

# **I Died At The Age Of Twenty-seven When I Loved Him**

## **The Most Chapter 01**

Day 10 of my silent war with Alexander, and he walked through the door with a college girl named Chelsea.

Barely 19, she was delicate like a spring blossom, radiating a vibrancy I once knew. To him, she was the apple of his eye, while I was just a shadow. He let her smash my good luck charm, kill my dog, and even desecrate my brother's grave—all to "teach me a lesson" in his cruel game.

With each betrayal, my heart shattered further. The weight of despair pressed down on me until I finally reached my breaking point. I asked for a divorce, my voice trembling with grief.

In a flash of anger, he bit my lip, frustration evident in his eyes. "How long are you going to keep this up?" he demanded, a storm of emotions swirling within him.

But I never told him... I was dying.

"Alexander..." I rushed home from the hospital, barely managing to call his name before tears streamed down my face.

I was sick—stage four pancreatic cancer.

The doctor told me I had at most a month left to live. Just thinking about it made the tears flow uncontrollably.

Alexander and I hadn't spoken in ten days, but now I didn't want to fight anymore. I longed to hold him close.

At 27, my life was already slipping away. I didn't want to waste my remaining time in a bitter cold war between us. I wanted to say goodbye properly to the man I loved.

When I arrived at our house, I couldn't find him, but I did see Chelsea emerging from our bedroom.

She wore nothing but Alexander's oversized white shirt, her slender legs exposed, the neckline wide open, revealing flashes of her pale skin. It was both provocative and intimate.

I froze.

I couldn't believe that in just ten days, Chelsea had moved in.

What shocked me even more was how Alexander—who had always been so particular—allowed her into our bedroom, even letting her wear his clothes.

He used to hold me in his arms, whispering that his clothes were meant only for me. He had sworn he'd love me for a lifetime, forever unchanging and faithful.

But here I stood, still alive, and he had already welcomed someone else into our home, into our life. She wore his shirt and walked in his slippers, as if they shared an unbreakable bond while I stood outside, utterly irrelevant.

The fight between us had started because of Chelsea.

That night at the bar, I had seen her sitting on his lap, their lips dangerously close.

He claimed it was just a game. Chelsea had lost a dare and didn't want to kiss anyone else, so he had to "help her out."

I couldn't understand. I was angry and hoped he'd comfort me, but instead, he accused me of being irrational.

Disappointed, I stormed out and checked into a hotel, thinking he'd come after me.

But ten days passed without a single call.

This morning, I collapsed in excruciating pain while making breakfast. When I woke up, the doctor informed me I was pregnant -and terminally ill. The cancer had spread, making surgery impossible.

Lost in thought, I suddenly heard Chelsea's voice.

"I'm not feeling well. I had surgery to remove polyps from my gallbladder, and it's been so painful..."

"Alex didn't want me to stay alone while recovering, so he insisted I move in so he could take care of me. You don't mind, do you?"

I couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity.

Removing gallbladder polyps is a simple procedure. Painful? Maybe. But nothing compared to terminal cancer.

No one was worried about my pain.

For the first time, I seriously considered divorcing Alexander.

"Please let me stay," Chelsea said, her sweet voice dripping with manipulation.

My stomach churned as another wave of pain hit me. I glared at her and said coldly, "Get out of my house."

As soon as I spoke, Alexander appeared from the master bedroom, a bathrobe wrapped around him, droplets of water still glistening in his hair. He had just showered.

His disapproving gaze fell on me. "Chelsea helped me through a rough time. She's sick now and has no family in the city. There's plenty of space here. What's the harm in her staying for a few days? Madeline, when did you become so cold-hearted?"

A sharp pain spread from my abdomen to my chest, making me double over.

We'd been together for over a decade. Everyone knew how deeply he once loved me. I never imagined he would accuse me of being cold-hearted for the sake of another woman.

Disappointment and agony swallowed me whole, making each breath feel torturous.

I didn't want to cry in front of someone who had betrayed me. But when I opened my mouth, my voice cracked, choked with emotion. "A—Alexander, I'm sick too."

He paused for a moment, and for a fleeting second, I saw a flicker of concern in his dark eyes.

But it vanished as quickly as it came. His perfect face turned indifferent, annoyed.

"Do you always have to compete with Chelsea? Are you done being irrational, Madeline?"

So that's what I was to him—irrational. Even when I told him I was sick.

I stared up at his beautiful, unrecognizable face, memories flooding back to the days after my brother passed.

Alexander was 18 back then. He couldn't bear to see me sad, so he did everything to make me smile again.

He carried me on his back, running through the spring breeze, holding me under the stars as he made promises. He said he would love me for a thousand years, that he'd never let me be sad.

If he broke his promise, he'd swallow a thousand needles.