

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 21

Chapter 21 Tattled On Her

Cecilia finally understood what Stella meant before she left. She had tattled on her.

Before she could respond, Nathaniel’s words followed swiftly. “The divorce is between the two of us. There’s no need for you to get into a fight with Stella. She’s still in the hospital.”

Cecilia was stunned for a moment, then quickly understood.

She really hadn’t expected that Stella would stoop so low as to frame her with such a cheap trick, and that Nathaniel actually believed her.

“Whether you believe it or not, I only met her once, and I didn’t do anything to her.”

With that, Cecilia hung up the phone..

At the hospital, Nathaniel’s face was grim.

Stella lay in the hospital bed, her forehead wrapped in bandages.

After meeting Cecilia, she deliberately bashed her own head and blamed it on Cecilia.

“I originally just wanted to talk to her properly, but I didn’t expect her to....

Stella didn’t finish her sentence but instead pulled out a stack of photos and handed them to Nathaniel.

These were pictures she had deliberately arranged for someone to take after she found out Cecilia was pregnant.

“I don’t want to keep covering for her either, Nathaniel. Please don’t get mad when you see the photos.”

Nathaniel took the photos, and when he saw what they depicted, his dark.

It was a whole stack of photos, all of them of Cecilia and Calvin eyes narrowed..

The nearly intimate nature of the pictures pushed Nathaniel to the brink of restraint.

Stella sat up in bed. “Luckily, I found these photos and bought them. If they were leaked, it would have been a disaster.”

Nathaniel, feeling deeply troubled, left the hospital and got into his matte black Cadillac.

He ordered Mason to transfer the necessary payment to Stella for the photos.

Then he said, "Find out where Cecilia is right now,"

"Yes."

Mason immediately had someone look into it.

Cecilia had spent the entire night plagued by nightmares.

In her dreams, Nathaniel and Stella got married, and the two of them lived a blissfully happy life together.

She had also dreamt of the past years, After Nathaniel got angry, he left her behind and went on a business trip out of town.

No matter what she did, she just couldn't find him.

Then, she dreamed that Nathaniel regretted everything. He told her he was sorry and suggested they reconcile.

In the dream, Cecilia didn't hesitate at all and agreed.

Yet, not long after, Nathaniel abandoned her again and disappeared.

When Cecilia opened her eyes, she reached up and touched the corner of her eyes, where tears were still clinging.

Dreams reflect waking thoughts. Cecilia never dared to hope that Nathaniel would regret anything, nor did she dare to think about whether she would even forgive him if he did.

Outside, the heavy rain continued to pour relentlessly.

After getting up and freshening up, Cecilia decided she didn't want to wait any longer. She was just about to call Nathaniel and ask him to go to the City Hall together.

The door was knocked on.

She thought it was Calvin, so she walked over to open it.

Standing at the door was Mason, dressed in a standard suit with gold-rimmed glasses.

Mason was Nathaniel's special assistant. With his skills, finding this place had been no trouble at all.

“Mr. Sanders, what brings you here?” Cecilia asked.

Mason glanced inside the house but saw no man present. He said politely but indifferently, “Ms. Smith, Mr. Rainsworth asked me to bring you back.”

Ms. Smith, huh? The same title, every day for three years.

Cecilia had long since gotten used to it. She lowered her eyelashes. “I’m not going back. Since you’re here, please help me contact Mr. Rainsworth and tell him to meet me today to handle the divorce.”

The cooling-off period wouldn’t exceed three months. It could be settled him herself only to endure more questioning.

Mason was momentarily stunned.

He knew about the divorce dispute between Cecilia and Nathaniel, but he hadn’t witnessed it in person.

After all, Cecilia used to cling to Nathaniel like an inseparable shadow, no matter how hard he tried to shake her off.

Mason furrowed his brow slightly. “Ms. Smith, let me give you some advice. You should know when to stop. Mr. Rainsworth is already very angry.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 22

Chapter 22 Finalize Our Divorce Sooner

How was that “advice”? It was clearly “disciplining!”

In the past, from Nathaniel’s family down to Mason, the secretaries, and the servants at Rainsworth Manor, they all had the right to “discipline” Cecilia.

Cecilia had to keep a smile on her face and be grateful.

But now, she no longer wanted to wrong herself.

Cecilia clenched her hands tightly, which was hanging at her sides.

She looked at Mason again, her eyes filled with coldness. “What does his anger have to do with me?”

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll excuse myself.”

Mason felt a shiver run down his spine under her icy gaze.

By the time he came to his senses, the door had already been shut..

This was the first time Mason had experienced having a door shut in his face.

In the past few years, he had always been the one ignoring Cecilia. Why did the tables turn now? Could it be that she really no longer wanted to please Mr. Rainsworth?

