

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1581 - 1590

Chapter 1581 I Do Not Want Her Anymore

Upon noticing the intense gazes of the four women, along with the surrounding accusatory looks of passersby, Yannick had no choice but to give up. “Alright, alright.”

He gave Charlotte a final glance before apologizing as he left, “I’m sorry if I frightened you earlier.”

After he left, the commotion was over, and the onlookers who were enjoying the drama had all dispersed.

Jocelyn gave Cecilia and her group a grateful look, saying, “Thank you.”

“Don’t worry about it. We’re all women here; we should be helping each other,” Charlotte said with a smile. “Right.”

Jocelyn was about to leave when Cecilia called out to her again, “Want to shop together?”

What if Yannick comes back later?

After hearing this, Jocelyn hesitated for a while before nodding. “Alright.”

The women went on to hang out together.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had guessed right-Yannick didn’t leave. From a distance, he kept a watchful eye on Jocelyn.

Yannick’s subordinate found it ridiculous. “Boss, isn’t it a bit much to be so fixated on one woman?”

He felt his boss was behaving like a stalker.

Yannick settled back into the car. “What would you know? A man needs to have thick skin.”

The subordinate choked upon being rendered speechless. He hadn't expected his boss to misinterpret being persistence in a pursuit to such an extent.

"How did they end up together?" Yannick was somewhat annoyed.

Women can truly shop endlessly. More importantly, Cecilia even escorted Jocelyn back to her office.

At this point, Yannick was completely at a loss and finally instructed the driver to head back.

Meanwhile, after various tests at the hospital, it was discovered that Dahlia's health was in poor condition. She even had a hereditary disease, likely inherited from her biological father. "How could this be?" Queenie couldn't believe it.

Cassandra was as pale as a sheet. She didn't expect the men she had been with in the past to be ill and had passed the disease onto her own daughter.

"This child is nothing but a mistake. I regret ever bringing her into this world!" Cassandra declared spitefully.

Mon, Feb 3noveldrama

Chapter 15811 Do Not Want Her Anymore

hasn't done anything wrong."

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Cassandra retorted, "I never wanted to have her in the rst place. It's all Nicholas's fault; he tricked me. Now that she's sick, I don't want her anymore."

"What?" Queenie was stunned. "She is your daughter, how can you say you don't want her just like that?"

"Mom, stop worrying about her," Cassandra said, showing no pity for the child lying sick in bed. "Her presence only holds me back. It's just her fate and not anyone's fault."

It was getting late, and Cassandra didn't want to linger in a place reeking of disinfectant.

"Mom, I'm leaving now."

With that, she strutted heartlessly away in her high heels.

Queenie had encountered many cold-hearted individuals in her life but never one as ruthless as Cassandra.

She was at her wit's end. "Have I failed as a parent? How did I end up raising such a daughter?"

Right then, Caliste walked over.

"Mdm. Queenie, the doctor said there's no cure for the child's illness, and she doesn't have much time left."

Queenie's mind went blank. "What?"

"Ms. Evans only had her due to the unfortunate incident. It's only natural for her to feel detached from the child," Caliste comforted Queenie.

Queenie had already lost her ability to think objectively

She said to her secretary, "I'm going out to get some air. Find someone reliable to take care of the child." "Understood."

Queenie ventured out alone, hailed a taxi, and arrived at the Smith residence.

After she stepped out of the car, she gazed at the building from a distance, which was softly lit from within.

Chapter 1582 Mother And Daughter

Coincidentally, Cecilia returned home at that hour and noticed Queenie there.

Charlotte wondered out loud, "What is she doing here gain?"

"She's probably here to see Ceci," Lucille suggested.

After hearing the exchanged, Cecilia got the two of them to head in first. Then, she walked toward Queenie alone.

Queenie stood there, lost in her thoughts, oblivious to the fact that Cecilia was approaching her. "Mdm. Queenie," Cecilia called.

The sound caused Queenie to snap back to reality, turning around to face Cecilia. "Cecilia."

Cecilia nodded. "What are you doing here? Is something wrong?"

Queenie slowly shook her head in response. "No, it's nothing."

After hearing the reply, Cecilia was about to leave when Queenie couldn't help but stop her.

"Ceci, could you, perhaps, take a walk with me? Chat with me?" Her voice was laced with yearning.

When Cecilia saw the pleading look in her eyes, she felt it rude to refuse, so she nodded in agreement. "Alright."

A sparkle lit up in Queenie's eyes as she was overjoyed.

She cautiously approached Cecilia, walking side by side with the latter. As if she were a mother casually asking her child, she said, "Where did you go today?"

"We just went out shopping. Our friend is getting married tomorrow," Cecilia replied.

