

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

## **The Most Chapter 09**

“Madeline...”

When I woke up, I was already in the hospital. My best friend, Tanya, was gripping my hand tightly, her eyes swollen and red from crying. As soon as she saw me wake up, she rushed over and hugged me fiercely, sobbing uncontrollably, like a lost child.

“W–Why didn’t you tell me you were sick?” she cried. “How could Alexander treat you like this? He promised us he’d take care of you, that he’d never hurt you! How could he go behind your back and bring a mistress into your home?”

Tanya grew up in the orphanage with me. At least I had a brother, but she was all

alone. No family at all. We weren’t related by blood, but she was closer to me than any sister could be. Seeing her cry like that broke my heart even more.

I didn’t tell Tanya my illness because I didn’t want her to worry. But now that I’m dying, there’s no way to hide it anymore.

She even called my brother ‘brother.’ “How could he let that snake, Chelsea, dig up my brother’s grave?” Tanya’s voice cracked with anger.

Her words jolted me awake. The last thing I remembered before passing out was holding my brother’s ashes. I looked around quickly, terrified I might have dropped the box, but then I saw it on the table next to me—thankfully, untouched.

“Thank God...” I muttered under my breath. My brother’s ashes were safe.

I look at her, “Tanya, please don’t cry. I don’t care about Alexander anymore. But, once I’m gone, can you do me a favor? Bury me next to my brother,” I said softly.

“M–Madeline, shut up! You’re not going to die!” Tanya’s voice broke as she started sobbing again.

“We’ll get you the best treatment. If we can’t find help here, we’ll go abroad! You’re still young—you’ll get better!”

But it wasn’t possible. Pancreatic cancer is called the king of cancers for a reason- it’s ruthless, especially in the late stages. There was no cure. But Tanya was crying so much, I didn’t have the heart to say anything more pessimistic, so I just stayed quiet.

I placed my hand gently on my flat belly, remembering all the blood I saw on my skirt before I passed out. My voice trembled as I asked, “Did I... did I lose the baby?”

Tanya hugged me tighter, her sobs getting heavier. She didn't need to answer. Her silence told me everything—I had lost the baby.

My days were numbered, I knew that. Even if I hadn't miscarried this time, there was no way I could've carried the baby to term. But now that it is gone, I feel an overwhelming sadness.

It felt like everything I cared about was slipping away.

"Tanya, I want some cotton candy," I said, trying to lighten the mood. I couldn't bear to see her crying like that. Plus, I really wanted some.

My brother always brought me cotton candy when I was upset. It was the one thing that used to make me feel better. And right now, my mouth tasted bitter, and I longed for something sweet.

"There's a stand right outside the hospital. I'll go get you some!" Tanya wiped her tears, grabbing her phone as she rushed out.

My phone was sitting on the bedside table. I was so exhausted I didn't even want to move a finger, but there were still things I needed to take care of. After a moment's hesitation, I reached for it.

I sent the video Chelsea had texted me, along with a recording of her sickening voice, to my lawyer. This was my final gift to Alexander.

Even though Alexander had cheated on me, I knew him well enough to know that he would never have called me in the middle of sleeping with Chelsea. That phone call was Chelsea's doing—a deliberate provocation.

I wasn't a saint. Chelsea had killed my dog, dug up my brother's grave, and now she was trying to destroy what little dignity I had left. I couldn't let her go unpunished.

Alexander, despite everything, would feel guilty after I died. We had been together for years, and I was dying young. But once he found out Chelsea had provoked me in such a twisted way, I knew his pride would never let him stay with her.

As I finished sending the message, I was about to set my phone back down when a news alert popped up. It was about me—about Chelsea and Alexander. I couldn't help but click on it.

The video of my interview had gone viral. The tide had turned completely. People who had once insulted and condemned me were now attacking Chelsea.

"Chelsea is disgusting. How can she ruin someone's marriage and still act like the victim?"

“Yeah, and she dug up her savior’s grave?! How do you repay a hero by desecrating his final resting place?”

“It’s like a real-life version of ‘The Farmer and the Snake.’ She’s so ungrateful! Karma’s going to get her!”

“Have you seen Madeline’s old college photos? Chelsea’s fans were mocking her for being ugly, but Madeline was gorgeous before she got sick.”

“She looks way better than Chelsea ever did! Chelsea tried to make her look ugly in that video, but even then, she wasn’t as bad as they made her out to be.”

I scrolled through the comments, feeling strangely calm. I had predicted this outcome when those reporters confronted me. Chelsea had tried to manipulate public opinion to ruin me, but she forgot one crucial thing—she was the mistress.

Mistresses were despised by society, no matter how much they tried to justify themselves. And no amount of crying or playing the victim could change that.

Suddenly, the hospital door burst open. Chelsea stormed in, followed by her mother, Ms. Harris, both of them glaring at me with pure hatred.

“You homewrecker!” Ms. Harris spat.

“How dare you spread lies about my daughter online and turn the public against her?!”

Chelsea sneered, her eyes filled with malice. “You just love playing the victim, don’t you, Madeline? No wonder you’re dying of cancer. It’s karma!”

I couldn’t help but laugh. It was absurd.

“Chelsea, aren’t you the mistress?” I asked, my voice cold.

“You!” Chelsea’s face turned red with anger, but she quickly composed herself. She placed a hand on her belly, smirking.

“The real mistress is the one who’s not loved,” she said smugly. “Alexander loves me. I’m not the other woman.”

“Oh, and by the way,” she added, her smile growing wider, “I’m pregnant. Almost two months now. Alexander promised me a wedding before the baby bump starts to show.”

“And you,” she sneered, her voice dripping with mock pity, “you lost your baby, didn’t you? How unlucky. No wonder you couldn’t keep Alexander.

What man would want an infertile woman like you?”

