

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 301

Chapter 301 Martha Is Hospitalized

Cecilia also saw the news online but didn’t pay much mind to it. To her, living her life well was of greater importance.

Unable to divorce, and with Nathaniel now suffering from amnesia, Cecilia decided to travel abroad to find Martha and the two children.

The day before she was set to depart, Cecilia received a phone call from Calvin.

“Ceci, Martha is hospitalized,” Calvin said, his tone particularly solemn.

Cecilia’s heart suddenly tensed up. “What happened?”

“The doctor mentioned they were all age-related illnesses, along with lung nodules...” Calvin paused before adding, “At most, she could hold on until after the New Year...”

The New Year was just over two months away.

Cecilia staggered for a moment, almost toppling to the ground.

“I’ll head back right away.”

Interrupting her, Calvin said, “Ceci, I can tell that Martha longs to return to her hometown.”

The older generation may not openly express how much they miss home, but their nostalgia is evident in everything they do.

Choked with emotion, Cecilia said with a sob, “I truly owe her an immense apology. I’ll come to pick her up and take her back to Sparaville right away.”

“I was just about to come back to Clusia to handle a project, so I can bring her along.” Calvin, who also knew about Nathaniel’s situation, added, “The two kids want to come back as well.”

After Martha returned, Cecilia was also uneasy about the two children staying abroad.

Nathaniel had lost his memory and his eyesight, so he likely wouldn’t seek out the two children.

“Could you please bring both children back with you?”

“All right.”

At night, Cecilia just couldn't manage to fall asleep.

After hearing about Martha, she was constantly reminded of her childhood.

In truth, compared to Paula, Martha felt more like a mother to her. The love Martha showered upon her was indistinguishable from a mother's love.

In the early hours of the morning, Cecilia had already risen. She prepared toiletries for Martha and the two children, and also went out to buy groceries.

After purchasing clothes and shoes from the boutique, everything was neatly arranged, all ready for their arrival.

Around noon, Cecilia went to pick them up from the airport.

Ever since their hasty farewell overseas last time, when Cecilia saw Martha again, her hair was full of silver strands and her back had become hunched.

Yet, Martha didn't show any signs of peculiarity. Holding a bag of food, she handed it over to Cecilia.

"Ceci, these were all your favorites when you were abroad."

Cecilia cast her eyes over a bag filled with an assortment of snacks.

Given how Martha didn't speak any foreign languages, it was a mystery how Martha managed to find these delicacies while she was abroad.

She concealed the bitterness in her heart, managing to pull off a smile as she hugged Martha and said, "Martha, you're the best."

Not far away, Calvin was with the two kids, careful not to disturb the pair.

After returning to the rental house, Martha and the two kids took a break in the living room.

Calvin told Cecilia that there was no longer a need for Martha to undergo treatment. Being in the hospital was only causing her even more suffering. It would be better for her to reunite with her family instead.

Cecilia listened in silence. She wanted to say something, but it felt as if a knife had cut her throat, leaving her unable to speak.

"Spend some quality time with her during this period."

Cecilia nodded. "I will. I've already discussed it with the landlord. We'll move out tomorrow and return to Sparaville."

Calvin's gaze fell on her slightly pale face. He wanted to ask her about her affairs with Nathaniel several times, but in the end, all he managed to say was, "How have you been lately?"

Even though Cecilia was aware that Sven might have disclosed everything to him, she still said, "I initially filed for divorce, but unexpectedly, I ended up in a car accident with Nathaniel. His severe injuries resulted in blindness, and he also lost his memory. The court ruled against me."

After hearing everything, Calvin fell silent, feeling that fate was a cruel mistress.

"So, how are things between you two now?"

"It doesn't matter anymore. He said he'd never bother me again."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 302

Chapter 302 You Need To Have Your Own Son

Nathaniel was a man of his word. Since the two of them left City Hall, he never sought out Cecilia again, nor did he mention Cecilia to anyone around him.

At Daltonia Villa, there wasn't a trace of light late into the night.

Crash!

The glass items within the house were shattered all over the floor.

The bodyguard immediately wanted to enter the room. "Mr. Rainsworth, are you all right?"

"Get out!"

A cold scoff echoed.

The bodyguard immediately stepped outside.

Nathaniel stood in the dining room, his hand cut by shards of glass with blood flowing freely.

He seemed oblivious to pain as he fumbled to turn on the faucet, allowing the icy-cold water to wash over his wounded hand.

Over the past few days, he didn't just break things, he also fell quite a few times.

Fortunately, he had memorized the layout of the house, so he wouldn't make the mistake of heading in the wrong direction again.