"Oh, okay." Queenie nodded. "Can I come to the wedding tomorrow?"

Since Cecilia's friend was getting married, she figured it was only natural for her, as a mother, to shownoveldrama

some concern.

Cecilia was somewhat taken aback. "Um..."

"If it's inconvenient, then just forget it. It's no big deal," Queenie quickly added, afraid that she might be putting Cecilia in a difficult position.

Seeing Queenie's reaction, Cecilia felt somewhat bad. "It's not my decision to make. It's someone else's wedding after all."

Upon witnessing Cecilia making an effort to explain, Queenie was deeply touched.

"Right, I understand. I was just thinking that since she's your friend, I should send her a wedding gift."

The anticipation on Queenie's face made it difficult for Cecilia to say no.

Chapter 1582 Mother And Daughter

With no objection from Cecilia, Queenie made a mental note of the matter.

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While chatting, she couldn't help but think about Cassandra. "Ceci, do you think we would be happy now if I hadn't lost you when you were young? Would you turn out differently from who you are now?" Cecilia didn't understand her question. "Perhaps," she replied.

Queenie let out a long sigh.

"I'm not a competent mother, be it as a birth mother or an adoptive one." Her hands, hanging by her sides, clenched slightly. "As a birth mother, I lost my own daughter. And as an adoptive mother, I spoiled my adoptive daughter so much that she developed a selfish personality."

Her eyes were filled with disappointment. "Maybe this is God's way of punishing me," she lamented.

Seeing her in such sorrow, Cecilia felt her heartstrings inexplicably tugged.

Perhaps this is a testament to blood being thicker than water

However, she instinctively felt some resistance to this new sensation, likely due to the pain Queenie had once inflicted on her.

Even though she had lost her memory, the trauma that lingered still filled her with discomfort.

"Don't overthink it. What's in the past is in the past," Cecilia calmly stated.

Queenie's eyes were rimmed with red.

She shook her head. In her mind, there were certain things that she could never move on from.

"May I touch you?" Queenie suddenly asked.

When she gave birth to Cecilia, she didn't even see what the latter looked like, let alone touch her.

Faced with this request, Cecilia visibly turned awkward “I’m sorry...”

Queenie’s hand, hanging by her side, became increasingly tense.

“No, no, it’s fine. If you don’t want to, it’s fine...”

She forced a smile. “I really appreciate you spending time to chat with me today. I’m feeling much better now.”

Chapter 1583 Wedding Preparations

“You’re welcome,” responded Cecilia.

Queenie gazed at Cecilia’s face, particularly the scar on the right side of the latter’s cheek. It filled her with an unbearable sense of regret.

“In that case, I’m heading back.”

“Alright.” Cecilia maintained a calm expression.

Seeing her reaction, Queenie felt increasingly sad.

Bearing her emotions, she walked outside.

After getting into the taxi, she couldn’t help but look back in the direction of where she last saw Cecilia, watching until her daughter was no longer in sight.

Queenie picked up her phone and dialed Caliste’s number. “Arrange for a wedding gift,” she ordered.

Caliste was somewhat puzzled. “But we don’t have any clients with family weddings recently.” Cecilia’s friends should always be treated at the same level as top-tier clients,” Queenie said. “Understood.”

After the secretary acknowledged the instructions, she immediately began making preparations.

She felt a touch of envy toward Cecilia for having such a birth mother.

Regrettably, the two had been separated for so many years. If only Cecilia hadn't been sent away and adopted by someone else, she would certainly have grown up to be a prominent young lady in Queenie's

care.

After Cecilia returned to the Smith residence, she spent her time helping Lucille and the others with the preparations.

Since the city wasn't Lucille's hometown, she had initially planned to have her wedding in a hotel, but Cecilia felt that the Smith residence was spacious enough, so there was no need to go to a hotel. Moreover, the Smith residence was a more appealing venue than any hotel.

The makeup artist that Mason had arranged for arrived and began helping with the preparations.

"Ceci, I'm really nervous," Lucille said, sitting on the bed and holding Cecilia's hand.

Cecilia said with a smile, "Don't worry. It will be all over tomorrow. You need to rest well. Tomorrow, you have to look your best as the bride."

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After she had spoken those words, a faint headache began to form.

She stood up and stepped outside, leaning against the wall. In that moment, she found herself reminiscing about the day before her wedding.

Chapter 1583 Wedding Preparations.

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Look my best as the bride...

Visions of gory scenes once again filled Cecilia's mind,eminscent of the time when her father was in a car accident. She could also see him lying in the hospital bed, holding onto her hand with a reluctance to let go. "Ceci, Ceci, what are you going to do when I'm no longer around?"

