

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

The Most Chapter 08

“She won’t end up well! And I will never forgive you!”

Chelsea had already hung up the phone. As I held the box in my arms, memories of that day flooded my mind—the day ten years ago when my brother, Daniel, was crushed under a fallen chandelier, his body broken beyond recognition. Tears rolled down my cheeks again, unstoppable.

Once, I desperately wanted this house- because Daniel and my dog, Buddy, were buried at the foot of the hill behind it. This yard had felt like my home, my sanctuary. But to Alexander, it was just another asset he’d bought. Now, he had Chelsea living here too, probably even promising her this place as their future home.

The house tainted. It wasn’t mine was anymore.

But that didn’t mean I had no home.

As long as I had Daniel, I had a place to belong.

“Daniel, I’m taking you home.”

I clutched the box tighter, my steps wooden as I passed through the back door, then the front. I wasn’t coming back here. I would die next to my brother, not in Alexander’s house.

“Madeline...” Mrs. Adams and the housemaids looked at me with deep concern, but there was something about the determined look on my face that stopped them from saying more. I was leaving, and nothing they could say or do would change that.

But as I stepped outside the house, the overwhelming question hit me: Where do I take Daniel now?

And then it came to me—the orphanage.

The kids there adored me, and Miss Martha, the head of the orphanage, who had never married, loved me like her own daughter. The Morning Star Orphanage had always been a second home to me and Daniel. That’s where we belonged.

I was moving so slowly. It took over an hour just to walk from the hill to the front gate of the yard. By the time I stepped outside, a swarm of reporters rushed toward me, surrounding me completely.

“Madeline, is it true that you assaulted Chelsea out of jealousy?”

“As a woman of wealth, do you believe yourself to be exempt from the law?”

“Chelsea is young and innocent. How could you subject her to such mistreatment?”

Their voices were loud, questions piling up, making my head spin. My thoughts slowly started to clear, realizing that something must’ve happened online. I fumbled for my phone and quickly searched for my name.

It was all over the internet.

I was trending—for slapping Chelsea.

Chelsea was a well-known influencer now, with over three million followers. Of course, with Alexander’s resources, she’d risen to fame quickly. An hour ago, she’d posted a video. In it, I looked like a vengeful villain, slapping her again and again. The video was muted, so no one could hear the awful things she’d said to me. What they saw was a frail, bitter woman striking a younger, prettier girl, who cried pitifully in response.

Her fans were outraged.

“How dare she hit Chelsea?!”

“Typical rich woman thinking she can get away with anything.”

“Ugh, she’s jealous because Chelsea’s younger and prettier!”

“Madeline looks like an evil witch. No wonder Alexander prefers Chelsea.”

“She’s disgusting! She should just die!”

Reading those comments made me feel both sad and amused. These people knew nothing about me or my life. Yet, they were so eager to judge, to tear me down from the comfort of their screens.

But I had to give credit to Chelsea. It took a special kind of boldness, or stupidity, for a homewrecker to rally the internet against the wife she was replacing. If only they knew the truth.

I didn’t care what they thought of me anymore. I was done with Alexander, done with all of it. But as long as our divorce wasn’t final, Chelsea would still be nothing but a mistress—a fact she conveniently ignored in her online narrative.

“Madeline, is it true that you attacked

Chelsea out of jealousy because she is now involved with Alexander?” a young male

reporter yelled, his voice sharp and accusing.

The way he asked, as if defending Chelsea's honor, made me laugh bitterly. My brother had saved her life, and she had repaid him by digging up his grave.

They had no idea.

"Before you jump to conclusions, maybe you should do some research. I've been trying to divorce Alexander, but he refuses to sign the papers."

All the reporters fell silent, stunned.

Most people didn't know Alexander was married. We had kept our relationship private, even though he'd once treated me like I was his whole world. But lately, it was Chelsea flaunting their love on every social media platform, making it look like they were about to tie the knot.

"Y-You're still married to Alexander?" one of them stammered, trying to wrap his head around it. "Doesn't that make Chelsea...?"

"Yes," I said, unflinching. "She's the other woman."

A murmur rippled through the crowd. Finally, one reporter asked, "Is that why you're divorcing him?"

"Yes," I said plainly. "That's part of it."

"Then why did you hit Chelsea?" someone else asked. "Is it just because of the affair?"

"No," I whispered, my voice steady, but my heart breaking all over again. I brushed some dust off Daniel's urn, then met their eyes. "The reason I slapped her is because she dug up my brother's grave."

Gasps filled the air.

"My brother, Daniel, was a firefighter. Ten years ago, he died while saving a little girl's life. That girl... was Chelsea." I swallowed hard, fighting the tears. "Even if she doesn't feel grateful, the least she could do was leave him in peace. Instead, she desecrated his grave."

A murmur of shock spread among the reporters.

"Wait-Daniel? As in, the hero who saved that girl during the fire?" one older journalist suddenly exclaimed. "I remember that night. He was a real hero, and that little girl... that was Chelsea?"

“How could she do this to the man who saved her?” another reporter blurted out.

I didn’t respond. I had no answer for that. How could someone be so heartless?

“Madeline, are you really going through with the divorce?” a reporter asked, hesitating.

“Yes,” I answered softly. That was my final wish—to sever all ties with Alexander before I died. But just as I was about to say more, a wave of metallic bitterness surged up my throat. Before I could stop it, blood gushed from my mouth.

“Madeline!” several voices cried out at once.

“Why are you bleeding?” one of them asked, horror in his voice.

“B—Because I’m dying...”

I needed to take Daniel home. That was all I could think about.

Clutching the box, I tried to walk away. But the pain in my abdomen spread quickly, tearing through me like fire. I doubled over, gasping, as darkness began to close in on my vision.

Someone screamed, “There’s blood on her dress! She’s bleeding everywhere!”

I looked down. The lower half of my dress was soaked with red. I pressed my hands to my belly. The child inside me... slipping away, just like everything else.

I tried to hold on, but the pain was too much. My legs gave out, and the world went black.