

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1841 -

4-5 minutes

Change His Ways Listening to what Nicholas was saying, Jocelyn glanced at the photos of Yannick with different women. In each picture, the woman by his side was never the same.

She clutched the photos tightly, and to say she wasn’t hurting would be a lie.

Even if she didn’t love Yannick, he was still her fiancé at that time.

She couldn’t possibly act as if she didn’t care when she saw that her fiancé had had so many previous relationships.

However, before and after their engagement, Yannick didn’t do anything wrong.

Jocelyn lifted her head, meeting Nicholas’ gaze. “Mr. Nicholas, this is my personal matter. Thank you, but no.”

Jocelyn then enunciated, “Furthermore, I don’t appreciate you prying into my fiancé’s affairs. Besides, I’ve known about everything you’ve investigated for quite some time.”

She was not a naive woman, and she certainly wouldn’t just casually accept Freya’s arrangements.

Jocelyn had already done her homework on Yannick’s character. Only after she was sure she could accept him did she agree to that marriage arrangement.

Nicholas was completely stunned.

After a moment, he finally said, “Jocelyn, you should understand that not many women can tame such a man. Don’t believe that you’re unique in this regard. It’s hard for a casanova to change his ways.”

Jocelyn subtly tightened her hanging fists.

“Thank you for your concern, but I am well aware of my circumstances. I never intended for Yannick to change for my sake. We’re getting married simply because it’s time for both of us to settle down, and we are a good match.”

She found it increasingly unbearable to stay there, feeling as though she was suffocating.

When did Mr. Nicholas become like this? Jocelyn added in a frosty tone, “If there’s nothing else, I’ll be heading back. I’ve just arrived, and my house is in complete disarray. I haven’t had the chance to tidy up yet.”

After speaking, she didn’t wait for Nicholas’ response and simply walked out.

Nicholas sat alone in his office, watching as Jocelyn walked away, rejecting him. At that moment, for reasons he couldn’t quite grasp, he realized that the young girl who once devoted her heart solely to him had changed.

It seemed as though she was drifting further and further away from him.

After Jocelyn left, she immediately hailed a cab to return to her rented apartment.

She had just arrived home and keyed in the passcode to enter when she heard a rustling sound.

Jocelyn initially thought there was a burglar in her home. She cautiously made her way inside, only to find Nick tidying up her clothes at that moment.

Yannick was crouched on the ground, holding onto Jocelyn’s clothes. He stared at them for a long while, utterly clueless about tidying them up.

He heard footsteps behind him. Turning around, he saw Jocelyn.

“Jocelyn, how come you’re back? Weren’t you in a rush to get to work?”

Jocelyn watched him as he held her clothes in one hand, looking puzzled at her.

Instead of answering, she asked, “What are you doing with my clothes?”

Yannick couldn’t help but respond “I’m just helping you out a bit. You work so hard, so I’ve taken care of tidying up your things. That way, you could rest after coming back.”

Tidy up? Jocelyn looked at the pile, noticing it was even more disorganized than inside the box.

She let out a sigh and said, “Thanks, but I’d rather do it myself.” From a young age, she had always been self-reliant, doing everything on her own. She wasn’t quite others help accustomed to having others help her tidy up her clothes.

Yannick glanced back at the pile of clothes he had temporarily tossed onto the couch, acknowledging that he had indeed contributed to the mess.

“Jocelyn, I’m sorry. Please wait for me. Give me an hour or two. I promise I’ll get everything sorted out,” he said.

Jocelyn was about to refuse. “But-”

Yannick simply led her out of the room, inviting her to sit comfortably in the living room.

“Give me a chance.”

His eyes pleaded in such a way that it was difficult for her to turn him down.

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4-5 minutes

Romantic Escapades Unable to resist his pleading, Jocelyn gave a slight nod. “All right, then.”

Only then did Yannick return to her room to tidy up.

Jocelyn sat alone on the couch, the faint sounds from the bedroom reaching her ears. She couldn’t help but have Nicholas’ words replaying in her mind.

She was self-aware enough to realize that she could never be some sort of chosen maiden.

Yannick’s kindness toward her at that moment could simply be a fleeting novelty. After all, the women he used to keep company with were vastly different from her.

However, as she grew older, the need to get married and to assure her grandmother grew stronger.

Jocelyn didn't want to overthink things. She pulled out her laptop and started working.

Once immersed in work, time seemed to fly by particularly quickly.

An indeterminable amount of time had passed before Yannick finally opened the bedroom door from the inside.

Yannick walked out with a hopeful look in his eyes. "Jocelyn, come over here and take a look at how I've tidied things up."

Jocelyn lifted her gaze, shutting down the laptop, without holding any expectations.

