nathaniel’s face darkened. “Do you think I have feelings for Cecilia?”

Isn't this something most people already know? Zachary thought to himself, yet his words betrayed his thoughts. "Isn't it obvious? You risked your life to save her from that deadly snake on the mountain yesterday. If that's not having feelings for her, what is?"

Nathaniel scoffed dismissively with a smirk.

"That's because she's carrying my children. I didn't want one life to end up costing three."

Seeing him like this, Zachary suddenly felt the urge to tease him.

"Cecilia, why have you come?"

Nathaniel immediately turned toward the direction of the door. Even though he couldn't see, his body language said it all. He really was a dishonest man.

"Nathaniel, I must have been mistaken. I just saw a shadow pass by," Zachary said with a laugh.

"You can get lost now," Nathaniel said, his face impassive, clearly showing his irritation.

In less than a minute, Zachary was forcibly driven out.

From outside, he called out, "Nathaniel, don't be so heartless. It's raining, and I don't have an umbrella."

"Scram!"

Hence, Zachary had no choice but to hurry home in the rain.

He couldn't believe he had the audacity to joke around with Nathaniel. He was so frustrated with himself that he wished he could slay himself a few times

What he didn't know was that after he left, Nathaniel remained alone in the living room, unable to sit still.

Be it in his mind, by his car, or in his heart, Cecilia kept haunting his every waking moment.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 873**

Chapter 873 Call Him Hubby

In the end, Nathaniel decided to head to the bathroom for a cold shower.

He wasn't sure what had been going on recently. There were moments when his body seemed to act on its own, compelled to protect Cecilia.

"Nathaniel."

Suddenly, the sound of Cecilia calling his name echoed in his ears.

Nathaniel turned off the shower, but once again, the voice faded away.

"D\*mn it, am I hearing things?"

Nathaniel quickly finished his shower and then lay down.

Recently, his headaches had lessened, but for some reason, he couldn't recall the memories of the years that Mason and the others spoke of.

Unable to sleep, he reached for his phone, hesitating over whether to call Cecilia.

past few

At that moment, however, a call came through. The mechanical voice on his phone told him it was Elliot.

Immediately, Nathaniel answered the call.

"Sc\*mbag daddy," Elliot called out in an excited and joyful tone.

"Mm." By now, Nathaniel had gotten used to the various nicknames that Elliot used for him.

"Mommy, come over here and say hello to Daddy."

Elliot approached Cecilia, taking her by the hand as he urged her to speak.

Reluctantly, Cecilia coughed twice before saying, "Good evening, Nathaniel."

Nathaniel?

It was then Elliot realized that the erm of address was off.

"Mommy," the child began, "all my classmates' mommies refer to their husbands as 'Hubby. You should call Daddy 'Hubby', not use his name."

He then explained, "Using his name in that tone is quite impolite, and besides, I heard on TV that you only use the full name when you're arguing."

Cecilia found herself somewhat spec

The things this child was learning were simply too diverse.

“Eli, your father and I have been married for ages now.”

What Cecilia initially wanted to say was that she and Nathaniel had been married for quite some time. They were an old married couple, so there was no need for such affectionate terms as “Hubby.”

But before she could finish, Elliot interrupted, “I understand.”

“Hmm?”

“You should be calling him ‘jerk, right?”

Lost for words, Cecilia’s face flushed. “Stop talking nonsense.”

Elliot pouted. “Isn’t that the case? That’s what they always say on TV.”

His round, large eyes were gazing at Cecilia innocently,

“Mommy, did you have a fight with Daddy?”

“Of course not,” denied Cecilia.

“Then you should call Daddy ‘Hubby’. Otherwise, it means you’re having a fight.”

Elliot clung onto Cecilia’s arm, swaying it.

At this moment, Cecilia was particularly speechless. How could she have the audacity to call Nathaniel “Hubby?”

Ever since she married Nathaniel, she had also en to calling him Nathaniel.

She truly couldn’t bring herself to address him as “Hubby.”

While Cecilia was unsure of what to do, Nathaniel’s voice came through the phone. “Eli, don’t pressure your mommy. If she doesn’t want to, just let it be.”

“Mommy...”

Elliot was still whining cutely.

Thus, Cecilia had no other choice but to muster up the courage and call out, “Hubby.”

On the other end of the line, Nathaniel's breathing hitched when he heard that word. An indescribable feeling welled up inside him, but it was not one of distaste.