Cecilia knew that once Mason went back, he would definitely complain to Nathaniel.

Feeling exhausted, she sat on the couch, waiting for Nathaniel's rebuke.

Just as she expected, Mason added fuel to fire when he reported them back to Nathaniel.

That day, the wind howled fiercely, causing the windows to rattle.

Cecilia curled up on the couch, feeling cold despite it being early summer.

She didn't know how much time had passed before she finally heard the doorbell ring.

She slowly stood up and opened the door. She didn't need to look to know who was standing there.

The man's tall and upright figure made her seem exceptionally petite in comparison.

Cecilia looked up, meeting Nathaniel's dark eyes, as deep as an ancient well, and calmly spoke. "Did Mr. Sanders tell you?"

Nathaniel, with a face cold as ice, threw a stack of photos at Cecilia's feet.

"I was originally going to leave you some dignity."

Cecilia froze for a moment.

She looked down and saw photo after photo of herself and Calvin scattered on the floor.

Aside from some ambiguously suggestive photos taken out of context, there wasn't anything inappropriate.

Before she could explain, Nathaniel continued, "I had thought that everything before was just a misunderstanding. I thought you were innocent, and I had even considered starting over with you."

Considered...

Cecilia's ears buzzed, and her throat felt dry and bitter. When she spoke, her voice was hoarse.

"Really? Then I'm sorry to have let you down."

They had been married for three years.

She believed that she had been dutiful and committed, without any involvement with any man.

But in the end, she was still given such a disgraceful label.

Cecilia's eyes grew moist, but she forced herself to suppress her feelings and looked calmly at Nathaniel. "In that case, let's finalize the divorce as soon as possible. I apologize for not showing up last time. This time, I won't miss it."

Nathaniel had expected her to explain!

Unexpectedly, she proposed a divorce once again.

In that moment, the fury he had been struggling to contain erupted. He moved closer to Cecilia, closing the distance between them.

"You're that eager to be with him? Do you even know who he is? If it weren't for me, Nathaniel Rainsworth, do you think any man would want you?"

"Cecilia was backed into the corner, listening to his cruel words in utter disbelief.

What did he mean, if it weren't for him?

Nathaniel didn't stop. His large hand landed on her frail shoulder.

She felt even thinner than before, nearly reduced to just bones.

His heart trembled, unable to comprehend why she had become so thin.

"Don't touch me!"

The heat of his touch brought Cecilia back to her senses. Her eyes reddened as she tried to push Nathaniel away.

However, it was futile.

Even a healthy woman wouldn't necessarily be a match for a man's strength, and she was far from healthy.

His relentless kisses fell upon her, as the rain outside seemed to intensify.

Cecilia lay on the cold bed, her ears ringing, while sharp spasms shot through her abdomen.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 23

Chapter 23 Do Not Make Me Angry

She was terrified, holding her abdomen protectively.

She didn’t know how much time had passed before everything finally stopped.

“Cecilia, don’t make me angry.” Nathaniel’s breathing was heavy.

Cecilia could only vaguely hear his words.

Her eyes were hollow. “Didn’t you say that you would never touch me? So, what is this now?”

She buried her face in the pillow. Nathaniel didn’t notice how pale her face had become.

Cecilia continued, “Does your little lover know what you’ve done? If she found out, I bet she’d be furious.”

Once, Cecilia thought that Nathaniel was both heartless and passionate.

Now, she only found him to be insufferable...

When she mentioned his lover, Nathaniel knew she was referring to Stella.

“Did you ever think about that when you were with Calvin?”

His words were sharp as a blade, aiming straight for her heart.

Nathaniel never compromised for any woman, especially not for Cecilia.

Without any restraint, he sneered, “Looking at how scrawny you are, it’s hard to believe that any man would want you.”

As he spoke, he had already dressed himself.

Cecilia’s ears rang, and she could feel something flowing out from her lower body.

Before Nathaniel left, she couldn’t help but ask, “Mr. Rainsworth, if I died, would you be sad?”

Die?

Nathaniel found it laughable.

He didn't answer but simply said, "Move back to Daltonia Villa tomorrow."

Cecilia didn't hear his words.

After Nathaniel left, she pulled back the blanket and saw that her legs were covered in blood.

Nathaniel had no idea that shortly after he left, the sound of an ambulance siren echoed from downstairs.

The following day, at the hospital, Cecilia was half-lying on the hospital bed, with Calvin tending to her nearby.

Had she not been sent to the hospital in time last night, she might have lost the baby.

After this incident, Cecilia was more determined than ever to leave Nathaniel.

Ding!

Cecilia picked up her phone and saw a message from Paula who had fled abroad.

Paula: Cecilia! Since you're would be so grateful to you.