However, she didn't ruin Yannick's mood. Instead, she got up and went to the bedroom.

As she walked in, she noticed that her once messy room was neat and tidy. The boxes that had previously been scattered around had been put away.

Jocelyn found it somewhat unbelievable.

"I've sorted out your clothes and placed them in the cabinet."

Yannick walked up to the wardrobe and swung the doors open. Jocelyn then saw rows of neatly folded clothes inside. There were also some seasonal outfits hanging up, all of different colors and sorted by type.

"How did you manage to do this?" Jocelyn was somewhat taken aback. How could a wealthy heir like Yannick possibly know how to clean up?

"Are you satisfied with the result?" Yannick awaited her praise.

Jocelyn nodded honestly. "I'm very satisfied. It's excellent! It's even better than how I would have done it."

She couldn't even begin to fathom how her previously messy room could end up being so tidy.

"Okay, then."

“How did you do it?” Jocelyn asked, persistently seeking an answer.

Yannick had no choice but to tell the truth, saying, simply got in touch with a professional organizer from home and finished the task using her guidance. However, don’t I’ve learned how to do it, so it won’t be such a hassle in the future.”

Content belongs to FindNovel Jocelyn watched him make his promise. To say she wasn’t moved by it would be a lie.

However, she didn’t show any reaction.

“What’s wrong?” Yannick seemed to have noticed her unhappiness.

After a moment of hesitation, Jocelyn handed him the stack of photos.

Yannick took the thick stack of photos and started to look through them, his eyes gradually deepening in intensity.

“Did you have someone investigate me?” Yannick wasn’t upset. He merely wanted to know.

Jocelyn didn’t respond directly. Instead, she said, “What I’m trying to say is that won’t dwell on your past. However, I do hope that you won’t betray me in the future, at least during our marriage. If you ever fall for someone else, let me know. Please, don’t betray me. Also, don’t let my grandma find out, all right?”

Yannick had an indescribable feeling in his heart.

The air fell silent for a moment.

After a long while, he said, “Okay.”

“All right. It’s a deal, then.”

For reasons he couldn’t fathom, Yannick felt as if he’d been pricked in the heart.

He then tossed all those photos into the trash bin.

Initially, Yannick had thought of cohabiting with Jocelyn, considering they were both engaged. However, after tidying up the place that day, he decided to take his leave.

Seated in the car, Yannick called Calvin and said, “Calvin, I’m really stressed out right now. What should I do?”

Calvin was engrossed in his work when he asked, puzzled, “What’s wrong? Has something happened with the engagement?”

He really hit the nail on the head.

“It isn’t exactly about our engagement. It went pretty smoothly. However, Jocelyn showed me some photos today, all of which were of my past romantic escapades.”

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4-5 minutes

Meant To Be Upon hearing that, Calvin fell silent for a moment.

“Does she regret it now, knowing what she didn’t know at the beginning?”

“It’s not exactly that,” Yannick responded. “She simply told me that after our engagement, nothing should happen that would betray her trust. If there were any other women, all I needed to do was let her know.”

While perusing the documents, Calvin responded, “Isn’t she quite a decent girl?”

“Don’t you think something’s off?” Yannick asked.

With a sigh, Calvin said, “I may not be any expert in love, but don’t forget what you told me before. You said Ms. Wright didn’t have any feelings for you. Don’t get your hopes up too high. Otherwise, it’ll only be you who ends up disappointed.”

Those words struck a chord with Yannick, sparking a sudden epiphany.

In an instant, Yannick understood why he was feeling uncomfortable.

His mind was in complete chaos.

“Calvin, to be honest, I think I’m falling for her.”

After spending time with Jocelyn, Yannick realized that his past relationships truly meant nothing.

"If you're fond of her, go after her and rectify your own flaws."

"She's fond of Nicholas, though..."

Those words caused Calvin to fall into silence as well.

Yannick continued, "Why do you think the two people I've liked have both ended up being involved with Nathaniel and his brother?"

Calvin couldn't focus on the documents anymore, his fingers lightly tapping on the desk.

"I've already moved on, but you're different. Since Ms. Wright is engaged to you, she chose you. Don't overthink it." Calvin paused for a moment before adding, "I'm about to head overseas to handle some matters. I'm leaving things here in your care."

"All right, then."

Helpless, Yannick had no choice but to hang up the phone.

On the other side, Calvin also ended the call.

He walked out, arriving at Madeline's desk.

"Maddie, how did Ceci's surgery go?" he asked.

Upon looking at his question, she answered, "It seems like the day we'll find out if it has been successful. Had Calvin not reminded her, Madeline would have completely forgotten about it."

