

Chapter 3

Grayson witnessed the entire scene with his own eyes.

"Belle, if anything happens to Alice, I will never forgive you for the rest of my life."

From that moment on, Grayson's disdain for me deepened, growing colder with each passing day. He even brought up divorce.

I clung to him desperately, refusing to let go, but our marriage was already teetering on the edge, hanging by a thread.

Alice had always been a thorn between us—sharp, immovable, impossible to ignore or remove.

I looked at Grayson now and wondered: if he knew I was dead, would he feel relieved that he was finally free of me?

Grayson's phone rang. He answered it, not bothering to put it on speaker. I drifted closer, curious. Could it be someone calling to report my death?

I studied his face intently, waiting to see his reaction when he learned I was gone.

But when I glanced at the screen, I froze.

The caller ID displayed my name.

The voice that came through the line was unmistakably mine.

"Grayson, I can't believe you abandoned me to save Alice! I want a divorce!"

His expression darkened instantly.

"Belle," he said coldly, "since you're fine, get back here."

"If you want me to come back, you'll have to kick Alice out!"

"Then don't bother coming back at all. You're better off dead out there," he snapped, slamming the phone down.

His words hit me like a blow, sending a fresh wave of pain through me.

Well, he's gotten his wish. I'm dead and gone, never coming back.

Still, I couldn't shake the question: who made that call? It couldn't have been me.

"Grayson, you should go check on her," Alice's soft voice broke the silence. "After all, she's carrying your child."

"My child?" Grayson scoffed, his tone dripping with disdain. "That baby's father is probably some random guy she picked up from who knows where."

"Even if it's mine," he added coldly, "she and the child together aren't worth as much to me as a single one of your fingers."

Though I was dead, his words tore through me, leaving an ache in my chest I couldn't explain.

He hated me. He hated me so much that when my father died unexpectedly, he didn't even bat an eye.

"Grayson, why don't you just divorce her? You don't love her. I want to be with you," Alice murmured.

"Alice, we're siblings," Grayson said firmly.

"Grayson, do you really see me as just a sister?" she shot back, her tone laced with bitterness. "Don't forget, I'm not biologically part of the Blackwood family."

"Alice!" Their mother's voice rang out, sharp as a whip. Her face was pale with anger. "What are you saying? You and Grayson may not be related by blood, but you grew up together! How could you even think that? You... You're going to be the death of me!"

"Mom," Alice said, her eyes filled with defiance, "you've loved me since I was little. If Grayson has to marry someone, why can't it be me? What does Belle have that I don't?"