

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

The Most Chapter 06

He furrowed his brow, and I could see a flicker of rage in his dark eyes. It felt like he was trying to tear my soul apart, pulling me into an abyss.

“How long are you going to keep this up?” he demanded.

“I’m not causing a scene; I really want to talk about us getting a divorce-”

Before I could finish, he snapped. In an instant, his grip tightened around my waist, and his lips crashed down on mine with overwhelming fury.

When I loved him, I was willing to share everything with him. But now, that love had twisted into disappointment, and the intimacy felt like a cruel joke. The scent of Chelsea’s perfume clung to him, and I recoiled at the thought of our mouths mingling.

“Don’t touch me!” I shouted, mustering every ounce of strength to push him away.

But it only seemed to snap him. The harder I pushed, the more ferociously he kissed me. It was as if my lips were a delicacy he couldn’t resist, and he was determined to break me down piece by piece. Even when I tasted blood, he continued, like a desperate wolf cornered, biting down harder.

I couldn’t shake the image of him and Chelsea wrapped up together in that private room. If I hadn’t walked in, their lips would’ve been intertwined just like that. The memory of him tenderly holding Chelsea while my beloved dog lay lifeless was unbearable.

A wave of nausea hit me as he tore at my dress, the sound of ripping fabric pierced my ears, making me tremble in disgust.

“I said, don’t touch me!”

Fueled by anger, I swung my hand and slapped him hard across the face.

He froze, stunned, disbelief flooding his features.

“Did you just hit me? Y–You really don’t want me to touch you?” His voice shook, revealing a vulnerability I didn’t expect.

I kept my distance, on high alert, afraid he might lose control again. Taking a deep breath, I found my voice, “Yes, I don’t want you touching me.”

“Because you’re filthy,” I added, stubbornly standing my ground.

I had always believed in forever—us against the world. But now? Now it felt like everything was crumbling. He had let Chelsea sit on his lap, kiss him, even move into our home. It was too much to bear.

“Filthy?” He seemed to take my words as a blow. He sneered, “Fine. If you don’t want me, I’m not begging.”

With that, he stormed out, slamming the door behind him. My heart twisted painfully, and I doubled over, clutching my

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With that, he stormed out, slamming the door behind him. My heart twisted painfully, and I doubled over, clutching my chest as waves of agony washed over me.

No matter how tightly I hugged myself, the pain wouldn’t subside.

As I stumbled to the bathroom, I could feel the metallic taste of blood rising in my throat. I leaned over the sink, expelling it violently.

It hurt so much!

I remembered the times when I had endured pain before. Back then, Alexander would hold me close, whispering sweet nothings that warmed me against the chill. Even as pain coursed through me, his heat filled me with hope.

But now, sitting on the cold bathroom floor, no amount of self-hugging could bring warmth. The icy grip of despair clawed at me, amplifying my suffering.

When I finally crawled back to bed, sleep eluded me. I stared at the ceiling, counting the seconds until I couldn’t take it anymore and grabbed my phone.

Just as I reached for it, the phone rang.

Seeing Alexander's name, I hesitated but answered anyway.

"Alexander, all I want is this house. I don't want anything else. Let's just get a divorce."

Silence.

Then, I heard Chelsea's whiny voice in the background. "Alex, be gentle..."

My grip on the phone tightened, nearly slipping from my hand.

Hearing them together was like a dagger to my heart.

That night, seeing Chelsea in Alexander's shirt and the intimate items scattered on my bed, I suspected something was off. But now, hearing their passionate whispers confirmed my worst fears, leaving my heart shredded.

I pressed the record button, the phone screen dimming as memories flooded back.

Years ago, when Alexander was just starting to find success, women would throw themselves at him. One time, a college girl fell into his arms. He quickly pushed her away, swearing his loyalty to me.

"Lately, I would never touch another woman, he had promised.

"You hugged her!" I had feigned anger.

He pulled me close and kissed me deeply. "No one but you. You're my everything."

But now, all those promises felt like empty words.

As I pressed the phone closer to my chest, a notification pinged. It was a video from Chelsea.

In it, she sat on Alexander's lap, his eyes filled with desire as he captured her lips in a passionate kiss.

And there it was—a necklace around her neck, the one that symbolized "the one and only."

One week from now would mark our seven-year wedding anniversary. I'd seen that necklace a month ago and had hoped he would surprise me with it. Instead, it was now draped around her neck.

I realized then—I was never his "one and only" after all.