I alive, help me smooth things over with Mr. Larke. Magnus and I Cecilia deleted the message without replying.

She knew that as long as she was alive, Paula and Magnus would continue to make demands of her.

Another message was from Nathaniel's mother, Elena.

Elena: Cecilia, you should be well aware of how much Nathaniel despises you. The only reason he won't divorce you is because he wants to make you suffer!! So, could you please just disappear from this world? I beg of you.

Calvin came over just in time to see the message.

His brow furrowed. "These people are absolutely shameless!"

Cecilia turned off her phone and looked up at him with a forced smile.

"But there are good people too. Thank you."

Calvin looked at the strained smile on her face, feeling deeply uncomfortable.

How much injustice and suffering had she endured all these years? Why is she still treading so cautiously, even around an old friend?

Calvin sat down in front of her, meeting her gaze directly. "Between friends, there's no need to keep saying thank you."

Hearing this, Cecilia nodded.

After a moment of hesitation, she couldn't help but speak up. "Calvin, can you do me a favor?"

Cecilia knew that he was the only person who could help her for now..

At Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel returned home promptly after work that day..

He had thought that Cecilia would have calmed down by now..

Nathaniel's eyes darkened.

Instinctively, he pulled out his phone and checked it. There were only work-related messages- nothing else.

Feeling irritable, Nathaniel walked inside, tugging at his tie as he sat down on the couch.

For some reason, his head began to ache.

Leaning back in the chair, he rubbed his temples. As soon as he closed his eyes, an image of Cecilia's serene face floated in front of him.

Serene didn't mean meek. On the contrary, Cecilia's beauty was striking.

Nathaniel still remembered the first time he saw her. She had her hair tied up in a ponytail and smiled shyly, yet her eyes were so bright and captivating.

But after that... Nathaniel frowned. He realized that since Cecilia married him, she had never smiled again...

The ringing phone interrupted his thoughts.

Nathaniel answered the call—it was his friend, Zachary.

"Nathaniel, something's happened to Cecilia."

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 24

Chapter 24 Update On Her Condition

Ever since Zachary found out that Cecilia was pregnant, he had the hospital staff keep him updated on her condition.

For some reason, Nathaniel’s heart suddenly trembled.

“What’s the matter?”

“I don’t know the full details. When I went to the hospital today, I heard the doctors say that Cecilia had died.”

Those words hit Nathaniel like a bolt of lightning.

Died? How could that be possible? She had been perfectly fine just last night!

He jumped to his feet, dizziness following closely behind. “What exactly happened?”

“The doctors said Cecilia was brought in last night and died this morning despite their efforts to save her.”

Without another word, Nathaniel grabbed the suit jacket he had tossed aside and rushed out the door.

He drove straight to the hospital.

Along the way, Cecilia’s parting words from last night echoed in his ears, “Mr. Rainsworth, I want to ask you, if I died, would you be sad?”

For reasons unknown, Nathaniel suddenly found it difficult to breathe.

He yanked open the top two buttons of his shirt, but it still felt like he couldn’t get enough air.

Finally, he arrived at the hospital.

Zachary had been waiting outside for some time.

“Where is she?” Nathaniel asked, walking quickly toward him.

“The nurse said someone took her away. I checked the surveillance footage, and it was Calvin.”

It was already one in the morning by this point.

Looking somewhat weary, Zachary handed over the surveillance footage to Nathaniel.

“Last night, sometime after midnight, Cecilia was brought in. She died from excessive blood loss...”

A little after midnight.

Nathaniel remembered that it was shortly after he had left her.

What had happened during that time?

Death by excessive blood loss? He didn't believe it.

He immediately made a call, ordering an investigation into Calvin's whereabouts, as well as Cecilia's.

This was destined to be a sleepless night.

Zachary paced in front of Nathaniel.

“How could someone so alive just suddenly die? What's that deaf girl playing at now?”

Nathaniel had no patience for idle chatter. He instructed Zachary to look into the hospital's situation and then left.

After he was gone, the hospital's reports on Cecilia's recent tests were compiled and handed over to Zachary,

Sitting in the chair, Zachary flipped through the documents impatiently.

Previously, all he knew was that Cecilia had attempted suicide by overdosing on medication and was hospitalized, where they discovered she was pregnant.

But now, he saw all the records pulled from other hospitals.

Progressive hearing impairment leading to deafness, frequent ear bleeding, severe depression, memory decline, infertility....

Her cause of death was long-term depression, overconsumption of sleeping pills leading to mental disarray, and self-inflicted wrist slashing, resulting in death from excessive blood loss.

The more Zachary read, the more disturbing it became.

The hospital director, who was standing beside him, couldn't help but sigh.

