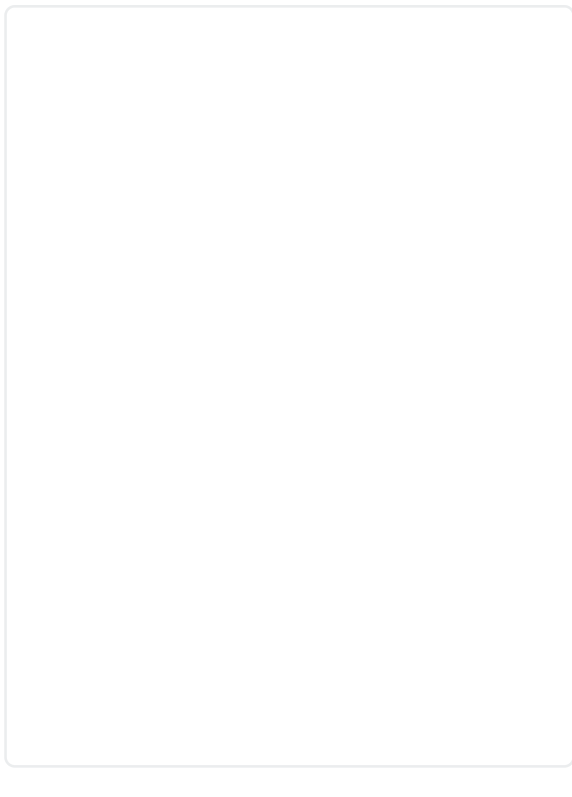




Who Needs Love After Death?

Author: Little Dazey

Chapter 1

Emilia's POV

After making all the arrangements for faking my death, I end the call.

In two days, I would no longer exist in this world.

At that moment, the church doors opened. Twinkle slowly walked over to me and gently kissed my forehead.

"Who were you on the phone with?"

"A teacher from the piano institute. Nothing important."

I tried my best to keep my expression from being too stiff, but I no longer knew how to face him.

He pinched my cheek. "You've lost weight lately. Don't stress too much about the institute stuff. Take care of your health."

There was nothing unusual in Twinkle's tone, and the look in his eyes was just as gentle.

He had been like this for the past three years—the same expression, same tone, just showering me with love.

Everyone envied me because he was cold to everyone else but incredibly gentle with me.

I always thought I was blessed by the heavens to have such a good husband.

But now, I finally understood—he used our marriage as a bargaining chip for Amelie Ashcombe's happiness.

Twinkle helped me sit down on the couch and uttered, "Tomorrow is Amelie's birthday. She won an award in a piano competition, so she wants to celebrate. You can stay at home. I'll just drop her a gift and come right back."

"But tomorrow's also my—"

"Be good. We're planning to have a baby, so you need to rest well," Twinkle cut me off.

I pressed my lips together and said nothing, but the sourness rose from my nose to the corners of my eyes.

We'd been married for three years, and he never remembered my birthday.

Realization dawned on me—he didn't forget. It was just that Amelie shared the same birthday as me.

To him, only Amelie's birthday mattered.

He didn't want me to go. Was it so he could spend time alone with Amelie?

Twinkle gently pulled me into his arms, unaware of the disappointment on my face.

"Our anniversary is in two days. I've already prepared a gift for you. I hope the rest of our lives will be peaceful and joyful."

"Peaceful and joyful," I repeated those words in my heart, suddenly feeling something exploding within my mind.

For the past three years, he'd said the same thing on our anniversary.

I never thought much of it before, but I got it now. His peace and joy were never meant for me.

It was for his Amelie.

"Alright. I'll wait for your gift, then."

He nodded. "Don't worry. You'll like it."

I forced a stiff smile, but my heart ached.

That night, I couldn't sleep. I glanced at Twinkle, who was already fast asleep, and quietly got out of bed.

I walked into the small chapel I had never entered before.

It wasn't big. The walls were lined with verses.

But in between those words, densely written, was Amelie's name.

At that moment, my heart shattered.