

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1311

Chapter 1311 A Weirdo

Cecília was somewhat at a loss for words.

She playfully teased Nathaniel, “How would I know? I’ve never tried it before.”

Nathaniel noticeably stiffened as he held onto her arm

“Do you still want to give it a try?”

Cecilia looked at him directly. “Didn’t you ask me? How can I answer you if I don’t give it a try?”

Nathaniel knew she was just joking, yet he still felt a bit uneasy in his heart.

“No need. I don’t want to know the answer to that question.”

“You’re so fickle. I thought you were keen on challenging him. However, Eric is even younger than me. It’s clear that young people have more energy. We’re both old folks with kids, so we really shouldn’t be competing with the young ones in terms of stamina,” Cecilia said teasingly.

Nathaniel wore a look of smug defiance. “Even if I were to be as old as seventy or eighty, I’d still be in better shape than him. If you don’t believe me, just wait until we’re old, and we’ll see.”

The two of them, sharing laughter and conversation, arrived at the car.

Instinctively, the driver removed the visor, and he sighed. When Mr. Rainsworth and Mrs. Rainsworth were not getting along, they argued every day. Now that they’re on good terms again, I, the single guy, am being tormented.

The two of them chatted quite a bit in the car, and unexpectedly, Nathaniel asked, “What made you suddenly decide to sign with Eric?”

He was a typical man, so naturally, he would get jealous.

“Because Eric is very popular, and he excels in every aspect. Signing him is beneficial for our company. Besides, we’re friends.”

After finishing her sentence, Cecilia seemed to remember something and couldn’t help but complain to Nathaniel, “You didn’t know about this, but he previously signed a three-year contract with Imminence Corporation. The boss of that company was so unreasonable, simply a weirdo.”

A weirdo? Nathaniel's mouth twitched slightly. Patiently, he asked, "What do you mean?"

"Typically, when someone signs a major star, they would do everything possible to have them gene

GHID value for the company and to make them even more popular and famous. However, after the boss Imminence Corporation signed Eric, he surprisingly had him shoot a series of weird advertisements and even sent him off to Alendor. It was as if he was deliberately ruining him. Initially, I thought the boss of Imminence Corporation was a gutsy visionary, capable of challenging Orion Corporation. Now, however, I think he's just a total pervert. Sooner or later, Imminence Corporation is bound to fail under his leadership."

Nathaniel silently listened as Cecilia berated him. He initially wanted to tell her the truth, but he found himself unable to speak up.

"I didn't expect he would be such a terrible person in your eyes."

"If not? He might have used some underhanded tactics, but I must admit that I need to learn from him. How did he manage to establish such a successful company in just a few months?" said Cecilia.

Nathaniel had always thought that he was worth nothing in Cecilia's eyes. However, he felt better when he finally heard her praising him.

"You can learn from me. Wherever you're unsure, I'll guide you through it step by step."

Cecilia nodded repeatedly. "All right. I'll remember that"

"Okay."

Upon arriving at the Smith residence, Cecilia was helped out of the car by Nathaniel. From a distance, they could already see a woman pacing back and forth at the front door.

The woman was clad in a red backless gown, her body marred with scars. If one didn't look closely, it would be impossible to recognize her as the once naive and modestly dressed Jessica.

"Is that Jessica?" Cecilia was taken aback. "Isn't she supposed to be with Blaine? What's going on?"

Upon hearing the sound of an approaching car, Jessica turned around. She saw Nathaniel and Cecilia and ran toward them.

Nathaniel slightly furrowed his brows, shielding Cecilia behind him.

“Nathaniel! Cecilia!” Jessica called out to the two of them, her voice laced with a sob.

Nathaniel asked with an indifferent expression, “What’s the matter?”

Jessica saw the state Nathaniel was in, and she didn’t expect that he had truly recovered.

She was filled with regret then. Why did I leave back then? Why did I seek out Blaine?

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Chapter 1312 Fresh Air

“Nathaniel, please save me,” pleaded Jessica, as she reached out to grasp Nathaniel’s hand.

Nathaniel dodged away, filled with distaste.

Jessica’s hand froze mid-air, her face, marred with bruises, looked especially pitiful.

Jessica glanced again at Cecilia before shifting her gaze toward Cecilia’s protruding belly. Is this b*tch pregnant? If I didn’t leave back then, I would be married to Nathaniel. She wouldn’t even be in the picture!

“Nathaniel, Cecilia, please... You have to help me. Blaine is nothing short of a monster. H—He wants me dead. I barely managed to escape. Just look at me! I’m covered in injuries!”

As Jessica spoke, she simultaneously let the couple examine the injuries on her body.