She then planned to pay Cecilia a visit after her work to see if the latter's hearing had recovered.

"Okay. That's good," replied Calvin.

"Mr. Reese, you're heading overseas. Would you like to pay Ceci a visit?" Madeline suggested. "How about we swing by after work?"

"No. I have a flight tonight, so I won't have time to go there. Could you please pass my regards to her?"

After Calvin rejected the offer, he returned to his office and began to tidy up.

Seeing him about to leave, Madeline also set aside her work.

“Mr. Reese, I want to thank you for your guidance these past couple of years. Without you, I’d still be a complete novice, clueless about net everything. If you ever need my help while you’re abroad, please don’t hesitate to let me know.”

Calvin didn’t even lift his head. “Hmm. Okay.”

Madeline stepped forward once again, assisting him in tidying up.

“Also, my hubby misunderstood us last time, and Zachary seemed to have gotten physical with you. I’m truly sorry for that.”

“It’s all right, as long as the misunderstanding is cleared up,” Calvin said.

Madeline genuinely thought that Calvin was a great person. She wondered when he would finally find his other half.

After swiftly helping Calvin tidy up, Madeline saw him off to his car.

Originally, Calvin was supposed to leave the previous year.

However, when Cecilia disappeared back then, Ceci Corporation had just been established. He chose to stay and help run the business. At that moment, however, it was time for him to leave.

Madeline sighed quietly. “It’s a shame... Perhaps it’s just not meant to be.”

After getting into the car, Calvin drove away.

He was supposed to head to the airport, yet he found himself, for reasons unknown, pulling up to the entrance of the hospital.

Outside the hospital, cars were constantly coming and going. There were also a few people around, but there was no sign of Cecilia inside.

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4-5 minutes

Next Time Calvin remained there for quite some time.

After he eventually drove away, he turned the car around and returned to the hospital again, feeling it was improper to leave without saying goodbye.

He pulled out his phone, sending a message to Cecilia that read: Ceci, I’m heading home. Just thought I’d let you know. Which ward are you in right now? I’ll come visit.

After he sent the message, he didn’t receive a reply.

On the other side, after having undergone surgery, Cecilia started her check-ups and stitch removals that day.

The doctors were gathered around her, and Zachary was particularly tense.

He wasn’t actually fully confident that he could fix Cecilia’s hearing.

Cecilia had her eyes closed, and her hands were trembling slightly.

Having lived with a hearing impairment for so many years, she had often wondered what life would be like if she were like everyone else.

At that moment, she finally had a chance to experience it, and she was more anxious and excited than anyone else.

After an indeterminate amount of time, the doctors were done. Cecilia heard the faint sound of surgical instruments clashing.

“Cecilia, can you hear me clearly?” Zachary asked as gently as possible.

Cecilia turned toward him, following the direction of his voice. Her eyes were slightly moist as she said, “I hear you clearly.”

Zachary’s eyes were filled with joy when he saw that.

“Fantastic! The surgery is a success! Fantastic!”

Cecilia also nodded in agreement.

“Take a good rest first. Don’t move around.” Zachary urgently added. “Let’s run a test.”

“All right.”

Zachary conducted a hearing test for Cecilia.

He noticed that Cecilia’s hearing, although not as good as an average person’s, had improved significantly compared to before. At the very least, she no longer needed to rely on a hearing aid.

“Very good. As long as you take good care of it and have it checked regularly, there shouldn’t be any issues in the future.”

Cecilia was then pushed out of the ward.

Outside, Nathaniel, Queenie, and Yuliana, among others, were anxiously waiting, each of them particularly tense.

“How’s it going, Dr. Sinclair?” Queenie asked impatiently.

Zachary responded with a smile, “Pretty good. She’s recovered quite well.”

“That’s great! That’s just wonderful!” Queenie was also brimming with joy.

Nathaniel then took hold of Cecilia’s hand, not uttering a single word. Everything was communicated in the silence.

Yuliana also shared in the happiness. “Now, Cecilia doesn’t have to rely on a hearing aid anymore.”

“All right. Let’s first take Cecilia back to her ward,” Zachary said. “I’ll give Vivian a call to share the good news.”

Vivian had gone to pick up the two children from school.

“All right.”

Upon returning to the ward, everyone gathered around to chat with Cecilia.

Zachary was worried that Cecilia hadn't fully recovered yet, so he asked everyone to keep quiet for a while. Immediately, the place fell silent.

AQUMS Everyone was hoping that Cecilia could fully recover.

Cecilia could also then take a nice break, casually browsing through her phone.

She had her phone in hand, and by the time she saw the message, a couple of hours had already passed.