Cecilia's headache had worsened.

It was so intense that she was forced to crouch down.

“Dad...”

Nathaniel had been waiting for Cecilia but she never showed up. When he came looking for her, he found her crouched in the hallway, looking rather unwell. “Ceci.”

He quickly rushed to her side, squatting down beside her. “What’s the matter?”

Beads of sweat were scattered densely across Cecilia’s forehead.

“My head... it hurts,” she replied, her face incredibly pale.

Without uttering another word, Nathaniel scooped her up in his arms, ready to take her to the hospital.

The headache didn’t last long. Cecilia tightened her grip on Nathaniel’s clothes. “We don’t have to go. I think I’m fine now. It doesn’t hurt anymore.”

“No, we have to go and get you checked,” Nathaniel insisted, his expression serious.

It was the first time Cecilia had seen him so fierce, and for a moment, she didn’t dare to protest any further.

After informing Charlotte, Nathaniel led Cecilia into the car, and they headed to the hospital.

After undergoing tests in the hospital, Cecilia learned that everything was normal.

Zachary had also rushed over, and after reviewing the scans with a group of specialists, he said to Nathaniel, “There are no issues.”

“Are you sure?”

Zachary nodded.

Cecilia also came over and reassured him, “Don’t worry I’m really fine now. I don’t feel any pain at all.”

However, Nathaniel remained unconvinced. There was a time when he had suddenly lost his memory, but it wasn’t as severe as Cecilia’s condition. The latter still showed no signs of recovery despite the long time that had passed. It must be due to those medications!

“Let’s head back. Lucille is still waiting for me.”

Chapter 1583 Wedding Preparations

Cecilia was looking forward to attending Lucille’s wedding and serving as her bridesmaid.

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Nathaniel sighed somewhat helplessly. “You should stay at the hospital tonight. Otherwise, I just can’t rest with ease.”

Chapter 1584 Thanking Him For His Approval

Cecília was somewhat reluctant to do so. “But I’ve already promised Lucille.”

“I’ll call her. She’s understand,” Nathaniel said as he picked up his phone.

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Cecilia didn’t want to go back on her word just like that She immediately reached out to snatch his phone. “No, don’t make the call.”

Nathaniel was a head taller than her. With a casual lift of his hand, Cecilia had no chance of reaching the phone.

As her desperation grew, she employed both hands, standing on her tiptoes to grab it.

When Zachary arrived and was greeted by such a scene he cleared his throat to announce his presence.

It was then that Cecilia realized she seemed to be on the verge of throwing herself onto Nathaniel. She hastily retreated a few steps back, her face flushed with embarrassment.

Pretending to be oblivious, Zachary approached. “Nathaniel, if there’s nothing else, I’ll be heading out. Don’t worry, Cecilia is really fine. Her occasional headaches are just a normal occurrence.” Upon hearing this, Cecilia chimed in as well.

“See, even Dr. Sinclair says I can go, so don’t call Lucy”

Zachary was well aware that the next day was Mason and Lucille’s wedding. He had his wedding gift prepped and was set to attend the ceremony too.

"I guess there's no issue in attending the wedding," he said on Cecilia's behalf.

Grateful, Cecilia cast him a glance.

After all these years, it was the first time Zachary had been given such a look from Cecilia.

After all, he had made countless mistakes in the past, and it wouldn't be a surprise if Cecilia harbored no positive feelings about him, let alone be grateful.

Faced with Cecilia's determination and Zachary's assessment, Nathaniel had no choice but to give in.

As soon as his hand was lowered, Cecilia immediately grabbed his tightly-held phone.

If it were any other woman, attempting to take Nathaniel's phone would simply be suicide.

However, when it came to Cecilia, Nathaniel would only look on with affection. "Alright, I got it. I won't call her anymore."

"Thank you," said Cecilia.

After expressing her gratitude, she belatedly realized something.

I'm going to attend a wedding. Why do I need Nathaniel's approval? Why was I thanking him for his agreement?

Before she could fully comprehend the situation, Nathaniel had already taken her hand, leading her out.

Chapter 1584 Thanking Him For His Approval

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In a daze, Cecilia was led by him into the car. Once inside, Nathaniel still held onto her hand tightly, not forgetting to keep his grip firm.

No matter what, Cecilia just couldn't extract her hand from his, and she was becoming somewhat anxious.

"Let go of my hand."

Nathaniel firmly refused, "I won't."

Holding his wife's hand was the most natural thing in the world. Thus, he saw no reason to not do so.

Faced with the situation, Cecilia was at a loss for what to do. She simply set down Nathaniel's phone, using her other hand to free herself.