Only when the blood stopped flowing did Nathaniel finally turn off the faucet and leave the dining room.

He then walked into the living room all by himself and took a seat on the couch.

In the remnants of his memory, Cecilia would sit here, waiting for him to come home from work.

Footsteps echoed from outside the house. Thinking it was the bodyguard coming over again, Nathaniel impatiently said, "Get lost!"

The one who pushed the door open wasn't a bodyguard, but rather, it was Elena.

Gazing into the pitch-black interior of the room, Elena couldn't help but furrow her brows. "Why aren't the lights on?"

Once she finished speaking, she saw Nathaniel sitting inside the room. Only then did she belatedly realize she had misspoke.

After all, switching on the lights wouldn't do a blind person any good.

The room was quite chilly as the heater wasn't on. Upon entering, Elena turned on the heater before making her way to Nathaniel's side.

"Nathaniel, your health seems to have improved significantly. Recently, I've been considering a few young ladies for you. They're all quite wonderful, and they've admired you since they were children. Could you possibly make some time to meet them tomorrow?"

Those young ladies were all just twenty years old.

All of them were young and attractive, the key point being that they had no physical issues whatsoever.

Elena had met them all and found that they were all compliant and easy to manipulate.

Nathaniel's brows furrowed, his eyes full of icy disdain as he said, "Didn't you hear what I said? Get lost!"

Elena was startled by his sudden shout telling her to leave.

“Is this any way to talk to your mother?”

Though it was true that Nathaniel had a difficult personality even before he lost his memory, he had never once raised his voice at her.

Having lost his memory, he was now shouting at her.

Nathaniel’s expression remained utterly unchanged.

“If you want others to respect you, you must first respect them. I won’t meet the women you mentioned. You may leave now.”

Elena initially thought that Nathaniel would become more agreeable after he lost his memory.

Unexpectedly, he only spoke kindly to Cecilia and was even more sharp-tongued and irritable toward others.

“Nathaniel, do you have any idea how chaotic things are at the company right now? You need to have your own son to keep all those distant relatives in check.”

Upon seeing that she refused to leave and was still incessantly talking, Nathaniel stood up and headed upstairs.

Had he not been using his hand to steady himself on the handrail, Elena almost believed that he had regained his eyesight.

Upon seeing that Nathaniel was not responding, Elena had no choice but to leave first.

Once outside, Mason stepped out of the car.

“Mdm. Elena.”

“Has Nathaniel been by himself at Daltonia Villa these past few days?”

Mason nodded. “Mr. Rainsworth didn’t allow anyone to go in and take care of things. I personally delivered all the meals.”

“He can’t even see, so how could he be left alone at home?” Elena was getting a bit frantic.

“In the past few days, Mr. Rainsworth hardly stumbled or bumped into anything. It seems as if he had memorized every nook and cranny of the mansion,” Mason noted. He truly admired Nathaniel.

Elena felt a pang of unease. “Nathaniel has always had a photographic memory since he was little. He would never forget anything, unless he wanted to. But now, he’s actually suffering from amnesia.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 303

Chapter 303 Nothing More Than A Tiny Bug

After losing both his memory and sight, Nathaniel’s temperament became even more irritable. Aside from Cecilia, he never showed a pleasant demeanor to anyone else.

Whenever Elena thought about the way Nathaniel had treated her earlier, she felt particularly anxious. “How do you propose we make him accept others?”

Upon hearing these words, Mason didn’t know how to respond.

“Other than having been involved with Stella, Mr. Rainsworth was married to Cecilia. There were no other women in his life.”

Nathaniel had always prioritized his career. When it came to matters of love and romance, he simply didn’t care anymore.

Had it not been for Mason mentioning Stella, Elena would have completely forgotten about her.

“By the way, where is Stella now?”

Choked with emotion, Mason took a moment before he could reply, “Tudela Psychiatric Hospital.”

Clad in the hospital’s patient attire, Stella stood inside the director’s office at Tudela Psychiatric Hospital with a vacant gaze and her hair in a disheveled mess.

When she saw Elena approaching, a hint of fear flashed in her eyes.

Assuming that Elena was there to find fault against her, she immediately played dumb and stammered, “I’m sorry! It wasn’t intentional! I promise I won’t do it again! I’m sorry...”

Seeing her like this, Elena was somewhat taken aback.

“How did you end up like this?”

Stella didn’t respond, because a few days prior, when Zachary had come over, she had been given a hard time.

If it weren't for her feigning insanity, Zachary would certainly not have let her off the hook so easily.

Elena let out a sigh and turned toward the obsequious director behind her. "Seems I've made a fruitless trip. She's truly lost her mind," she said.