Cecilia quickly responded to Calvin's message: I was tied up earlier, and I just saw your message. Where you? I'll send someone to bring you up. ^śwnovel On the other side, Calvin had already departed, then sitting within the confines of the waiting room at the airport.

Upon reading the message, he replied: Seems like we won't be meeting. Has your hearing recovered yet?

Cecilia: The surgery went smoothly.

Calvin gripped his phone and replied: That's good. I'm already at the take , and my flight's about ne alloon. Until next time.

Calvin didn't know when they would see each other again.

Cecilia also knew that for adults, the next time might really be hard to come by.

She then picked up the phone and called Calvin.

Caught off guard, Calvin quickly answered the phone. "What's up?"

"When does your flight take off?" Glancing briefly, Calvin answered, "Probably in about half an hour."

"All right. Wait for me."

Cecilia abruptly ended the call and got up from her bed.

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4-5 minutes

See Him Off Queenie, who was standing nearby, watched her rise from the hospital bed, her confusion evident. “Ceci, what are you getting up for?”

“I’m going to see a friend,” Cecilia responded.

“You need to rest properly now, though,” Queenie urged anxiously. “Can you guys meet in a couple of days?”

Shaking her head, Cecilia said, “No. He’s about to leave the country.”

Cecilia was heavily indebted to Calvin. If she were to not see him off this time, she would truly feel remorseful.

“All right. Make sure you stay safe,” Queenie said. She knew that Cecilia had her own plans and wouldn’t just leave without a reason.

“Okay.” Cecilia nodded.

After responding Queenie, Cecilia left.

Nathaniel and the others were still outside.

“Cecilia, how come you’re out here?” Yuliana asked in confusion. “You should be resting right now.”

Cecilia didn’t have time to explain, so she said, “I need to meet someone.”

After that, she turned her gaze toward Nathaniel.

“Nathaniel, Calvin is leaving the country. He’s at the airport now.”

Cecilia understood that trust was the most important thing between two people.

She needed to inform Nathaniel about her whereabouts.

Nathaniel understood her intentions. "I'll take you there."

"Is that okay?"

Cecilia was somewhat skeptical.

After all, there had been quite a few conflicts between Nathaniel and Calvin in the past.

"Of course. Don't overthink it," Nathaniel responded, stepping forward. "Let's go." "All right." Cecilia nodded with a smile.

Once seated in the car, Nathaniel drove toward the airport, simultaneously asking Cecilia, "Why is he suddenly leaving?"

Cecilia let out a sigh. "He originally came to Tudela to manage some collaborations in Clusia. He stayed here for so long just because I had disappeared earlier. Now, there might be some issues over at his home."

"We should really be thanking him," Nathaniel stated seriously.

"Yes." After Cecilia finished speaking, she turned to look at Nathaniel, asking him, "You're not angry, are you?"

"In the past, I would be. Now, however, no," Nathaniel responded.

He had previously assumed there was something going on between Calvin and Cecilia, but then he realized it had all been a et Pel Ov misunderstanding.

Cecilia simply didn't fancy Calvin.

Calvin, on the other hand, was well aware of that and wouldn't interfere any further.

"Thank you for trusting me," Cecilia sincerely said.

Nathaniel's lips curved upward. "I'm supposed to trust you in the first place, so there's no need for thanks."

The two were engaged in conversation, and before they knew it, they had arrived at the airport.

Glancing at the time, Cecilia saw that there were roughly ten minutes left.

She called Calvin on the phone.

The call connected on the other end, and Calvin said, "Yes, Ceci."

"I'm on my way. Send me your location now," Cecilia urgently uttered.

After a brief silence, Calvin finally responded, "All right."

He sent over his location.

Cecilia and Nathaniel walked together, and before long, they spotted Calvin about to board the plane.

Calvin's remained as usual when he saw the two people approaching together. He wasn't upset as he had been longer before.

"Why are you leaving in such a hurry?" Cecilia asked him.

Calvin noticed that Cecilia was no longer wearing her hearing aid, confirming that she had truly recovered.

"There's been a situation at home that requires my attention."

"All right, then." Cecilia didn't quite know what to say as she looked at Calvin. "Is there anything I can help with?"

Before Calvin could respond, she quickly added, "Please, don't stand on ceremony with me, okay?"

Nathaniel also said, "There's no need to be formal with us. If there's anything we can assist you with, just let me know."

With a chuckle, Calvin found himself at a loss for words.

"Since you've said as much, I won't hold back." Calvin paused before saying, "As for what exactly I need, I'll let you know once I return. I certainly won't hold back."

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1846 -

4-5 minutes

A Confession “That’s settled, then,” Cecilia said, her eyes filled with warmth.

