

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

## **The Most Chapter 02**

But in the end, he did break it.

The vows we made were still fresh in my mind, but the boy who kissed me in the spring wind was gone.

“Madeline, don’t misunderstand. There’s nothing going on between me and Alexander,” Chelsea said, her eyes red, tears perfectly placed on her face.

“The shower in my room is broken. That’s why I used your bathroom. I’ll take my things and go back to the guest room. Don’t worry, I won’t get in the way.”

She turned to leave, and that’s when I saw it—the lacy lingerie scattered across the bed I shared with Alexander.

It wasn’t mine.

I’d always been conservative in my clothing choices, but this lingerie was bold, seductive—entirely Chelsea’s style.

Even if she only came in to shower, there was no reason to leave her undergarments lying on my bed.

It was clear she hadn’t just used the bathroom.

There was no way Alexander didn’t understand her intentions, but he chose to let her get away with it.

He even seemed to enjoy it.

Crash!

The sharp sound of something breaking pulled me from my thoughts. My eyes snapped to the ground, where my necklace lay shattered.

A flash of malice crossed Chelsea’s face before her innocent expression returned.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to. I didn’t notice it was on the floor and accidentally stepped on it. I really didn’t mean it.”

I stared at the broken necklace, tears welling up uncontrollably.

It had been a gift from my brother.

When I was 17, I survived a near-fatal car accident that turned my world upside down. My brother, determined to help me heal, had heard about a powerful amulet from a local legend. Without hesitation, he trekked up the steep hill to the old

chapel, kneeling to pray at each step. When he returned, he brought me a necklace—a symbol of his unwavering belief that it would protect me on my journey to recovery.

Coincidence or divine intervention, the day after he gave it to me, I woke up from my coma.

Now, standing on the brink of death, that necklace lay shattered.

My brother died a month after giving it to me. He was a firefighter who sacrificed himself to save a little girl.

That girl was Chelsea.

She survived that night because of my brother's sacrifice, yet her family never thanked him. Her mother even said, "It's his duty as a firefighter. I won't be guilt-tripped into gratitude."

Now, the same girl whose life my brother saved was living in my house, destroying his last gift to me.

That necklace could never be repaired—just like my brother could never be brought back. Just like how I couldn't escape my fate of dying before 27.

"I didn't mean it...I'm really sorry..." Chelsea whimpered.

"Get out!"

Hearing her fake sobs, I finally lost control. I raised my hand and slapped her across the face.

"Ugh!"

"Madeline!"

Chelsea was sobbing uncontrollably, feeling like the whole world was against her.

Alexander, clearly worried I might hurt Chelsea again, instinctively pushed me away.

I hadn't eaten; my stomach and back were in such agony that I could barely stand. The weakness overwhelmed me, and with his strong shove, I stumbled and fell to the ground.

“Madeline...”

Seeing me fall, Alexander finally panicked.

He sent Chelsea out of the room and quickly bent down, wrapping his arms around me gently.

“It’s just a necklace. If it’s broken, we can buy another. Why did you have to hit Chelsea?” He paused, searching my eyes. “Can you just stop? Chelsea helped me when I needed it. Now she’s sick, and I can’t just ignore her.”

I felt more and more like a stranger to Alexander.

My husband seemed to have truly moved on.

He knew that necklace meant everything to me, yet he brushed it off so casually for Chelsea’s sake.

Suddenly, I regretted loving him so much back then. Noticing my silence, he thought I was still angry about what happened that night in the private room.

He tightened his grip and softened his tone, trying to calm me. “That night... I just wanted to help Chelsea. She reminds me so much of you when you were younger. Seeing her with those same beautiful eyes, I couldn’t bear to watch her suffer.”

Sure, Chelsea had a vibrant, youthful face that mirrored mine at seventeen.

But hearing Alexander say that didn’t touch me at all; I couldn’t understand.

I used to laugh when I heard about someone looking for a replacement, but now that it was happening to me, it just felt tragic.

I was still alive—why was he looking for someone else?

Being seventeen had its own beauty, and so did being twenty-seven, with its wisdom and experiences. I couldn’t grasp why he needed another girl to remember who I used to be. Really, Alexander was being too hasty. He should have waited another month or so. Let me take my last breath, let my vibrant body turn to ashes, and then he could seek a replacement, a true love, whatever.

But not while I was still here, with him using someone else to reminisce about the past, leaving me with nothing but the remnants of what we had. His actions made my years of love for him feel like a joke.

“Alexander, you should wait a little longer.” I didn’t like playing games, so after a moment of silence, I spoke with a mix of self-mockery and sorrow.

"I'm not lying to you; I'm sick. I might have a month left. You should wait until I'm gone before moving on with Chelsea."

"Are you really cursing yourself just to push Chelsea away?" Alexander's arms around me loosened.

Displeasure and disappointment filled his eyes as he looked at me. "That night, if Chelsea hadn't warned me about the drink, I could've been in real trouble with another woman! She helped me too. Now that she's sick, what's wrong with taking care of her? Why do you have to target her?"

I felt like Chelsea had approached him on purpose that night. Even if she did inadvertently help him, he could support her in other ways, like hiring a caregiver or finding a good rehab center. There was no need to bring her home.

The pain in my stomach intensified, and seeing the coldness in Alexander's eyes made me feel like arguing with him was pointless.

I forced myself to stand up, enduring the sharp pain. "If you can't let Chelsea go, then I'll leave. If I walk out today, I won't come back!"