After speaking, Elena got ready to leave.

Seeing that she was about to be taken away, Stella didn't want to be confined with a group. Junatics. Without hesitation, she immediately ran to Elena's side..

"Mdm. Elena, I'm not insane."

Elena paused in her tracks. turning back to look at her.

Stella continued. "I saw the news. If you don't mind. I would like to take care of Nathaniel."

"It was Nathaniel who locked you up here. Don't you resent him?" Elena asked.

Stella shook her head. "I know that Nathaniel has been deceived. Those videos are completely fabricated. I've never betrayed him. I've always loved him."

Regardless of the truth, all Elena wanted was for Nathaniel to be taken care of, preferably with a child of his own.

"All right, then. Get in the car with me."

Since Elena had spoken up, the director found it difficult to keep Stella confined any longer.

Stella then followed Elena out of the psychiatric hospital. Upon seeing the blue sky outside, she felt as if she had been reborn.

Once they were in the car, Elena warned her. "I dont care what happened in the past. You must be completely devoted to Nathaniel in the future."

"I will." Stella nodded in agreement.

After she was confined, she finally understood that even though she had become a star, she was nothing more than a tiny bug in the eyes of the Rainsworth family. They could squash her with ease if they so much as felt like it.

Stella accompanied Elena to Daltonia Villa. Upon learning that Nathaniel was not only blind but also suffering from amnesia, a trace of secret delight crossed her heart.

If he had lost his memory, then he couldn't possibly remember the things she had done. From then on, she could tell him any tale she wanted him to believe.

There wasn't a trace of warmth within Daltonia Villa in the cold weather.

When Stella pushed the door open, she saw Nathaniel sitting solemnly on the couch. His back was straight, his side profile sharply defined, and his eyes were as dark as ink. It was impossible to tell that he was blind.

While she was lost in confusion, Nathaniel finally broke the silence.

"Who's there?"

When Stella saw him looking over in her direction, but not recognizing her, she could confirm what Elena had told her.

-Nathaniel, it's me!

Ever since Nathaniel was discharged from the hospital, he had made a conscious effort to remember the voices of those around him.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Stella, your ex-girlfriend."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 304

Chapter 304 Could You Do Me A Favor

My ex-girlfriend?

Nathaniel furrowed his brows in deep thought.

Stella slowly approached him as she said, "I saw the news, Nathaniel. I know that Ceci wants to divorce you. She had always been selfish since she was a child. You mustn't feel upset because of her."

Originally, Nathaniel intended to send her away immediately, but upon hearing her mention Cecilia, he couldn't help but ask, "Do you know her well?"

"Yeah; she and I attended the same school from elementary all the way to university. I used to visit her house quite often when we were kids."

Stella didn't disclose the fact that she was financially supported by the Smith family.

She approached Nathaniel and took a seat before him, studying him in detail. He still bore the scars on his face, the remnants of a wound inflicted by a car window's shattered glass.

She couldn't help but reach out, longing to touch his face.

As if Nathaniel had a sixth sense, he managed to dodge her hand.

Stella's hand tensed up. "Nathaniel, can I stay and take care of you. Is that okay? Unlike Cecilia, I will never reject you no matter what becomes of you!

Stella was genuinely fond of Nathaniel, and equally drawn to his wealth.

She knew that even if Nathaniel had lost his sight, he was a man no other could ever compare to.

However, Nathaniel declined her offer.

"You can leave now."

Stella's expression tensed up when she heard that.

In the end, she was still driven away by Nathaniel.

At the entrance, Elena's face was full of disdain. "I knew she was useless."

Stella, feeling somewhat embarrassed, couldn't bring herself to approach Elena. Reluctantly, she left the place.

Although Nathaniel had sent her to a psychiatric hospital, the wealth she accumulated during her stardom remained intact.

As soon as Stella stepped out, she contacted her assistant, asking her to come and pick her up.

The moment Stella settled into the car, she made a silent vow to not let Cecilia off the hook.

"Just you wait, Cecilia. I'll be giving you a surprise soon."

After renovating Martha's old house in Sparaville, Cecilia returned there with her and her two children.

Many of the surrounding neighbors had moved out, leaving the area exceptionally quiet and desolate.

In recent days, Martha spent less time asleep than awake. But whenever she was awake, she couldn't help but keep herself busy.

Even though her body was wracked with pain, she still wanted to personally cook for Cecilia and her two children.

She knew that with her death, there would be even fewer people in the world who cared about Cecilia.

The two kids were engrossed in watching television in the living room when Martha and Cecilia brought in freshly cooked ravioli. Just then, they heard the news being broadcasted on the television.