With a serious expression, Calvin nodded firmly. “Yes. It’s a deal.”

The plane was about to take off soon, and Calvin could no longer afford to delay. He bid them farewell.

“See you next time.”

“All right. Bye.” Cecilia waved him goodbye, and the weight in her heart eased considerably.

Aside from the times in their childhood when she had helped Calvin, Calvin was always the one helping her after they had grown up.

Since she had become somewhat capable, she could finally be of assistance to Calvin.

After watching Calvin’s figure disappear, Nathaniel gently supported Cecilia’s shoulder, saying, “Let’s go back.”

“All right.” Cecilia nodded, and they left the airport together.

Outside, at some unknown point in time, a light rain had begun to fall.

The driver brought over two umbrellas. Carefully, Nathaniel held one over Cecilia as they walked side by side toward the vehicle.

As she walked, Cecilia glanced at the sky before turning her gaze toward the bustling crowd.

She wasn’t wearing her hearing aid then, yet she could hear everyone’s voices very clearly. That sensation truly felt incredible.

Suddenly, Nathaniel came to a halt. “Ceci, there’s something I need to talk to you about.”

Cecilia also came to a halt, looking at him with confusion. “What?”

Nathaniel lowered his head. "I love you."

He spoke in a hushed tone, but Cecilia still heard him.

Cecilia couldn't help blushing. "Oh, you..."

There were quite a few people around, which made Cecilia a bit shy.

"Why are you suddenly saying that?"

Nathaniel chuckled lightly. "I'm not sure. I just suddenly felt like telling you."

"Sure." Cecilia nodded. "I like you too."

"Like? Is that it?" Nathaniel intentionally probed further.

Cecilia felt a bit embarrassed. "Well, what else can it be? I simply like you."

"Okay. That works," Nathaniel stated sincerely.

Cecilia wrapped her arm around his, and at that moment, they were just like any ordinary couple.

As they sat in the car, it didn't take long before the day turned into night.

At that time of year, nightfall was arriving earlier and earlier.

When Cecilia arrived back at the ward, she pushed open the door to find the room filled with fresh flowers. Family and friends were all gathered inside.

"Ceci, congratulations on the successful surgery."

"Mommy!"

Her two eldest sons lunged toward Cecilia.

Elena also brought her two little grandchildren along, and the pair toddled somewhat unsteadily toward Cecilia.

Cecilia embraced them and felt as if she had the entire world in her arms.

Charlotte then handed over a bouquet of flowers, saying, "Boss, this is for you." "Thank you."

Cecilia accepted the beautiful flowers, her eyes curving into a smile.

However, that day was somewhat tough for Nathaniel, as he couldn't help but sneeze.

He was allergic to pollen.

After giving it some thought, Cecilia immediately said to him, "Maybe you should take a step back?"

Those were flowers bought by family and friends, so she simply couldn't just discard them.

Nathaniel looked at her with a touch of pity. Earlier, she said she liked him. At that moment, she was pushing him away for the sake of others.

"All right, then."

Nathaniel was feeling down.

"I'll be with you tonight," Cecilia said softly.

A glimmer flashed across Nathaniel's eyes. "Remember your words."

"Of course!" Cecilia promised.

Only then did Nathaniel leave, a smile finally gracing his features. Others watched the interaction between the two and felt somewhat jealous.

Zachary even looked at Vivian and said, "Vivian, can't you learn from Cecilia?" Darren glanced toward Madeline. Before he could speak, Madeline turned to look at him.

"We're an old married couple. It's different," said Madeline.

Darren then silently withdrew his gaze.

The room was teeming with people. A few men stood there, not really knowing what to say, so they

decided to step out.

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4-5 minutes

A Group Of Gentlemen Nathaniel didn’t leave. He was pacing alone outside.

Zachary was the first to approach him and said, “Nathaniel, let’s go. Shall we have a drink?”

Nathaniel shot him a stern glance. “Isn’t Vivian pregnant? You shouldn’t be drinking alcohol.”

“They’ll be keeping themselves busy tonight, so we should also find something interesting to do.”

After Zachary finished speaking, he looked toward Mason, Sven, and Darren.

Mason shook his head, saying, “No... I shouldn’t go. Lucy would get upset.” Darren also said, “My daughter doesn’t like the smell of alcohol on me.”

Sven gave him a cold stare. “I don’t drink.”

Zachary’s mouth twitched slightly, and he was truly at a loss for words. It seems I’m the only one who has remained unchanged. Everyone else has either transformed into a gentleman, a good boyfriend, or a good husband.

Nathaniel gave him a pat on the shoulder. “You should grow up eventually.”