Even in moments like these, she didn’t forget her little tricks, subtly revealing certain parts of herself for Nathaniel to see.

Cecilia saw through her cunning schemes, feeling nothing but disdain in her heart.

“When something like this happens, shouldn’t you be calling the police? It’s not like we can do much,” Cecilia remarked. With that, turning to Nathaniel, she added, “Do you want to help Jessica by reporting this to the police?”

Obediently, Nathaniel pulled out his phone and handed it to Jessica, saying, “Here. You can borrow my phone.”

Jessica’s face stiffened a bit, and she looked at the two in disbelief.

“Are you just going to turn a blind eye?” Tears rolled down Jessica’s cheeks. “If my grandpa knew, he would certainly-”

She hadn’t even finished speaking when Nathaniel abruptly cut her off.

“Do you want me to get in touch with Old Mr. Quill for you?”

Jessica pressed her lips together, falling silent.

Nathaniel turned back to Cecilia and said, “Let’s go. We should head back. You must be hungry, right?”

Cecilia nodded. “Yeah. I am a bit hungry.”

She followed Nathaniel as they walked into the house together.

Watching the two figures recede, Jessica was filled with both envy and jealousy.

She wanted to chase after them, but before she could even take two steps, the security guard stopped her.

She could only shout from outside, “Nathaniel, Cecilia, are you really going to abandon me? In that case, I might as well die here!”

Jessica felt that only Nathaniel and Cecilia could save her then, so she simply sat down at the entrance of the Smith residence.

That night, when Lucille and the others returned, they were weirded out.

Madeline and Charlotte were clueless about who Jessica was. They even considered taking her back with them, but Lucille stopped them and said, “This woman isn’t worth our sympathy.”

Jessica glared fiercely at Lucille, yet she played the victim with her words, saying, “Lucille, you must have misunderstood me in the past. I’ve always seen Mason as a brother, nothing more.”

A brother? They were all women, and in an instant, Madeline and Charlotte understood the kind of person Jessica was. Thus, they decided to ignore Jessica and walked into the house.

Jessica watched as Cecilia took in these strangers, refusing to offer her the same hospitality, which only fueled her anger even more. “Cecilia, just you wait. You’d better not slip up. If an opportunity presents itself to me, I’ll kill you!”

The innocence and naivety she had in her eyes moments earlier were gone, replaced by a fierce determination.

At that moment, she didn't notice that a black Lincoln was slowly approaching from not too far away. The man, sharp in his suit, stepped out of the car and made a beeline for Jessica.

Jessica was still cursing Cecilia under her breath until the large, dark figure drew near. She slowly raised her head, her face deathly pale, her entire body trembling.

"M—Mr. Blaine..."

In the depths of Blaine's eyes, there was a calm serenity. His thin lips parted slightly when he said, "My little kitten, how did you end up here? Did you run away because you didn't like your meals at the Griffiths residence?"

Jessica hastily shook her head. "N—No... I just wanted to get some fresh air."

"Fresh air?"

Blaine scoffed coldly and swiftly raised his hand, gripping Jessica's throat tightly. "So, is the air here better than at the Griffiths residence?"

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Chapter 1313 Little Blaine

In an instant, Jessica found herself breathless. She was hoisted up by Blaine, her face flushed red from the strain. In a frantic rush, she shook her head and hastily swatted at his hand.

However, in Blaine's eyes, her physical strength was nothing more than a joke. "I certainly don't keep ingrates at the Griffiths residence!"

Jessica's breathing was becoming increasingly labored.

It was at this moment that the ringtone of Blaine's phone echoed.

He abruptly let go of Jessica and proceeded to answer the phone.

Breathing heavily, Jessica wanted to flee, yet she didn't dare to.

She knew it would be a piece of cake for the Griffiths family to locate her. If she attempted to escape right under his watch, her end would be miserable.

Blaine answered the phone and asked, "What's the matter?"

Nathaniel's somber voice rang out from the other end of the phone. "Take the person away. Don't dirty this place."

After ending the call, Blaine frowned and turned to Jessica. "Get in the car with me."

"O—Okay."

Jessica thought she was let off the hook, obediently climbing into the car. Little did she know that would mark the beginning of her worst ordeal.

Over at the Smith residence, Cecilia asked the security guard during mealtime, "Is that person still there?"

"She left," the security guard replied.

Left? Cecilia was somewhat taken aback. Who would have thought that Jessica, as persistent as super glue, would actually leave?

"When did she leave? Was she alone?" Cecilia asked.

"About half an hour ago. A luxury car came to pick her up," the security guard replied.

Hearing that, Cecilia understood what had happened.

After they had dinner, she turned to Nathaniel and asked, "What kind of person is Blaine?"