"All right, it's time for bed. Say goodnight to your daddy."

Seeing as Nathaniel didn't respond in time, Cecilia wished she could find a hole to crawl into at that moment.

With a silent chuckle, Elliot agreed.

"Goodnight, Daddy," he said. Then he added, "Mommy, you have to say, 'Goodnight, Hubby.'"

Cecilia wanted to quickly appease him, so she swiftly sa

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 874**

Chapter 874 Similar Style

Most composers tended to have a sense of self-judgment.

Cecilia had heard the song that came in second place. Honestly, it didn't hold a candle to her own music. Moreover, the initial download and play count for the runner-up's song wasn't high, so how did it suddenly skyrocket in less than half a day?

There was definitely something fishy going on here.

Seeing that it was getting late, Cecilia decided to have Charlotte investigate the matter the next day.

Yet, early in the morning the following day, before she even had a chance to reach out to Charlotte, Charlotte was already calling.

"Boss, bad news!"

"What's going on?" Cecilia asked, puzzled.

"This morning, as I was checking in on the competition, I noticed that the second song has overtaken yours, Charlotte began, a nagging suspicion forming in her mind. "Originally, it was far behind your 'Won't Give Up' in terms of statistics, but it suddenly surpassed it. I suspect that someone may have tampered with the competition."

Although the competition organizers repeatedly emphasized the prohibition of purchasing traffic flow, it didn't necessarily mean the contestants would comply

Cecilia had similar suspicions too. “You need to investigate this; make sure you find some proof.”

Without any concrete evidence, she didn’t want to make baseless assumptions about the other competitors. After all, everyone had their own struggles.

“All right.”

Charlotte hung up the phone.

Cecilia reopened the competition data and, second–place song had already surpassed her.

– Sure enough, the

However, there were some netizens who commented: Is this a joke? What’s so What’s so How could it surpass “Won’t Give Up“?

appealing about “First Snow“?

“First Snow” was the name of the second song, primarily centered and love.

Meanwhile, the song Cecilia wrote was primarily inspirational, about blossoming from adversity.

Some netizens responded: Clearly, “First Snow” sounds better.

Are you guys serious? Sure, “First Snow” is decent, but it can’t possibly compare to “Won’t Give Up“!

Exactly, we all have a discerning eye!

The majority of netizens expressed that “Won’t Give Up” was better.

“First Snow” sounded better, that “Won’t Give Up” was a testament to sentiment and inspiration.

Unwilling to have her mood disrupted, Cecilia decided to turn off the competition updates.

If she lost this time, she indeed needed to take a good, hard look at herself for the reason.

Meanwhile, inside the dance studio, Riley updated Cassandra on the situation regarding the purchase of the online troll army.

“First Snow’, the song originally in second place, has now become the first place.”

Cassandra felt that it wasn’t enough. She was determined to ensure that Cecilia wouldn’t even get second place. “Keep purchasing more traffic flow. I want to make sure Cecilia doesn’t even make it into the top three.”

After she spoke, something else came to her mind.

“Will the judges give scores at the end?”

“I think so,” Riley replied. “The scores given by the judges carry more weight than the number of audience downloads and plays, so they have a greater impact on the overall results.”

“Then tell all the judges to give her the lowest score.”

Cassandra remembered that the Jamieson family was behind this competition. She knew that once she spoke up, the judges would surely agree.

“All right.” Riley was about to get started on the task.

However, Cassandra stopped her. “Did you find anything else?”

Riley shook her head.

Cassandra gave her a cold glance.

“Get out.”

What an eyesore.

After Riley left, Cassandra settled herself down and pulled out her phone to check on the status of the competition.

She deliberately looked at the audience comments under the song “Won’t Give Up.” They were uniformly positive, with not a single troll.

Cassandra furrowed her brows, continuing to scroll down, when a comment suddenly caught her eye.

Why does this piece seem to have a style similar to that of the renowned foreign composer, Ms. Cecille? It couldn’t possibly be an imitation, could it?

Upon seeing this comment, Cassandra thought back to Cecilia’s song, and indeed, there was something familiar about it.



“So she copied and imitated Ms. Cecille!”

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 875**

Chapter 875 Have Him File A Lawsuit

Cassandra had known Cecilia couldn’t possibly compose such an amazing piece of music. Now, she was convinced that the latter must have plagiarized it from Cecille.