“Such a wonderful girl. She’s so young. How did she endure so much suffering?, she saved Mr. Zachary your life four years ago. You have to help her now.”

“What did you say?” Zachary was startled, looking up at the director. “It wasn’t her who saved me. It was someone else.”

“Someone else?” The director was puzzled. “I remember it very clearly. It was this young lady who saved you. She got a long cut on her arm from glass while trying to help. Look at these photos.”

The director still vividly recalled four years ago, the young lady had arrived at the hospital covered in blood.

Back then, the director hadn’t yet assumed his current position.

Little did he know the life she saved was that of the eldest son of the Sinclair family.

Because of this debt, the director had risen to his current station.

Though many years had passed, he still remembered the young lady’s appearance. The long scar on her arm, left by the glass, remained vividly etched in his mind.

It was difficult to imagine how a young girl could bear such a serious wound without shedding a single tear, her only concern being to save someone else.

Hearing the director mention the scar, Zachary examined the photos carefully and noticed that Cecilia’s delicate, pale arm indeed bore a long, faded scar.

His heart constricted.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 25

Chapter 25 The Truth

It had to be a coincidence! It had to be! If Cecilia was the one who saved me, why had she never mentioned it? And if it was her, then everything I had done to her over the years.....

Zachary closed Cecilia’s medical report and returned to his office, where he sat in silence for the entire night.

The next morning, Zachary dialed Stella’s number.

“Stella, let’s meet. I have something to discuss with you.

At a private restaurant, inside a reserved room, Stella arrived looking elegantly dressed.

A waiter came over and took her coat.

Zachary's eyes fell on her smooth, unblemished arms. There were no scars.

Four years ago, his car had been in an accident.

He was trapped inside, unconscious and covered in blood.

A young girl had risked her life to reach through the shattered car window, forcing the door open

As she reached inside, her arm was deeply cut by the broken glass. The hospital director had said the wound needed stitches.

So, after healing, it would be impossible for there to be no trace left.

Under Zachary's gaze, Stella began to feel a bit uneasy.

"Zach, you said you had something to tell me. What is it?"

Zachary snapped out of his thoughts and withdrew his gaze, his tone cooling slightly.

"Cecilia is dead."

Stella was stunned.

Immediately, she exclaimed in shock, "When did this happen? How could it be so sudden?"

Her words conveyed disbelief, but deep down, a sense of unprecedented relief welled.

Cecilia was dead!

That meant the last obstacle standing between her and Nathaniel was gone up.

"It happened today. She died from excessive blood loss. The doctors couldn't save her."

Zachary picked up his glass of red wine, gently swirling it before downing it in one gulp.

Through the glass, he caught a fleeting glimpse of joy on Stella's face before it quickly disappeared.

"This must be fate," Stella sighed. "She was born into a life most people could never imagine, then used her family's power to force her way into a marriage with Nathaniel. Now, her death is nothing but karma."

Karma?

For the first time, Zachary sensed something terrifying in Stella's words.

Was it wrong to be born into wealth and privilege?

Moreover, he knew Nathaniel's marriage to Cecilia was nothing more than a business arrangement.

No one could force Nathaniel into anything.

So why, in Stella's mind, was that a reason for her to deserve death?

Zachary remained silent, and it seemed as if the temperature in the room had dropped.

Stella realized she had misspoken and quickly tried to correct herself. "Zach, you know I'm talking about Cecilia. She was just too scheming."

Zachary let out a quiet "Mm" and poured himself another glass of wine.

Speaking of scheming, he carefully reflected on it.

Every time, it was Stella who had told him that Cecilia was scheming!

Yet, he himself had never actually witnessed any of these schemes firsthand.

Perhaps the only "scheme" Cecilia ever had was her deep love for Nathaniel. She went out of her way to please everyone around him, including Zachary himself.

But could that really be called scheming?

For some reason, the wine in his mouth suddenly lost its taste.

After trusting Stella for four years, Zachary found it hard to believe she would lie to him.

How could someone who had risked her life to save him possibly be a bad person?

His voice came out unexpectedly hoarse. "Stella, lately I've often dreamed of the past, of when you saved me. I dreamed of you telling me not to be afraid, that everything would be okay. Because of you, I survived. Do you still remember?"

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 26

Chapter 26 Reminisce The Past

Of course, Stella didn't remember any of that.

However, she was very perceptive and had noticed Zachary's unusual behavior today, as well as the way he kept looking at her arms when he first arrived.

Realizing what was going on, Stella pretended to reminisce with Zachary.

"Of course I remember. You were covered in blood, and it scared me to death. I still remember how I forced the car door open to pull you out of the car that was about to explode, and my arms were all cut up. You have no idea how terrifying the scars were after they healed. Thankfully, I had surgery later, and they faded."

