

Chapter 10 Death Never Arrives Unannounced

On the balcony, a cold breeze blew through.

Julia's thin, bony hand moved slightly, just slightly.

For the first time, she felt that Robert was so cruel.

Torturing her body is not enough for him, so he wants to torture her heart. How little does he care about her? Knowing that she was deeply in love with him, he still walked up to her and told her that he is getting married...

"Next Monday, I will hold a grand wedding for Lauren to make up for the sin you committed in the first place." Robert walked up to her and threw a wedding invitation directly at her.

Julia looked at the invitation on her body, raised her eyes to look at him, and her eyes trembled slightly: "Sin? The biggest sin in my life is... loving you."

In her life, she has done right for everyone, but is only sorry for herself.

Robert's eyebrows furrowed more tightly; a touch of disgust rose under his eyes: "You really know how to find excuses for yourself."

Finished, he looked at Julia's skinny body. He was stunned, but then he remembered that she bought blood packets at the hospital in order to get his attention.

"You think I'll be touched if you looked like this? Who will be

interested in you if you are so skinny and bony like a skeleton?"

Julia listened to his words, her throat tightened, and she forced a smile: "I don't need others' interests."

"Then why do you want me to be a loving husband who holds your hands, hugs, and loves you like an ordinary man?" Robert would not rest until he poked the sore point in her heart.

Julia looked at his heartless face and her pale lips parted slightly.

She wanted to say, because I love you.

The words came to her tongue, but she swallowed them back, and only said: "I just casually said it, no reason."

Those words alone had drained all her strength.

Robert saw her indifferent look and was not interested to stay.

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Not long after Robert left, the sound of an ambulance rang through Smith's old mansion.

Julia's body was plugged with various medical appliances, she was wearing an oxygen mask, and her pale fingers were clutching the wedding invitation tightly.

David grabbed her hand and sobbed uncontrollably.

"Julia, don't be afraid, I'm here."

Julia looked at him in a trance, using all her strength to stuff the wedding invitation into his hand, her pale lips slightly open, unable to spit out a sound.

David gently kissed her hand, his whole body trembling: "Julia, no."

Julia shook her head over and over again and reached out to take off her oxygen mask.

David's eyes were scarlet, not wanting her to have a last wish at the last moment. He took off her oxygen mask.

Julia clutched his hand tightly, and she slurred the words, "The Smith's, all of it, please give it to him..."

"Also, attend his wedding for me, and tell him," Julia thought of Robert's questions before he left, her eyes trembling slightly, "because I..."

Love him, three words, she couldn't finish it.

Her hand fell, so did the invitation letter.

"Beep -" the ear-piercing sound of electricity, the lines on the electrocardiogram, have become straight, no slightest rising and falling.

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Monday.

Robert's wedding was held at the sacred and solemn St. Paul's Cathedral, where he was dressed in a meticulously

custom-made suit and was in high spirits.

After four years, he is finally making up for his mistake, and now it's time to be happy.

In the church, the bride is in a white wedding gown, beautiful and pure, eyes with love.

Robert's eyes, however, swept all around the church but did not find that disgusting figure, frowning.

He has sent the invitation, how dare she not come?

Just then, the door of the church was pushed open and a man in a black suit with a white rose on his collar appeared.

"I am Julia's attorney and have come to announce her will..."