After realizing this, she came up with a plan that would cause Cecilia to face severe criticism from the music industry, ensuring that she would never dare to compose again.

Meanwhile, beneath Cecilia’s song, other voices gradually surfaced amidst a sea of praise.

This song sounds just all right, I guess.

I feel like I’ve heard this melody somewhere before.

Yeah, I get that feeling too. This composer, Cecilia, she’s not like those influencers, is she? Patching together a few famous songs and calling it her own?

To the commenter above me, isn’t it obvious? She’s definitely one of those people. Otherwise, how could a song written by a newbie sound so good?

This song is clearly a rip–off of Ms. Cecille’s!

Could she be trying to ride on the coattails of a foreign composer, and that’s why she changed her name to Cecilia? So that it’s similar–sounding to Ms. Cecille’s name?

All the negative reviews completely drowned out the positive ones.

Anyone could tell that there was more than meets the eye.

Cecilia no longer bothered reading the competition comments, but Charlotte paid occasional attention to them. When she saw someone calling out Cecilia for plagiarizing Cecille’s work, she couldn’t help but burst into laughter.

“What’s the deal with these people? Ms. Cecille is Cecilia, okay?”

Had it not been for the sake of fairness and impartiality, to prevent other contestants from suspecting any insider dealings, there would have been no need for Cecilia to conceal her composer identity when joining the songwriting competition.

Surprisingly, some netizens actually found out about it

“But what exactly is going on with all these negative reviews in a row?”

Charlotte then called someone from the IT department to investigate.

Before long, she discovered that the people leaving negative reviews were all coming from nearly identical were`all IP addresses.

Upon closer inspection, it was clear that these were paid trolls.

The ones who previously skewed the data for “First Snow” shared the same IP addresses as those who left negative reviews for Cecilia.

Charlotte instructed the IT department to store all of these details. They could be used as evidence for the At a law firm.

Today, Cecilia had privately sought out Norman and disclosed to him that she was not, in fact, the biological daughter of Regas and Paula.

Norman also wore a face full of shock.

“How could this happen?”

Norman used to work for Regas in the past and knew that Regas cared deeply for Cecilia, and he was also fully aware that Regas couldn’t possibly know that Cecilia was not his biological daughter.

“I only found out recently too,” Cecilia said, handing him the paternity test results.

After Norman had a look, his eyes were filled with solemnity. “With this, the will we hold might as well be invalid.”

Since Regas had been unaware who Cecilia’s father was, if Paula and the others informed the court of this, then the previous verdict would essentially become invalid.

The Evans family certainly wouldn’t return the money.

Cecilia understood as well, which was why she sought out Norman today. “Is there really no other way?”

Although she wasn’t her father’s biological daughter, he had always treated her well.

She couldn’t bear to see her father unfairly depart from this world, losing all his wealth in the process.

“There’s still one option left—let Magnus file a lawsuit.”

Cecilia was not Regas' biological daughter, but Magnus was. If he decided to sue for the money, the Evans family had no choice but to pay up.

Moreover, Magnus' lawsuit would be even more effective than what Cecilia could have done.

Since he was the one who took all of the Smith family's money to the Evans family in the first place, the current situation was essentially about suing the Evans family to get the money back.

After understanding everything, Cecilia expressed her gratitude to Norman.

She stepped out of the law firm and dialed Magnus' number. "Can we meet up?"

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 876**

Chapter 876 He Has Changed

Over an hour later, Cecilia arrived at the branch of Orion Corporation where Magnus was currently situated.

Magnus personally came out to greet her. "Cecilia, come on in. Come see my office."

He was clad in a sharply tailored suit and leather shoes. Along the way to his office, people kept addressing him as "Mr. Smith."

Cecilia noticed that his transformation was truly significant.

Upon arriving at the office, Cecilia settled herself on the couch. Magnus personally served her a cup of water.

"Cecilia, considering you're pregnant, I won't prepare tea for you."

"Thank you," Cecilia said, filled with a sense of relief.

"You're my sister, so there's no need to be so formal with me. Don't forget, we used to play together all the time when we were kids."

Magnus took a seat.

Cecilia nodded.

"You're doing really well now." If Regas could see this, Cecilia believed that he would no longer hold anything against Magnus.

It seemed like Magnus genuinely regretted his actions. The reason I was able to change was all thanks to Nicholas. He really is a wonderful person. Cecilia, we should both be grateful to him."