After all, Blaine could handle Jessica, a woman who both Cecilia and Nathaniel found difficult to handle.

That day, Nathaniel could finally lie down beside her. He had initially planned to discuss matters between them, but to his dismay, she began inquiring about another man, which dampened his mood.

"Why are you asking about him?" Nathaniel wasn't fond of perverts.

"I'm simply curious, you know. I've only ever heard of his reputation, but I've never really known what

"Why are you so curious about other men instead of your own man?" Nathaniel felt a heavy gloom in his heart. He wasn't pleased. Could it be that I no longer hold any sense of mystery for Cecilia?

"Instead of wasting time asking about him, you might as well ask more about me," Nathaniel added.

“What should I ask about you?” Cecilia asked nonchalantly.

Nathaniel felt a chill in his heart.

“Quick! Tell me about Blaine.” Cecilia playfully shook Nathaniel’s arm.

With a sense of resignation, Nathaniel said, “He’s not a good person. You must absolutely avoid provoking him. He’s nothing but a madman.”

“Is that it?”

“Is there anything else you’d like to ask?”

“Can you be more specific?”

Women could never resist indulging in gossip.

Nathaniel turned his back, completely ignoring Cecilia.

Cecilia was somewhat puzzled. “What’s the matter with you?”

“Can’t you tell I’m angry?” Nathaniel retorted.

Cecilia looked at his broad back, surprised to see such a childish side to him. “I was just asking. I didn’t say anything, right? Why are you upset?”

Nathaniel didn’t quite understand why, but he found it incredibly annoying whenever Cecilia mentioned other men.

“Let me tell you something. Little Blaine is simply no match for me.”

Upon hearing that name, Cecilia couldn’t help but laugh. “Little Blaine? Is that what you call him?”

“If not? When he sees me, he has to address me respectfully.”

Cecilia really hadn’t expected this.

Her curiosity about Nathaniel’s buddies grew increasingly.

However, seeing that Nathaniel seemed unwilling to talk, she decided not to press him further, and closed her eyes to sleep.

Nathaniel initially thought that Cecilia would coax him a bit. However, after a good ten minutes, he realized she had already fallen asleep.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1314

Chapter 1314 Provoke Blaine

Nathaniel became even more unhappy. He reached out gently brushing his hand against Cecilia’s face.

At that moment, Cecilia had fallen asleep. Sensing something on her face, she swatted the hand away and continued to sleep.

Nathaniel was somewhat helpless, gently pulling her into his arms and closing his eyes to sleep.

The following morning, Lucille was engrossed in the news when Cecilia leaned in to join her. The headline that caught their attention was about a woman who had tragically drowned in the river.

“It’s terrifying. We should start coming back earlier in the evenings,” Lucille said.

Charlotte walked over, cast a glance, and said, “There’s no need to be afraid when I’m here. I’ll protect you.”

However, she quickly noticed the somewhat blurry photo in the news.

“Isn’t that woman the one who was outside yesterday?”

“What?” Lucille was stunned.

The face in the photo was utterly indiscernible, with only the silhouettes vaguely visible.

Cecilia was somewhat surprised, and she leaned in for a closer inspection.

Charlotte patiently said to the two, “Don’t you guys think the body shape is identical? Also, those scars...”

She had practiced before, so naturally, she had studied as well, understanding how to memorize the physical characteristics of others.

“It seems so... Could it really be Jessica?” Lucille was in disbelief.

Upon hearing Charlotte’s words, Cecilia also noticed those scars. The person in the photo really resembled Jessica.

However, her clothes had changed.

Without sparing another glance, Cecilia turned around to search for Nathaniel.

Nathaniel had just finished freshening up and was going downstairs when he saw Cecilia rushing toward him. He thought something important had happened.

"What's wrong?" he asked gently.

"Did something happen to Jessica? I just saw the news. The woman who died looked a lot like her." Cecilia wasn't particularly concerned about Jessica. She was merely curious. She was just fine yesterday. How is she dead today?

After listening intently, Nathaniel took out his phone and said, "Let me check."

"Okay."

The person on the other end sounded surprised and asked in a languid tone.

"Nathaniel, haven't you always disliked me? Why are you calling me so early?"

Cutting to the chase, Nathaniel asked, "Is Jessica dead?"

Upon hearing Jessica's name, Blaine let out a yawn.

"Yes. There's no point in keeping an ingrate. Don't you agree?"

Nathaniel didn't respond to him. He simply hung up the phone.

Blaine stared at the disconnected call, pinching the bridge of his nose. "How boring. I thought it was something important."

Upon learning the truth, Nathaniel shared the information with Cecilia.

"Yes. That's her."

