

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

The Most Chapter 12

It hurts so much...it hurts so much!

I clutched my chest, unable to straighten my back. I just couldn't wrap my head around it—my wonderful brother, gone all these years, and now his ashes were being, tossed around like trash!

“Bitch!”

Tanya had seen the video too. She wasn't one to curse, but seeing my brother's ashes so cruelly scattered into the river made her shake with rage; she looked like she wanted to tear Chelsea apart.

“Daniel saved her life! How could she treat him this way?”

Tanya picked up a nearby fruit knife, fuming, “I go kill that bitch!”

I felt the same rage; I wanted Chelsea to pay dearly. But more than that, I just wanted to find my brother's ashes and give him a proper resting place.

Where could I even

brother's ashes?

looking for my

With a confused mind, I rolled off the bed. “I need to find my brother...”

I moved quickly, but my body was weak and trembling, and before I could get to the door, I clumsily collapsed to the floor.

“Madeline!”

Seeing me fall, Tanya forgot about Chelsea and rushed to my side, wrapping her arms around me tightly. “Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself? Don't worry, I won't let that bitch get away with this!”

“I need to find my brother...”

I didn't even know what was happening to me. It felt like all my blood rushed to my head, and everything around me faded out. I could barely hear Tanya's voice behind me.

All I could think about was finding my brother.

I regretted marrying Alexander more and more. I knew Chelsea was wicked and deserved the worst, but I also understood that if it weren't for Alexander's indulgence, she wouldn't have moved into our home or gone to the foot of the mountain, where my brother's remains were treated so horrifically.

In the end, I loved the wrong person. I shouldn't have loved Alexander. I definitely shouldn't have dreamed of growing old together.

"Brother..."

I struggled to get up off the floor. I had to go to that river to find him.

But a thick, red mist clouded my vision. Everything felt drenched in crimson, and I could hardly see the way ahead.

Feeling a wetness in my palms, I realized, oh, the blood mist was so heavy because I was spitting blood.

It felt like I had turned into a stream, my blood flowing endlessly from my mouth, refusing to stop.

"Madeline, why are you spitting so much blood?"

Maybe I had expelled all the blood from my head and ears, because I faintly heard Tanya's voice breaking with tears.

"Please, Madeline, stop! Don't bleed anymore!"

"Doctor! Madeline is bleeding a lot! Please, come help her! I beg you to save her..."

I trembled, raising a shaky hand to try to comfort Tanya.

I wanted to say, "T-Tanya, don't cry. I'm not in pain."

After coughing up blood, I felt like the pain was gone.

And there was my brother.

He looked just as I remembered him- handsome and bright, like a ray of sunshine, standing tall and strong. He smiled as he walked over, gently took my hand, and said, "Madeline, let's go home."

Finally, I could go home with my brother. It was the most beautiful thing in the world, and I was so happy. Tanya, you don't need to cry...

But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't reach out to touch her face or wipe away her tears.

All I could do was silently tell her, "Tanya, stay well. You deserve to be happy and live a long life."

We'll meet again in eighty years.

With that thought, I turned and held tightly onto my brother's hand...