Stella was well aware of the details about the injuries on the arm.

She had seen Cecilia that day and later asked her about it.

In the past, Zachary would have believed Stella without hesitation, but now he was full of doubt.

The girl who saved him back then repeatedly told him, "You must be strong."

It wasn't "don't be afraid."

He remembered those words clearly, even now.

After finishing the meal and before leaving, Zachary gave Stella a deep look, filled with meaning. He said, "Stella, after all this time, you should know my temperament well. The one thing I hate most is being lied to."

Watching Zachary leave ahead of her, Stella felt a bit fearful.

But then she reminded herself that Cecilia was already dead.

With no one left to testify, what could Zachary discover? And even if he did, she could just deny it.

Zachary returned to the Sinclair residence and immediately ordered an investigation into what had happened all those years ago.

When Stella first claimed to be his savior, he hadn't looked into it deeply. After all, besides her, no one else had stepped forward to claim they saved him.

But now, he realized....

He could only hope he hadn't been wrong.

Outside Daltonia Villa, Nathaniel sat in his car, lighting one cigarette after another.

Today, he had gone to Cecilia's previous residence, only to find it completely deserted.

He had people searching for Cecilia's whereabouts, but so far, there had been no trace of her.

Nathaniel crushed his last cigarette, feeling a headache coming on.

He

got out of the car, and as he opened the door, a familiar silhouette caught his eye.

Nathaniel's gaze sharpened, and he rushed forward, about to embrace her.

As he moved, the silhouette vanished.

Nathaniel realized he had been seeing things.

Sitting down on the couch, he hid the disappointment in his eyes and rubbed his temples.

He hadn't slept at all last night, and now he was utterly exhausted.

For some reason, he couldn't sleep, even while lying on the couch.

He refused to believe that Cecilia was dead.

How could she be dead?

She was perfectly fine just the night before.

A knock at the door startled Nathaniel, and he quickly stood up to open it..

It was Zachary, holding a thick stack of medical records, looking weary.

"Nathaniel, I've brought Cecilia's medical records from the past few years."

He handed over the medical records.

Nathaniel took them, shocked to find there were over a hundred pages.

He started flipping through the files, seeing that most of Cecilia's treatments had begun three

years ago.

Nathaniel kept turning the pages.

Zachary sat across from him, unable to resist saying, "Nathaniel, Cecilia is really gone. I saw in the records that she suffered from severe depression and was pregnant. A few days ago, she tried to overdose on sleeping pills and nearly died. This time, she chose to slit her wrist, and they couldn't save her."

When Nathaniel heard the word "pregnant," he froze, unable to believe it.

He didn't respond to Zachary and continued flipping through Cecilia's medical reports quickly.

As he turned each page, it felt like a weight was crushing his chest, making it hard to breathe.

However, he said, "Severe depression? Was it my fault? I didn't force her to marry me!"

Then he saw the part condemning Cecillie's pregnancy. By the time it was from their intimate time together

Pregnant!

He didn't

Nathaniel's heart raced at the word in the report that told him she was

pregnant. "Who knows when Tudy was

Hearing this Zachary couldn't help but feel a deep sympathy for Cecilia

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Let It Go

He picked up the tea on the table and drank it all in one gulp. "Nathaniel, she is dead. Let it go."

As the words fell, Zachary realized he had just spoken on behalf of the deaf one.

Nathaniel didn't notice anything unusual about him today and continued to read on.

As he was almost finished, a call came in.

Nathaniel answered. It was his assistant, Mason. "Mr. Rainsworth, I've found out where Calvin

went.

Mason sent the address over.

Nathaniel opened it and saw it was in a remote small county town known as Sparaville.

The name sounded somewhat familiar, but he couldn't recall where he had heard it.

"What's wrong?" Zachary, who was beside him, couldn't help but ask when he noticed Nathaniel. had been silent for a long time.

Nathaniel stood up: "I need to go out for a bit. If there's anything, contact me by phone."

After saying that, he grabbed his coat and headed out without hesitation.

Zachary wanted to ask where he was going, but he saw Nathaniel hurriedly leaving.

He was the only one left in the room.

It was too late, and Zachary hadn't rested well, so he simply decided to sleep here.

Early morning, Nathaniel finally arrived at Sparaville.

The sky was overcast, and the rain was gradually getting heavier.

Mason held a black umbrella as he met Nathaniel getting out of the car.

"Mr. Rainsworth."

"Mm."

Mason led Nathaniel to the countryside of Sparaville, talking as they went.

"We tracked Calvin's route here, and further investigation revealed that Cecilia's nanny lived here when she was young.

Nanny?

In the torrential rain, Nathaniel's eyes darkened as he recalled why the name Sparaville was so familiar.

Cecilia had mentioned it to him more than once!