Cecilia couldn't help but feel a lingering fear.

She truly hadn't anticipated that Blaine would be as ruthless as the rumors suggested.

"I didn't lie to you, did I? One should never provoke Blaine. If you see him in the future, stay as far away as possible," Nathaniel solemnly advised.

"All right. I understand."

Cecilia nodded.

She didn't mention anything about Jessica to Lucille and Charlotte, not wanting to cause alarm or fear amongst everyone.

Madeline had already left for the office early in the morning. Before Cecilia and the others had even set off for the office, she had eagerly called Cecilia.

“Earlier, an important client came by. He specifically asked to see you, expressing his willingness to collaborate with us, to become our overseas partner.”

Overseas? Cecilia initially thought it was a client who had previously purchased her music.

When she arrived at the office and was led into the reception room, her eyes involuntarily lit up.

The man, impeccably dressed in a tailored suit, was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window.

He turned around, revealing a devilishly charming face.

“Calvin!” Cecilia called out with a smile.

With a slight smile, Calvin said, “It’s been so long since we last contacted each other. I thought you had forgotten about me.”

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Chapter 1315 Make An Exception

Upon hearing his words, Cecilia couldn’t help but feel a pang of guilt. “I’ve been too busy lately.”

She pulled out a chair and said, “Please, sit down. Are you feeling any better?”

Calvin walked over, his gaze inadvertently fell on Cecilia’s belly. “Much better now.”

His gaze shifted upward, landing on Cecilia’s face. The sight of that scar left a bitter taste in his heart.

Standing to the side, Madeline realized that the two individuals actually knew each other.

“Ms. Smith, do you two know each other? In that case, I’ll excuse myself first.”

In the presence of her colleagues and outsiders, Madeline always addressed Cecilia that way.

“All right.” Cecilia nodded.

After Madeline left, Cecilia sat down and chatted with Calvin.

She found out that his health had almost fully recovered, and he was sent over to develop his family business.

“That’s wonderful. We can see each other often from now on.”

Calvin gave a slight nod. “How have you been lately?”

“It’s still the same. I’m doing pretty well.”

“That’s good, then.”

After some thought, Cecilia decided to say, “I’ve decided to start over with Nathaniel.”

Calvin’s gaze tightened, and he picked up a glass of water, concealing the unusual look in his eyes. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.” Cecilia nodded heavily.

Calvin took a sip from his glass. The water was supposed to be bland and tasteless, yet it tasted particularly

bitter.

“As long as you’re sure, that’s all that matters. No matter what, I’m on your side.”

“Thank you.”

After expressing her gratitude, Cecilia asked, “Shall we discuss our collaboration?”

She knew clearly that Calvin’s arrival at this moment was to bring business her way, and she was absolute! determined not to let Calvin suffer any disadvantages.

“All right.”

The two individuals were in the office, discussing a collaboration.

promotional activities.

He arrived at Cecilia’s office only to find it empty. He couldn’t help but ask Madeline, “Where is Ms. Cecille?”

“Ms. Smith is discussing work.”

“How long will it take?” asked Eric.

Madeline wasn't sure either, so she shook her head and said, "I'm not sure. The client visiting this time is a friend of Ms. Smith, so the meeting might take a while. Do you need something? I can let her know when she's done."

"No need. It's not something important. I just came to see her," Eric said before heading off to his filming site.

Madeline watched his retreating figure, feeling somewhat puzzled.

Seeing Charlotte approach, Madeline couldn't help but ask, "What's the relationship between Eric and Ceci?"

Charlotte looked puzzled. "They're just friends. What's the matter?"

"Why do I not think that's not the case?"

"What do you mean?"

Charlotte was rather oblivious, failing to notice the difference in Eric's behavior toward Cecilia.

Madeline shared with her what had just transpired and asked, "Well, why would Eric come here just to see Ceci?"

Upon hearing those words, Charlotte also realized that Eric's attitude toward Cecilia was somewhat out of the ordinary.

After all, he declined all the countless big corporations that wanted to sign him on. Surprisingly, he was willing to sign a lifetime contract with Cecilia.

"This isn't something we know enough to discuss. After all, Boss is not only attractive but also competent. Any man would see her in a different light."

With that, Charlotte turned to look at Madeline's beautiful face. "Did he ever make an exception for you?"

Madeline shook her head.

"That's odd, then."

In truth, Madeline's beauty was in no way inferior to Cecilia's.

While the two were sharing hushed words, Lucille also leaned in to join them.

Lucille was also intrigued. "Now that you mention it, I'm also inclined to think that Eric might have feelings for Ceci."

“All right. Enough chit–chat. It’s time to work.” Charlotte said, worried that saving too much might not be beneficial.

