

My Love Brought Me to My Death

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Chapter 1

“That jealous woman hasn’t come over to kick up a fuss. Has she learned her lesson and is nally obeying my rules?”

“I knew it. She’s the type who needs to be punished before she learns her place.”

But Lucas, Xander’s assistant, suddenly stiened up.

“Mr. Foster, I don’t think... Mrs. Foster has been released just yet.”

Xander’s expression wavered momentarily, but he soon schooled his face again. “That’sne. Let her re ect on her actions for a few more days.”

Lucas looked like he had something to say but did not know how to breach the topic. In the end, he said, “Mr. Foster, a foul smell is coming out of the room where Mrs. Foster is locked up. Shouldn’t you... take a look?”

Xander’s voice turned cold. “A foul smell? That’s normal. Susan is the type to do whatever it takes to live. To ensure her body is still functioning, she’ll even eat her own excrement and drink her own urine, then redigest them. How can the room not smell vile?”

Lucas wanted to say something else, but Lucas interrupted him with a disgusted scowl. “I don’t want to talk about it anymore. I’ll let her out tomorrow. It’s been days since she’s locked up, so she should have learned to behave. If she apologizes to Grace after she’s out, I’ll look past this.”

Right after hished speaking, Grace walked in barefooted.

Xander’s gaze instantly turned gentle.

“Do you still have nightmares, Grace? Don’t worry, I’ve already punished Susan. I’m going to make her experience tenfold your suffering.”

He hugged Grace and gently caressed her hair.

“You’re so nice to me, Xander.” Grace buried her head in his arms and pouted. “Susan must have learned her lesson by now. I just want her to apologize to me. I never wanted her to be punished. She won’t blame me for it, will she?”

As I watched them with each other, I laughed, but my laughter did not alert anyone.

After all, I was dead.

At thenal moment of su ocation and despair, my soul came out of the cramped and scary luggage bag.

I could see that the surface of the luggage bag was already soaked through with blood.

I could even see a lock over the closet containing the closet as if it wanted to trap the person inside forever.

Even after I became a ghost, I was so terried by the su ocating sight that I shut my eyes.

Meanwhile, Xander was still cooing at Grace to comfort her.

“Did you have another nightmare? Don’t worry. I’ll stay by your side forever.” He caressed Grace’s face gently. “I’m sorry you had to go through that, Grace.

“Did you know that Susan even ate her excrement and drank her urine just to survive? She treasures her life so much but would hurt you! I have to make her pay!”

I was so stunned when I heard this that I could not even cry.

Xander was right. I did want to live.

The luggage box was small. In order to stu me inside, Xander broke my hands.

I endured the pain to escape. When I discovered that it was useless, I did my best to conserve my stamina to pass the time.

But before he stu ed me inside, he forgot that I was pregnant.

Being bent over for a prolonged period of time meant that I was putting pressure on my stomach. I was in great pain, and I lost control over my emotions, but I could do nothing about it.

During my last moments alive, I felt a great urge to live.

I screamed, struggled, and used my toenails to try to dig open the zipper so that I could live, but all he did was say cruelly, “You’re not a mother? Grace would have felt even more helpless. Su er inside and learn to behave.”

I could only shoulder all the crimes that I did not commit so that he would spare me. Then, as bloodwed down between my legs, I lost my strength.

In my daze, I heard him say, “She’s too noisy and still doesn’t understand my rules. Lock her up and let her re ect upon her actions in silence.”

I pleaded to be let out with a hoarse voice, but it did nothing. All I could do was hear the lock being placed over the closet.

Then, I heard nothing else.