

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

The Most Chapter 07

That same night, Chelsea was discharged from the hospital and moved right back into the house I shared with Alexander. He was away on a business trip, but he had made sure the housekeeper took good care of her. Despite everything, Chelsea continued to stir up trouble.

Meanwhile, my condition was getting worse. The sleepless

“Stretched endlessly, and it seemed like every time I finally passed out from exhaustion, it was only moments before dawn. Each day, I fought just to keep breathing, and I had no energy left to argue with Chelsea anymore. In just a few days, I’d lost so much weight that even the housekeepers noticed something was wrong.

They were concerned, urging me to go to the hospital, but I didn’t tell them about my terminal diagnosis. They didn’t know I had late-stage pancreatic cancer. I wasn’t going to the hospital. At this point, even if I went, even if I gave up the baby and started chemotherapy, it would only buy me a few extra days of agony. It wasn’t worth it.

I still wanted to divorce Alexander, though. But every time I tried to bring it up on the phone, he’d hang up as soon as I mentioned it. So, I had no choice but to ask my lawyer to draft the papers, hoping that when he returned from his trip, he’d sign without making things harder than they already were.

At first, I only wanted the house. My brother’s grave and that of my dog, Buddy, were at the foot of the hill behind the property, and I needed to stay close to them. But now, I also wanted some money. I didn’t think Alexander would care for the orphanage we supported once I was gone. I wanted to leave the money for them.

Today, the sun was shining, and for once, I felt a bit stronger. I thought I’d go outside, get some fresh air. But just as I was about to step out, the housekeeper, Mrs. Adams, came to my room, her eyes red and swollen.

“Madeline, something terrible has happened... Chelsea, she...”

My heart skipped a beat. I rushed toward Mrs. Adams, grabbing her hands tightly.

“What did she do this time?”

She could barely speak through her tears. “She had Mr. Daniel’s grave dug up... and your dog’s too. She said Alexander gave her permission, that he’s always indulged her, and we couldn’t stop her.”

Her words hit me like a sledgehammer. The room spun, and I thought I might faint. Mrs. Adams only ever referred to my brother, Daniel, as “Mr. Daniel.” Hearing his name, knowing what had happened... it was like my soul was being ripped apart.

I knew Alexander’s heart wasn’t mine anymore. I knew he wasn’t the man I had fallen in love with, but I never imagined he would allow Chelsea to desecrate the graves of my brother and Buddy.

“Chelsea said she’s been having nightmares,” Mrs. Adams continued, her voice shaky. “She told us some so-called expert advised her to plant peach trees in the back garden to cleanse the bad energy, so she had Mr. Daniel’s grave dug up.”

I barely heard the rest. All I could think about was my brother’s grave. Chelsea had torn apart his final resting place. Daniel, who had saved her life all those years ago, now disrespected in death.

My body trembled with rage. I wanted to scream, to fly straight to her and stop this madness. But my body, broken and frail, couldn’t keep up with the storm inside me. I coughed up blood, my throat filled with a metallic taste that only fueled my anger.

“Ms. Madeline! Are you okay?” Mrs. Adams rushed to my side, her hands shaking as she tried to steady me. Her tears only made things worse.

“I’m c—calling Alexander right now, we’re going to the hospital,” she said through sobs. “Are you sick? We need to get you checked out.”

“I’m not going to the hospital,” I snapped, wiping the blood from my lips. “I need to see Daniel. Please, take me to the back hill. I’m begging you.”

Mrs. Adams hesitated, torn between her desire to take me to the hospital and knowing how much this meant to me. With a heavy sigh, she nodded and helped me downstairs.

The walk to the back hill was long, far too long for my weak body. We had the driver bring the car around, but it still took several minutes to reach the base of the hill. When we finally arrived, my heart sank.

There, at the foot of the hill, were two excavators. The graves were already destroyed. Where Daniel and Buddy had once rested peacefully, small peach tree saplings had taken their place. My dog’s remains had been shredded by the machines and tossed into the nearby river, lost forever. Daniel’s tombstone had been shattered, and his urn... his urn was broken, ashes scattered everywhere.

“Buddy... Daniel...” My knees buckled, and I collapsed, cradling the broken pieces of Daniel’s urn. Tears poured down my face as I tried, hopelessly, to gather what was left of him.

My brother had been the best person I knew, the kind of man who would throw himself into danger to save others. He was a hero, and now, even in death, he couldn't find peace. All because of Chelsea.

Mrs. Adams and the other housekeepers knelt beside me, trying to help me gather Daniel's ashes into a new box. They were crying, too, wiping away tears as they worked.

Suddenly, I heard Chelsea's voice, dripping with disdain.

"How disgusting."

She stood there, staring at me like I was the one at fault. My hands trembled, but I set down Daniel's box and stood up, slapping her hard across the face.

"How dare you!"

Chelsea's eyes blazed with fury as she clutched her cheek. "What gives you the right to hit me? No wonder Alexander's sick of you. If I were him, I'd be done with you too. You're nothing but a bitter, dying woman.

I slapped her again, harder this time. "Daniel saved your life, Chelsea! He died for you!"

"Did I ask him to?" she shot back, her voice venomous. "I never wanted him to play the hero. Stop trying to guilt me over something I didn't ask for."

My body shook with anger. "How could you? How could you do this to him?"

"I'm about to marry Alexander," Chelsea said, her tone sharp. "This house is going to be mine. And I'm not about to live in a place haunted by dead people. It's bad luck."

I slapped her a third time, putting everything I had left into it. "The only bad luck here is you, Chelsea!"

Just then, her phone rang, and she answered it on speaker. It was Alexander.

"Alex..." she whimpered, tears streaming down her face. "It's M—Madeline. She's being cruel to me, hitting me over and over just because I planted some peach trees. You told me I could."

I heard his voice, cold and detached.

"Chelsea, don't cry. I told you, you can plant whatever you want. Don't worry about anyone else."

My hands clenched into fists as his words echoed in my mind. Like this house, this life, was his alone, as if I'd never stood by his side through the worst of it.

With tears blurring my vision, I bent down and picked up Daniel's remains, clutching them tightly.

"Alexander, your precious Chelsea... she dug up my brother's grave."