

# When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1

## When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1

By \_ / September 7, 2024

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 1

### Chapter 1 First Love

A heavy rain began to pour relentlessly.

At the entrance of the hospital.

Standing at the hospital entrance, Cecilia Smith clutched the pregnancy test report in her delicate, frail hand. The result was unmistakable: not pregnant.

"Three years into marriage and you're still not pregnant?"

"You're so useless. If you don't get pregnant soon, the Rainsworth family will kick you out. What will become of the Smith family then?"

Dressed to the nines and teetering on her high heels, Paula Escobar, Cecilia's mother, pointed at her, her face a mask of disappointment.

Cecilia's eyes were empty. The words she longed to speak were stuck in her heart, finally condensing into a single sentence.

"I'm sorry."

"I don't want you to apologize. What I want is for you to have a child with Nathaniel. Do you understand?"

Cecilia's throat felt parched. She was unsure of how to respond to her.

They had been married for three years, yet her husband, Nathaniel Rainsworth, had never laid a hand on her.

How could there possibly be a child?

Upon seeing her display of helplessness, Paula felt she was nothing like herself.

"If you really can't manage, then help Nathaniel find a woman outside. He will surely remember your kindness."

Cecilia stared in disbelief at the retreating figure of her mother, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

Her biological mother, astonishingly, had asked her to find another woman for her own husband.

A chill instantly froze her heart to its core.

As Cecilia sat in the car heading home, Paula's last words echoed in her mind, accompanied by a sudden, intermittent roaring in her ears.

She knew her illness had worsened.

At that moment, she received a text message.

The message came from Nathaniel, as consistent as ever over the past three years. It read: I won't be coming home tonight.

Throughout their three years of marriage, Nathaniel had never spent a single night at home, nor did he ever touch her.

Cecilia still remembered their wedding night three years ago.

He had said, "Since you from the Smith family dare to trick me into marriage, then be ready to face a lifetime of solitude."

Three years ago, the Smith and Rainsworth families had formed a business alliance through marriage.

The promise had already been made, a mutual benefit shared between both parties.

However, on the day of the wedding, the Smith family unexpectedly changed their minds. They transferred all of their assets, including the several billion given to Nathaniel for marrying Cecilia, elsewhere.

A shadow crossed Cecilia's eyes, but she responded to Nathaniel's message with a simple "okay" as usual.

Without realizing it, she had crumpled the pregnancy test report in her hand into a wrinkled ball.

When she got home, she tossed it into the trash can.

Every month, at this particular time, she would feel especially drained.

She didn't make any dinner and spent a while leaning on the couch, drifting in and out of a dreamlike state.

She constantly heard a rumbling noise in her ears.

This was also a reason why Nathaniel despised her. She was hard of hearing, which, in high society, was akin to having a disability.

How could Nathaniel possibly allow her to have a child in such a state?

The wall clock emitted a dull sound.

It was five in the morning.

In another hour, Nathaniel would be back.

Only after daybreak did Cecilia realize that she had unknowingly spent the entire night asleep on the couch.

She hurriedly got up to prepare breakfast for Nathaniel, fearing even a moment's delay.

Nathaniel was meticulous in his work, with a stringent regard for time. Once, Cecilia had to attend her father's funeral and forgot to return on time to prepare his breakfast.

Afterward, he didn't send her a single message nor spoke a word to her for an entire month.

At six o'clock, Nathaniel returned punctually.

He was impeccably dressed in a suit, his tall and slender figure exuding a restrained elegance. His handsome features were striking, yet they didn't lack a certain masculine charm.

But in Cecilia's eyes, his reflection was nothing but cold and detached.

Without even looking at Cecilia, he pulled out a chair and sat down. "You don't need to make breakfast for me anymore."

Cecilia was taken aback.

She wasn't sure if it was instinct or something else, but the words she uttered reflected a humility she herself hadn't even realized.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Nathaniel looked up, his eyes meeting Cecilia's face, which had stayed impassive for the past three years. His lips parted slightly.

"What I want is a wife, not a housekeeper."

For three years, Cecilia was always seen wearing the same light gray attire. Even when responding to text messages, she would use the same single word, "okay."

If it weren't for the business alliance and the deception of the Smith family, Nathaniel wouldn't have married such a woman.

She was simply not his match.

What I want is a wife, not a housekeeper.

The ringing in Cecilia's ears grew louder.

A lump formed in her throat, and yet, she uttered the word that Nathaniel disliked the most.

"Okay."

Suddenly, Nathaniel found himself feeling particularly moody, even his favorite breakfast on the table seemed unusually bland and tasteless.

He rose to his feet, pulling the chair back in irritation, ready to leave.

To his surprise, Cecilia mustered her courage and seized his hand.

"Nathaniel, is there someone you like?"

That sudden question caused Nathaniel's eyes to darken. "What do you mean?"

Cecilia looked up at the person standing before her.

Nathaniel was not just her husband of three years, but also the man she had pursued and loved for twelve years.

Swallowing down the bitterness in her throat, Cecilia thought about Paula's words and said, "Nathaniel, if there's someone you like, you can be with—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Nathaniel had already cut her off.

"You're crazy."

In the end, life is all about continuously letting go.

After Nathaniel left, Cecilia found herself alone on the balcony, staring blankly at the rain outside.

She had to admit that even after twelve years of adoring Nathaniel, she still didn't understand him.

The sound of the rain was sometimes clear and sometimes muffled.

A month ago, the doctor had said, "Ms. Smith, your auditory nerves and central nervous system have undergone pathological changes, which have consequently led to a further decline in your hearing."

"Isn't there a way to treat it?"

The doctor shook his head. "Long-term sensorineural hearing loss doesn't respond well to medication. My advice would be to continue using the hearing aid for auditory rehabilitation."

Cecilia understood what the doctor meant; there was no cure available.

She removed her hearing aid.

In Cecilia's world, everything began to settle into tranquility.

She wasn't accustomed to such a quiet world. Upon entering the living room, she turned on the television.

The volume was turned up to the maximum, and only then could a faint sound be barely heard.

The television was airing an interview with Stella Ross, the internationally acclaimed queen of love songs, upon her return to the country.

Cecilia's hand, holding the remote control, trembled.

It wasn't for any other reason, but because Stella was once Nathaniel's first love.

After many years apart, Stella was still as beautiful as ever.

She faced the camera with ease and confidence, no longer the shy and self-conscious Cinderella who once sought the Smith family's financial support.

When reporters asked Stella why she had returned, she boldly replied, "I came back to reclaim my first love."

The remote control in Cecilia's hand hit the floor.

At the same moment, her heart sank.

The rain outside seemed to have intensified.

Cecilia was scared. She feared that Stella would steal Nathaniel away from her.

Back then, she was the cherished daughter of the Smith family, yet she still couldn't outshine Stella, who had no background at all.

Now, Stella had become an internationally famous love song singer, exuding confidence and positivity. Naturally, she was not her match.

Cecilia panicked and swiftly turned off the television, then proceeded to clean up the untouched breakfast.

When she arrived in the kitchen, she realized that Nathaniel had left his phone behind.

She picked up the phone, accidentally unlocking it, and her eyes landed on an unread text message displayed on the screen.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 2**

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When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 2

Chapter 2 | Truly Pity You

Stella: Nathaniel, it must have been a rough couple of years for you.

Stella: I know you don't love her. Let's meet tonight. I really miss you.

Cecilia couldn't return to her senses until the screen went dark.

She hailed a cab and headed toward Nathaniel's company.

On the way, she gazed out the window. The pitter-patter of the rain seemed as if it would never cease.

Nathaniel didn't like it when Cecilia visited his office, so every time she came to see him, she would use the service elevator at the back.

Nathaniel's personal assistant, Mason Sanders, saw Cecilia approaching. He simply greeted her with a cool, "Ms. Smith."

No one by Nathaniel's side acknowledged her as the lady of the Rainsworth family.

She was an existence that couldn't be seen in public.

When Nathaniel saw the phone that Cecilia had brought, his brows furrowed slightly.

She was always the same. Whether it was a forgotten lunch, a document, a piece of clothing, or an umbrella, she would always bring them to him whenever he left them behind.

"Didn't I mention before, there's no need for you to go out of your way to deliver things to me."

Cecilia was taken aback.

"Sorry, I forgot."

When did my memory become so poor?

Perhaps it was the sight of the text message from Stella that had truly frightened her for a moment.

She was afraid that Nathaniel would suddenly just vanish.

As she was about to leave, she turned to look back at Nathaniel. Despite her efforts to hold back, she finally asked, "Nathaniel, do you still have feelings for Stella?"