"Orion Corporation is set to hold a shareholders' meeting the next day, with the purpose of re- electing the company's management."

Martha wiped her hands, her eyes drifting over as she listened to the announcer say that Nathaniel would not be attending the shareholders' meeting.

"Life is truly unpredictable."

Cecilia couldn't believe it either. Orion Corporation was, after all, a company that Nathaniel single-handedly established. Yet now, he had somehow lost even his eligibility to attend shareholders' meetings.

Fearful that the news about her divorce from Nathaniel would be seen by the two children, Cecilia changed the channel.

Meanwhile, in Tudela, Elena knew that Orion Corporation was about to fall into someone else's hands, yet she was powerless to stop it.

She called Wren, but he said, "Since Nathaniel can't see anymore, he should retire from his position and let those who are capable take over."

Elena couldn't possibly bear to see everything her son had painstakingly built fall into the hands. of others.

Just at that moment, a phone call came through.

She picked it up and saw that it was Nicholas calling.

"Mom, my surgery went really well, I can come home today."

"Nicholas, could you do me a favor?"

On the other line, Nicholas, who had just exited the operating room and was still lying in the hospital bed, had a gentle gaze that instantly grew cold.

He didn't ask what the matter was. Instead, he simply replied, "Sure."

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 305

Chapter 305 Sue For Bigamy

Elena sat in the car, her gaze fixed on Nathaniel in Daltonia Villa. She turned to Ernest, seated beside her, and asked, "Mr. Ernest, you were the lawyer who handled Nathaniel's case before, weren't you?"

Nathaniel had refused to heed her arrangements, unwilling to form a marital alliance with another family or accept Stella, as Elena had hoped. She worried that his isolation in Daltonia Villa would eventually lead to trouble.

To address her concerns, Elena sought out Ernest, the lawyer who had assisted Nathaniel with his divorce case, to gather more information about his current situation.

"Yes, I was," Ernest replied.

"I'd like to inquire about Nathaniel's current circumstances. Does my daughter-in-law, Cecilia,

any obligation or responsibility to care for him?" Elena subtly hinted at her intentions.

have

Ernest, perceptive as always, quickly understood the underlying meaning of her words. "Of course," he paused thoughtfully. "If you wish, I can help Mr. Rainsworth draft a legal summon that would require Cecilia to take care of him."

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Elena's lips. "Good. I want Cecilia to receive a lawyer's letter today. Can you arrange that?" she asked.

"Certainly," Ernest replied.

Pleased with the response, Elena handed him her business card. "Mr. Ernest, I invite you to join. Orion Corporation," she said, her tone implying a future collaboration.

Ernest, however, did not you, but I don't need it."

ake the card. His smile was polite but distant as he declined, "Thank

Elena barely registered the refusal; her focus was on the outcome she desired. She had achieved her goal. As she stepped out of the car and made her way into the villa, her mind was set on the next steps.

Nathaniel was sitting solemnly in his study, attempting to focus on the documents before him. However, his blindness made it nearly impossible to comprehend their contents, leaving him frustrated. His once sharp mind now struggled to process even the simplest information.

Elena entered the study, her heart heavy as she observed her once brilliant son, now reduced to his current state. Despite the bitterness she felt, she steeled herself for what she had to do.

Nathaniel, I need to talk to you about something," she said, her voice firm.

Nathaniel closed the document he had been struggling to read and turned to her. "What is it?"

"I forgot to mention, Cecilia is two months pregnant," Elena revealed.

Nathaniel's heart sank, his lips tightening in response.

"You two are married, and as the saying goes, a married couple should reconcile quickly. Regardless of any past disagreements, you should be there for her, living life together," Elena continued.

She knew the real reason Nathaniel had agreed to divorce Cecilia was due to his blindness and his ignorance of her pregnancy.

She pressed on, "As a man, it's your duty to take care of your wife and child. I know that even blind, you would never settle for mediocrity"

"I'll arrange for someone to take you to her place. Shower her with affection, and I'm sure she'll change her mind," Elena suggested.

Nathaniel clenched his hand tightly. He was blind and reluctant to go anywhere, but he knew Elena would force him to comply if he resisted. And deep down, he longed to see Cecilia, missed her terribly, and wished he could be with her.

Before Nathaniel could take action, Cecilia received a letter from a lawyer.

Ernest personally delivered it, issuing a stern warning, "Ms. Smith, according to Article 1059 of the Civil Code, spouses have a mutual obligation of support. Mr. Rainsworth has lost his sight due to a car accident, and this is precisely when he needs care. If you do not fulfill your duty, I will sue you on behalf of Mr. Rainsworth."