Cecilia had always known that Nicholas was a good man, though there had been a slight misunderstanding before.

"Mm, I know."

"By the way, did you need something from me today?" Magnus asked.

Only then did Cecilia reveal to him, "I want you to sue Ralph to get him to return the assets."

She paused for a moment, refraining from revealing that there was no blood relation between them.

After all, she was still uncertain if Magnus could accept it.

"Sue the Evans family? Didn't you take care of that? Wouldn't it be inappropriate if I get involved now?" Magnus wasn't sure what Cecilia was planning. Back then, hadn't she said she wouldn't let him inherit the Magnus wasn't sure what Cecilia was Smith family's wealth?

Had she suddenly changed her mind now because she felt he had changed?

"I'm suing Paula, but that won't get the money back from the Evans family. I was hoping you could help me retrieve all that belongs to the Smith family." Cecilia clenched her fingers nervously.

When the time comes, the money-

Before he could finish his sentence, Cecilia interrupted him. "You can have all the money; I don't want it."

She was no longer the daughter of the Smith family, so she was unqualified to vie for its fortune. Besides, Magnus had changed now. He was unlikely to be as naive as he was before.

"No way! How can I possibly do that?"

On the surface, Magnus seemed to reject the idea, but deep down, he had already hatched a plan. Once he got the money, he could establish a much larger company.

"No need for further discussion; it's settled. Seeing you like this, I can rest easy."

Cecilia rose and took her leave.

Not long after she left, Magnus immediately reported to Nicholas about Cecilia's visit.

At that moment, Nicholas also had a DNA test report in his hand. The report contained the results of the blood relationship test between Cecilia and Paula.-

He had used some tactics to get his hands on the report, but he truly hadn't expected that Paula was not Cecilia's biological mother.

"Whatever Cecilia asks you to do, you agree and do your best to get it done. If you encounter any difficulties, come to me," Nicholas said.

"All right." Magnus paused before continuing, "Nicholas, I'll definitely need a substantial amount of money for the lawsuit."

"I'll have someone send you the money."

"Thanks, Nicholas."

Nicholas ended the call.

Just then, Jocelyn walked in. "Mr. Nicholas, Cassandra called earlier. Your line was busy, so she asked me to tell you she would like you to accompany her to tonight's performance."

Cassandra was currently pregnant, so she couldn't dance anymore. All she could do was watch others dance or participate in media interviews.

"Tell her I don't have time."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 877**

Chapter 877 Do Not Use My Name

Jocelyn nodded. "Got it."

With a sense of resignation, she stepped out, aware that it was once again time for her to bear the brunt of Cassandra's wrath.

She placed a call to Cassandra. "Ms. Evans, Mr. Nicholas is still in a meeting and has an important client to meet with tonight. He is very sorry that he won't be able to accompany you to the performance."

Cassandra was looking at wedding dresses when she heard these words and instantly became furious.

“Does he genuinely not have the time, or did you not inform him?”

Any woman who was by Nicholas' side was met with intense hostility from Cassandra.

All Jocelyn could do was apologize, “I’m sorry, Ms. Evans, but I have relayed your message.”

As she spoke, she glanced at Nicholas, diligently working in his office. She found herself compelled to lie for him once again.

“Mr. Nicholas specifically had me prepare a gift for you today, as an apology.”

Upon hearing that Nicholas had prepared a gift as an apology, Cassandra’s anger finally began to subside slightly.

“Tell him he’s not allowe

“Got it.”

At last, Jocelyn managed to

to reject me in the future.”

appease the demanding lady. She then chose a gift from those meant for clients and had it delivered to Cassandra.

Nicholas hadn’t been working for lon before he emerged from his office.”

“Jocelyn.”

Jocelyn immediately rose from her workstation. “Mr. Nicholas.”

“I’m stepping out for a bit. If anything comes up, give me a call.”

“Okay.” Jocelyn added, “Earlier, to prevent Ms. Evans from getting upset, I sent her a gift picked from those meant for the company’s clients on

Wah half

As the chief personal assistant to Nicholas, Jocelyn certainly possessed some degree of authority.

However, a chill flashed in Nicholas’ eyes. “In the future, no matter how you handle things related to her, don’t use my name.”

Jocelyn paused for a moment, then promptly nodded.

“Understood.”