Nathaniel found Cecilia's recent behavior quite peculiar.

Not only was she forgetful, but she also had a penchant for asking peculiar questions.

How could she ever be worthy of being his wife?

He replied impatiently, "If you have too much free time, find something to do."

In the end, Cecilia still didn't get the answer.

She had previously attempted to find employment, but her efforts were ultimately thwarted by the elders of the Rainsworth family. They claimed that her public appearances were bringing embarrassment to the family.

Nathaniel's mother, Elena Griffiths, had once unabashedly questioned her. "Do you want the whole world to know that Nathaniel married a handicapped wife with a hearing disability?"

Upon returning home, Cecilia tried to keep herself as busy as possible.

Even though she had already cleaned the house until it was spotless, she still didn't stop.

Only in this way could she uncover her final shred of worth.

That afternoon, she did not receive a text message from Nathaniel.

Typically, in such a situation, it either meant he was upset, or he was simply too busy.

The night was deeply shrouded in darkness.

Cecilia struggled to fall asleep.

At that moment, her phone on the bedside table rang.

She noticed it belatedly and reached for her phone.

It was a call from an unknown number.

The voice that echoed was sweet, yet it always filled Cecilia with fear.

It was Stella.

"Ceci, are you there? Nathaniel is drunk. Could you come and pick him up?"

At Elite Club, Nathaniel was sitting at the head of the table, drinking absentmindedly.

Stella, who was seated next to him, was being egged on by a group of scions. They were insisting that she should sing a song.

"Stella, didn't you return to win back Mr. Rainsworth? Go on, sing and confess your love to him."

Stella's striking beauty and charm, combined with her likable personality, made her a favorite among high society. Adding to this, her status as Nathaniel's first love only fueled the eagerness of the scions to play matchmaker for her.

Stella didn't play coy either. She promptly chose to sing a Hestryan song titled Into Your Heart.



“I wish for the evening breeze to carry me into the depths of your heart...”

Her voice was melodious and captivating, causing everyone to fall silent.

When Cecilia arrived at the entrance of the private room, Stella had just finished a song.

Inside the private room, the people were advising Nathaniel, with the voice of his close friend, Zachary Sinclair, standing out the most.

“Nathaniel, you’ve been waiting for Stella for three years, and now she’s finally back. You should express your feelings. The girl has already confessed her feelings for you first.”

Cecilia stood frozen in place, clenching her fists.

Just at that moment, the door to the private room was opened by a man, who intended to use the restroom.

But when he saw Cecilia, he was surprised.

“Ms. Smith.”

Everyone at the party turned their gazes toward the entrance.

Suddenly, the room fell into an eerie silence.

As soon as Cecilia saw Nathaniel seated at the head of the table, she immediately noticed his clear, sober eyes, with no signs of drunkenness.

She knew she had been deceived by Stella.

Upon seeing Cecilia, Nathaniel narrowed his eyes.

Everyone else, including Zachary who had just suggested that Nathaniel should accept Stella’s confession, had an awkward expression on their faces.

Cecilia shouldn’t have come to such a place.

“Don’t get the wrong idea, Ceci. Zachary was just joking around. Nathaniel and I are just good friends.”

It was Stella who first shattered the tranquility.

Before Cecilia could even respond, Nathaniel impatiently got up.

“You don’t have to explain anything to her.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he walked straight up to Cecilia. "What are you doing here?"

"I thought you were drunk, so I came to take you home," Cecilia honestly replied.

Nathaniel sneered, "It seems you didn't remember a single word I said today."

He lowered his voice, posing a counter-question in a tone only the two of them could hear.

"Do you think that in the past three years, everyone has forgotten how I, Nathaniel, was deceived? Is that why you came here, to remind them?"

Cecilia was stunned for a moment.

Nathaniel's gaze was icy cold. "Don't try to assert your presence when it's not needed. You're only making me despise you more!"

Once he finished speaking, he left Cecilia standing there as he turned and walked away.

As she watched his tall figure recede, it took a long while for Cecilia to collect her thoughts.

That day might have been the day Nathaniel spoke to her the most, but it was also the day he hurt her the most.

Inside the private room, the wealthy young men watched as Cecilia was left behind, not a shred of sympathy in their eyes.

Zachary was even less restrained. He said to Stella, who was pretending to be upset, "Stella, you're such a good person. What's there to explain about this situation? If Cecilia hadn't tricked Nathaniel into marriage, Nathaniel would have married you. You wouldn't have had to travel to a foreign country and lead such a difficult life."

A constant hum echoed in Cecilia's ears, yet she could hear everything crystal clear.

She understood better than anyone else.

Regardless of whether Nathaniel chose to marry her or not, he would never marry Stella, who had no family background whatsoever.

Stella was well aware of this fact, which was why she had resolutely chosen to break up with him and cross the vast ocean.

But how did everything become her fault?

Cecilia returned to Daltonia Villa.

As always, it was shrouded in unbroken darkness and silence.

The house appeared unchanged when she returned, just as it had when she left.

Nathaniel had not returned.

Cecilia, umbrella in hand, stood at the doorway, feeling as though she was enveloped in darkness.

Suddenly, she didn't feel like going inside, a place where she was always alone. Instead, she sat down in the outdoor gazebo, facing the cold wind and watching the rain.

After an indeterminable amount of time had passed, a striking figure appeared before her.

It was Stella.

She was elegantly dressed, wearing a pair of high heels. She walked over and took a seat next to her.

"It's really cold tonight, isn't it? How does it feel to seek out Nathaniel in the middle of the night, only to be mocked by him?"

Upon hearing these words, Cecilia didn't respond.

Stella didn't seem to mind. She continued, "You know, at first, I was extremely envious of you. You had a wonderful family, a loving father, and a life free of worries. But now, I truly pity you. I pity how you've silently harbored feelings for Nathaniel for over a decade, yet he hasn't shown you a shred of love in return."

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 3**

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When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Last Will

"You probably haven't tasted the sweetness of love yet, have you? You know, when Nathaniel was with me, he would cook for me, and whenever I fell sick, he would be the

first one to rush to my side. He once told me the most tender words, ‘Stella, I hope you’re always happy...’ Ceci, did Nathaniel ever tell you he loved you? He used to tell me all the time, but I always thought he was childish...”

Silently, Cecilia listened, reflecting on the years she had spent with Nathaniel over the past three years.

He had never once stepped foot into the kitchen.

When she was ill, he never once expressed a word of concern.

As for love, he had never spoken of it.

Cecilia calmly looked at her. “Are you done talking?”

Stella was taken aback.

Perhaps it was due to Cecilia’s overwhelming calmness or her piercingly clear eyes that seemed to see into one’s soul.

She remained in a daze until the moment Cecilia left.

For some unknown reason, at that moment, Stella seemed to have returned to her initial state—a poor orphan who had to rely on the charity of the Smith family.

Behind the image of the Smith family’s daughter, she was always playing the fool.

Of course, Cecilia couldn’t possibly remain indifferent to what Stella had said.

She had pursued the man she adored for twelve years, only to discover that he too had once passionately loved someone else with the innocence of a child.

Her ear began to throb with pain again. When she reached up to remove her hearing aid, she noticed blood staining it.

She habitually wiped off the blood from it, setting the hearing aid aside.

Unable to fall asleep, she unlocked her phone and tapped into Instagram.

She saw one post after another, all tagging her.

Upon opening it, she found it was filled with photos posted by Stella, visible only to her.

The first photo was a snapshot of Stella and Nathaniel from their university days. They stood side by side, with Nathaniel’s eyes radiating a gentle warmth.

The second photo was a record of their conversation. Nathaniel affectionately wrote: Ella, happy birthday. I will make you the happiest person in the world.

The third photo was of Nathaniel and Stella, hand in hand, leisurely strolling along the beach, their backs to the camera.

The fourth photo, the fifth, the sixth, and countless more were so overwhelming that they left Cecilia breathless.

She didn't dare to continue scrolling, swiftly shutting off her phone.

At that moment, she suddenly felt the need to give up.

That day, Cecilia penned a sentence in her private diary.

It read: I could have endured the darkness, but that was before I had seen the light.

The following day, she habitually set about preparing breakfast.

It wasn't until six o'clock had come and gone, and Nathaniel still hadn't returned, that Cecilia realized she had forgotten his earlier mention of no longer preparing breakfast.

She had assumed that Nathaniel would not return, so she sat alone on the couch, drifting off into a light sleep.

"Didn't I tell you that you don't need to make breakfast for me anymore?"