However, even with both her hands, she was simply no match for the strength of Nathaniel's single hand. After several attempts, they were almost home, yet not even a single finger of Nathaniel's had budged.

In the end, Cecilia gave up, allowing him to hold her hand.

After all, they already had four children together, so holding hands was nothing but a trivial matter.

Upon returning home, Lucille and Charlotte approached anxiously, asking, "Ceci, are you alright?"

"I'm fine. The doctor mentioned that it's a normal occurrence, possibly a precursor to regaining my memory," Cecilia answered with a smile.

Only then did Lucille breathe a sigh of relief. Then, with a cautious tone, she asked, "So, about tomorrow..."

"It's not going to be a problem. Don't worry," said Cecilia.

Lucille nodded emphatically. "Alright."

Early in the morning the next day, everyone started preparing, fearing they might be late.

Nathaniel had gone to Mason's place, intending to accompany him later when it was time to pick up the bride. Zachary and Darren had also arrived.

The latter had hoped to have a good opportunity to engage Madeline in conversation.

Chapter 1585 The Wedding

At seven in the morning, Mason arrived with a group of groomsmen.

That day, he was the man of the hour in Tudela. Many big shots and influential figures were present.

Admiring the Smith residence, they couldn't help but remark in awe, "Mr. Sanders is really amazing. This wedding surpasses even those of some rich scions."

"He is, after all, Nathaniel's right-hand man. Naturally, ordinary rich folk aren't in the same league."

Everyone was chatting excitedly.

Cecilia and Charlotte were hosting the groomsmen, creating various challenges for them. The atmosphere was incredibly lively.

Meanwhile, Lucille was seated inside the room, incredibly anxious. Despite her nerves, she didn't forget to remind them, "Please, don't let Mason drink any more alcohol. He really can't handle his liquor."

"I know, I know. You're not even married yet, but you're already siding with Mason. Have you already forgotten your friends?" Charlotte joked.

Meanwhile, Dale, Lucille's father, couldn't help but say, "He needs to face some challenges now. Otherwise, if he marries my precious daughter too easily, he won't truly appreciate her."

Niamh Valenzuela, Lucille's mother, reacted by lightly slapping his hand.

"Back then, when you married me, why did you have me secretly ask my relatives to go easy on you?"

Dale was at a loss for words, a classic case of being a henpecked husband.

Niamh was quite pleased with Mason. While her own children led rather ordinary lives, Mason was different. It was said that his annual income was in the eight-figure range. He was essentially the equivalent of a big boss. Cecilia, upon observing the demeanor of Dale and Niamh, was abruptly reminded of the time before her own wedding with Regas and Paula.

Regas spoke earnestly. "After you're married, if you ever feel wronged, you must come back and tell me. Remember, this place will always be your home."

Paula added, "In rural areas, when a daughter is married off, her parents a dowry. But when you marry off your daughter, you even have to give one. This is definitely a first for me."

Regas teased, "Times have changed. We're marrying off our daughter, not selling her. By providing generous dowry, she'll gain more respect from her in-laws after the wedding."

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Those words echoed with absolute clarity in Cecilia's mind.

Cecilia's head throbbed slightly, causing her to hesitate in delving further into her memories. Instead, she directed all her attention toward Lucille.

It wasn't long before someone came over.

Chapter 1585 The Wedding

Mdm. Jamieson?

Lucille's family was somewhat puzzled. "Which Mdm. Jamieson?"

The person delivering the gifts pondered for a moment before saying, "Queenie Jamieson."

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Queenie? Lucille had absolutely no connection with Queenie. Had it not been for Cecilia, they wouldn't even know each other.

When Lucille understood, she turned her gaze toward Cecilia.

"Ceci, what is this about?" she asked.

Reflecting back, Cecilia said, "Yesterday, Mdm. Queenie mentioned that she would have someone deliver a wedding gift."

"Is this really okay?" Lucille was somewhat at a loss.

As she had done nothing to deserve the attention, Queenie's gift was clearly given on Cecilia's account.

"Since it's already been delivered, you should just accept it," said Cecilia.

For someone of Queenie's status, a gift was hardly anything noteworthy.

Considering Cecilia's persuasion, Lucille found it difficult to refuse any further. She nodded. "In that case, please give my thanks to Mdm. Queenie."

The person who had brought the gift finally left.

Lucille looked at the beautifully crafted gift box, her curiosity piqued. "What's inside?"

"Go ahead and take a look," Cecilia suggested.

Lucille nodded, but before she opened the gift box, a thought struck her. "Should I invite Mdm. Queenie? She brought me a gift, so it wouldn't be right if she didn't get to enjoy the banquet, would it?" Dale and Niamh also felt the same.