Lucille was left feeling somewhat unsatisfied. As she sat in her seat, she couldn’t help but discuss the happenings of the place with Mason.

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Chapter 1316 Sense Of Defeat

Upon seeing the message, Mason immediately relayed to Nathaniel.

“Mr. Rainsworth, didn’t Mrs. Rainsworth explain to you about signing a contract with Eric?”

Nathaniel was engrossed in going through some documents when he suddenly heard those words, causing a heavy feeling in his heart. What explanation? I didn’t even dare to ask her anything yesterday, fearful that I might unintentionally upset her again.

Naturally, he couldn’t disclose anything to Mason. Instead, he asked, “What else did Lucille say?”

“Nothing much. She just said that Eric treats Mrs. Rainsworth differently,” Mason responded.

The oppressive aura surrounding Nathaniel had heightened once again.

The frustration within him had no outlet. He turned toward Mason and asked, “Have you been too free lately?”

Mason was utterly bewildered.

“How do you find time to chat with your girlfriend while at work?” Nathaniel asked.

Mason was at a loss.

After being thoroughly chastised by Nathaniel, Mason left the office feeling utterly wronged. He resolved never to share personal matters with Nathaniel again.

In fact, he found Nathaniel heartless.

At Ceci Corporation, Eric had finished his morning photoshoot. As he left the studio, he noticed that Cecilia was still not out of the conference room.

He walked over to Charlotte and the others, asking, “Has Ms. Cecille been in this meeting for so long? Has she not come out yet?”

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Madeline answered, "It seems that the client is a big shot from overseas and also an acquaintance of Boss. Surely, the negotiations won't be settled quickly."

While they were chatting, the office door was swung open.

Cecilia and Calvin emerged from the inside, sharing laughter and conversation.

When Eric caught sight of Calvin, his eyes narrowed slightly.

It was unclear whether it was due to the natural animosity between love rivals, but when Eric looked at Calvin, he felt no fondness at all.

Calvin's piercing gaze also fell upon them, sweeping over Madeline and the other women, before settling on Eric.

"Hey, Mr. Palmer. I've heard a lot about you." Calvin walked straight toward Eric, extending his hand.

Eric courteously shook hands with Calvin.

The man's hand was icy cold, exerting only a gentle force, which inevitably caused Eric to furrow his brow. Sure enough, this man has no good intentions!

Releasing his hold on Eric's hand, Calvin turned to Cecilia and suggested, "Cecilia, let's go have something to eat."

"All right."

Cecilia then bid them farewell.

The two went out to eat, and Charlotte looked on with admiration, saying, "So it's Calvin. I was wondering who it was."

Immediately, Eric moved to her side and asked, "Do you know him?"

Of course," Charlotte replied. "He's Boss' childhood friend. They grew up together. When they moved

"Of course, he really took care of Boss"

Eric hadn't expected this person to have such a profound connection with Cecilia. No wonder he had the audacity earlier!

"What does he do?" Eric asked again.

Charlotte pondered for a moment before answering, "I'm not entirely certain, but overseas, the Reese family is renowned. They're not the kind of people one can afford to offend."

Upon hearing that response, Eric felt somewhat defeated.

Whether he was compared to Nathaniel or Calvin, he simply didn't measure up.

"What's the matter?" Charlotte asked, noticing his silence.

"It's nothing."

Eric felt somewhat stifled.

Once upon a time, he always believed that finding his other half would be a breeze, given that there were few men who could match up to him.

However, it was only then that he felt a sense of defeat.

"Hey, Mr. Palmer. Just so you know, Boss is quite popular," Charlotte teased him playfully.

Unexpectedly, Eric gave a bitter smile, saying, "Yes. She's so exceptional."

Upon hearing those words, several women turned their gazes this way.

In truth, he really seemed to have interest in Cecilia.

Thankfully, Marcus arrived quickly and took him away

"Could you please refrain from exuding your pheromones everywhere in the future?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1317

Chapter 1317 The Specialists

Nathaniel received the news about Calvin's return immediately.

Mason was taken aback. "Eric is still an unresolved issue and now the childhood friend has shown up too. This is tough!"

"Keep your mouth shut," Nathaniel said in a cold voice

He then instructed Mason, "You must keep a close eye on Bailey. Make sure nothing goes wrong. Also, find the best doctor to treat her."

“Understood.”

Nathaniel was engrossed in making arrangements.

Unbeknownst to them, quite a number of specialists had already arrived at the hospital.

When Cecilia received the phone call, she heard the doctor say, “Ms. Smith, our domestic specialists have arrived. Should we have them examine Mdm. Bailey now?”

“Specialists?” Cecilia was somewhat taken aback because she hadn’t sought out a specialist. “Who had sought out these specialists?”