“I just thought since there’s nothing else going on, so-”

“Lucy mentioned that when we have nothing to do, we can engage in meaningful activities instead of drinking. Isn’t that right, Mr. Rainsworth?” Mason said.

Nathaniel nodded. “That’s right. Drinking is bad for health.”

Zachary looked at the group of people, momentarily at a loss for words. How have they all suddenly become gentlemen?

“Well, what are we going to do? We surely can’t just stand here doing nothing all night, can we?”

“Shouldn’t I be the one asking you that? At the very least, arrange a room for us to rest while we wait for them. However, I might go back to check on my daughter first,” Darren said.

“All right, then.”

Zachary immediately asked someone to prepare the room next door.

Those few grown men had nothing much to do, so they gathered together to play cards.

Just as Zachary had anticipated, everyone in the ward next door decided to seize the rare opportunity to gather. They resolved to stay there that night to keep Cecilia company.

However, Elena took the two children back to rest. As for Elliot and Jonathan, when they got tired, they rubbed their eyes and went to look for Nathaniel. Nathaniel said to them, “You’re not three-year-old children. Find somewhere to sleep on your own.”

Just like that, the two brothers slept in that room.

Zachary gazed at the two identical boys, unable to help but exclaim, “Nathaniel, your genes are truly impressive. Eli and Jon are like miniature versions of you. I wonder who my child will take after. I truly wish for a lovely daughter, ideally one who embodies the best qualities of both Vivian and myself.”

He personally preferred a daughter. After all, daughters had a special way of warming one’s heart. If it were a son, he wouldn’t be as thrilled.

Nathaniel replied, “That’s happening.”

Zachary kept nodding. “I hope so!”

Seeing that it was getting late, Darren, fearing that Amelia might feel lonely at home, decided to return early.

Inside the room, only four remained, and they were Zachary, Mason, Sven, and Nathaniel.

They also lost interest in continuing their card games, each one of them falling asleep one after another.

Early the next day, everyone bid farewell to Cecilia.

Not long after they had left, Cecilia received a call from Meredith, someone she hadn't heard from in quite some time.

She, along with Helen and Priscilla, had also gone to visit Cecilia.

"Ceci, why didn't you tell us when you were hospitalized?"

Back then, Cecilia was suffering from amnesia, forgetting all about them and rarely keeping in touch.

Upon seeing that Cecilia was Queenie's biological daughter, Meredith refrained from reaching out proactively. She was concerned that Cecilia might think she was attempting to curry favor.

However, when she heard about Cecilia's hospitalization for surgery, she felt that it would be inappropriate not to visit.

"I'm sorry. A lot has happened recently," Cecilia apologized.

Helen and Priscilla were there, and upon seeing Queenie, the CEO of Jamieson Group nearby, they both felt somewhat restrained.

Priscilla mustered the courage to say, "Ms. Cecilia, you must take good care of yourself and aim for a swift recovery."

Cecilia nodded. "Okay. Thank you. I will."

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4-5 minutes

Bear Children It seemed that Queenie had also realized her presence was making it uncomfortable for them to chat with Cecilia. Hence, she asked her secretary to wheel her out, taking the opportunity to bask in the sun.

After she left, the three mothers indeed felt significantly more relaxed.

Priscilla was particularly chatty. "Ms. Cecilia, next semester, the children will be starting elementary school. Which school is Jon planning to attend?"

The school for Jonathan had already been chosen a while back, and Cecilia even sent an invitation to Helen.

She remembered that she still had a letter in her hand.

Cecilia knew Priscilla might be aware, so she said, "I've already found a school. If you guys don't mind, would Dorothy like to attend the same school as Jon?"

"Sure!" Priscilla agreed without even asking which school Jonathan was attending.

She was aware that with Cecilia and Nathaniel's capabilities, it was impossible for them to not find a good school.

"All right," Cecilia said. "I'll give you the invitation when I have some time."

"Thank you, Ms. Cecilia." Priscilla was overjoyed.

Meredith, who was off to the side, didn't have any children, so she found it difficult to join the conversation.

She gazed at the three mothers, her regret deepening. Why did I choose to raise another person's child back then? If only I had seen my ex-husband's true character sooner and found a good man, my own child might be in school by now.

They all chatted for a bit longer.

Due to some matters at home, Priscilla and Helen had to leave early.

Meredith was still there, and she was peeling fruits for Cecilia.

Cecilia couldn't help but ask, "How has the past year been for you?"

After she lost her memory, she hadn't paid any attention to Meredith.

Meredith had just finished peeling an apple. She sliced off a piece and handed it to Cecilia. "It's been really nice, quite relaxing, better than the past."

She let out a sigh before continuing, "However, I'm feeling a bit regretful now." "Regret?"