Upon hearing her say this, Cecilia was reminded of what Queenie had said the day before. "I'll help you ask her if she can make it."

Chapter 1586 Queenie Attends The Wedding

"Alright," Lucille readily agreed, "I appreciate it."

Cecilia picked up her phone and dialed Queenie's number.

At that moment, Queenie was at the office when she saw a call coming in from Cecilia. She was thrilled and hastily answered, "Cecilia, what's up?"

"Um, my friend received your gift and was wondering if you might be free today to attend the wedding." Cecilia paused momentarily before speaking.

The day before, Queenie assumed that she had been rejected, which was why she busied herself with work.

Upon hearing Cecilia's words, she didn't hesitate at all. "Of course I'm free, Cecilia. Send me the address. and I'll come over."

"Alright."

Cecilia quickly forwarded the location of Mason and Lucille's wedding to Queenie.

Upon receiving it, Queenie stood up.

Caliste couldn't help but remind Queenie, "Mdm. Queenie, we have a client meeting scheduled soon."

"Cancel all my appointments for the rest of the day. I have something else to take care of," said Queenie.

At her age, she no longer cared about the affairs of the company. Her sole desire was to spend more time with her daughter.

"Understood." Caliste, although puzzled, nodded and watched as Queenie departed.

No sooner had Queenie left than Cassandra arrived.

She asked Caliste, "Where is my mom rushing off to in such a hurry?"

Caliste replied candidly, "She's attending the wedding of Ms. Cecilia's friend."

Upon hearing this, Cassandra couldn't help but sigh, a trace of envy flashing across her eyes.

"Mom really does care about Cecilia," she said with a sarcastic tone. "She's even worried about missing her friend's wedding."

Cassandra's jealousy didn't escape Caliste, who explained, "She probably just wants to have more

interaction with Ms. Cecilia."

"Of course I know," Cassandra responded swiftly, then turned to Caliste. "How is Dahlia doing?"

Dahlia was still her biological daughter after all. Even though she was cold-hearted, she wasn't entirely indifferent

"The doctor said her condition has stabilized for now, the secretary said with a sigh, "but as for how long she can hold on, well, that's up to her." 15:19 Tue, Feb 4 G.

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Chapter 1586 Queenie Attends The Wedding

Cassandra felt a slight tug in her heartstrings. “This is simply her fate. No one else is to blame.”

Having said that, she stepped out in her high heels, picked up her cell phone, and dialed a number.

The voice on the other end of the telephone was that of Ralph, sounding slightly aged.”

“Cassandra, what’s the matter?”

“When will you be back?” asked Cassandra,

Ralph’s health had significantly improved by then.

“In a couple of days. You must ensure that Queenie stays on course, and don’t let her give all her assets to Cecilia,” Ralph advised.

“I know. I’m not that naive,” Cassandra said, clearly annoyed.

“That’s good. When I return. I’ll help you figure things out.”

After Ralph finished, he hung up the phone.

Despite her concerns, Cassandra

decided to leave the office early. She descended the building and took a taxi to the venue where Lucille and Mason were hosting their wedding.

Mason was deeply smitten with Lucille, so much so that he booked the entire hotel for her, an

extravagance that rivaled

lavish

weddings of wealthy scions.

From a distance, Cassandra spotted Queenie’s car parked nearby. Immediately, she got out of her car and headed toward Queenie’s vehicle. Queenie was about to enter the wedding venue when Cassandra suddenly clung onto her arm. “Mom.”

"What are you doing here?" Queenie asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Why can't I be here?" Cassandra pouted. "The doctor told me your health has been deteriorating lately, Can't I spend more time with you?" Queenie felt a bit helpless. "Since you're free, you should spend more with Dahlia. Even though she's a child, she misses her mother too."

Chapter 1587 Ignorant Gossipers

Cassandra flashed a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "I can't go," she said softly. "I'm afraid that if we spend too much time together, I'll only end up feeling sad when it's time to part ways.". Her words silenced Queenie

"Mom, let's go inside together," Cassandra suggested, her voice lighter. "It feels like it's been ages since we've attended a wedding this lively."

"All right," Queenie agreed, following her inside.

As they entered the lobby, Queenie immediately spotted Cecilia and her group.

Today, Cecilia was a bridesmaid, wearing a blush pink gown that complemented her effortlessly. With minimal makeup, she still managed to captivate everyone around her.

Queenie began to move toward Cecilia, her eyes fixed on her, but before she could take another step, Cassandra gently intercepted her. "Mom, Cecilia looks busy," Cassandra said, her voice soft but insistent. "Let's not interrupt her. How about we take a seat over there instead?"