The doctor was also taken aback. “Wasn’t it you? Let me check.”

Upon asking, it was discovered that those specialists were arranged by someone from the Jamieson family.

Cecilia then reached out to Cassina again, questioning if it was her.

Cassina was clueless. “Could it possibly be Cassandra?”

Would Cassandra really do such a good deed? Cecilia was somewhat skeptical.

“I don’t think that’s something Cassandra would do. Let’s go check it out.”

“All right.”

After having lunch with Calvin, Cecilia headed straight to the hospital.

Upon his return, Calvin hadn’t set foot in his office. He was at Ceci Corporation.

On several occasions, Eric had wanted to approach and have a private conversation with Calvin, but time, Marcus had stopped him.

“You really can’t afford to offend this big shot,” Marcus said.

Having already offended Nathaniel, Marcus did not want him to once again get in trouble.

“Fine.”

A sense of helplessness washed over Eric as he followed Marcus back.

Meanwhile, Cecilia and Cassina arrived at the hospital and met with the specialists.

These doctors couldn’t just be hired with money alone.

Upon first glance at Cecilia and Cassina, the doctors immediately headed toward Cecilia.

“Are you Mdm. Queenie’s daughter?”

Mdm. Queenie? Startled for a moment, Cecilia regained her composure and shook her head. “No.”

She then pointed at Cassina, who was behind her.

When the doctor had addressed Cecilia just a moment ago, Cassina found herself somewhat stunned. It seems it’s highly likely that Cecilia is indeed Queenie’s biological daughter.

The specialists were somewhat taken aback when they saw Cassina. They all knew Queenie, so they didn’t expect her biological daughter to be so ordinary.

However, maintaining appearances was still necessary.

They approached Cassina, and one of them said, “Mdm. Queenie told us to come here, specifically to treat your foster mother’s illness.”

Cassina never expected that these specialists would be employed by Queenie. She felt somewhat uneasy, fearing they might harm her mother. Hence, she turned to Cecilia, seeking her opinion.

Cecilia felt that it was unlikely for Queenie to brazenly harm Bailey, so she gave Cassina a nod.

“Thank you, then,” Cassina finally replied.

Those specialists then went to examine Bailey,

Cassina was in a state of panic. “Ms. Smith, what do you think Mdm. Queenie... No. What do you think my mom is trying to do?”

Cecilia shook her head. “I’m not sure, but, you could try giving her a call to ask.”

“Oh, right.”

Only then did Cassina remember that she could make a call, and she did so.

The call was answered quickly.

“Yes, Cassie?” Cassina had put the call on speaker, and Queenie’s gentle voice came through, a stark contrast to her usual stern tone when she was out.

“Mom, did you hire all these specialists?” Cassina asked

“Oh, that’s what this is about.” Queenie explained, “I’m sorry, Cassie. I didn’t know your foster mother was unwell. Otherwise, I would’ve been there with you to care for her. Employing a few specialists is the least I can do.”

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Chapter 1318 A Facade

Cassina truly hadn’t anticipated that Queenie would employ specialists to treat Bailey. Is it really out of genuine kindness?

On the surface, she remained unruffled. “Thanks, Mom

“It’s the least I can do,” Queenie earnestly said. “She’s had a tough time raising you, and I’ve always wanted to find a way to express my gratitude. Once she recovers, you must take me to see her.”

“All right.”

After ending the call, Cassina turned to Cecilia and asked, “You heard that, didn’t you?”

“Yes.” Cecilia gave a nod.

“Could she really be that kind–hearted?” Cassina found it hard to believe.

Cecilia wasn’t entirely sure, but she ventured an analysis, saying, “I think if Queenie really wanted to take Mdm. Bailey’s life, she wouldn’t go through such great lengths.”

“What if she’s just putting on a facade?” Cassina still refused to believe that Queenie was a good person. After all, Cassandra had repeatedly tarnished Queenie’s reputation in front of her.

While the two were conversing, the specialists also emerged.

They informed Cassina that there was a possibility Bailey’s illness could be cured. They told her not to worry.

“How much longer will it probably take?” Cassina immediately asked.

“A week at most,” a doctor replied.

“A week? That’s wonderful. Thank you.” Gratitude filled Cassina’s eyes.

Upon observing, it was clear to Cecilia that Queenie's act of employing doctors for Bailey was undoubtedly out of kindness.

If Queenie wanted Bailey dead, there was no need to take such a huge risk. If by any chance Bailey was cured, it would be difficult for Queenie to explain when Cassina found out what had happened.

These doctors, entrusted by Queenie, remained there specifically to treat Bailey's illness.