“Yes. Seeing you all with children, I can’t help but feel envious.” Meredith looked out of the window. “Regrettably, I can no longer bear children.”

“Why would you say that?” Cecilia looked at Meredith. She’s still so young. How is it that she can no longer bear children?

Meredith used to care, hence she would conceal her feelings. At this point, however, she desired to find someone to whom she could pour out her heart.

“You know my ex-husband’s mistress gave birth to a son for him, right?”

“Yes.” Cecilia nodded.

“Don’t be fooled by her seemingly naive demeanor. She’s actually quite cunning. She used her own son to tamper with my meals,” toot uttered, having only recently discovered the issues with her health.

Shock was all that could be seen in Cecilia’s eyes, and she was in disbelief. “How could she do that?”

Meredith let out a sigh. “It just goes to show that you can never judge the book by its cover. I was so kind to that child.”

“A while back wanted to try in vitro fertilization to have a child, only to discover that my body has been et damaged beyond repair, making it impossible for me to conceive even through in vitro fertilization.”O Meredith lowered her head before adding, “I’ll never have a child of my own in this lifetime...”

In this world, it wasn’t always true that good people would receive good karma. “Where is that woman now?”

Cecilia remembered that the woman had offended her in the past, and Zachary and Nathaniel found out about it. Consequently, she was driven away by Meredith’s ex-husband.

Meredith clenched her fists. “Lately, she’s been secretly meeting with my ex- husband again. They probably think that Nathaniel and Zachary have both forgotten.”

After silently listening, Cecilia looked at Meredith once again. “That kind of woman shouldn’t be let off the hook. She doesn’t deserve to live in peace.”

Meredith nodded. "I was thinking the same thing. The Turner familyē currently doesn't amount to much. Give me some time. I'll make sure that shameless couple gets what they deserve."

The Turner family was Meredith's ex-husband's family.

As her friend, Cecilia said, "I'll help you."

With the aid of Cecilia and the Jamieson family, they could bankrupt the Turner family with ease.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1849 -

4-5 minutes

Pay The Price Upon hearing that, Meredith didn't bother with formalities with Cecilia.

"Ceci, thank you."

"We're good friends, so there's no need for thanks," Cecilia said. "After all, didn't you help me out when I was in trouble before?"

When Cecilia had previously been troubled by Cassandra, Meredith had also stepped in to help her.

Despite that, Meredith was still deeply moved as she gazed at Cecilia.

After Meredith left, Cecilia waited for Queenie to return and brought up the matter.

Queenie truly despised men like the one from the Turner family. Instead of cherishing their wives, they looked for mistresses, even causing harm to their wives.

This type of man and that immoral mistress should pay the price. Queenie asked, "Ceci, what did you say her husband's name was?"

Cecilia recalled and said, "Zeke."

Zeke... Queenie glanced toward the secretary standing to the side.

Caliste quickly recalled and said, "It's Finn's son."

"I see..." Queenie's eyes were filled with disdain. "I've met Zeke a few times. He even visited me on a few occasions. He's nothing special, just a typical rich and spoiled brat."

Recalling something, Queenie turned to Cecilia and said, "However, I respected his father and have collaborated with the Turner family. If you want to help your friend, all you need to do is end the collaboration."

Cecilia hadn't expected that Queenie actually knew Zeke and that there was such a connection between them.

"That's great. I was just wondering how to help her."

"All right. Don't waste your energy on such trivial matters," Queenie said, completely disregarding the Turner family.

Cecilia nodded repeatedly.

Compared to the Jamieson family, the Turner family was like a small convenience store standing next to a massive chain supermarket. In other words, they were simply not on the same level.

"Dr. Sinclair already told you that you need to rest properly for a few days. Let someone else handle that matter," Queenie said again.

Yuliana was still here, and she raised her hand and said, "Cecilia, let me help you with that."

Seeing the situation, Cecilia wanted to say something.

However, before Cecilia could say anything, Queenie said, "Okay. Let Yuliana handle it. Yuliana is more suited for this than you are."

"Indeed! I'm the best at playing the villain." Yuliana laughed heartily, not bothered by it in the slightest.

Cecilia didn't refuse any further. "All right. Thank you, Yuliana."

"Don't worry about it! It's getting late, so I need to head to work," Yuliana said, barely able to contain her eagerness to spring into action.

Cecilia nodded. "All right. I'll give you my friend's contact details. If there's anything you need to know, feel free to ask her."

"Okay!" Yuliana picked up her bag and stepped out the door.

After she arrived at the office, she sought out Charlotte to explain the situation.

Charlotte was highly efficient, and she swiftly found the contract they signed with the Turner family in the past.