After departing from Magnus’ branch company, Cecilia wasn’t ready to head back home. She found herself wandering the streets alone, unsure of where to go.

On the streets, a young individual was accompanying an elderly person, strolling here and there, purchasing all sorts of items.

Cecilia gazed at them, filled with undeniable envy.

“Ma’am, could you buy a flower from me?” A little girl suddenly tugged at the hem of Cecilia’s dress.

When Cecilia looked down, she saw a little girl, not even as tall as her own legs, holding a basket full of roses.

She was somewhat puzzled. “You’re so young. How come you’re out here selling flowers?”

The young girl, with her exceptionally beautiful eyes, looked at Cecilia and said, “Because selling these flowers will allow me to buy the sketchbook I want.”

“How much does each one cost?”

“It’s not expensive, just five bucks.”

“Sell all of these to me, then use the money to buy your sketchbook.”

After she finished speaking, Cecilia immediately handed the girl a thousand.

The little girl could hardly believe it. “Thank you, ma’am!”

“You’re welcome.”

“But I don’t need that much.”

The little girl was just about to return the money to Cecilia when a well-dressed woman rushed over. “Sweetie, why are you selling flowers here? Didn’t I tell you? As long as you stick with our CEO, Mdm. Queenie, she won’t mistreat you.”

Upon seeing her, the little girl immediately hid behind Cecilia.

“I refuse! I don’t want to be with Mdm. Queenie. I want to be with my grandpa.”

“You silly girl, it was your good fortune that Mdm. Queenie took a liking to you, yet you dare to refuse her? Come here, now!”

The woman, ignoring Cecilia's presence, attempted to forcibly pull the little girl away. "Your grandfather has already agreed to let Mdm. Queenie adopt you as her daughter, so why are you running away?"

The little girl suddenly burst into tears.

"I don't want to be some CEO's daughter; I want to be my grandfather's granddaughter..." Observing the unfolding scene, Cecilia positioned herself protectively in front of the girl.

"What do you think you're doing? Didn't you hear what she said? She doesn't want to go with your

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 878**

### **Chapter 878 Her Eyes Looked Like Her Lost Daughter**

Upon seeing that Cecilia had the audacity to stand up for the little girl, the woman couldn't help but question, "Who are you? Are you aware that this little girl's grandfather has agreed to let our Mdm. Queenie take her under his care?"

"How can I be sure you're not lying because you plan to kidnap the child?" Cecilia retorted with a question.

The woman let out a furious laugh. "Do you know who I work for? As if Mdm. Queenie would need to resort to child trafficking!"

"I don't care who you are. Snatching a child in the middle of the street puts you in the wrong," Cecilia stated coldly.

She shielded the child within her arms, then pulled out her phone. "Don't be scared. I'm going to call the police right now."

Seeing that Cecilia was about to call the police, the woman immediately stopped her.

"Please, ma'am, don't call the police. I truly mean no harm."

Cecilia paused before she questioned the little girl.

"Could you please explain to me what exactly happened?"

The little girl lowered her head, wiping away her tears. "Ma'am, my grandpa and I were selling flowers on the street when we met them. They said they wanted to adopt me. But I refuse! I want to be with my grandpa forever."



Upon hearing this, the female assistant couldn't help but shake her head. "Such a foolish child. Your grandfather is so poor that staying with him will only lead to hardship. Once you grow up, you're bound to regret it."

In this society, wasn't everyone prioritizing money above all else?

The little girl immediately retorted, "I'm not foolish. I only want my grandpa, not his money."

Seeing that the little girl completely failed to comprehend her words, the female assistant couldn't help but sigh.

As Cecilia observed the conversation between the two, she couldn't quite pinpoint the feeling stirring within her.

In this world, people like the assistant and the little girl both existed.

She didn't concern herself with who was right or wrong. It was simply that, much like her, all the little girl yearned for was familial love.

"Jane, have you found the child?"

At that moment, a familiar voice echoed from behind Cecilia.

Looking back, Cecilia saw Queenie approaching in her high heels other than Queenie Jamieson.

Queenie intends to adopt this girl?

Upon spotting Cecilia protecting the little girl, Queenie was taken aback. "Ms. Smith, what are you doing here?"

Jane Cooper stood up. "Mdm. Queenie, what brings you here? I initially intended to bring the child over, but this woman stood in the way, even threatening to call the police."

