

Her Final Vow

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Chapter 1

"Where is Alexis Harding? Is she playing the missing trick again?"

As my consciousness slowly returned, Ryan Wolfe's furious voice was the first thing I heard.

"Mr. Wolfe, we've looked everywhere. There's no sign of her. Do you think something might've happened to Ms. Harding?" his assistant spoke hesitantly, standing nearby.

Ryan's response was to slam his glass onto the table, shattering it against the floor.

"What could possibly happen to her? She's doing this on purpose to humiliate me! All because I gave her a lesson for Lorelei's sake!" His chest heaved with rage, his expression twisted in fury.

At that moment, a soft voice crept into the room from the doorway.

"Ryan, I think I just saw Alexis! And... I took a picture!"

Lorelei Floyd, acting as if she had discovered something precious, held out her phone for Ryan to see.

In the photo, it was unmistakably me, standing with my childhood friend, Scott Caldwell.

Ryan's eyes locked on the image, and he gritted his teeth. "How dare she betray me! She even skipped our wedding to mess around with some other guy? She's really something!"

As I looked at the pure hatred on his face, my heart had already gone numb. He was always like this. He believed every word Lorelei said but never trusted me. I knew he wished I were dead right now, but the truth was, he'd already gotten his wish.

In the cold, suffocating basement, I was tied to a pillar. My claustrophobia made me tremble uncontrollably as I begged for mercy.

"Ryan, please! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have hurt Lorelei! I was wrong!"

But he only stared at me with cold, mocking eyes.

"Alexis, you nearly killed Lorelei, and now you're pretending to be the victim?"

Fear choked me, and I could barely string a sentence together. "No... I-I didn't..."

He seemed bored of my stammering; he wrapped duct tape tightly around my mouth, silencing me. Then, as I looked at him with desperate eyes, he took a knife and slashed my arm three times.

"You broke Lorelei's arm, so I'm cutting you three times. It won't kill you, but it's the price you'll pay for your cruelty!"

Those were the last words he spoke to me before he slammed the basement door shut. I had always known Ryan was cold, but I never imagined he could be so heartless.

The sharp pain in my arm was immediate. I could feel the blood slowly oozing from the wounds, dripping to the floor. But Ryan didn't know one crucial thing—since birth, I'd suffered from a blood-clotting disorder.

Those three cuts were more than enough to kill me.

The basement was pitch black, with no sliver of light, and the endless darkness swallowed me whole. It felt as though a thousand sharp blades were cutting through my heart with every breath I took, and the pain became unbearable.

"Mmm... mmm..."

The sound of my muffled cries echoed in the cold, empty room.

I didn't know how much time had passed before I finally closed my eyes, welcoming the release from this torment.