

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

The Most Chapter 03

Just as I was about to turn and walk away, Alexander's Alexander's voice cut through the air.

"Madeline, how long are you going to throw this tantrum?"

He stepped closer, gripping my wrist tightly, catching me off guard. His once captivating dark eyes now burned with anger and hostility. "Stop threatening to leave! If you do, the company will cut off funding for the Sunrise Orphanage!"

I froze, disbelief coursing through me. I never expected Alexander would wield the orphanage's funding as a weapon against me.

I lost my parents when I was just over a year old. My brother and I grew up at the Sunrise Orphanage. My biggest dream as a child was to make enough money one day so the kids there could wear new clothes and never go hungry.

Later, I joined Alexander in his business ventures. We squeezed into a cramped basement, where he kissed me passionately, promising that once he made it big, he'd make sure the orphanage kids had happy childhoods.

When he finally achieved success, he kept that promise. He expanded the Sunrise Orphanage and donated generously each year. Seeing the smiles on those kids' faces filled me with warmth and hope.

But now, I was blindsided by the realization that the precious warmth he once offered could be twisted into a threat.

I hated feeling cornered.

In the final moments of my life, I didn't want to share a roof with Alexander and Chelsea, but his power loomed over me like a dark cloud. I feared he would cut off the orphanage's funding and hurt the kind woman who had cared for me like a mother, leaving me no choice but to comply.

As I remained silent, his anger seemed to wane just a little.

Suddenly, his phone rang insistently. It was Chelsea, on the other end, whining about a stomachache. He hurried out of the bedroom, leaving me alone.

"Buddy..."

Just as he stepped out, my golden retriever, whom I'd raised for twelve years, limped in.

After our fight in the private room, hadn't returned to the yard; I went straight to a hotel, leaving Buddy behind. The house staff knew how much I adored him and took good care of him. In the ten days I'd been gone, he'd put on a bit of weight.

Buddy sensed my sadness and curled up his injured leg, half-sitting in front of me, nudging my hand gently with his head.

I knew he was trying to comfort me.

I hated feeling this way, but Alexander's favoritism toward Chelsea was tearing me apart.

I couldn't bear the thought of parting with Buddy. His clumsy attempts to cheer me up broke down my defenses, and I couldn't hold back my tears any longer.

I hugged him tightly, letting the floodgates open.

"Buddy, it feels like he's changed. I thought a heart could only hold one person at a time. When someone says they love you, it should last forever. I never imagined he could fall for another girl. He should have waited a little longer. I won't take up too much of his time, but he won't even wait a month. Why is he in such a rush?"

My tears fell onto Buddy's soft fur, and I could see the worry in his eyes, glistening with moisture as well.

He nudged my palm again, as if pleading for me to find some happiness.

I didn't want Buddy to share in my sadness. After squeezing him one more time, I reluctantly returned him to his little bed.

The pain in my body persisted, even after taking painkillers, and I tossed and turned until I finally succumbed to a restless sleep.

In my dreams, I was seventeen again, reliving a nightmare. Alexander's gambling-addicted father, fueled by anger and alcohol, lunged at him with a knife. As I watched the blade glint ominously in the dim light, fear gripped me, but my instinct to protect Alexander overwhelmed it. Without thinking, I jumped in front of him.

The knife cut my left shoulder, and Alexander went wild, unleashing his fury on his father. My injury wasn't severe, but the normally wild and fearless boy collapsed into my arms, sobbing like a child.

"Don't ever do something so reckless again," he begged, his voice breaking. "I can't lose you. Without you, life means nothing."

At eighteen, I believed Alexander loved me deeply.

But now, at twenty-eight, he was willing to hurt me for someone else.

He used to fear for my safety, but now, when I told him I was dying, he looked at me with annoyance, as if my suffering was an inconvenience.

I jolted awake, clutching my aching chest.

The scent of Chelsea's perfume hung in the air, heavy and suffocating. I couldn't take it anymore; I needed fresh air.

As I stepped outside, horror seized me. There was Chelsea, kicking my loyal Buddy down the stairs from the second floor!