As soon as Jane's backer arrived, she regained her confidence and started to act arrogantly.

Upon hearing this, Cecilia said to Queenie, "Mdm. Queenie, I was just passing by and saw your assistant trying to forcibly take this young girl away."

Jane's expression shifted.

"What are you talking about? Where did you get the idea that I was using force?"

“Jane, shut up!” Queenie ordered sharply, causing Jane to instantly fall silent, standing off to the side.

The young girl remained hidden behind Cecilia, clutching at her clothes as she cast timid glances at Queenie.

Queenie bent over. “Sweetie, come home with me. Your grandfather has already agreed to let me adopt you. We can complete the adoption process tomorrow, and from then on, I’ll be your mommy.”

A few days ago, she had chanced upon this child. The girl had beautiful eyes, strikingly similar to her own lost daughter.

The little girl, however, shook her head. “I don’t want to go back with you. I want to stay with my grandpa.” Queenie was taken aback, not understanding why.

“Why? If you come home with me, you won’t have to sell these flowers every day. Whatever you want, I can buy it for you.”

Upon hearing this, the little girl’s face turned defiant. “I don’t want your things! I just want my grandpa.” Queenie couldn’t accept it. She took a step forward, intending to grab the little girl’s hand.

The little girl instantly dodged the outstretched hand, her eyes filled with caution and fear as she looked at Queenie.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 879**

Chapter 879 Better Not To Have Gone With Her

Queenie’s hand froze in mid-air.

The little girl tugged at Cecilia’s hand. “Ma’am, can you take me home? I’m scared; I want to find my grandpa.”

Right now, she only trusted Cecilia.

Unable to resist a child’s plea, Cecilia ‘agreed, “All right

After responding, Cecilia took the little girl’s hand and said to Queenie, “Mdm. Queenie, if you truly wish to adopt a child, you should consider the child’s own opinion.”

Queenie slowly withdrew her hand that was hanging in mid-air.

“Let’s go. I’ll accompany you to take her home.”

The young girl led the way, navigating  
residential building.

through a series of narrow alleys until they arrived at an ordinary

This place could be considered downtown, so given that, one would assume the girl's family background wasn't too shabby.

Before they could reach the little girl's home, she had wriggled free from Cecilia's grasp and ran toward an elderly man with streaks of white in his hair.

"Grandpa!"

"Anna!"

"Grandpa, I don't want to be someone else's daughter. I want to stay with you forever. Please, don't leave me behind, okay?" The little girl's eyes were streaming with tears. "Don't worry, Grandpa. I can earn money now. I made a thousand today."

The elderly man embraced the little girl tightly, then turned his gaze toward Queenie and her group.

"Mdm. Queenie, I'm sorry, but I've changed my mind about giving Anna up to you for adoption."

The elderly man released Anna and pulled out a bank card from his pocket. "Here's your money back."

After he had agreed to let Queenie adopt Anna earlier, he had returned home. Looking at the empty house, he instantly regretted it.

His wife, his son, and daughter-in-law were no longer with him. In this world, all he had left was Anna.

Similarly, all that was left for her was him!

Initially, he had been thinking that he wouldn't be able to care for Anna for long, so he wanted to find her a better family.

Now, he was resolved to care for Anna, regardless of the difficulties. If it really came to it, he'd buy an insurance policy. That way, if something happened to him, Anna would have a safety net over to her and, in the end, accepted it.

"All right, I hope you won't regret this."

After she finished speaking, she decisively turned around and left.

How could the old man harbor any regrets? After all, it wasn't Queenie's money he had been after all along.

Cecilia also left with her.

Right before Cecilia could leave, the little girl said, "Thank you, ma'am."

After giving her a few glances, Cecilia remained silent, offering no response.

Stepping out of the alley, Cecilia saw that Queenie hadn't ventured far and was waiting for her.

"Ms. Smith, I hope you won't tell anyone about what happened today."

Queenie had always cherished Cassandra deeply. Otherwise, with her financial capacity, adopting hundreds of children, let alone one, wouldn't have been an issue at all.

In order not to divide her motherly love and attention, she had always refrained from adopting any other children, all to ensure Cassandra was not deprived.

This time, it was only because she found out that Cassandra's biological mother was Paula and realized Cassandra truly was a cold-hearted woman that she considered adopting another daughter.

