

Chapter 4

"Grayson, you're already married to Belle, and you have a child together now. You need to get your priorities straight," his mother said sharply.

"Go and bring Belle back. Apologize properly. As for your sister, I'll handle her. All this nonsense she's been spouting is nothing but the ramblings of a confused mind," she added, putting an end to any argument.

"Belle is still your wife, no matter what. Right now, she doesn't know what's going on, and you shouldn't be here. You should be out there finding her and bringing her back," she pressed, her expression darkening as she looked at the pair of them.

My heart grew colder with every word. So I was the only one kept in the dark? The sickening relationship between Grayson and Alice—was I the only fool who didn't know?

And now they wanted to keep deceiving me? I stared at these familiar faces, which now felt so alien and repulsive, and I couldn't help but feel disgusted.

If the accident hadn't happened, would they have kept lying to me my entire life?

"Mom, I'll apologize to Belle," Grayson said, his tone reluctant. "But right now, Alice's health is more important. Belle has already been found, and she's fine. She's back at her family's home and doesn't want to see me right now. I'll go get her once Alice's condition is stable."

"Grayson, this is unacceptable! You need to go find Belle immediately," his mother snapped.

Clearly, she didn't know that I was already dead. None of them did. They all thought I was still alive.

"Mom," Grayson said impatiently, "I already told you, I can't leave Alice right now. If you're worried, I'll call Belle. But I'm not leaving."

With a look of annoyance, Grayson dialed a video call.

In our seven years of marriage, Grayson had rarely called me, let alone made a video call. I was always the one calling him—always the one waiting, hoping he'd answer, only to be ignored or hurriedly dismissed.

Who would've thought I'd have to die to see him take the initiative to call?

His mother furrowed her brow, her concern evident. "She's pregnant, after all. She was caught in an earthquake. Who knows if something happened to her?"

The call connected, and the woman on the screen was me—or at least, she looked just like me.

I stared at the video, my eyes wide. It took a long moment before I realized that this woman wasn't me. She looked uncannily similar but wasn't me.

"Belle," his mother said, "we're all concerned about you. Don't be so unreasonable. Come back. I'll pretend none of this happened."

Grayson, clearly annoyed, tilted the phone so his mother could see the screen. Then, before the woman on the other end could respond, he hung up.

"She's fine," he said coldly. "She's always been lucky. This is just one of her old habits flaring up again. Ignore her for a few days, and she'll come to her senses."

The icy indifference in his voice sent a shiver through me. I couldn't believe these words were coming from the man I'd shared my life with.

The man I'd shared a bed with couldn't even tell if the woman on the screen was me.

His blatant favoritism toward Alice and his utter disregard for me were undeniable. He wouldn't spare even a shred of concern for me, but for Alice, his devotion was shamelessly obvious.

If she so much as frowned or coughed, he'd spring into action as though the sky was falling.

Once, during a thunderstorm, when the rain poured heavily, Alice called him in tears, saying she was scared. Without hesitation, he left my side, even though I was burning with a high fever, and stayed with her the entire night.

The next morning, when my fever had subsided somewhat, I confronted him in anger. But he only looked at me coldly and said, "Stop being unreasonable."