An impatient voice rang out.

Startled awake, Cecilia opened her eyes, only to see Nathaniel walking past her.

She quickly apologized. "I'm sorry, I forgot."

Again, those same words...

Nathaniel turned to look at her, his gaze exceptionally icy.

The clothes she wore that day were, as usual, a modest shade of soft gray.

It appeared as if she was penniless, suggesting he had been mistreating her all along.

"Why didn't you forget to come back? Why didn't you forget that we got married? Why didn't you forget yourself? You can't bear to leave me, can you? You can't let go of the Rainsworth family's wealth! You can't stand the thought of losing me, Nathaniel, your personal money-making machine!"

His words were like a knife, piercing straight into Cecilia's heart.

Cecilia lowered her gaze. "Nathaniel, I never wanted your money."

The person she had always cared about was Nathaniel.

Nathaniel chuckled, his laugh laced with mockery.

"So, what's the story behind your mother coming to my office this morning, asking me to give you a child?"

Cecilia was bewildered.

She looked into Nathaniel's cold, black eyes and realized that his anger wasn't from the events of last night.

Nathaniel didn't bother engaging in idle chat with her.

"Cecilia, if you want to continue living comfortably in Daltonia Villa and keep the Smith family stable, you better make sure your mother behaves herself."

After hurriedly finishing his words, he dashed to the study to grab something. Once he changed into a fresh set of clothes, he left.

Before Cecilia could seek out Paula, Paula approached her instead, a stark contrast to her earlier indifference. She gently took Cecilia's hand and said, "Ceci, you should beg Nathaniel. Ask him to give you a child, even if it means using medical intervention."

Cecilia simply stared at her, listening intently as she continued to speak.

"Stella has already told me that in these past three years, Nathaniel never laid a finger on you."

This remark was probably the final straw that broke the camel's back.

In this world, there was never true empathy, only individual interests prevailed.

Cecilia couldn't comprehend why Nathaniel would disclose this matter to Stella.

Perhaps he truly loves her...

Upon reflecting on this, she suddenly felt a sense of relief.

"Mom, let go."

Paula's brows knitted together in confusion. "What did you say?"

“I’m exhausted. I want to divorce Nathaniel...”

A harsh slap from Paula landed on Cecilia’s face.

Her image as a kind mother was completely shattered as she pointed at Cecilia.

“What makes you think you can talk about divorce? Once you leave the Rainsworth family, who would want to marry a woman like you—handicapped and on her second marriage? How could I have such a worthless daughter like you? You’re nothing like me! If I had known, I would have never brought you back home!”

Cecilia seemed to have become numb.

From her earliest memories, Paula had never been fond of her.

Paula was a renowned dancer.

However, her daughter, Cecilia, who was born with hearing difficulties, became the lifelong worry that she carried in her heart.

Therefore, she made the tough decision to entrust Cecilia entirely to the care of a nanny. It wasn’t until she was of school age that she allowed her to return to the Smith residence.

Cecilia remembered her teacher saying in the past that no mother would ever despise their own child.

And so, she strived to better herself, doing her utmost to please her mother.

Even though she was hard of hearing, she excelled in various fields such as dancing, music, painting, and languages.

It was only now that she understood that no matter how well she performed, she would never be the ideal daughter in her mother’s eyes.

Just as Paula had said, she was a handicapped person.

She wasn’t just physically handicapped; she also had issues with her familial relationships and romantic life.

After Paula left, she concealed the vivid red handprint on her face with foundation and took a trip to a law firm.

In the office, Norman Jenkins, who had served as the legal advisor to Cecilia’s late father, Regas Smith, accepted the letter of authorization she handed him. After reviewing it, he turned to her with a puzzled expression.

“Are you really going to give all of the inheritance that Mr. Smith secretly left for you to Nathaniel? You should know he doesn’t need the money.”

Cecilia gave a nod.

“I know, but it’s a debt I owe him, one that I must repay.”

Three years ago, Regas had tragically passed away.

He had already prepared three wills during his lifetime. Knowing that Paula didn’t care for Cecilia, he had instructed Norman to secretly inform her about the last will.

The final will stated that after three years of marriage, if she found herself unhappy or desired to establish her own career independent of anyone else, she could use it.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 4**

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 4**

By [\\_ /](#) September 7, 2024

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 4

Chapter 4 I Never Loved You

It seems Dad had long realized that Nathaniel doesn’t love me. Despite everything, he always had my best interests at heart. He made a contract with the Rainsworth family, allowing me to fulfill my wish of marrying Nathaniel. But before we could even get married, he was in a car accident. If it weren’t for his passing, Magnus and Mom wouldn’t have been able to break the contract...

After handing over all the property transfer procedures to Norman, Cecilia happened to see Stella’s promotional posters lining the street on her way home.

The Stella on the poster radiated dazzling beauty, optimism, and charm.

She knew it was time to let go, set Nathaniel free, and liberate herself as well.

Upon returning to Daltonia Villa, Cecilia tidied up her luggage.

Having been married for over three years, all she had to her name could merely fit into a single suitcase.

She had asked Norman to prepare the divorce agreement last year.



In Nathaniel's presence, she often felt overly self-conscious, excessively humble, and too emotional. She had realized long ago that their relationship was bound to end, so she had prepared herself early on to leave.

That night, there was no message from Nathaniel.

With a surge of courage, she sent him a message: Are you free tonight? There's something I want to discuss with you.

There was a prolonged silence from the other end.

Cecilia's eyes darkened. She realized that he didn't even want to reply to her text messages now.

She could only wait for his return in the morning.

In the CEO's office of Rainsworth Group, after a mere glance at the text message, Nathaniel casually set his phone aside.

Zachary was sitting on a nearby couch. He noticed his actions and asked, "Is that from Cecilia?"

Nathaniel remained noncommittal.

Zachary sneered thoughtlessly. "That little deaf girl actually believes she's the lady of the Rainsworth family. She's even trying to check in. Nathaniel, you're not seriously planning to keep this up with her, are you? The Smith family is hopeless now. Cecilia's younger brother, Magnus Smith, is a complete fool. He has no idea how to run a business. It won't be long before the Smith family goes under. And her mother is a greedy woman!"

Nathaniel listened to all of this with a placid expression.

"I know."

"Then why haven't you divorced her yet? Stella has been waiting for you all this time," Zachary said anxiously.

In his heart, the innocent and hardworking Stella was immeasurably superior to the scheming Cecilia.

When the topic of divorce was brought up, Nathaniel fell into a deep silence.

Seeing that, Zachary blurted out, "You didn't fall for Cecilia, did you?"

Me? Fall for her?

Nathaniel flashed a mocking smile.

“Is she even worthy?”

Nathaniel handed Zachary a purchase agreement.

After a quick look, Zachary truly believed that Nathaniel was heartless.

He only wanted Nathaniel to divorce Cecilia, but unexpectedly, Nathaniel was even considering taking over the entire Smith Corporation.

It was at this very moment, he surprisingly felt a touch of sympathy for Cecilia.

After all, they had been married for three years, and Cecilia’s boundless affection for Nathaniel was evident to everyone.

Nathaniel is truly heartless, and it’s absolutely impossible for him to have feelings for Cecilia!

Cecilia had assumed that Nathaniel wouldn’t return.

Yet, he returned at the stroke of midnight.

She hadn’t been sleeping. She stepped forward, skillfully taking his coat and briefcase from him.

Their series of actions were strikingly similar to those of an average married couple.

“Don’t just casually text me in the future.”

The tranquility of the moment was shattered by Nathaniel’s chilling voice.

In his view, she wasn’t working, just staying home all day. What could possibly be going on?

Cecilia’s hand, holding his coat, trembled as she murmured, “All right, it won’t happen again in the future.”

Nathaniel didn’t catch the hidden meaning in her words and went straight to the study.

Over the years, he spent most of his time in his study upon his return.

Even though the two of them were clearly under the same roof, Cecilia was always alone.

Perhaps in Nathaniel's understanding, the world of a person with hearing impairment was one of complete tranquility.

Or perhaps he simply didn't care about Cecilia.

Hence, once he was in the study, he could discuss business as he always did, even if the topic was about acquiring Smith Corporation.

As usual, Cecilia brought him a bowl of ginger tea. She listened to him energetically instructing his subordinates, but she couldn't quite put her feelings into words.

She was well aware of her brother's incompetence and knew that the downfall of Smith Corporation was inevitable. However, she never expected that the person to strike the first blow against Smith Corporation would be her own husband.

"Nathaniel."