If Cassandra were to find out she was adopting another child, even if the adoption hadn't gone through, Cassandra wouldn't let Anna off the hook.

"Don't worry, I won't."

Cecilia had no interest whatsoever in wh

Cecilia had no interest whatsoever in why Queenie wanted to adopt.

As Cecilia was about to leave, Queenie added, "Since you've chosen to stay in Tudela, be a good wife to Nathaniel. Don't hurt Cassandra anymore, or I won't let you off."

Cecilia didn't respond to her, merely striding away quickly.

At first, Cecilia was worried that as Anna grew older, she might regret not going with Queenie. But now, she felt it was perhaps better that Anna hadn't been adopted by this woman.

After all, Queenie had raised Cassandra into a heartless and cold woman. In stark contrast, even a young child like Anna understood the importance of familial bonds.

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 880**

Chapter 880 When Did I Become Friends With Her

Perhaps it was coincidence, but not long after Cecilia stepped outside, a car slowly approached her. As the window rolled down, it revealed Nicholas’ handsome face.

“Ceci.”

Cecilia halted, looking at him. “What a coincidence.”

Due to the previous instance where Nicholas had saved her, along with the transformation in Magnus and his constant praises of Nicholas, Cecilia’s perception of Nicholas had changed.

“What are you doing here? Do you want me to take you home?” Nicholas asked.

Shaking her head, Cecilia said, “No need, I’ll catch a cab back later.”

Although Nicholas was a good man, she didn’t want to get involved with him again.

After hearing this, Nicholas instructed the driver to stop the car. Following that, he opened the car door and stepped out.

“Then, I’ll walk with you.”

At this point, it was no longer appropriate for Cecilia to refuse.

The two of them walked side by side down the street, drawing many sidelong glances from passersby.

“Feeling better now?” Nicholas initiated the conversation.

Cecilia nodded. “Yes, much better, thank you.”

Upon noticing that she had no intention of sharing the issue regarding Paula, Nicholas didn’t press further. He remained silent, simply accompanying her for a stretch of their journey.

Glancing at the time, Cecilia realized it was getting late.

She stopped walking and said, “I need to go back.”

“All right.”

Cecilia hailed a taxi and got in.

Nicholas watched her leave, standing alone in the same spot and not moving for a long time.

Indeed, time had proven to be a powerful agent of change. The young girl he once knew was becoming increasingly estranged from him.

After returning home, Cecilia began preparing dinner with the nanny.

At that moment, Elliot rushed in. “Mommy, Ms. Talbot is on the phone.”

Upon hearing this, Cecilia dried her hands and stepped outside to take the call.

“Lottie, what’s wrong?”

“Boss, I’ve found out who’s been paying for the troll army. Not only has she been funding them, but she’s also been slandering you. Have you seen the news yet?”

Unfazed by the situation, Cecilia made her way to the study and turned on the computer.

A glaring headline emerged: Suspected cheating in the latest composition contest, organizers are investigating and will severely penalize plagiarizing composers!

After reading the article, Cecilia saw her song “Won’t Give Up” mentioned within. It was stated that the style of the song closely resembled that of a foreign composer, Cecille, even going as far as to accuse her of plagiarism.

Upon seeing such news, Cecilia couldn’t help but laugh

“I’m plagiarizing myself?”

“Not only that, do you know why your popularity suddenly surged?”

“Why?”

Cecilia was still on the news page and hadn’t navigated away, so she was unaware that there was another trending topic.

“Boss, why don’t you check out the other trending topics?”

Other trending topics?

Cecilia closed the news article and continued scrolling down. The sixth post was from Cassandra, urging everyone to respect original content.

She clicked on it and saw Cassandra's post on Twitter.

I'm friends with Ms. Cecille, and we've collaborated in the past. She's an exceptional and kind-hearted composer, so I don't want my friend's hard work to be plagiarized by some people here.

After Cassandra posted this, her fans were all there to back her up.

Cecilia found herself wanting to laugh even more now,

When did I become friends with Cassandra?

"Boss, have you finished reading? You now know who's intentionally targeting us, right?" Charlotte asked.

When Charlotte first saw the trending topic, she, too, had burst out laughing.

This was her first time seeing the original getting caught in a counterfeit crackdown.

"Yeah, I've finished reading," replied Cecilia.

"What do you want to do now? Should we step in and clear things up?" Charlotte asked again.

"No need, let the public opinion heat up a bit more."