What Cassandra dreaded most was Queenie continuing to interact with Cecilia. Queenie had already made changes to her will before even having much interaction with Cecilia. What if, as they spent more time together, Queenie grew closer to her and decided to leave everything to Cecilia? If that happened, Cassandra would be left with nothing.

"All right." Queenie agreed without much thought, not wanting to disturb Cecilia. She and Cassandra then found a spot where the bride's guests were seated and settled into their seats.

Most of the notable figures at the wedding were acquaintances of the groom, so a few casual conversations were inevitable.

A group of girls seated nearby couldn't help but whisper among themselves. "Lucille is really lucky to have landed Mason," one said.

"True, Mason may not have come from a prestigious family, but the Sanders family is one of the top in Tudela. Plus, Mason is Nathaniel's most trusted ally." "Exactly, Lucille's future looks set for comfort and luxury."

"I heard there were wealthy women who pursued Mason in the past, but he turned them all down. It must have been because Lucille is just too domineering."

They spoke in hushed tones, their words laced with criticism as they badmouthed Lucille. Inevitably, the conversation, shifted to her best friend.

"Who's that bridesmaid next to Lucille? She looks so familiar!" one woman remarked, pointing in Cecilia's direction.

Another woman scrutinized her closely, her voice laced with judgment. "Who knows? Probably just another gold-digger, trying to latch onto someone important. Just look at how she's dressed.

"Yeah, she definitely gives off the vibe of a seductress," another woman added, nodding in agreement.

My daughter doesn't need to ride on anyone's coattails!

But since it was Lucille's wedding, she decided not to confront them and cause a scene. She chose to remain silent. The women, oblivious to the tension, continued to chatter excitedly among themselves scanning the room.

"Isn't that Zachary? The young heir of the Sinclair Group is here as well."

"And there's Darren!"

"My goodness! Why are there so many important figures here? Mason really is something."

"I overheard someone mention earlier that even the CEO of Jamieson Group, Queenie, is here. I wonder where she's seated."

Someone casually mentioned

Queenie, and the name immediately

sparked interest. Among the

wealthy, Queenie was a well-know

figure. The group fell into an animated discussion, completely unaware that the very person they were gossiping about was sitting just behind them.

As Cecilia accompanied Lucille in greeting guests, she belatedly noticed Queenie's arrival.

Lucille, feeling the need to be courteous, turned to Cecilia with a suggestion. "Ceci, would you like to go and chat with Mdm. Queenie?"

After all, they were guests, and it didn't feel right to leave Queenie and Cassandra sitting off to the side.

Cecilia nodded. "All right, I'll go over and ask them if they need anything."

She was only willing to do that because her job was to entertain the guests, not because of her relationship with Queenie.

As she made a beeline for Queenie, the girls who were gossiping quickly shut their mouths, looking at her disdainfully.

Chapter 1588 Cassandra And Her Act

"I thought she'd be more beautiful. With such a long scar on her face, what wealthy family would be interested in her?" a girl whispered.

They had assumed that Cecilia had come to talk to them, and they each sat upright, exuding an air of superiority.

To their surprise, Cecilia walked straight past them, ending up right in front of Queenie.

"Mdm. Queenie, Ms. Evans, is there anything you need" Cecilia asked politely.

Queenie immediately stood up.

Upon hearing Cecilia say Queenie's name, the girls in front turned around one by one to look over.

Sure enough, Queenie was behind them. This bridesmaid actually knows Mdm. Queenie? Is she here to establish a connection with Mdm. Queenie? Queenie shook her head. "Mom's fine. I hope I didn't disturb you."

Mom?

Those girls who had looked down on Cecilia were instantly taken aback.

Is she Cecilia? The wife of Nathaniel and the biological daughter of Queenie?"

"Ah, so she's Cecilia!"

They engaged in a hushed discussion. Even though Queenie couldn't hear what they were saying, she could roughly guess what they were thinking.

She deliberately stepped forward. "Ceci, I'm your mother. You don't have to be so formal."

Cassandra also approached. "That's right. We're all family."

The girls who were gossiping were shocked. It turned out that the person they had looked down upon was actually Queenie's daughter. She was not here to curry favor with Queenie. When Cecilia walked over, she could vaguely hear the girl's whispers of disapproval, feeling the weight of their scornful gazes.

She knew that Queenie only said that to help her out of the difficult situation, and she felt somewhat grateful.

"If there's nothing else, I should get back to work."

"All right, go on," Queenie said, smiling gently.

After Cecilia left, Queenie's gaze shifted toward the girl, and her gaze turned sharp. "Not everyone is like you."

Upon hearing Queenie's words, the girls blushed with embarrassment, lowered their heads, and quickly left the scene.

