

Swindled By Hubby Who Faked His Death

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Chapter 1

"Are you Max Chase's wife? Your husband suffered a brain hemorrhage and, despite our best efforts, he passed away an hour ago."

Half an hour earlier, I received a call from a private hospital near our home and rushed over, only to be greeted with the news of my husband's death the moment I walked through the door.

Beside me, my son, Evan Chase, had already been waiting. His eyes were red and swollen as he looked up at me.

"Mom, Dad... he's gone."

I stared at the figure being wheeled out, covered in a white sheet, and then at my son, devastated beside me. It felt like a dream, unreal and suffocating.

In my previous life, seeing Evan like this had broken my heart. Tears in my eyes, I had pulled him into my arms, trying to comfort him.

"Don't worry, Evan. Even if it's just the two of us, I won't let you suffer. I promise."

But only days after Max's death, the debt collectors had come knocking. That's when I learned the truth—my husband had racked up nearly a million in gambling debt.

I kept it all from Evan, not wanting him to worry. Quietly, I sold the house my parents had left me in Bellavaus at a fraction of its worth. I borrowed from every relative and friend I could, just to scrape together enough to pay off the debt.

Evan was in his final year of high school, the most critical time for his education, and it was also when expenses were highest. On top of that, he had grown used to spending lavishly, always buying designer clothes without a second thought. My salary alone wasn't enough to cover rent and living expenses.

So I took on three jobs, working day and night. I lived off instant noodles and pickles, while making sure Evan had expensive and nutritious food to nourish his body. I even hired him private tutors, each session costing hundreds.

Yet, in the end, when I lay on that hospital bed, fighting to hold onto life, I overheard a conversation between my son and a nurse.

"The patient is in critical condition. We need her family's consent to proceed with surgery. She has a strong will to live, and there's still a chance she could survive."

Summoning every bit of strength I had left, I struggled to breathe, desperate to cling to whatever hope I had of staying alive.

But my beloved son of over twenty years, the child I had sacrificed everything for, replied in the coldest voice imaginable, "There's no need. We don't have the money for surgery."

Though my eyes were closed, I could hear every movement around me.

Why would my son say that? We might not have been wealthy anymore, but I had worked hard for years to rebuild our savings. Just three days earlier, I had given Evan a bank card with 30 thousand dollars on it, to help him with a down payment on a house.

The nurse hesitated, sympathy evident in her voice as she asked again, "Are you sure you don't want the surgery? The entire cost won't exceed eight thousand. You could borrow from family and friends to cover it for now."

But my son cut her off, irritation lacing his tone. "There's a chance she could survive, but that doesn't mean she will. Why should I waste eight thousand on a surgery that might not even work?"

The nurse sighed deeply. Without a family member's consent, the hospital couldn't perform the surgery.

I was transferred to the intensive care unit for what they called "conservative treatment," but it was nothing more than waiting for death.

Lying there, I couldn't wrap my mind around it—why would my son give up on my surgery over a mere eight thousand? I had sacrificed everything for him.

It wasn't until the final moments of my life, during a brief moment of lucidity, that I managed to open my eyes. And there, standing by my bedside, was my son.

As the heart monitor began to weaken, I saw a flicker of excitement on his face. He eagerly reported the situation to someone on the other end of the phone.

"Dad, she's about to go. You and Aunt Rena should get ready. Bring the money back to the country."

"Also, I bought insurance for her worth tens of thousands. Once she's gone, we'll collect close to one million."

The voice on the phone was unmistakable—it was my husband's, the same man who had supposedly died six years ago. And the "Aunt Rena" my son spoke of was none other than Max's childhood sweetheart.

Unaware that I could still hear him, my son continued, pride evident in his voice as he discussed their future plans.

"It's been so suffocating these past few years, having to pretend in front of Mom. If it weren't for her, I'd have flown abroad and lived as a rich heir a long time ago."

"But at least her death isn't going to be for nothing. We'll get another one million. I've had my eye on that house in Bellavaus for a while, and now I can finally get it as a bonus."

A single tear slid down my cheek as everything became painfully clear.

The so-called debts? They were a scheme—a trap orchestrated by my husband and his mistress to cover up their money-laundering operation with fake accounts.

And the son I had poured my heart and soul into, the one I had protected even at the cost of my own life, had known the truth all along. He had been their accomplice, working in secret with them.

My husband and my son—two of the people closest to me—had plotted against me, leaving not even a scrap of my life unscathed.