Feeling somewhat uneasy, Cassina called Queenie and decided to stay."

Meanwhile, at the Jamieson residence, Cassandra was slightly puzzled. "Mom, why hasn't Cassie returned home yet today?

"She has gone to take care of her foster mother." Queenie then told Cassandra about how she had employed doctors to treat Bailey's illness.

Cassandra was taken aback. "Did those doctors say it would only take a week to cure her?"

"Yes. The neurosurgeons I've hired are all reputable. They wouldn't deceive anyone," said Queenie as she

Cassandra couldn't help but feel a sense of panic welling up within her. No! I can't sit idly and do nothing! I must get rid of Bailey! Otherwise, if Bailey wakes up and identifies me, I'll be in trouble. Identifying me isn't the worst part. The real issue is Bailey revealing the truth about who Queenie's real daughter is!

Queenie noticed something off about her complexion and couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? Do you need to see a doctor?"

Cassandra quickly composed her flustered expression, shaking her head. "No. Not at all. I'm just

concerned about Cassie's foster mother. After all, she raised Cassie all these years without a day of comfort, and now she's faced with such a major incident."

"Yes. I heard she was harmed by someone. I'm currently having people look for the person responsible." Queenie frowned and continued, "She has done me a great favor. I won't stand by and let her be victimized for no reason."

The fear within Cassandra intensified, yet she managed to keep up with the conversation. "Indeed, you've always valued relationships and loyalty the most, Mom. I haven't been particularly busy lately, so I'll go to the hospital to keep Cassie company and help take care of her."

“No. You’re pregnant.”

“It’s okay. It’s been stable for three months now.”

After Cassandra finished speaking, she gathered her clothes and was about to leave.

Queenie was taken aback. She knew Cassandra better than anyone else. Cassandra was ruthless. It was surprising that she would be willing to take care of Bailey.

However, her face remained impassive when she said, “All right. Please assist Cassie more.”

“Sure.”

As soon as Cassandra left, Queenie had someone tail her, curious to see what she was really up to.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1319

Chapter 1319 Look After Bailey

Cassina had been keeping vigil at the hospital for her mother, Bailey. Observing Bailey’s condition, it was clear that there had been some improvement. Although she remained silent, she was no longer harmful to others.

“Mom, do you really not remember me at all?” Cassina asked.

Bailey’s vacant eyes looked at her, her lips cracked open as if to say something, but suddenly she retreated into a corner, trembling with fear.

“Cassie,” Cassandra called out from the doorway.

Cassina was oblivious to her mother’s unusual behavior. Seeing Cassandra there, she got up and stepped out.

In the absence of strangers, she humbly asked, “Ms. Evans, is there something you need from me?”

Cassandra was quite fond of her demeanor, so she responded gently, “Not really. I just heard that you were going to take care of Mdm. Bailey all by yourself, so I’ve come to lend a hand.”

“Lend a hand?” Cassina was a bit taken aback and quickly waved her hands. “No need. I can do it myself.”

Cassina knew that Cassandra was no saint. She won't possibly help me for no reason. Could it be that she wants me to harm Cecilia again?

"Don't worry about it. No matter what, we're going to be family in the future. As your older sister, I can't possibly ignore your affairs."

After Cassandra finished speaking, she didn't want to prolong the conversation. Instead, she headed into the ward. "Gosh! Why is Mdm. Bailey still like this? Didn't they say she would be better in a week?"

Cassina also entered the ward. "I'm not quite sure either, but that's what the doctors said."

Cassandra, still worried, made her way over to Bailey.

Bailey reacted as if she had seen a ghost, lashing out at her with all her might.

"Mom!" Cassina instantly tensed up.

Cassandra was stepping back repeatedly. "You're a madwoman!"

She raised her hand, ready to strike Bailey.

Cassina immediately pleaded, "Ms. Evans, please be magnanimous. Don't be angry with my mom. She's ill. She didn't mean it."

Under normal circumstances, Cassandra would never swallow her anger, but it was different that day.

If she had hit Bailey, it would be difficult for her to find an excuse to stay later on.

Cassandra raised her hand high, gently lowered it, and patted Cassina's shoulder. With a fake smile, she said, "Cassie, you've misunderstood. How could I possibly harm Mdm. Bailey? I was just afraid she might hurt the baby in my belly. I instinctively used my hand to block her. Let's go. It seems like Mdm. Bailey evening."

Finding it hard to refuse, Cassina nodded in agreement, simply saying, "All right."

At that moment, the news of Cassandra's visit to see Bailey was swiftly relayed to Cecilia by the bodyguard.

Perhaps it was a sixth sense, but Cecilia always had the feeling that Cassandra was up to no good.