She handed it to Yuliana, asking, "Is this the one?"

"Yes. This is the one."

Yuliana took the contract and found the person in charge at the time. She asked them to get in touch with Zeke and terminate their collaboration.

Additionally, Yuliana also stated, "Remember, tell the Jamieson family's other business partners that collaborating with the Turner family is tantamount to opposing us, the Jamieson family."

"Understood." The person in charge nodded repeatedly, immediately setting off to carry out the task.

At that moment, within the Turner residence, Zeke was leisurely sipping his wine, and Conrad and Camila were on the couch, being attended to by the housekeepers.

The family was having a good time.

"I heard that Meredith's body is damaged and she can never have children in this lifetime. No wonder she was so nice to Conrad. As it turns out, she can't have her own," Zeke mocked.

He knew what had caused Meredith's physical condition, but he felt no guilt.

Instead, he was gloating at her misfortune.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him [On-Going] - Chapter 1850 -

4-5 minutes

Destined For Greatness From the side, Camila also chimed in, “With Meredith being the way she is, even if she could have children, she wouldn’t be able to have a son. Zeke, I’m still better, right? I’ve provided an heir for the Turner family.”

Their child, Conrad, had grown into quite a chubby kid.

Back when Meredith was taking care of the child, she paid attention to the child’s healthy eating habits. At that moment, however, Conrad was left to his own devices, eating whatever he fancied without any regard for his studies. He was being brought up in an indulgent manner.

Conrad was indulging in some greasy food, all the while grumbling in a coarse voice, “Meredith is nothing but a despicable b*tch.”

He had learned those words from his mother.

Zeke didn’t lecture him upon hearing those words. Instead, he nodded in admiration and continued to drink his wine.

The family appeared particularly content.

However, that sense of contentment didn’t last long, as Zeke’s phone began to ring.

The housekeeper came over and handed him the phone that had been placed on the coffee table.

Zeke glanced at the phone number, recognizing it as his assistant’s. He answered the call with a hint of impatience and asked, “What’s up?”

“Mr. Turner, we’re in trouble,” the assistant said anxiously over the phone, “Jamieson Group has called off their collaboration with us.”

Zeke abruptly rose from the couch, his grip tightening on his phone. “What kind of joke is this? Our collaboration with Jamieson Group is set to last at least another five to six years. How could it possibly be terminated just like that?”

Over the years, if it hadn’t been for his collaboration with Jamieson Group, he wouldn’t have dared to indulge in constant feasting and entertainment.

The assistant was also unaware of the underlying circumstances.

“It’s not just that... Well...” The assistant didn’t dare to finish his sentence.

In a rush, Zeke questioned, “What else?”

“Jamieson Group has made it clear that anyone who dares to collaborate with the Turner family is declaring themselves an enemy of the Jamieson family.”

Those words struck Zeke like a bolt of lightning, hitting him directly.

He seemed a bit dazed, his body slightly unsteady. He almost lost his balance, nearly tumbling to the ground.

Next to him, Camila was baffled. “Zeke, what’s going on?”

Zeke turned to look at her, completely at a loss for words.

He then glared fiercely at Camila before saying to his assistant on the phone, “I’m heading to the office right now.”

After he finished speaking, he hung up the phone. Without even bothering to put on his coat, he was ready to leave, reeking of alcohol.

Camila walked over, grabbing his arm. “Zeke, what’s really going on?” she asked.

Zeke was not in a good mood at the moment, and his attitude toward her had also taken a turn for the worse.

“Leave me alone. I’m feeling annoyed right now.”

Leaving behind those words, Zeke pulled his hand from Camila’s grasp and left the place.

After being pushed, Camila took a few steps back before she could steady herself.

With a face full of grievance, she asked, “What’s going on? Why did he suddenly become so harsh?”

Conrad, standing by her side, said nonchalantly, “Mom, I’d advise you not to upset Dad. Otherwise, I might ask him to kick you out.” Camila turned to look at Conrad, feeling somewhat unhappy, yet she didn’t dare to voice her feelings.

The matriarch of the Turner family, Allison Lively, was fond of her grandson, often instilling in him her own flawed beliefs. Hence, Conrad held a disdainful attitude toward Camila.

“Conrad, you shouldn’t speak like that. I am, after all, your biological mother.”

Sneering, Conrad glanced at her. He then picked up his phone to play a game. “Grandma once told me that no one is worthy of being my mother in this world. I’m destined for great things in the future. If you stand in my way, I’ll send you packing once I grow up.”

Camila’s face stiffened, yet she dared not say a word.

She was also deeply fond of Conrad.

Even when Allison was not around, she would let Conrad do as he pleased, paying heed to his word.