In their three years of marriage, whenever there was a holiday, Cecilia would anxiously ask him, "Nathaniel, I have something to do. Can I go to Sparaville?"

At that time, Nathaniel didn't care where Cecilia went, nor did he ask what she was going to do in Sparaville.

He always replied coldly. "You can go wherever you want. There's no need to report to me."

Even though he said that, every time Cecilia went anywhere, she would still tell him.

Cecilia didn't like going out much, and most of the time, she came to this place.

Finally, they arrived in front of a dilapidated brick house.

"This is the place." Mason stepped forward and glanced at the door, which was unexpectedly locked. "What's going on?"

He looked back at Nathaniel, who gave him a signal.

A few bodyguards stepped forward and directly broke the door open.

"Wait for me outside," Nathaniel said.

"Yes.

As he entered the house, a wave of dampness hit him. The interior was very run-down, and there was a musty smell.

Cecilia lived in this place when she was little?

Nathaniel frowned and. As he walked forward, his gaze landed on a black-and-white photo on the. square table.

Hisp

contracted as he stepped forward, picked up the photo, and stared at it for a long time, disbelief etched on his face.

In the black-and-white photo, Cecilia was smiling gently and serenely, but there was an endless sadness in her eyes.

Nathaniel's hand holding the photo slowly clenched, then he slammed it down hard!

"Very good! Addicted to acting, are we? A memorial photo! What a joke!"

Nathaniel didn't notice the slight tremor in his voice.

The house was small, with two bedrooms and a living room. It didn't take long to explore it all.

Apart from the furniture, there was nothing else in the house. Nathaniel searched around but found nothing-

Boom!

After the thunder, a flash of lightning illuminated the memorial photo in the room again.

Nathaniel called for Mason to come in. "Find out where Cecilia's nanny went."

"Yes, Mr. Rainsworth."

After Mason left, Nathaniel also told the bodyguards to leave.

He stayed alone, planning to wait for the house's owner to return and clear things up.

That wait lasted an entire day.

By the afternoon, the rain had stopped, and Nathaniel heard the sound of neighbors talking outside.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 28

Chapter 28 Died At A Young Age

"Martha has had it rough. She doesn't have daughters of her own, and the child she raised with such difficulty is gone just like that."

"Isn't it a shame? I still remember Cecilia, such a smart and sensible girl. How could she have passed away so young?"

"The life of the rich isn't all it's cracked up to be. The last time I saw Cecilia, she seemed like a different person, so thin she looked like she could be blown away by the wind."

"Martha and Cecilia always talked about how wonderful her husband was, but that was just deceiving themselves. Three years of marriage, and he never once came back with her..."

As Nathaniel listened to this, he felt a lump in his throat.

The entire day passed without Martha or Cecilia returning.

Nathaniel leaned against a wooden chair, dozing off lightly, only to be startled awake after a short while.

He had dreamed of Cecilia's death again.

When he opened his eyes and looked around, it was dark and silent. Cecilia wasn't there.

In that moment, he truly felt like Cecilia was never coming back.

Late at night, around ten o'clock, Martha's neighbors were brought into her brick house for "questioning."

They were surrounded by a crowd of bodyguards that made the small house feel even more cramped.

"Where are they?"

The people there had never seen such a scene before. They stood nervously with their heads lowered, not daring to look at Nathaniel, who sat at the head of the room with a cold and imposing presence.

"The night before last, I heard Martha crying, so I went to check, and that's when I found out Cecilia had died."

"Young people passing away is never a good thing, so they cremated her and buried her that very night."

Buried that very night...

Nathaniel's dark eyes flickered.

"After the burial, Martha disappeared yesterday..."

1/3

Chapter 28 Died At A Young Age

The others nodded in agreement after hearing this.

Mason then asked them where Calvin was.

The few of them exchanged looks, unsure of Calvin's whereabouts.

They said Calvin was an orphan who was taken away and never returned.

+5 Pearls

At midnight, the heavy rain continued to pour, with the sky lit up by flashes of lightning and filled with the rumble of thunder. The rural roads were awash with mud, making them difficult to

traverse.

“Mr. Rainsworth, how about we go to the cemetery tomorrow?”

After days of running around, Mason was beginning to feel exhausted.

Nathaniel glanced at him.

Mason immediately fell silent, carefully holding the umbrella as he followed behind, but couldn't help wondering to himself.

It was well-known that Mr. Rainsworth doesn't like Cecilia, so why is he putting in so much time and effort to find her now?

Finally, they arrived. Nathaniel immediately spotted the lonely new grave on the hillside.

His throat tightened, and he stopped in his tracks.

After what felt like an eternity, he spoke up. “Dig it up!”

If she was alive, he wanted to see her in person. If she was dead, he wanted to see her body!