"Make sure you keep a close eye on Mdm. Bailey. As soon as Cassandra enters the ward, monitor her every move. Do you understand?"

“Yes.”

Cecilia ended the call.

Nathaniel asked her, “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing much. The bodyguard from the hospital has told me that Cassandra has visited Bailey again. She even mentioned wanting to take care of her with Cassina.”

“Cassandra is a prominent young lady. Why would she take care of a stranger? There must be an ulterior motive,” Nathaniel said.

Even Nathaniel thought so, which made Cecilia even more uneasy.

She wanted to go over to check things out, but Nathaniel stopped her.

“You’re pregnant, so it’s not suitable for you to go around. I’ll send someone to check on the situation.”

“All right, then.” Cecilia was also fearful that a prolonged car ride might affect her pregnancy.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 1320

Chapter 1320 A Murder Attempt

Ever since Cassandra met up with Cassina at the hospital, she had been seeking an opportunity to get rid of Bailey.

Regrettably, the bodyguards that Cecilia had sent were too diligent. Whenever she tried to approach Bailey alone, they would keep a close watch on her.

Therefore, she never had the chance to make a move on Bailey.

At night, she and Cassina moved into the caretaker’s ward. With just the opening of a door, she could reach Bailey’s side.

In the early hours of the morning, Cassandra, fighting off sleepiness, crawled out of bed and tiptoed over to Bailey’s bed.

Bailey was sound asleep, presenting an especially easy target.

In the past, Cassandra always had others do her dirty work, but this was the first time she took matters into her own hands.

They're all a bunch of unreliable folks... Cassandra steeled her heart, taking out the pre-prepared medicine and syringe. Without hesitation, she plunged it into Bailey's arm.

Pain jolted Bailey awake from her slumber. Though she couldn't articulate words, her continuous shrieks filled the air.

Cassandra was growing somewhat fearful, and her hands were trembling.

Bailey used to be a caregiver, hailing from a rural area. After her health recovery, her physical strength was in no way inferior to that of a pregnant woman like Cassandra.

She quickly grabbed Cassandra's hand, causing the syringe to fall to the ground.

The commotion there had also caught the attention of the bodyguard standing at the entrance.

The bodyguard immediately pushed the door open, turning on the lights in the room. "What are you doing?"

In a flurry, Cassandra kicked the syringe under the bed, her face the picture of innocence.

"I got up to check on Mdm. Bailey's condition. I wanted to see if she needed any care. How did you guys get in here? You gave me quite a scare!"

The commotion there had also awakened Cassina. As she walked over, she saw Bailey, who couldn't help but shiver uncontrollably.

Her left hand was still tightly clutching her right arm.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

Cassina's heart ached as she quickly walked toward Bailey.

Bailey was still trembling uncontrollably, her eyes wide with terror as she stared in the direction of

A surge of secret delight washed over Cassandra when she witnessed that scene. Finally, I've gotten rid of this old thing!

"Quick! Call the doctor!"

The urgent ring of the emergency alarm echoed insistently down the corridor.

Meanwhile, Cecilia abruptly woke up from her sleep.

Nathaniel, who was a light sleeper, stirred awake. "What's wrong?" he asked.

Cecilia took a deep breath and said, "I had a dream that something bad happened to Mdm. Bailey."

Just as Nathaniel was about to comfort her, his phone began to ring.

He picked up his phone and answered it. After that, his face looked particularly unpleasant.

"What's wrong?" Cecilia asked.

"Something has indeed happened to Mdm. Bailey. Shes still in the hospital fighting for her life."

No sooner had his words fallen than a call came in from Cecilia's bodyguard. He informed her that Bailey had suddenly started foaming at the mouth and had been rushed to the emergency room.

"I need to go check it out." Cecilia put down her phone and stood up.

"I'll go with you." Nathaniel was worried.

Cecilia didn't reject him. Having him by her side indeed made her feel more at ease.

In the hallway of the hospital, Cassina covered her face, weeping bitterly. "How did this suddenly happen to my mom? She was perfectly fine earlier today."

Cassandra comforted her, "Life and death are predetermined, so perhaps this is her destiny. Don't be too upset."

Cassina, however, shook her head. "It's all my fault. I'm to blame. I was heartless. If I hadn't deceived Mdm. Queenie for money and power, my mother wouldn't be in this state!"

Upon hearing her words, Cassandra immediately covered her mouth, her gaze fierce.

She lowered her voice and said, "Do you have a death wish? If Queenie finds out, believe it or not, you, Dylan, and your good-for-nothing husband will be in mortal danger."

Startled by her, Cassina immediately clamped her mouth shut.

Unbeknownst to the two, someone was watching them from the shadows.