

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

The Most Chapter 05

“Buddy!”

I saw a flash of pain in Alexander’s eyes, but he didn’t push me to apologize to Chelsea. Instead, he turned to her, his gaze growing cold.

“Chelsea, why did you kick Buddy to death?”

“I...” Chelsea, used to being coddled by him, now looked panicked at his sudden harshness. But just as quickly, she returned to her helpless act.

“I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to...” She shook her head, tears streaming down her face as if she were the one who’d been hurt.

“I was in pain, trying to find you. Then Buddy jumped on me, barking and biting. I was so scared, I just... pushed him down the stairs! I never thought he’d die! I swear I didn’t want to hurt him!”

Her sobs grew more dramatic, making it hard for her to speak clearly.

“You’re lying! I saw it all! Buddy didn’t You him down the stairs attack vok on purpose!”

I couldn’t stand the thought of my Buddy dying in such agony, nor could I let her smear his memory. I thought Alexander would see through her lies—after all, Buddy had saved his life.

But then I heard him say, “Madeline, can’t you let it go? Chelsea said Buddy was attacking her! If that’s the case, she was just trying to defend herself. She didn’t do it on purpose. It’s just a dog. You can’t compare a dog’s life to a person’s safety!”

I was stunned.

Tears welled up in my eyes, but I couldn’t let them fall. My heart ached so much I felt like I’d lost the ability to cry.

I couldn’t believe he was downplaying Buddy’s death while trying to defend Chelsea. He’d promised to take care of Buddy, yet now he was treating it like it was no big deal.

A dog’s life is short—Buddy was already thirteen and had been struggling for the last couple of years with old injuries. How could he have attacked anyone?

Alexander was smart; he knew Chelsea was lying. But he refused to question her.

I looked at him, feeling empty and lost.

The eighteen-year-old Alexander, who lived on scraps and treated me like a treasure, was gone. The man standing before me now wore an expensive suit, his heart seemingly changed along with his wardrobe.

I barely recognized him anymore—and I was afraid to love him.

“Alexander, she hurt me so bad! Am I going to die? I’m so scared!” Chelsea whimpered, snuggling against him, acting fragile.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take you to the hospital right now!” He scooped her up. without a second thought and rushed out.

Watching him rush to Chelsea’s side, I felt. a wave of bitterness wash over me.

She had only minor injuries, yet he acted like she was on the brink of death.

Meanwhile, I was dying of pancreatic cancer, and he treated me like I was being unreasonable.

It was laughable.

The man who had promised to love me until the end was now pouring his affection. into someone else, leaving me with nothing.

So I decided I didn’t want him anymore.

I started to laugh—a harsh, bitter laugh.

But it didn’t bring me joy; as I laughed, blood trickled from my lips.

I didn’t want to dirty Buddy’s body, so I wiped my mouth and took him outside to the back of the yard.

I struggled to carry Buddy, but I wanted to give him a proper goodbye. I stumbled along until I reached my brother’s grave.

My brother had been my rock, and I knew he’d want to be there for me even now. After Alexander and I bought this yard, I had moved my brother’s grave to the hillside behind the house.

With the help of some of the staff, I dug a small hole next to my brother’s grave and gently laid Buddy to rest beside him.

Soon, I’d be joining them on that long road, reunited at last.

I stood there in a daze, watching the sun rise and set, lost in my grief.

After what felt like an eternity, the staff finally coaxed me back to the main house.

They commented on how thin I'd gotten and urged me to eat dinner. But my heart ached. They could see my suffering, but my husband was completely focused on another woman.

I picked at my food but couldn't swallow anything. In the worried glances of the staff, I excused myself to the bedroom.

Lying in bed, sleep eluded me.

Staring at the white ceiling after, I was flooded with memories of eleven years ago. That day marked one year since we adopted Buddy. Despite his own hunger, Alexander bought a big cake for Buddy's birthday, celebrating the day we rescued him.

He had promised to celebrate Buddy's birthday every year.

My brother had teased Alexander, saying he treated Buddy better than people, calling him family.

But now, Chelsea shed a few tears, and Alexander brushed aside Buddy's death as if it were nothing—like Buddy had deserved it somehow.

I couldn't shake the image of Buddy lying in a pool of blood, and my heart felt like it was tearing apart. My whole body ached as if it were crumbling.

I fumbled for some painkillers, and after swallowing them, the pain finally eased a little.

But the agony persisted, and I was drenched in cold sweat, too weak to move, my eyelids heavy.

Just as I was about to drift off, the bed sank beside me, and Alexander's hands found me, pushing my skirt up to my waist.

I realized it was him.

His hands, once tender and familiar, now felt foreign, coated with Chelsea's perfume. I recoiled in disgust.

"Don't touch me!"

Feeling him trying to pull me closer, I pushed him away with all my strength.

"Madeline, what are you doing?"

His annoyance flared as he looked at me, confusion and anger mixing in his expression.

I turned on the bedside lamp, meeting his gaze steadily. I felt empty, not sad or happy.

“Alexander, let’s get a divorce.”

“What did you just say?”

His hands froze, disbelief written all over his face as if I were being unreasonable.

I spoke calmly, like a still lake, “I said, let’s get a divorce.”