

# **I Died At The Age Of Twenty-seven When I Loved Him**

## **The Most Chapter 10**

Chelsea is almost two months pregnant...

I knew Alexander had known Chelsea for a while, but two months ago, we were still so in love. Back then, he treated me like I was the center of his world. I didn't realize that while he whispered sweet nothings to me, he was already sleeping with her, and now, she was carrying his child.

The night I stumbled upon them nearly kissing in the private room was the first time I felt real disappointment. When Chelsea moved into our house, I knew something was going on. But learning she was pregnant? That hit different.

It hurt.

Suddenly, I couldn't tell if Alexander ever really loved me or if it was all just a lie. The emotions were too much, and the pain in my chest began to swallow me whole. Every breath became agony, like someone was squeezing the life out of me.

But I wasn't about to break down in front of Chelsea and her mom. I forced a cold smile.

"So, you're proud of yourself for getting knocked up by a married man? That's some accomplishment." I shook my head.

"Chelsea, Ms. Harris, you two are a disgrace—ruining someone's family like it's nothing. There's no way you'll have a happy ending. Now get out."

"You'll be the one without a happy ending!" Ms. Harris snapped, jumping up like a madwoman.

She pointed a finger at me, her voice dripping with venom. "You and your brother Daniel were doomed from the start. You're both short lived, just like him!"

That was it.

"You will not talk about my brother like that!"

Her words didn't bother me as much when she called me names, but bringing up Daniel, even after he'd been gone so long—that was too much.

My face hardened. "If it wasn't for Daniel, your daughter would've died at eight years old! He gave his life to save her!"

Ms. Harris sneered and spat on the ground.

“He was a firefighter. Saving people was his job. Even if he didn’t save Chelsea, someone else would’ve done it.”

Chelsea raised her chin arrogantly. “I’m not going to be guilt-tripped. I never asked for any of that.”

There they were, these two women, so unapologetic shameless. I hadn’t tasked them to mourn my brother or even acknowledge him. I just couldn’t wrap my head around how casually they dismissed his sacrifice. And to think that Chelsea—the little girl he died saving—would one day desecrate his grave.

I glanced at Daniel’s urn sitting quietly on the table, my heart aching.

‘Daniel,’ I thought silently, if you knew this is how it would turn out, would you still have saved her?’

Of course, he couldn’t answer. But even without his words, I knew. He wouldn’t have regretted it. He always believed that someone had to do the tough jobs in this world, and he wouldn’t have turned his back on anyone in need.

Still, that didn’t make it hurt any less.

“You’re the short-lived one, not Chelsea,” Ms. Harris barked, dragging me back to the present. “And if you don’t leave my son-in-law alone, I’ll make sure you regret it!”

Chelsea joined in, cradling her belly, smug as ever. “Alexander is mine now, Madeline. Even if you’re dying, I won’t let you keep hanging on to him.”

“Get. Out.”

Right then, Tanya returned with the cotton candy I’d asked for. She’d walked in just in time to hear the last bit of their argument. Knowing what I was going through already, it didn’t take much for her to snap.

She carefully set the cotton candy on the side table and grabbed the trash can, hurling it at Chelsea’s head with all her strength.

“You think being a mistress gives you the right to act so cocky? You’re disgusting! Get out! If you ever come near Maddie again, I’ll kill you!”

The trash can hit its mark. It wasn’t pretty -fruit peels and garbage raining down on Chelsea’s head. Her face turned crimson, chest heaving with rage, while Ms. Harris fumed beside her.

Tanya wasn't done, though. She grabbed a fruit knife off the table, ready for a fight. Her red eyes and trembling hands made it clear she wasn't bluffing. Ms. Harris, as usual, backed down, dragging her daughter away with some half-muttered curses.

"Madeline will outlive all of you!" Tanya screamed at their retreating figures before turning back to me with tear-filled eyes.

She wiped her face and forced a smile, holding up the cotton candy like it was the answer to all our problems. "Here, Maddie. Forget about those crazy b\*tches. You're going to get better, I know it. And this cotton candy? It's going to make everything sweet again."

She tore off a piece and gently placed it in my mouth.

It was soft, sugary, just like I remembered. But instead of the sweetness cutting through the bitterness in my mouth, all I tasted was something awful. It was bitter, like swallowing crushed pills.

It wasn't the cotton candy—it was me. My heart was bitter.

I forced myself to swallow, not wanting to worry Tanya. But I couldn't take another bite.

Tanya noticed and quietly put the cotton candy aside, her eyes misting again.

"Maddie, everything will be okay... right?"

Before I could answer, the door flew open again, and there stood Alexander. He looked disheveled, his eyes red from crying. He stumbled toward me like he was in a daze, clutching my hand tightly.

"Madeline, please... Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me you were sick?"

His voice was shaking, and I could see how scared he was.

"Is it true? You're in the late stages of pancreatic cancer? That can't be true!"

And... our baby? I saw the blood on your dress... Tell me, it's not too late! We're we can young, try again. We can have as many kids as we want!"

I pulled my hand away from him.

The man who was supposed to love me, who was supposed to protect me, had been oblivious to everything. And now he stood here, talking about babies, as if that would fix anything.

"Get away from me."

The disgust in my voice startled him, but I couldn't help it. Knowing he had been with Chelsea made my skin crawl. I could barely stand his touch.

I pushed him away, but he wouldn't let go.

"Madeline, please," he begged, his grip tightening. "We'll find the best doctors, the best treatments. You'll get better, and we'll grow old together. Nothing will ever tear us apart."

Old together? How could he even say that?

I started to gag, the revulsion so strong it made my stomach turn. He finally let go, his hands trembling as he stared at me, lost and confused.

"I don't want anything from you, said, my voice cold and distant. "Not the house, not the shares in your company- nothing."

"All I want is a divorce. Just grant me that one last wish before I die."