A voice interrupted Nathaniel's deep thoughts.

Nathaniel paused, unsure if it was guilt or something else that prompted him to quickly hang up the phone.

He also turned off his laptop.

Pretending not to notice his actions, Cecilia walked in and placed the ginger tea before him.

"Nathaniel, have some tea and get some rest. Your health is more important than anything else."

For reasons unknown, upon hearing Cecilia's gentle voice, Nathaniel relaxed a little.

She probably didn't hear it!

If she had, she would have surely argued with me!

Uncertain whether it was guilt or something else, Nathaniel stopped Cecilia who was about to leave.

"You mentioned you had something to discuss with me. What is it?"

Cecilia looked at his all-too-familiar face and softly said, "I was going to ask if you were free this morning. Could we go and finalize the divorce proceedings together?"

Cecilia sounded so calm and nonchalant.

It was as if she was talking about the most mundane and insignificant matter.

Nathaniel's eyes narrowed, disbelief filling his gaze.

"What did you say?"

Throughout their three years of marriage, no matter how outrageous his actions were, Cecilia never once brought up the idea of divorce.

In truth, Nathaniel understood very well just how much Cecilia loved him.

Back when their homes were next to each other, he had known that the young girl had a crush on him. He had always been aware that she had liked him for over a decade.

At that moment, Cecilia's previously vacant gaze became incredibly clear.

"Mr. Rainsworth, I'm sorry for holding you back all these years. Let's get a divorce."

Nathaniel's hand, resting at his side, involuntarily clenched.

Zachary suggested I file for divorce, but I didn't agree. I can't believe she brought it up first. Who does she think she is?

"You heard it, didn't you? Smith Corporation is already on its last legs. What difference does it make whether I was the one who took advantage of it or someone else? What's your aim for asking for a divorce? Is it for a child or the money? Or is it to stop me from going against the Smith family? Don't forget, I never loved you. Your threats are useless against me!"

He felt that Cecilia was attempting to intimidate him with the threat of divorce. He knew she wouldn't dare to leave him; the Smith family couldn't afford it, and Cecilia was even more unwilling to do so.

The reflection of Nathaniel in Cecilia's eyes suddenly became unfamiliar. She felt a lump in her throat and a piercing pain in her ears. Even with her hearing aid, she couldn't make out what Nathaniel was saying.

She could only respond to his earlier question. "I don't want anything."

Fearing that Nathaniel might notice something amiss, Cecilia left the study.

Nathaniel watched as she walked away. For reasons unknown, he felt an unfamiliar sense of melancholy.

He had never been one to control his emotions for the sake of others, and at that moment, he flipped the table before him.

The ginger tea that Cecilia had prepared spilled all over the floor.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 5**

# **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 5**

By \_ / September 7, 2024

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 5

Chapter 5 Stay Optimistic

Cecilia returned to her room and forced herself to swallow mouthfuls of pills.

She reached behind her ear, and her fingertips were covered in blood.

The doctor's advice echoed in her mind. "Ms. Smith, in many cases, the worsening of a condition is related to the patient's emotions. You must be emotionally stable, stay optimistic, and actively cooperate with the treatment."

Optimistic? Easier said than done.

Cecilia tried not to think about what Nathaniel had said. She leaned back against the pillow and closed her eyes.

As dawn was just beginning to break, she still hadn't truly fallen asleep.

Perhaps the medication was working because she could hear a little better.

Staring at the faint sunlight filtering through the window, Cecilia remained lost in thought for a long time.

"The rain has stopped."

There was more than one reason for one to truly give up.

It was a cumulative process. In the end, all it took is the last straw, which could be a cold word or a trivial matter...

Today, Nathaniel didn't go out.

Early in the morning, he sat on the couch, waiting for Cecilia to apologize, to regret what she had done.

They had been married for three years, and it wasn't the first time Cecilia had thrown a tantrum.

Yet each time, after the tears and the anger, it wouldn't be long before she apologized.

Nathaniel thought this time wouldn't be any different.

He watched as Cecilia emerged after washing up, dressed in one of her usual dark-colored outfits. She was dragging a suitcase and holding a piece of paper in her hand.

When Cecilia handed the document to Nathaniel, he realized it was a divorce agreement.

"Nathaniel, contact me when you have time."

After saying that curt sentence, Cecilia dragged her suitcase out the door.

Outside, the sky had cleared after the rain.

For a moment, Cecilia felt like she had been reborn.

Nathaniel sat frozen on the living room sofa, holding the divorce agreement.

It took him a long time to come to his senses.

Only when Cecilia's figure disappeared from view did he realize, belatedly, that she was gone.

It was just a brief moment of frustration before he quickly returned to his usual indifference, not taking Cecilia's departure seriously.

After all, with just a phone call or a word from him, Cecilia would obediently return to his side, more eager to please him than ever.

This time would be no different.

It was the weekend after All Souls' Day.

In previous years, Nathaniel would always bring Cecilia back to Rainsworth Manor for a memorial.

Inevitably, they would be subjected to the strange looks from the Rainsworth family relatives.

Finally, he was alone.

Nathaniel was in an exceptionally good mood as he drove to Rainsworth Manor.

The spring breeze made him feel a lightness he had never experienced before.

The Rainsworth family was a large clan, and every year around this time, many relatives would return for a memorial. Including the extended family, there would be no fewer than five or six hundred people.

Among Nathaniel's generation alone, there were seventy or eighty people, many of them exceptionally talented.

That Nathaniel had managed to stand out among them and become the head of the Rainsworth family was no small feat.

He was domineering and assertive, ruling with an iron hand. Not only his peers but also his elders harbored a sense of fear toward him.

Fear aside, the private gossip about him was never in short supply.

The once influential man had been deceived and had married a wife with hearing impairment.

At Rainsworth Manor, Elena, Nathaniel's mother, had instructed the servants early on, "Remember, when Cecilia arrives, do not allow her into the guest hall."

If not for the Rainsworth family rule that the eldest grandson's wife must be present during the memorial, she would never have allowed Cecilia to make a public appearance.

However, this time, Cecilia hadn't come.

Everyone was surprised. In previous years, the eldest grandson's wife, Cecilia, was always the first to arrive and the last to leave, flattering and pleasing everyone.

But today, she hadn't shown up.

Elena was chatting and laughing with several noblewomen when she heard that Cecilia wasn't coming. Her elegant eyebrows furrowed slightly.

The Rainsworth family's memorial was a significant event. It wasn't something Cecilia could just attend or skip on a whim.

She approached Nathaniel and gently asked, "Nathaniel, where is Cecilia?"

Nathaniel was chatting with a few childhood friends. When he heard this, his gaze turned cold.

“She’s asking for a divorce and has left home.”

As soon as he said this, everyone around him fell silent, each looking on in disbelief.

Elena was even more shocked.

In this world, apart from his parents, no one loved Nathaniel more than Cecilia.

Seven years ago, when Nathaniel was almost stabbed, Cecilia had saved him with her own life.

Four years ago, when they were engaged, Nathaniel had gone to Daprein for business and gotten into trouble.

Everyone said Nathaniel was dead, but Cecilia refused to believe it. Without a second thought, she went to find him.

In that unfamiliar city, Cecilia searched for him for three days before finally finding him, only to be blamed for meddling.

After they got married, whether it was during illness and hospitalization, in daily life, or even when dealing with everyone around Nathaniel, including his secretaries and assistants, Cecilia was always careful, afraid of offending anyone.

A woman like Cecilia, who couldn’t live without Nathaniel, had actually filed for divorce and chosen to leave after her father’s death.

Why?

Elena didn’t understand, but she was grateful that Cecilia had let her son go.

“A woman like her could never be presentable. Divorce is for the best. She was never good enough for you.”

As soon as Elena spoke, others chimed in.

“That’s right. Nathaniel is a young, talented man in his prime, and Cecilia has been holding him back.”

“Every time I see Cecilia, I think she doesn’t have the demeanor of a lady from a noble family, no taste, no morals. Moreover, she’s deaf. Nathaniel has been more than generous to stay with her.”

The memorial quickly turned into a session of slandering Cecilia.

It was as if she was the most despicable person in the world.



Elena and the others forgot how many wealthy heirs had wanted to marry Cecilia back when her father, Regas, was still alive and Nathaniel's position was unstable.

They also forgot that it was the Rainsworth family who had proposed the marriage alliance between the two families.

In the past, the Rainsworth family had only gossiped about Cecilia behind her back because Nathaniel was present. But now, they were bold enough to do it openly.

Nathaniel should have been pleased, but for some reason, the voices grated on him.