He wouldn't believe that Cecilia was dead without seeing her death with his own eyes!

In the pitch-black night, Nathaniel stood with a cold expression, silently watching as the new grave was slowly dug up.

His heart was in his throat. Finally, a bodyguard stepped forward holding an urn.

“Mr. Rainsworth.”

Nathaniel stood straight, his expression unreadable in the darkness.

“Take it back.”

On the way back, Nathaniel was unusually calm.

He was never one to hide his emotions, but today, no one could tell if he was happy or sad.

Despite several days without a decent night's sleep, he still felt no trace of drowsiness as he leaned back in his seat.

2/3

Chapter 28 Died At A Young Age

+5 Pearts

Nathaniel's eyes gazed out the car window at the city where Cecilia had lived as a child, her face filling his mind, her voice seeming to echo in his ears.

"Nathaniel, can you hold me? I'm so cold. Nathaniel, if I died, would you be sad? Nathaniel, I've always wished for your happiness..."

For some reason, his throat suddenly felt tight.

No one noticed Nathaniel's handsome face reflected in the car window, his eyes slightly red at the

corners.

In this world, no one was truly indispensable to anyone else.

When Nathaniel brought back Cecilia's ashes, everyone who knew her believed she was truly

dead.

When they found Calvin, the result was the same.

After a brief moment of sorrow, everyone returned to their normal lives.

However, it was different for Nathaniel.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 29

Chapter 29 He Had Changed

He spent his days and nights working at the company, only pausing to sleep and eat.

Even the personal belongings that Cecilia had left in Calvin's house were retrieved by Zachary on

his behalf.

Zachary clearly noticed that Nathaniel had changed.

Since returning, Nathaniel had become even more silent, as if he were lost in his own world.

Unable to contain his curiosity, Zachary asked Mason, "What's going on with Nathaniel lately?"

Mason shook his head. "I have no idea. Mr. Sinclair, do you think Mr. Rainsworth might actually have feelings for Cecilia?"

Zachary's sharp eyes flickered with a strange light at this.

"Who knows?" he replied before getting into his car and instructing the driver to leave.

Leaning back in his seat, Zachary pinched the bridge of his nose.

If Nathaniel truly liked Cecilia, then why was he so eager to push through the acquisition of Smith Corporation?

He should understand how important that company was to Cecilia, knowing that her father, Regas, had built it from the ground up, and it was something Cecilia held dear.

If he cared for her, why would he have people go overseas to cause trouble for Cecilia's remaining family members?

Zachary wasn't aware that Cecilia had severed ties with Paula and Magnus. He only knew that they were the last of her remaining relatives!

Nathaniel had never treated his women poorly.

When he was with Stella, what didn't she have that others did?

Zachary noticed that Nathaniel was excessively harsh and cruel to Cecilia as if he viewed her as

an enemy.

As these thoughts swirled in his mind, they arrived at a luxurious neighborhood.

Zachary stepped out of the car and glanced around. "This place isn't cheap, is it?"

"At least one hundred grand per square meter," the driver responded.

For Zachary, the cost of the property was trivial.

Yet he understood that most people couldn't afford such a place.

1/3

1705 PU

Chapter 29 He Had Changed

When Zachary arrived, a housekeeper opened the door for him.

+5 Pearls

"Ms. Smith's belongings are in the master bedroom. Mr. Reese said you should take them and leave immediately."

The housekeeper knew the man in front of her was not as innocent as his refined appearance suggested, so she showed no kindness in her demeanor.

Zachary looked at her. "Where is Mr. Reese?"

The housekeeper snorted. "I'm not his attendant. How would I know where he is? He's very busy and has no time to deal with people of questionable character..."

She muttered under her breath as she went about her tasks.

Zachary's assistant, who was following him, was about to reprimand her but was stopped by Zachary,

The assistant found it odd. When had Zachary ever tolerated such disrespect?

Zachary headed straight for the master bedroom.

Inside, Cecilia's belongings were already packed, clearly prepared before his arrival.

Without a word, Zachary began packing the items into suitcases.

Suddenly, his hands froze as his fingers brushed against an intricately designed, emerald dragon pendant.

This jade pendant was a family heirloom, passed down through generations of the Sinclair family. It was the only one of its kind!

Four years ago, Zachary distinctly remembered giving this emerald pendant to the person who had saved his life.

How did it end up here?

Zachary clenched the pendant in his hand, lost in thought for a long time before instructing his assistant to pack the rest of Cecilia's belongings and take them away.

On the way back, Zachary received a call from someone he had assigned to investigate the incident from four years ago.

"Mr. Zachary, we've found out that the person who saved you back then was Ms. Cecilia Smith, the daughter of the Smith family!"