Cassandra observed all this very clearly. So she was standing up for Cecilia. I was wondering why she suddenly spoke up. "Mom, I'm going to the restroom. Can you wait here for me, please?" Cassandra asked.

Queenie nodded. "All right. Come back soon."

"Got it."

Cassandra got up and headed toward, the direction of the restroom.

Cecilia was on her way toward the restroom too.

Cassandra quickened her pace, soon catching up with Cecilia. "Cecilia."

Cecilia paused in her tracks, looking back at her, "Ms. Evans, is there

something you need?"

"I just want to make amends with you. After all, it's better to make friends than to make enemies," Cassandra said softly. She looked sincere. Cecilia stood where she was. "I don't think that's necessary. I'm happy with the way we are now."

She didn't like Cassandra one bit.

Suddenly, Cassandra grasped

Cecilia's hand with earnestness. "I mean it. The misunderstandings between us before-those were just that, misunderstandings. I've realized that Nicholas and I aren't a good match. And, well, we're both daughters of our mother. We're family, Cecilia. We should stick together. Can't we just put the past behind us? Don't stay mad at me."

Cecilia tried to pull her hand away, but just then, Cassandra noticed someone approaching. Seizing the opportunity, she deliberately sank to the ground in a dramatic gesture.

"You wouldn't come home with me, fine," she said, her voice laced with feigned hurt. "But you couldn't just push me away like that. After all, I'm your sister, even if I'm adopted. You really shouldn't treat me this way." She put on a pitiful act, hoping to stir some sympathy.

Chapter 1589 Magnus Confronts Cassandra

Cecília was momentarily taken aback. She had dealt with con artists before, but never one so clumsy in her approach. Has she been watching too many TV dramas?

Guests nearby witnessed the scene, and soon, whispers began to spread. Eyes turned toward Cecilia, filled with curiosity.

Cecilia, unfazed, shrugged off the attention. "You fell on your own. Don't blame me for it."

The commotion didn't go unnoticed by Queenie. As she made her way over, she spotted Cassandra sprawled on the ground and saw Cecilia walking away in the distance. "Cassandra, are you all right?" Immediately, Queenie rushed to Cassandra's side, concern written across her face.

Cassandra quickly shook her head. "It's nothing serious, I just couldn't convince Cecilia."

"What did you try to persuade her about?" Queenie asked, her brow furrowing in confusion.

"I told her to let go of her grudge against you," Cassandra explained with a hint of vulnerability. "But she refused. She even pushed me down, claiming that everything I have now was stolen from her." She tried to sound pitiful, but her tone was laced with dramatics. Seeing her in such a state, Queenie, in the past, would have believed her without hesitation. But now, after everything that had happened, she knew her adopted daughter's nature all too well.

"Cassandra," Queenie said coldly, her voice firm, "Ceci isn't like that. And besides, she's lost her memory. What could she possibly hold against me? Don't try these petty tricks again. Hasn't anyone ever told you that your temper is too quick to play the role of a tragic character?" Queenie's gaze was ice-cold as she delivered each word, her patience worn thin.

Cassandra stood frozen, her expression one of disbelief. She had been like this since childhood, using these dramatic tactics to manipulate situations when she couldn't get what she wanted by force. But now, Queenie had unexpectedly seen right through her. "Mom, I didn't act," Cassandra protested, her voice shaky. "If you don't believe me, ask the people around us."

"I don't need to ask anyone," Queenie replied coolly. "I know exactly what kind of people you and Ceci are. Now, if there's nothing else, you should leave. Don't cause a scene here—it's someone else's wedding. You wouldn't want to spoil the mood." With that, Queenie turned on her heel and walked away, heading toward Cecilia.

Cassandra stood there, stunned and alone, unable to process what had just happened.

At that moment, someone appeared behind Cassandra—someone unexpected.

“Queenie, at your age, you still don’t understand?” It was Magnus.

Magnus had come to curry favor with Nathaniel, and by chance, he had witnessed the entire ridiculous scene unfold.

Cassandra turned to face Magnus, who was in a suit, and snapped, “Don’t understand. Then tell me, what exactly is it that I haven’t understood?”

Magnus lit up a cigarette. “Queenie

used to trust you

unconditionally-not because she was foolish, nor because you were clever, but because you were her only daughter. But times have changed. Her biological daughter has returned. Do you really think she would still trust you blindly? Foolish.”

Magnus’ mocking gaze struck Cassandra deeply, and her hand, hanging by her side, clenched into a tight fist, her nails digging into her palm.

“How smart do you think you are?” he taunted, his voice laced with disdain. “You’re only where you are because of Nathaniel and Nicholas. Without them, what would you even be?”

