

## Chapter 5

As I looked back, it all made sense now. His partiality toward Alice wasn't just favoritism—it was love. Because the person he truly loved was Alice, nothing and no one else mattered when she was involved.

Even his mother tried her best to persuade him to check on me, but Grayson wouldn't budge. Then his phone buzzed with a message notification. He glanced at the screen, his face tightening in anger.

"Mom, stop it already," he said, his voice rising. "She's incorrigible! Just because I saved Alice first, she's threatening me with divorce. She says if I don't kick Alice out of the house, she'll abort the baby. She's pure toxic, that's what she is!" His fury darkened his face, and his tone was sharp enough to cut.

Curious, I floated closer to him and peeked at his phone. Sure enough, the message was from me—or at least, it appeared to be.

But I was dead.

I turned my gaze to Alice, suspicion blooming in my chest. Who else but her could orchestrate something like this?

"You ungrateful son!" his mother exclaimed, her voice trembling with frustration. "Are you trying to drive me to my grave? If something happens to Belle or that child she's carrying, you'll have no place to hide your regret!"

"Mom, you worry too much," Grayson snapped. "She's just making threats now. What could really happen?"

I couldn't help but sneer internally. A husband of seven years, yet he didn't trust me or know me at all.

"Grayson," his mother persisted, her voice now tinged with anxiety, "go find Belle. I just can't shake this uneasy feeling. She's not one to act so recklessly."

I watched her, my mother-in-law, with a mix of gratitude and sorrow. Our relationship had always been decent—better than I ever expected. At least she understood the kind of person I was, far better than the man I had married. Seeing the gray hairs now peppering her head, I felt a pang of sorrow.

I didn't want to stay here, tied to this family and its deceit any longer. I didn't know when my soul might finally dissipate, and I had only one wish: to see my mother.

Ever since my father passed, she had been alone. I knew she wouldn't be able to bear the news of my death. The thought of her grief weighed heavily on me, but something held me back—something tethered me to Grayson.

And despite her best attempts to convince Grayson to go look for me, my mother-in-law failed miserably.