After the memorial, he was the first to drive away from Rainsworth Manor.

By the time he returned to Daltonia Villa, it was getting dark.

Nathaniel pushed the door open and instinctively tossed his coat by the entrance. After a while, when no one came to greet him, he looked up at the dark and silent living room, suddenly realizing that Cecilia was gone.

Irritated, he picked up his coat, changed into a pair of slippers, and threw the coat into the washing machine.

He couldn't understand why he felt so tired today.

Nathaniel went to the wine cellar to get some wine to celebrate Cecilia's departure.

When he reached the wine cellar and saw the locked door, he belatedly realized that he didn't have the key.

He didn't like outsiders in his home, so the villa only had part-time workers, not a full-time housekeeper.

After Cecilia had married into the family, she had taken care of everything herself.

Nathaniel returned to the bedroom and searched everywhere but couldn't find the key to the wine cellar.

Annoyed, he picked up his phone and unlocked it.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 6**

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 6**

By [\\_ /](#) September 7, 2024

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 6

### Chapter 6 Traditional Medicine

Apart from work-related messages, Cecilia hadn’t called or sent a message to apologize all day.

“I want to see how long you can hold out!”

Nathaniel tossed his phone aside, stood up, and headed toward the kitchen.

The moment he opened the refrigerator, he was taken aback.

Inside, aside from some food, there were all kinds of traditional medicines piled up.

He casually picked up a packet and saw the label: Five packets a day, specifically for treating infertility.

Infertility...

Nathaniel could smell the unpleasant aroma of the herbs.

Recalling the medicinal smell that had lingered on Cecilia before, he realized its origin.

He scoffed internally. The two of them had never been intimate, so no matter how much medicine she took, it was impossible for her to get pregnant.

He tossed the medicine back inside.

It seemed Nathaniel had figured out the reason for Cecilia’s recent tantrum, and suddenly he felt lighter.

He returned to the master bedroom to rest.

Without Cecilia around, he could come and go as he pleased from now on, with no need to deliberately avoid her.

Nathaniel slept soundly.

Today, he had plans to meet his friend Zachary for a round of golf.

Hence, early in the morning, he went to the wardrobe to change into his sportswear.

After changing, he walked into the living room. Out of habit, he tried to inform Cecilia that he wouldn’t be back today.

“Today...”

He'd barely spoken before he remembered—there was no need to inform her anymore.

At the golf course, Nathaniel was in high spirits. His white sportswear complemented his cold, handsome face, giving him a softer look.

Standing tall on the course, he resembled a movie star.

With one swing, the ball landed directly in the hole.

Zachary, who was standing nearby, praised him.

“Nathaniel, you're on fire today! Is there some good news you're not sharing?”

The news that Cecilia wanted a divorce from Nathaniel had spread by yesterday, so Zachary was, of course, aware of it.

He just wanted to hear it from Nathaniel directly so that he could call Stella, who had been waiting outside, to join them.

Nathaniel took a sip of water and casually replied, “Nothing much, just getting ready for a divorce with Cecilia.”

Hearing it with his own ears, Zachary couldn't help but feel surprised.

As Nathaniel's friend, he knew Cecilia too well. She was nothing more than a scheming, manipulative woman, clinging to Nathaniel for all she was worth.

If they were going to divorce, they would have done it long ago. How could they have dragged it out for more than three years?

“Has she agreed?” he asked.

Nathaniel's eyes darkened slightly. “She's the one who brought it up.”

Zachary sneered, “She's definitely playing hard to get. I've seen plenty of women like her before.”

After saying that, he grinned at Nathaniel. “Nathaniel, I've got a surprise for you today.”

Nathaniel looked puzzled.

Zachary sent a message to Stella.

Soon, Nathaniel saw her in the distance, dressed in a stylish pink athletic outfit, waving playfully at him.

It didn't take long for her to reach the two men.

Zachary was sensible enough to excuse himself. "I'll leave you two to chat. I don't want to be the third wheel."

After Zachary left, Stella suggested that Nathaniel accompany her for a walk.

Not far away from the golf course was the university they had both attended.

Stella was well aware of how to appeal to men, so she didn't bring up Cecilia. Instead, she talked about their shared past.

"Nathaniel, do you remember this path? We used to walk along it when we were dating. Back then, you'd hold my hand and say we'd walk it together forever."

As she spoke, Stella stopped and extended her slender hand toward Nathaniel.

"Nathaniel, will you hold my hand and walk with me?"

The moment her hand brushed against Nathaniel's, he instinctively pulled away.

Stella was momentarily stunned.

Nathaniel's expression remained indifferent. "I don't remember anything from the past."

Studying, falling in love, getting married, working...

For Nathaniel, these were merely milestones in life, no different from completing work tasks—none of it held any real significance.

Even his first love was just that.

Stella's eyes filled with tears. "Are you still angry with me? Back then, I had no choice. I didn't want to leave you. I love you. I love you so much. You have no idea how I survived all those years alone. It was the memories of us that kept me going. I wanted to better myself, to become worthy of you."

Hearing this, Nathaniel frowned slightly.

"I'm already married."

"I know. She wants to divorce you," Stella quickly interrupted. "I'll be grateful to her for giving you back to me."

Tears streamed down Stella's face as she clung to Nathaniel's waist.

"Do you know how much I hate Cecilia? Truly hate her! If it weren't for her, we wouldn't have been apart for so long."

Perhaps people were inherently forgetful.

Stella seemed to have forgotten that she was the one who broke up with Nathaniel first, only after which Nathaniel got engaged to Cecilia.

Cecilia, Cecilia...

Nathaniel's mind involuntarily conjured the image of her gentle and serene face.

He remembered the time when her father had passed away. Through her tears, she had looked at him and asked, "Nathaniel, can you hold me?"

Back then, her brother Magnus had just disrupted all their engagement terms, seizing all the money and resources Nathaniel had given to the Smith family.

So, Nathaniel had walked straight past Cecilia, offering her no comfort whatsoever.

The image of her sorrowful expression lingered in his mind, and unconsciously, he pried Stella away from him.

Still clinging to him, Stella was about to say something when Zachary suddenly hurried over, causing her to wipe away her tears.

Despite noticing that something was off, Zachary handed some documents to Nathaniel.

"Nathaniel, take a look."

Nathaniel took the papers and opened them to find a property transfer agreement.

Zachary then added, "Cecilia's lawyer sent this over. It's supposed to be compensation for your three years of marriage."

Compensation?

Zachary had thought Cecilia was demanding compensation from Nathaniel, which was why he had rushed over in such a hurry.

However, when Nathaniel opened the file, he saw that it was actually Cecilia transferring assets to him.

He was filled with disbelief.

However, when he saw the final asset transfer amounting to a hundred million, he found it laughable.

What did Cecilia take me for?

“One hundred million? She thinks that’s enough for me to let go of the Smith family? For me to forgive her?” Nathaniel scoffed in front of Zachary and Stella without hesitation.

Zachary, who had just realized what was going on, laughed too. “Little deaf has always played the innocent card. Turns out, she’s been hiding one hundred million in assets this whole time. Does her brother and her greedy mother know?”

Meanwhile, Stella observed Nathaniel and Zachary ridiculing Cecilia.

She had been worried that Nathaniel might have developed feelings for Cecilia after three years of marriage, but it seemed her fears were unfounded. It doesn’t matter if they had been married for three years or an entire lifetime. Nathaniel, an exceptional man, would never fall for someone as dull as Cecilia. She isn’t even worthy of being my rival.

Meanwhile, in a dimly lit motel room, Cecilia slowly opened her groggy eyes, her head throbbing. The silence around her was deafening.

She knew her condition was getting worse.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 7**

## **When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 7**

By [\\_ /](#) September 7, 2024

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 7

Chapter 7 Useless Daughter

Usually, even without her hearing aid, Cecilia could still pick up faint sounds.

She fumbled to get up, grabbed the medicine on the nightstand, and popped one into her mouth. It was bitter and dry.

After leaving Daltonia Villa, where she had lived for the past three years, she first went home.

However, just as she reached the doorway, she overheard Paula and Magnus talking.

“Why did I give birth to such a useless daughter? It’s been three years, and Nathaniel still hasn’t touched her! She’s not even considered a complete woman, and now she’s thinking about divorce.”

Paula’s angry words felt like daggers stabbing into Cecilia’s heart.

She couldn’t understand. In Paula’s eyes, what counted as a complete woman?

Was it receiving her husband’s affection? Or perhaps bearing children?

Magnus’ words were even more piercing.

