

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

The Most Chapter 14

Chapter 14: The Past

I quickly watched the three videos left behind.

In the first video, Chelsea was sitting on my lap, and I kissed her roughly, my anger spilling over. Around her neck was the necklace I had originally bought for Madeline—the one and only. But I felt nothing for Chelsea. That night, I kissed her just to spite Madeline. Earlier, in our bedroom, Madeline had looked at me with disgust. I wanted to prove to myself that I didn't need her, so when Chelsea climbed onto my lap, I put the necklace on her and kissed her out of frustration.

That's all it was—a kiss. But I never imagined that Chelsea had recorded it and sent it to Madeline. At that point, Madeline was already gravely ill, and her hope in me had long faded. Seeing this video must have shattered what little she had left.

Then I played the second recording. In it, Chelsea was telling me to “be gentle,” followed by her exaggerated, fake moaning. Hearing that cringeworthy performance made my chest tighten painfully. I hadn't slept with Chelsea, not once. The fact that she would manipulate something so intimate, fabricating sounds to lead Madeline into believing I betrayed her, left me speechless. No wonder Madeline recoiled at the thought of me being around Chelsea.

The third video filled me with rage. Chelsea had the audacity to mock my beloved Madeline, calling her a “dead woman walking.” Worse, she lied to her, claiming she was pregnant with my child.

Suddenly, I remembered what Madeline had tried to say to me the day she died. “You've already gotten Chelsea—” She had started that sentence, but before she could finish, I received a call from Chelsea and left Madeline's side. I never gave her the chance to explain.

If I hadn't left her that day, if I had just stayed, my Madeline wouldn't have died with such a burden in her heart. I could've told her the truth—that I never slept with Chelsea, never betrayed her. But life doesn't give you second chances. Now Madeline is gone, and I'll never have the opportunity to clear things up. She died thinking I was unfaithful, that I'd gotten Chelsea pregnant while she was wasting away.

But before all of this, our relationship had been good—really good. I met Chelsea months ago. To me, she was just a young girl who had helped me once. There was nothing between us. That night at the club, she sat on my lap, her eyes reminding me of Madeline when she was younger, at seventeen. I spaced out for a moment, and by the

time I realized it, Chelsea had kissed me. If Madeline hadn't walked in, I wouldn't have kissed her back.

But Madeline did walk in.

After I gained wealth and fame, I met a lot of men from elite circles. They had many women, yet those women always seemed happy, content. My friends mocked me for being "whipped" because I only had eyes for Madeline. At first, I didn't care. Madeline was my everything, and I gladly put her above anyone else. But over time, their comments got to me. I began wondering—was I spoiling her too much?

That night at the club, Madeline caused a scene, arguing with me in front of all my friends. She even threatened to leave me. Embarrassed and angry, I decided to teach her a lesson by giving her the silent treatment, hoping she'd come crawling back, apologizing. To make her feel threatened, I let Chelsea move into our villa. I wanted her to feel insecure, to stop her from constantly talking about leaving.

But I never imagined that my childish decision would push her away for good. I regret it deeply. After she passed, I realized that nothing—my reputation, my wealth—mattered compared to her. I would've thrown it all away just to have her back. But I couldn't even visit her grave. Her best friend, Tanya, wouldn't tell me where she was buried. She knew Madeline wouldn't want me there.

At first, I pretended she was still alive, that she would come back. But when I could no longer lie to myself, the crushing reality sank in. I wanted nothing more than to join her, but I wasn't ready yet. Not until the people who hurt her suffered as they deserved.

I released all the videos Madeline left me. The one Chelsea sent her—the one that pushed her over the edge—I made sure that went public too. My scandal with Chelsea had already made headlines, but with these videos, it went viral.

People called me a jerk, a cheater. They were right. I was a terrible husband, and I didn't deserve Madeline. The hate poured in, but I accepted it.

The real fury, gh, was reserved for Chelsea. People despised her. They dug into her past, cursed her out, and wished her nothing but misery. Her career as an influencer fell apart, and soon after, she found herself shunned by society. She tried to make things right, even faked a few more suicide attempts, but nobody believed her anymore.

Her mom, Ms. Harris, who had been so proud when Chelsea attached herself to me, saw her daughter's downfall and didn't care anymore. When Chelsea got kicked out of school, Ms. Harris sold her off to some old bachelor for fifteen thousand dollars, using the money to help her son get married.

That old man treated Chelsea kindly at first, but when he learned about her past and her miscarriage, he became violent, Chelsea was penniless, unable to repay the debt. He

beat her daily, and the abuse finally drove her to snap. She stabbed her mother in a fit of rage and was sentenced to death.

She deserved it. Everyone who hurt Madeline has paid the price—everyone except me. I still have a debt to settle.

On the day Chelsea was executed, I swallowed a whole bottle of sleeping pills. and slit my wrist.

Madeline, I'm coming to make things right.