

Chapter 2

Looking at my son's familiar, false display of grief, my heart turned cold.

Evan noticed my silence, the sobbing stopping abruptly as he lifted his eyes to meet mine.

"Mom?" he called out cautiously.

My lips curled into a small, almost mocking smile and I walked over to Max's hospital bed. Without hesitation, I yanked the white sheet off his body.

The movement was so sudden that the doctors and nurses standing nearby had no time to stop me.

There lay my husband, his face unnaturally rosy. I even caught the slight twitch of his fingers—a detail I hadn't missed this time.

It was laughable, really. Such a poorly staged act, yet in my previous life, I had fallen for it so easily.

Back then, out of fear of upsetting Evan, I hadn't dared to lift the sheet and see Max's body. I had been too blinded by grief to notice the guilty expressions of the attending doctors standing nearby.

I coldly scanned the room, locking eyes with the lead physician.

This private hospital was already dubious in its reputation. Now, looking back, it was clear Max had bribed them all, orchestrating this elaborate charade.

"Mom! What are you doing?" Evan rushed toward me in a panic. He wasn't mature enough yet, and I saw the flash of fear in his eyes—the terror of his deceit being uncovered.

"Dad is already dead. Let him rest in peace. Don't disturb him," he urged, his voice shaky.

"There's no peace to be had for the dead," I replied calmly, not bothering to expose his lies just yet.

Evan froze, clearly taken aback by my indifferent tone. He had expected a different reaction, one filled with the same blind sorrow from before.

"Mom, what do you mean by that?" he asked.

I ignored him completely, picking up my phone and dialing the local organ donation agency.

"Hello, is this the organ donation office? I have a fresh body here for donation," I said, my voice calm and steady. "Yes, at Valespade Hospital. My husband just passed away. The body is still in good condition. I'd like to sign the organ donation agreement. Please come quickly."

Evan's eyes widened in disbelief as he watched me finish the call, utterly speechless.

"What organ donation agreement, Mom? What are you trying to do?" His voice trembled with shock.

I put my phone down, my expression calm and resolute. "Your father died from a brain hemorrhage, didn't he? His corneas, heart, liver, spleen, lungs, kidneys—they're all still perfectly intact. Might as well put them to good use."

It wasn't long before a few staff members from the agency arrived. They had been nearby, and my request had reached them quickly.

"Mrs. Chase, is that you? You contacted our office a few minutes ago, right?" one of the staff members asked as they arrived at the scene.

I gave them a polite smile and pointed to the hospital bed, where my "deceased" husband lay.

"Yes, that's me. The body is right here."

The staff looked at me with tears brimming in their eyes, clearly moved. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Chase. Selfless people like you are rare. On behalf of the agency, we are deeply grateful."

"It's nothing. My husband was always someone who enjoyed helping others. I'm sure his spirit will be happy to know his body can still serve to help others," I replied.

The staff nodded in appreciation. "Time is of the essence. We'll freeze your husband's body for preservation and take him back to our facility to finalize the paperwork. Does that sound alright to you?"

"Of course, that sounds perfect," I said brightly.

As the team began preparing to take Max's body away, Evan suddenly panicked.

"Wait! Stop!"