“She doesn’t even seem like she’s part of the Smith family. I heard from people outside that Nathaniel’s first love is back. Even if she doesn’t get divorced, she’ll end up being kicked out. Given that, we might as well plan for the future. Didn’t Mr. Larke’s wife recently die? Even with her hearing problems, Cecilia is more than a match for that old man in his eighties...”

As Cecilia recalled those hurtful words, her gaze turned hollow.

She tried hard not to dwell on them.

Picking up her phone, she noticed an unread message.

Instinctively, she thought it might be from Nathaniel. When she clicked on it, it was actually from Norman.

Norman had written: Ceci, I’ve already handed the transfer agreement to Nathaniel, but his attitude wasn’t good. Moving forward, you should focus more on yourself.

Cecilia typed a response: Thank you. I will.

After sending the message, Cecilia felt a moment of emptiness.

She wanted to return the assets she had to Nathaniel, not because of some noble gesture, but simply because she didn’t want to owe him anything more.

Unfortunately, she couldn’t gather the same amount of assets as stated in the prenup, so she might carry the label of fraud for the rest of her life.

Even though Cecilia had gone two days without eating, she didn’t even feel hungry.

It was just that everything around her had become too quiet. The silence was suffocating.

She had put on her hearing aids and taken her medicine, but why couldn't she hear anything?

Afraid that Nathaniel might call to arrange their divorce proceedings and she wouldn't hear it, Cecilia headed to a nearby hospital for a checkup.

The doctor performed a basic examination and discovered dried blood in her ear canal.

That day, after receiving treatment, Cecilia's hearing gradually returned.

"What's going on? How long has this condition persisted?" the doctor asked.

Cecilia answered truthfully, "I've had a hearing impairment since birth."

The doctor looked at the girl before him, still in her early twenties and in her prime. When she had walked in, he hadn't noticed anything wrong with her.

He felt pity for her. "Miss, to be frank, if this condition continues, you might eventually go completely deaf. Even hearing aids might not help in the future."

The hope drained from Cecilia's eyes. It felt as though her throat had a wad of cotton stuck in it. She couldn't swallow it or cough it out.

She didn't speak for a long time.

The doctor then looked toward the door. "Did you come alone? Where are your family or friends?"

Family?

Cecilia thought of her mother, who looked down on her, and her brother, who wanted to marry her off to an elderly man. She also thought of her husband of over three years, Nathaniel, who had despised her from the start.

Finally, her mind settled on the image of her father's sorrowful face as he lay dying.

"I can't bear to leave. If I die, what about Ceci?"

Now she understood why, despite being in excruciating pain and hooked up to various medical devices after his car accident, Regas had held on.

He hadn't wanted to leave her behind, because once he was gone, she would have no family left.

Suppressing the bitter dryness in her throat, Cecilia finally responded to the doctor. "They passed away."



As she left the hospital, a light drizzle began to fall again.

In Tudela, the rain this year seemed more frequent than in previous years.

At the hospital entrance, people hurried about in twos and threes. Only Cecilia was alone.

She stepped into the rain, not knowing where to go.

With the thought that she might never hear again, she bought a ticket out of town and headed to the countryside, to the home of the housekeeper who had always taken care of her, Martha Holmes.

It was nine o'clock at night by the time she arrived.

Cecilia stood in front of the old brick house, hesitating to knock. Over the years, she'd always been in a rush whenever she visited Martha as she was too busy taking care of Nathaniel.

Just as she hesitated, the door opened from the inside, and warm light spilled out.

Martha's face lit up with joy the moment she saw Cecilia.

"Ceci..."

The sight of Martha's kind smile made Cecilia's nose sting with the onset of tears. She stepped forward to hug her. "Martha..."

Martha, who had never married or had children due to her health, was closer to Cecilia than her own mother.

Sensing Cecilia's sadness and pain, Martha gently patted her on the shoulder.

"What happened, Ceci?"

Cecilia rarely showed vulnerability.

The last time she'd been like this was when Regas passed away.

Shaking her head, Cecilia said, "It's nothing. I just missed you so much."

Martha could see that Cecilia didn't want to talk about it, so she didn't press further.

"I miss you too."

Martha noticed that Cecilia was drenched and immediately brought her inside, urging her to take a hot bath.

That night, Cecilia nestled into Martha's embrace, just like she had when she was younger.

Martha held her, realizing how terrifyingly thin Cecilia had become, almost just skin and bones.

Her hand trembled as she placed it on Cecilia's bony back, struggling to keep calm.

"Ceci, is Nathaniel treating you well?" Martha cautiously asked.

Hearing Nathaniel's name made Cecilia's throat tighten. She instinctively wanted to lie again, to tell Martha that Nathaniel was good to her.

However, she understood that Martha wasn't foolish.

Since she had already decided to leave, she didn't want to deceive herself anymore, nor those who loved her.

"His first love has returned. I plan to set him free by divorcing him."

Martha was stunned, unable to believe her ears.

Cecilia had told her countless times that she wanted to grow old with Nathaniel.

Seeing that Martha remained silent, Cecilia hugged her tighter and mumbled, "Martha, could I be like you?"

Forever unmarried and forever alone.

As Nathaniel once said, "Grow old in solitude."

If one could choose love, who would choose to be alone forever?

Martha's heart ached when she heard Cecilia's words.

"Silly girl, don't talk nonsense. You have a long life ahead of you. Even if you leave Nathaniel, someone else will come along to love and cherish you."

Cecilia nodded quietly, but the ringing in her ears drowned out Martha's comforting words.

After dedicating over a decade of her life to a one-sided love, she understood better than anyone how challenging and difficult it can be to love someone.

How could someone like her possibly be worthy of anyone else's affection?

Tears traced a path down her cheeks, dampening the bedding beneath her.

The next morning, Cecilia awoke in a daze, confused as to why she was there.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 8**

### **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 8**

By [\\_ /](#) September 7, 2024

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Blood On The Bed

Martha's voice echoed from the entrance. "Are you awake, Ceci? I've made your favorite ravioli. Come eat while the food's still hot."

Cecilia's memories slowly returned with those words.

After leaving Daltonia Villa, she had visited the hospital for a check-up and intended to see Martha after.

Cecilia tapped her forehead, feeling uneasy. When did my memory become so poor?

As she was about to stand, she noticed a large bloodstain on the floral bedsheets where she had slept. She touched her right ear and found it sticky. Opening her hand, she saw it was covered in blood, and even her hearing aids were stained red.

Her eyes flickered with panic as she quickly wiped her ears with a piece of paper and hurriedly pulled off the bedsheet.

Noticing that Cecilia hadn't come down yet, Martha saw her washing the duvet cover on the balcony. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"My period came; I accidentally got it on the bed," Cecilia replied with a laugh.

After washing up, Cecilia joined Martha for breakfast, savoring a moment of tranquility.

Sometimes Martha's voice was clear; other times, it was faint. Cecilia was terrified, fearing she might never hear it again. She was also afraid of breaking Martha's heart if she found out.

After spending half a day there, Cecilia discreetly left some savings on the bedside table and bid farewell to Martha.

When she left, Martha escorted her to the station, waving goodbye with reluctance. Only after Cecilia departed did she finally turn back.

On her way back, Martha couldn't stop thinking of Cecilia's gaunt figure. She dialed the Rainsworth Group's internal line. The CEO's secretary, learning that Martha was looking for Nathaniel and that she was Cecilia's nanny before, relayed the message.

It was the third day since Cecilia had left, and the first time Nathaniel received a call about her. He sat in his office chair, feeling elated. Just as he'd predicted, Cecilia couldn't hold on for more than three days.

Martha's weary voice came through the phone. "Mr. Rainsworth, I've been Cecilia's nanny since she was a child," she began, pleading. "Please, show her mercy. Stop hurting her. She isn't as strong as she seems. Mrs. Smith didn't want her from birth and left her in my care."

She continued, "She was only taken back when she reached school age... In the Smith family, everyone treated her like a servant, except for Mr. Smith. As a child, she would often secretly call me, crying, saying, 'Martha, I don't want to be Ms. Smith anymore. I want to come back, to be your daughter...' You and Mr. Smith were the only ones she cherished in Tudela. Please, treat her well. She's lived too humbly from her childhood until now."

Nathaniel's mood suddenly turned oppressive upon hearing Martha's choked words.

"What's the matter? Did shaming me with money not satisfy her? Now she's playing the victim?" His voice was icy cold. "What does it matter to me how Cecilia lived!"

"She had it coming, all of it!" He hung up promptly.