The investigator also sent him some photos that had been painstakingly retrieved from the hospital records of that time.

Zachary looked at the pictures on his phone. Despite the poor quality of the photos, he recognized the bloodied figure in the images at a glance.

2/3

1205 PM

Chapter 29 He Had Changed

Cecilia!

It really was her!

Zachary's hand that was gripping the phone turned pale from the force of his grip.

Scenes of him bullying Cecilia flashed through his mind one by one.

He recalled their second meeting after Cecilia had become Nathaniel's fiancée.

Cecilia had looked at him with such excitement in her eyes. "It's you?"

At that time, he thought she was trying to curry favor, pretending to know him.

Turns out it wasn't that.

+5 Pearls

Later, due to Stella's constant instigations, Zachary increasingly viewed Cecilia as a scheming

b*tch.

No matter the occasion, he would target and mock her at every opportunity.

Yet, Cecilia never mentioned that she had once saved his life.

“Why? Why didn’t you tell me?”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 30

Chapter 30 Not A Big Deal

Zachary clasped his head in frustration and shouted.

The assistant beside him was confused. “Mr. Zachary, what’s wrong?”

Zachary snapped out of it and looked at him.

“Let me ask you something. If someone saved your life and you didn’t know it, and you treated her poorly in return, why wouldn’t she tell you that she saved you? After all, if she told you, you wouldn’t be against her!”

The assistant thought for a moment before replying, “It’s simple. First, maybe she thought I knew who saved me, but when I didn’t ask, she assumed I wasn’t the type to be grateful, so telling me wouldn’t make a difference. Second, maybe she didn’t think saving me was a big deal, so she didn’t feel the need to mention it.”

Saving someone isn’t a big deal, so it didn’t need to be mentioned...

Thinking back, Cecilia had never once brought up all she had done for Nathaniel and everyone around him.

So, she really didn’t care.

Zachary felt as though a sharp thorn was lodged in his throat, causing unbearable pain.

At Seabay Villa, Zachary had just returned when he saw a familiar figure sitting in the courtyard.

“Zach, you’re back.”

Stella stood up and walked toward him.

Looking at this woman, who was once so familiar, Zachary now felt like she was a stranger.

Stella approached him and started to button up his shirt with practiced ease, giving the impression they were a couple.

“You’re all grown up now, and you still manage to be so careless every time...” Stella teased, pretending to be playful.

Yet, Zachary coldly pushed her hand away.

“What do you want?”

Stella rarely acted so attentively unless she had a reason.

Not noticing Zachary’s cold tone, Stella got straight to the point. “Zachary, I heard Nathaniel went looking for Cecilia. How did that

go?

Zachary stared into her eyes. She was feigning innocence.

1/3

Chapter 30 Not A Big Deal

+5 Pearls

“Cecilia has been dead for a long time. Didn’t I already tell you? What are you so afraid of?”

Stella was taken aback and quickly explained, “I’m just curious. After all, the Rainsworth family helped me in the past. Cecilia was at fault, but the Rainsworth family was kind to me. Zachary, what’s wrong? You’ve been acting strangely lately.”

They helped me!

Zachary hadn’t seen any sign that Stella had ever intended to repay the kindness she owed to the Rainsworth family.

Without showing his true thoughts, Zachary handed his coat to the emerald pendant nearby. “Maybe it’s because Dad keeps asking about the emerald pendant. Didn’t I give it to you? Give it back to me, and I’ll give you something else.”

The emerald pendant...

Stella’s expression changed slightly, and she looked a bit uneasy. “I’m sorry, I lost the emerald pendant.”

Lies!

Zachary just calmly observed her, not exposing her secrets. He was curious to see how much longer she could keep up her facade.

That night, when Stella left, Zachary didn't arrange for anyone to escort her home.

As she sat in the minivan, Stella felt uneasy.

"You're dead. Why do you keep causing me trouble? Why didn't you tell me there was an emerald pendant?"

Stella bit her lip.

Boom!

A loud clap of thunder echoed.

Stella jumped in fright, and when she looked out the car window, she saw a familiar building collapsing in the distance, illuminated by a flash of lightning.

The driver spoke up at that moment. "Isn't that the landmark building of the Smith family? How could it be torn down?"

A few days later, Nathaniel personally ordered the complete demolition and reconstruction of the Smith family's building.

It wasn't just ordinary people who couldn't understand. Even those in high society were puzzled.

Was he just throwing away money?

long time, unable to move.

"Nathaniel, why are you doing this?"

Observing Nathaniel, who was sitting silently with his eyes closed, Zachary was unable to hold back anymore and finally spoke up for Cecilia. "Nathaniel, what happened back then had nothing to do with Cecilia. It was all orchestrated by her mother and brother..."