Cecilia gripped the letter tightly, her anger boiling over. “Did Nathaniel send you?”

Ernest responded honestly, “No, it’s Elena. She hopes you will take good care of Nathaniel and. fulfill your duties as a wife.”

“What if I don’t?” Cecilia countered, her voice filled with defiance.

Ernest smiled, his eyes cold despite the gentleness in his expression. “I still remember your admission of infidelity in court. If you need a reminder, you could ask Vivian for clarity. She knew very well what I was capable of I could have easily landed you in jail for bigamy.”

“Are you seriously considering spending a few years in jail after having the baby?” he added.

As their conversation unfolded, an extended luxury car approached.

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 306

Chapter 306 Reluctant Reunion

Ernest turned to see who had arrived. Mason stepped out of the luxury car, followed by bodyguards and housekeepers carrying various items.

Without another word, Ernest got into his car and left.

Meanwhile, Martha, emerged from the house, her gait unsteady due to the commotion outside. Upon seeing Mason and his entourage, she hurriedly asked, “Who are they?”

Concerned that Martha might catch a cold, Cecilia quickly reassured her. “Martha, go back inside and rest. I’ll handle this.”

“Okay.” Martha nodded, her back hunched as she slowly made her way back to her room. With the front door secured, Cecilia approached Mason and his group, noting the absence of Nathaniel.

The moment Mason caught sight of the dilapidated house, he broke out in a cold sweat on behalf of his boss.

Mr. Rainsworth has been pampered since birth. How did he get used to living here?

“Mr. Sanders what’s going on?” Cecilia questioned.

“Mdm. Elena instructed me to bring all of Mr. Rainsworth’s clothes and personal items here,” Mason explained.

Cecilia's expression hardened. Ernest had been right—Elena was determined to have her take care of Nathaniel, even threatening legal action if she refused.

"Where's Nathaniel?" Cecilia demanded.

"Mr. Rainsworth will be here shortly," Mason replied before directing his attention to the staff, who began moving items toward the house.

"Wait a moment!" Cecilia interrupted, blocking their path. "Nathaniel can't stay here!"

Mason looked troubled. "Mdm. Elena made it clear—if you don't allow him to stay here, she expects you to return to Daltonia Villa to take care of him. And if you refuse, as I'm sure Mr. Ernest has made clear, you could face legal consequences."

Cecilia's frustration boiled over. She felt trapped, with no good options available.

Mason, sensing her turmoil, tried to reason with her. "Ms. Smith—no, Mrs. Rainsworth—please, take care of Mr. Rainsworth," he pleaded. "He's been isolating himself, refusing to let anyone near. He's deeply hurt, and he regrets everything. You may not know this, but he bought back Smith Corporation's building and even rebuilt it to its former glory. It's almost finished..."

Hearing Mason refer to her as "Mrs. Rainsworth" struck a nerve in Cecilia. It was the first time anyone in Nathaniel's circle had addressed her as such. She couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh.

"Mason, you all are so cruel. All these years of marriage, and I've only been recognized as a member of the Rainsworth family now that he's in trouble. Only after he lost his sight do I hear others call me Mrs. Rainsworth. And now you tell me he loves me, just when I've stopped loving him. If you were in my shoes, how would you feel?"

Mason was at a loss for words, unable to offer her any comfort.

As snowflakes gently fell around them, Cecilia, despite her heavy clothing, appeared more fragile than ever. The sight of her standing there, resolute yet weary, forced Mason to reconsider his approach.

"Nathaniel can come if he wants, but this is my house, not his," Cecilia declared firmly. "He's not allowed to bring a single item."

She remembered how, when she married into the Rainsworth family, she was only allowed a single suitcase of personal belongings. Nathaniel had said the same thing back then—Daltonia Villa was his home, and none of her things were allowed inside. Now, she was enforcing the same rule on him.

“But...” Mason wanted to argue, looking at the somewhat shabby old brick house, but Cecilia cut him off.

“If Mr. Rainsworth finds this place beneath him, then he’s welcome to leave.”

Seeing no other choice, Mason reluctantly agreed. He instructed the staff to take only Nathaniel’s clothes, shoes, and essential items. He initially intended to carry the items himself, but Cecilia stepped forward, taking them from him.

“Hand them over to me. Since you’ve entrusted his care to me, from this point onward, no one but him is allowed to enter my home,” she stated firmly.

“All right,” Mason agreed, respecting her wishes. Had it not been for Cecilia’s insistence, he had planned to bring in a renovation team to improve the house.

“When will he arrive?” Cecilia asked.

“Ten in the evening. We still have over four hours left,” Mason replied.