Martha had only ever heard Cecilia praise Nathaniel.

She realized then that he wasn't good for her, not at all. He was far from the perfect match she had envisioned for Cecilia.

Cecilia was in the car and on her way back to the city center when her phone buzzed. It was a message from Nathaniel: Didn't you mention wanting a divorce? Let's meet at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

Cecilia stared at the text message, momentarily lost in thought, before replying: Okay.

It was just a single word.

Yet it caught Nathaniel's eye immediately. Fine! Let's see how long you can keep this act up, he thought, completely losing his motivation to work. He called someone out for a drink.

At the nightclub, Stella had also arrived. "Let's drink till we drop today," she declared.

Zachary, sitting next to Nathaniel, couldn't resist asking about Cecilia. "How's the little deaf girl today?"

Nathaniel arched his handsome brows slightly. "Don't mention her anymore. Tomorrow, we're getting divorced."

Upon hearing this, Stella poured him a glass of wine. "Nathaniel, here's to celebrating your new life," she said.

Others joined in.

Elite Club was lively that night. Zachary had reserved all the drinks. In private, he said to Stella, "I can tell that Nathaniel still has feelings for you. You must find happiness."

Stella nodded. "Zachary, thank you. Without your help, I might not have even met him."

That was true.

Stella had initially met Nathaniel after receiving financial support from the Smith family. When she went to express her gratitude, she happened to meet Nathaniel, who was visiting at the same time.

Another incident happened four years ago at the hospital. Nathaniel's mother, Elena, and Zachary were in the same car when they had an accident. By chance, Cecilia stumbled upon the scene and managed to save Zachary and Elena.

After Stella discovered this, she found a way to take credit for Cecilia's life-saving favor. That was why Zachary was so kind to her, and their relationship had evolved from gratitude to friendship and even love.

It was also why, despite having many women pursuing him, Nathaniel chose her to be his girlfriend.

This was a secret even Cecilia didn't know—only Stella did.

Cecilia always believed Nathaniel chose Stella out of love, and everyone assumed Zachary's affection for Stella was due to her charm. Little did they know, his fondness for her stemmed from a life-saving favor.

“Why are you being so formal with me? Aren’t we friends?” Zachary looked at her with undeniable affection. However, Stella pretended not to notice.

That night, Nathaniel had consumed quite a bit of alcohol. Stella offered to take him home.

When it came to going home, Nathaniel usually stayed at a hotel, his office, or his private mansion at night. But he still remembered how Cecilia once said, “Daltonia Villa is our real home.”

“No need. It’s not convenient,” he declined.

They were getting divorced tomorrow, and Cecilia might return to the villa.

Stella felt frustrated at the rejection. “Why?” she asked. “You’re getting divorced anyway. What’s the inconvenience? Are you afraid she’ll find out about us?”

Find out about us?

Nathaniel’s eyes narrowed slightly. “You’re overthinking it.”

Inside the car, he arranged for Stella to be driven home.

On the way back, he kept checking his phone, hoping for a text from Cecilia.

When he returned home, the villa was pitch-black. Nathaniel’s expression darkened as he pushed the door open. He turned on the light, but there was no sign of Cecilia.

She didn’t return.

Everything in the house remained as it was when she left. His clothes, neatly placed by the washing machine, were still there—unwashed and not hung up as before. Frustrated, he threw them into the trash bin.

The effects of alcohol were strong, and Nathaniel found himself sinking into the couch, uncomfortable. Once he fell asleep, he was haunted by nightmares.

In the dream, Cecilia was covered in blood, yet she smiled at him and said, “Nathaniel, I don’t love you anymore.”

Nathaniel jolted awake to find the first light of dawn outside. He rubbed his forehead, freshened up, and changed into a sharp suit. Keeping an eye on the time, he headed toward City Hall.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 9**

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 9

By \_ / September 7, 2024

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 9

### Chapter 9 Do Not Regret This

Upon reaching City Hall, Nathaniel checked his watch; it was exactly ten o’clock.

He was about to call Cecilia to see if she had arrived when he spotted her standing under a large tree in the distance, dressed in dark, somber clothing. From afar, amidst the faint drizzle, she looked especially frail, as though a light breeze could knock her over.

He recalled how vibrant Cecilia had been when they first got married—youthful, radiant, full of life. But now, she seemed lifeless and disturbingly thin.

Umbrella in hand, Nathaniel walked straight toward her. It took a moment for Cecilia to notice him.

As she observed him, she realized that despite the three years that had passed, Nathaniel had hardly changed. He was still as handsome and spirited as ever, but now there was an added air of maturity and competence.

Cecilia felt a strange sense of disorientation, as if the past three years had slipped by in the blink of an eye, yet also felt like they had consumed an entire lifetime.

Nathaniel approached, his dark eyes coldly staring at her, expecting an apology.

She’s finally had enough of the theatrics!

But to his surprise, Cecilia simply said, “I’ve kept you from your work. Let’s head inside.”

Nathaniel’s expression stiffened, quickly turning cold. “Don’t regret this,” he uttered, then turned and walked toward City Hall.

Cecilia watched him walk away, a pang of heartache hitting her.

Do I regret it? I’m not sure. All I know is that I’m tired.

When a person decided to leave, it was often because they had lost all hope, their heart filled to the brim with disappointment.

At the divorce processing window, when the staff member asked if they had truly decided to divorce, Cecilia answered confidently. “Yes.”

Her resolute gaze made Nathaniel feel a sudden heaviness.

After completing the formalities, they were informed of the cool off period. They would have to return in a month to finalize the divorce. If they did nothing, the application would automatically become void.

As they stepped out of City Hall, Cecilia looked at Nathaniel, her composure unusually calm. "See you next month. Take care," she said before stepping into the rain and hailing a taxi.

Nathaniel stood rooted to the spot, watching as the taxi disappeared into the distance. He couldn't quite identify the feeling stirring within him.

It must be liberation, right?

He no longer had to be entangled with her or endure the ridicule of others for having such a disabled wife.

Just then, Zachary's call came through. "Nathaniel, is it all taken care of?"

"Yeah," Nathaniel replied.

"I've heard there's a cool off period. Don't let your guard down with the little deaf girl—she surely has more tricks up her sleeve," Zachary warned.

Indeed. After over a decade of being entangled with Cecilia, who would believe she had suddenly decided to let go?

Sitting in the taxi, Cecilia leaned against the car window, watching the raindrops slide down the glass, lost in thought. The driver glanced at the rearview mirror and was startled to see fresh blood trickling down her ear.

"Miss! Miss!" he called out several times, but Cecilia didn't respond. The driver quickly pulled over.

Confused, Cecilia looked around. They hadn't reached their destination yet—why had they stopped?

She looked at the driver, watching his lips move before she realized she couldn't hear again. "What did you say? I couldn't hear you."

The driver typed a message on his phone, showing her the situation.

Cecilia sluggishly reached up, her fingertips registering the warm sensation of blood.

I've gotten used to this.



“It’s okay,” she said, “I’m often like this—it’s not a big deal.”

Her hearing impairment hadn’t always caused bleeding. Two years ago, at a social gathering, Zachary had pushed her into a swimming pool. Cecilia, unable to swim, had nearly drowned, and the trauma had caused her eardrums to swell.

That incident marked the beginning of her hearing issues. It had been manageable until recently, when it started happening frequently again.

The driver, uneasy, insisted on taking her to the nearest hospital. Cecilia thanked him and went to see her doctor.

The doctor, her long-time primary physician, greeted her with concern. “Dr. Zagon,” Cecilia said, “I’ve noticed my memory failing me lately. I keep forgetting what I’m doing.”

That morning, it had taken her a while to remember that she was supposed to divorce Nathaniel. So, she had arrived at City Hall early, revisiting his text messages to remind herself.

The doctor reviewed her recent diagnostic report, his expression grave. “Ms. Smith, I recommend you consider additional examinations, perhaps on a psychological level.”

Psychological level...

Following the doctor’s advice, Cecilia underwent a psychological test. The diagnosis confirmed that she was also suffering from depression. Severe depression often led to memory loss.

Before returning to the motel, Cecilia bought a notebook and a pen. She wrote down everything that had happened recently and left it by her bed so it would be the first thing she saw when she woke up.

When it was time to rest, Cecilia picked up her phone, searching for methods to treat depression.

She stumbled upon a quote: I hope you can do your best to heal yourself instead of fantasizing that someone else will save you.

After reading it in silence, Cecilia turned off her phone and closed her eyes.

The news of her divorce from Nathaniel had caused quite a commotion. That night, her mother, Paula, made several calls, but Cecilia didn’t hear them.

