

Love and Hatred Run Bone-Deep Chapter 01

Three years after my death, Evan Lane still refused to let go of me.

Today was also the third anniversary of his mother's death—Jane Coney had coincidentally died on this day too. He came to my house again and looked around the empty room.

He then shouted at my mom, "Where is Corinne? Is she back?"

My mom, Jemima Brooking, flinched and hid her hands behind her back. She shook her head in confusion and mumbled pitifully, "I don't know. Please just leave me alone."

"Leave you alone?" Evan asked through gritted teeth.

He reached out and grabbed her arm. A stale, cold half of a hardened bun fell from her withered hand to the ground.

Evan crushed it mercilessly under his foot and accused, "If it weren't for you egging her on, she wouldn't have run away. Stop pretending to be all innocent and pitiful!"

"Cori didn't run away!" My mom defended me.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she whispered, "She couldn't come home. She can't come back."

"Three years, and she didn't even come and take a look at me even once!" Evan bellowed. He then spat mockingly, "How heartless can she be?"

My room was arranged exactly as it was three years ago. My photo was still on the table.

Evan picked it up and threw it to the floor violently.

My mom lunged forward to stop him while crying out, "That's the only remaining photo I have of Cori! Give it back to me! Give it back!"

Her cries of anguish fell on deaf ears. Evan tore my photo to pieces ruthlessly. My mom sobbed inconsolably as she clutched the torn pieces to her chest.

This wasn't enough to quell Evan's rage. His bloodshot eyes soon landed on my desk, and he was ready to cause more damage. However, my mom shoved him away like a madwoman.

Trembling all over, she shouted at Evan hysterically, "Don't touch Cori's things! You're on the same side as those who killed her! You all caused my daughter's death!"

Evan stumbled back a few steps from the force. As he looked at my mom's bloodstained hands, he was stunned and unable to respond.

Just then, his phone rang, and Cecilia's sweet voice came through the speaker. "Evan, where are you? Come help me pick out a wedding dress. Peter's here too. The three of us haven't gotten together in ages."

Evan softened his tone and replied, "Alright, I'll be right over."

Before he left, he gave my mom one last warning. "She'd better be dead, or I'll make sure she suffers a fate worse than death!"

My mom stared blankly at his retreating figure and muttered, "Cori is dead."

Yes, I was dead.

Three years ago, when he was in a coma after a car accident, I had already been killed. It was his childhood sweetheart, Cecilia Rachlin, and most trusted bosom friend, Peter Hoffman, who dismembered my body.

Peter even suggested using my femur to make a bracelet as a gift for Evan. He wanted me to witness Evan ending up with someone else and that I would never find peace, even in death.

When Peter said that, his eyes were filled with unbridled excitement. He hated Evan and couldn't wait to see his reaction once he found out about the truth.

Peter had always been like that. His childhood jealousy had grown into a sick and twisted sense of resentment. He despised Evan's perfect life and wanted to destroy him.

Cecilia agreed.

After dealing with me, they turned to Jane and my mom, who had witnessed the entire crime.

It was my birthday that day, and Jane had invited my mom over to celebrate. She said that even though Evan was still in a coma, they shouldn't neglect me. They had brought some groceries and came to my house, where they witnessed my murder when they arrived at the doorstep.

Cecilia was still hesitating about what to do when Peter walked over to them ominously, holding a bloodied hammer.

Jane died on the spot and was dragged into the garage. My mom, barely alive, crawled slowly and desperately out the door. She tried to get help.

The long trail of blood on the ground was horrifying.

My femur was removed, and the rest of me was left in a pile with Jane's corpse.

And just like that, two living people were reduced to a heap of trash in no time.

Peter ignited the car's gas tank. Flames shot up, and the explosion engulfed everything in its wake, burying the truth.

My birthday had become Jane's death anniversary—it became my death anniversary too.