

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

The Most Chapter 11

I was once a brilliant young woman, full of promise. When Alexander first started his business, even though he didn't want me to work too hard, I still ran around helping him every step of the way. Alexander Enterprises flourished not just because of him, but also thanks to my efforts. If we ever split, I'd have a right to half of what we built together.

But now, with death looming, none of that matters. I don't need his shares. I just want to divorce him, take our house, and donate some money to the Sunrise Orphanage. I have no use for anything else.

Maybe people get a sense when the end is near. Today, I feel weaker than ever. I need to finalize the divorce before it's too late.

The house? Forget it. The money? Doesn't matter anymore. I have something far more valuable—my jewelry collection. Even if I sold them for half their worth, they would still bring in millions, enough to support the orphanage for years.

"Is getting a divorce from me really what you want?" Alexander's eyes were red, filled with disbelief and shock, like it wasn't him who betrayed our years. together, but me who had let him down.

I almost laughed. What right does he have to look so hurt? If he truly loved me, how could he have cheated? How could he have left me shattered? He doesn't love me. So why pretend?

My patience was wearing thin.

"Alexander," I said coldly, "I told you already, I think you're disgusting."

"Cheating men... honestly, they're vile. You make me sick." I felt nothing but disdain as I looked at him. "If I can't divorce you before I die, I'm afraid you'll taint my next life."

"I didn't cheat..." He grabbed me so tightly it hurt, desperate, panicked.

I turned away in disgust, gagging.

"Alexander, you're hurting me. And you're making me sick again."

He froze, his eyes swimming in a sea of pain. The love and affection he once showered on me were gone, replaced by a deep sense of helplessness.

Still, he wouldn't let go. He tried to grab my hand again. "Madeline, I swear, you're the only one in my heart. I only helped Chelsea because she reminded me of you, back when you were 17."

"You really know how to make someone feel sick, don't you?" I pulled my hand away. "How exactly does Chelsea remind you of me? The 17-year-old me would never have become the other woman, let alone betray the person who saved her life."

"So tell me, how is she anything like me?"

Alexander reached for my hand again, but this time Tanya had enough. She stormed over, slapped him hard across the face. "Get out! You heard her—she said you make her sick!"

Tears welled up in Tanya's eyes as her voice broke. "A—Alexander, you made promises to her. You stood at her

brother's grave and swore you'd never hurt her, never betray her. She's dying of cancer, and you're out there with another woman, acting like she's already gone! What happened to your vows? Madeline wants a divorce. If you have even a shred of decency left, you'll let her go."

"I won't divorce her..." Alexander's voice was barely a whisper, his face ashen, lost in denial.

"Alexander, it's time. Let go." I said softly, then added, "You've already got Chelsea..."

Before I could finish, his phone rang. He glanced at the screen—it was Chelsea's mother, Ms. Harris. Worry flashed across his face, and he answered quickly.

"Mr. Alexander, you need to come quick! Chelsea's on the roof—she says she's going to jump! That blogger stirred up people against her, and now she's severely depressed. Please, save her!"

Alexander's face turned pale with fear.

"Madeline," he said, his voice trembling, "I promise, I'll come back right after. But I can't let her jump."

I didn't respond. I just closed my eyes, exhausted. Chelsea wasn't depressed. Not from what I saw earlier today. And

Alexander? He wasn't coming back to me, not this time, not ever.

He rushed out of the room without waiting for my reply, his mind already on saving Chelsea.

“Bastard!” Tanya spat, glaring at his retreating figure. Her anger soon gave way to tears, streaming down her face. “If your brother were still alive, he’d beat the hell out of him for treating you like this.”

She collapsed into my arms, crying. “I should never have supported your relationship with him. You deserve so much better. Maybe if you hadn’t been with him, you wouldn’t be so sick or in so much pain.”

I held her gently, rubbing her back.

“Don’t cry, Tanya. You know how beautiful you are. If you keep crying, you’ll ruin that pretty face of yours.”

Tanya sobbed harder. “How can you not be angry? How can you not be sad?”

“I’m not sad about Alexander leaving,” I said quietly. “I’m just disappointed I might not be able to divorce him before I die. Promise me one thing, Tanya—don’t let him come to my funeral. I don’t want his filth anywhere near me.”

Tanya pushed me lightly, her tears still flowing, then quickly pulled me back into a hug. “You can’t talk like that, Madeline! If you do, I swear I won’t be your friend anymore!”

I wanted to tell her the truth—th

wouldn’t last much longer. Bi

so distraught, I held the words back.

g her

Suddenly, my phone buzzed. Chelsea had sent me another video. I opened it, and my heart sank. She had hired someone to dig up my brother’s grave. His urn had been shattered, and his ashes... they had been dumped into a river.

I watched, frozen, as the video showed them gathering some of the dirt and remains around the grave and putting them back into the broken urn. My brother’s ashes were long gone, washed away with the current.

I had failed to protect him, even after all these years.