When she woke up the next day, she saw the messages from Paula: Where are you? Who do you think you are? Even if it comes to divorce, it should be Nathaniel who

doesn't want you! You're nothing but trouble! When you got married, your father had a car accident. Now with this divorce, are you trying to bring the Smith family to ruin?

Cecilia was used to these kinds of messages. She typed a response: Mom, from now on, we need to be self-reliant and not rely too heavily on others.

Soon, another message from Paula came through: You're nothing but an ungrateful wretch! I should have never given birth to you!

Cecilia didn't respond, setting her phone aside. She thought to herself that once the month passed and the divorce was finalized, she would leave Tudela and start anew.

In the following days, Cecilia's health visibly deteriorated. Her bouts of deafness became more frequent, and her memory continued to fade.

The previous day, she had forgotten the way back to the motel after dining out, relying on her phone's navigation system to return.

Her hearing might be incurable, but her depression wasn't.

Determined to find purpose, she signed up online to volunteer, caring for elderly folks who had lost their families and some orphans. Watching them receive help gave her a reason to keep going.

A few days later, one morning, Cecilia awoke as usual and glanced at the notebook she kept by her side. She prepared to head to the orphanage but noticed a series of unread messages on her phone.

They were from Paula, Magnus, and... Stella.

Paula: As you wished, the Smith family has now fallen.

Magnus: Go ahead, keep hiding. I've never seen a sister as cold-hearted and cowardly as you.

Stella: My condolences, Cecilia. Truth is, the Smith family can thrive better under Nathaniel's control.

Stella: Considering the past financial support I've received from the Smith family, if there's anything you need, let me know. I'll help if I can.

After exiting the message screen, Cecilia still had no idea what had happened. It was then a notification for trending news popped up.

## **When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 10**

# When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 10

By \_ / September 7, 2024

## When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 10

### Chapter 10 The Fall Of Smith Corporation

When Cecilia turned on the news, the headline that caught her eye was a press conference held by Rainsworth Group. They announced that Nathaniel had successfully acquired Smith Corporation.

From that moment, Smith Corporation ceased to exist.

On the screen, a photograph of Nathaniel appeared—his profile was strikingly handsome, exuding an air of confidence and vigor.

Beneath the photo, comments flooded in.

Nathaniel is incredibly handsome, so young, and already the CEO of a corporation.

It’s a pity he’s married, but isn’t his wife the daughter of the Smith family?

A business marriage, remember? Three years ago, when it was time to get married, Nathaniel simply abandoned the bride and left...

The internet had a long memory.

Cecilia had almost forgotten about the day three years ago when she was abandoned at the altar. The memory of Nathaniel storming off in anger had started to fade. She continued scrolling through the comments.

For the past three years, she had known that Smith Corporation would fall, but she hadn’t expected it to happen so quickly.

Recently, Nathaniel had been particularly at ease. The acquisition of Smith Corporation marked the settling of a great score.

Zachary chuckled and said, “Three years ago, the Smith family deceived you with that marriage, and now they’ve finally gotten what they deserve.” He turned to Nathaniel, who was working beside him, and asked, “Nathaniel, has the little deaf been begging these past few days?”

Nathaniel paused, his pen hovering over the paper. For some reason, people around him kept bringing up Cecilia.

Why, even after the divorce, is she still lingering in my mind?

“No,” he responded tersely.

Zachary was surprised. Despite the major incident with the Smith family, could Cecilia really remain so composed?

He continued, “Could she have really figured it out? I heard her family is searching for her everywhere, but no one knows where she’s hiding.”

Nathaniel’s irritation grew, his brows furrowing. “Get out!” he snapped.

Zachary was taken aback by the sudden outburst. Realizing Nathaniel was angry, he quickly left the CEO’s office.

Once alone, Nathaniel unconsciously picked up his phone, but there were no messages or calls from Cecilia. She really hadn’t reached out.

Outside the office, Zachary was concerned. Nathaniel’s behavior was off.

On the surface, he seemed the same, but whenever Cecilia was mentioned, he grew agitated. Zachary stepped out and called his assistant. “Have we located Cecilia yet?” he asked.

“Yes, she’s staying at a small motel at Hillscester.”

Zachary had his assistant send him the location and then he drove to the destination.

Cecilia had held up Nathaniel and Stella for over three years. Even if they agreed to divorce now, it wouldn’t be fair to let her off so easily.

Outside, the rain was gently falling. After finishing her volunteer work, Cecilia made her way to the hospital to pick up some medicine. Then, she walked toward the motel, umbrella in hand. The streets were almost empty.

Zachary, driving his luxury car, spotted Cecilia’s slender silhouette. He deliberately sped up, driving through a puddle that splashed all over her.

As Cecilia’s vacant gaze turned toward him, Zachary caught sight of it in the rear-view mirror and felt a sudden, inexplicable jolt of unease.

Cecilia recognized Zachary’s lavish dark gray Bugatti but quietly looked away, pretending not to see him.

Zachary, however, wasn't ready to let it go. He slowed down, driving close to her. "Hey, are you upset? You see me and don't even greet me anymore? Weren't you quite enthusiastic before? Didn't you enjoy pleasing me?"

Cecilia showed no reaction to his insults. In the past, because she was fond of Nathaniel, she had tried to ingratiate herself with everyone close to him, including Zachary.

She had been unaware of how much Zachary despised her and had treated him kindly, hoping that one day Nathaniel's family and friends would accept her.

But her dreams were too idealistic.

At a gathering, Zachary had bluntly told Cecilia that he was a friend of Stella's. To stand up for Stella, he had abandoned his gentlemanly demeanor, mocking Cecilia, calling her lowly and shameless.

He had even pushed her into a swimming pool, leaving her to fend for herself. Since then, Cecilia had avoided him.

When Cecilia didn't respond, Zachary grew annoyed. He pulled over, opened the car door, and with a few quick strides, stood in front of her, firmly grasping her arm. His demeanor turned serious. "What kind of game are you playing this time?"

Cecilia winced in pain. Looking up at him, she said, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

She tried to free her arm, but Zachary brushed her off with a sneer. "Don't touch me with your filthy hands!"

Cecilia stumbled back, and with a loud thud, she fell hard onto the ground. Zachary stood there, somewhat in disbelief.

Has she learned to fake an accident? I only gave her a gentle push—how did she end up falling?

Seeing people around starting to stare, Zachary felt uncomfortable. He got back into his car but not before issuing a warning. "Cecilia, just because you're disabled doesn't give you the right to interfere with Stella. She's not like you. She's worked hard to get where she is today, so stay out of her and Nathaniel's way."

After driving off, Zachary considerably informed the Smith family of Cecilia's whereabouts.

Cecilia lay on the ground, her hands and knees scraped raw. The pain was intense, and she struggled to get up. She couldn't understand why Zachary had become so morally corrupt.

She still remembered four years ago when she had risked her life to pull Zachary from a car that was about to explode. He had been covered in blood, his eyes blinded, yet he spoke with unusual gentleness. "Thank you. I will surely repay your kindness."

Is this his way of repaying me?

Cecilia had never expected anything in return, but she certainly hadn't anticipated that he would repay kindness with enmity.

Fortunately, a passerby helped Cecilia to her feet. "Miss, who was that? Should we call the police?"

Cecilia's ears were ringing, making it impossible to understand what they were saying. Assuming they were showing concern, she shook her head. "I'm fine, really, thank you..."

After bowing deeply to them, she limped away.

Onlookers watched her leave, their hearts filled with sympathy. But even if Cecilia had heard their concern, she would have declined their help.

The Sinclair family, to which Zachary belonged, was no less influential than the Rainsworth family. Their medical business had a global presence.

As the eldest son of the Sinclair family, Zachary could have taken over the family empire long ago if not for his dedication to Nathaniel and his disinterest in medicine. In her current state, Cecilia couldn't afford to offend someone like him.

After returning to the motel, Cecilia took a shower and applied medication to her injuries. Feeling exhausted, she lay down, the day's events strengthening her resolve to leave Nathaniel behind.

When she woke up, dawn was just breaking. She walked into the living room and found Paula, dressed in a traditional dress, seated comfortably on the couch.

"Awake now, are we? You sure gave me a hard time finding you," Paula said, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

Cecilia listened to her mother's sharp remarks, her eyes dimming. "Mom..."

Paula looked at Cecilia, noting her pale face devoid of color, yet she showed no concern. She walked up to her daughter, lifted her hand, and harshly slapped Cecilia across the right cheek.