Magnus only chuckled, his tone

dripping with superiority. “But I have

them backing me up. What about

swnevel

you? I know Nicholas has abandoned you. You’re nothing more than an abandoned woman!”

His laughter was loud and cruel, echoing in the air as he relished the sting of his words.

Fury surged through Cassandra, and she raised her hand, poised to slap him. But Magnus was faster. He grabbed her wrist with a firm grip and, with a swift motion, shoved her back.

“Do you still see me as the person I once was, living under your family’s roof?” he sneered. “You want to strike me, but have you even looked at yourself in the mirror?”

Cassandra staggered back several

steps, barely managing to keep her balance. Magnus advanced with deliberate steps, spitting by her side. "I really don't understand how we could possibly share the same mother," he sneered.

Chapter 1590 Queenie Apologizes To Cecilia

He straightened his clothes, his air of superiority almost palpable, then walked past her without a second glance. Cassandra stood there, seething with frustration, her teeth practically grinding in her anger. But she was powerless to do anything. "Magnus, just you wait," she muttered through clenched teeth, her mind simmering with resentment. You may look down on me now, but one day, you'll regret this..

Cassandra took several deep, shaky breaths, her heart heavy with misery, before she stumbled away.

When Cecilia stepped out of the bathroom, she spotted Queenie standing not far away, her expression filled with guilt.

She lowered her gaze. "Mdm. Queenie, are you here to seek justice for Cassandra?"

Cecilia knew well that Queenie had always been protective of her adopted daughter.

Queenie quickly shook her head, her voice soft but sincere. "Ceci, you've misunderstood. I came here to apologize to you."

"Apologize?" Cecilia blinked in confusion. It was clear to everyone that I was the one who pushed Cassandra. Why is she apologizing to me?

While Cecilia remained perplexed, Queenie's face was earnest, full of genuine remorse. "I know you're a good girl, Ceci. You would never push Cassandra. But she's been spoiled by me since she was little, unable to properly discern right from wrong. I'm truly sorry for what happened earlier," Queenie said, each word weighted with sincerity.

Cecilia was taken aback.

Cecilia pursed her lips, her voice calm but resolute. "A clear conscience fears no accusation. I'm not wronged. The tactics she used are just laughable."

Seeing that Cecilia wasn't bothered, Queenie finally let out a quiet sigh of relief.

“That’s good,” Queenie said softly. “Just make sure you don’t let what she did get under your skin.”

At that moment, Queenie knew the most important thing for Cecilia was to focus on her health and regain her memory as quickly as possible.

“The wedding is about to start,” Queenie continued. “Let’s continue our conversation outside.”

“Alright.” Cecilia nodded, and with a smile on her face, Queenie walked alongside her.

Outside, Cassandra hadn’t left. Watching as Queenie, all smiles, approached with Cecilia, a sudden wave of alarm surged within her. She quickly stood and rushed to meet them. “Mom, Ceci,” she called, her voice laced with urgency. Queenie’s face soured. “Why are you still here?”

Cassandra appeared awkward. “Mom, I want to spend more time with you.”

“I don’t need your company. You should return to work at the office. Don’t give your employees the Cassandra’s face turned ashen. She wanted to say something in response, but Queenie quickly interjected, “Who would feel comfortable leaving the company in your hands if you continue like this?”

That silenced Cassandra right away, and she dared not stay any longer

She forced a smile. “I guess I’ll be leaving first then. Please take good care of Mom for me, will you?”

After Cassandra left, Cecilia arranged a seat for Queenie, then went off to find Lucille.

As she passed by an empty makeup room, she vaguely heard the argument taking place inside.

“Give me back my child, or I swear I won’t let you off the hook.”,

“You won’t let me go? How?”

It was Madeline and Darren.

Cecilia couldn’t eavesdrop on their conversation, so she promptly left.

Darren's eyes were bloodshot. "Madeline, do you have an affair? Is it Calvin?"

Calvin is so shameless. He's now coveting my woman after he failed to make Cecilia his.

Madeline swiftly raised her hand, delivering a slap across Darren's face. "Don't assume everyone is as vile as you think. I detest you and I want a divorce. This has nothing to do with anyone else." Darren's face stung, but when he heard that she didn't have an affair, his anger subsided.

"Really?"

"Of course!" Madeline said.

Darren swiftly pulled her closer, silencing her with a kiss.

Madeline's eyes widened as she punched him.

Darren, however, refused to let her go. After what seemed like an eternity, he finally spoke, "You never trust me and I have no other way to make you trust me How about this?

Come back with me, and I'll give you half of the Faust family's wealth."
