



When Love Wasn't Enough

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Category: Romance, Horror

Description: At the peak of my love for Beckham Smith, he chose someone else. While winter's cold crept into every corner of my room, I lay beneath the covers, shivering—not just from the chill, but from heartbreak.

Out there, he was holding another woman, giving her the warmth I once had. When I reached out for closure, he brushed me off as overdramatic and didn't even offer a final glance.

But what Beckham didn't know was that I was fading—slowly, quietly. And by the time he realized what he'd lost, I would be gone for good.

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Beckham Smith had not returned home in three days.

There was not a single message from him.

Tonight was cold; the rain tapped on the window, and I curled up under the blanket, shivering.

My hands and feet were freezing, but my face was burning—I had a fever.

I clutched my phone and read through each message I had sent him.

“Beckham, are you coming home today?”

“Beckham, where have you gone?”

“Beckham, why won’t you answer me?”

“I’m very worried about you.”

I scrolled through our previous conversations.

He had never gone so long without responding to me.

My phone buzzed just as my eyes stung and I felt dizzy.

I quickly opened my eyes, but it was not Beckham.

A red “1” appeared beside the contacts.

I tapped to check and discovered a friend request from a girl’s profile picture.

Feeling uneasy, I clicked on it.

Her feed read, “Beckham is with me.”

My mind went blank, and panic spread through my chest.

I didn’t want to add a stranger, and I wanted to trust Beckham, but before I knew it, I had clicked “accept.”

When I accepted, intending to ask who she was, her response came immediately.

She sent a photo, which I opened.

Beckham Smith, who had been missing for three days, was found lying peacefully with his eyes closed and shirtless on what appeared to be a girl’s bed.

I stared at the picture in disbelief, zooming in on every detail, desperately looking for something, anything, to show it wasn’t him.

But I didn’t find anything.

That was him.

I frantically started messaging her, demanding to know who she was and why Beckham was with her, but my messages were like stones thrown into the sea—no response, just silence.

That night, I sat on my bed and stared into space until dawn.

I finally fell asleep as the first light of dawn appeared.

My head throbbed, my lips were dry and cracked, and I slept restlessly.

I had a nightmare where Beckham was holding a woman in his arms.

She leaned into him, looking playful and sweet, and he smiled down at her with warmth.

His eyes were very tender.

I stood in front of them, desperate, trying to separate them, but Beckham shoved me away with no pity.

I stumbled to the ground, and he looked at me with disgust, his voice cold as ice.

“You’re so shameless,” he remarked.

I awoke abruptly, the pain still gripping my chest; I reached up to touch my face and felt wetness on my fingers.

I had been crying, and Beckham would no longer be there to console me.

Ding.

Another message notification in my messenger.

I opened it, and it was her again.

This time, she sent multiple photos, not just one.

I clicked on each, torturing myself with the images.

I noticed Beckham, dressed in a dishevelled shirt, leaning against the girl.

She was stunning, her eyes sparkling like crescent moons as she smiled for the camera.

Another photo I saw showed the girl taking a picture in front of a mirror, with Beckham standing beside her, his arm possessively wrapped around her waist.

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Then there was another: Beckham in an apron, focused and intent on washing vegetables in the sink.

He was cooking for her, despite having previously promised that he would only ever cook for me.

I lost control, my fingers flying across the keyboard as I sent her message after message, my rage and bitterness spilling out uncontrollably.

“Who are you really?”

“He’s my husband. Do you realise you are the other woman here?”

“Where are you two now?” Why isn’t he returning?”

“You’re a terrible person for stealing someone else’s husband!””

My hands trembled uncontrollably as I sent that final message, and an indescribable wave of emotion washed over me.

I never imagined sending such words to a woman I’d never met.

She said, “If you want the truth, come to Swiss Gardens.”

When I read her message, I jumped out of bed and rushed through my morning routine.

I grabbed the first set of clothes I could find in my closet and headed straight to Swiss Gardens.

My heart pounded with anxiety as we travelled.

To be honest, I had no idea what I was going to do once I got there.

Maybe I just needed an answer and was too afraid to confront the reality of Beckham's betrayal.

As soon as I stepped out of the taxi, I noticed a woman walking out with Beckham.

She was stunning, with a flawless figure, a youthful face full of vitality, and an air of absolute confidence.

Beckham said something that caused her to cover her mouth and laugh, her joy resonating through the air.

The sight was unbearable.

I rushed towards them, blocking their path with my outstretched arms.

Despite my intention to confront them, my voice trembled. "What are you two doing?"

Beckham, startled by my sudden appearance, frowned.

When his eyes met mine, they were filled with surprise and disgust. The girl beside him raised an eyebrow at me, a challenging smile on her lips.

Beckham pulled her behind him, his tone sharp: "Why are you here?"

I looked at him in disbelief. “Who is she?”

He did not respond, his impatience growing.

Instead, he pushed me away, “What are you doing here?” “This is not the place for you.”

His push sent me reeling, and I snapped.

I pushed him back with all my strength. “I’m asking you, who is she?!”

I yelled with all my might, my voice breaking on the final word.

Beckham staggered back a step and glared at me.

“Are you out of your mind?” Look at yourself! Do you have no shame?” He yelled back.

I froze, staring at him in surprise, unable to believe what I was hearing.

He did not spare me another glance.

Without hesitation, Beckham took the woman’s hand and led her to his car.

He waited for her to settle into the passenger seat before starting the engine and speeding away, leaving me standing there, feeling as if the blood in my veins had frozen.

I took out my phone and caught a glimpse of myself: exhausted from a restless night, my face gaunt, eyes hollow, and hair dishevelled.

The sight startled me.

I wandered back home, dazed.

By the time I arrived, Beckham had not returned.

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My mind was racing, and my feet were throbbing with pain, blisters forming and bursting from the long walk.

My entire body ached.

I collapsed onto the sofa and curled up tightly.

My gaze shifted to the small green plant on the coffee table.

Beckham bought it to cheer me up.

He had previously stated: “Succulent is resilient, just like you, who grew up so strong.”

But it hadn’t been watered in days, and now its edges were dry and withering, with a faint hint of death creeping in.

The pain in my body was unbearable, and I suddenly wished for my mother.

As a child, she would hold me close and tell me stories until I fell asleep in her arms, and I wished she could do the same now.

I messaged my mother and asked if I could come home for a few days.

I did not want to stay at Beckham’s place any longer.

Her response arrived quickly, and I eagerly began the conversation, reading slowly in

the dim light that filtered through the curtain.

But my excitement turned to disappointment, and the smile on my lips faded.

She advised me to be sensible.

She claimed Beckham was attractive, had a good job, and treated me well.

She urged me not to be stubborn and to care for my home.

She told me not to throw a tantrum and that if there were any disagreements, I should speak with Beckham.

After all, every couple would have an argument.

She went on to say that if Beckham upset me, I should forgive him because no man is perfect.

But my mum had forgotten.

She had forgotten that when I married, she held my hand and told me that if I ever felt wronged, I should tell her, and she would defend me.

My mother had no idea how badly I was hurting right now...

Being magnanimous and forgiving Beckham for his mistakes was just too difficult.

I wrapped my arms around myself and fell into a restless sleep.

When I awoke again, it was dark.

The living room was completely dark, with no light coming from anywhere.

Suddenly, my best friend Claire Walton called.

I blinked several times, disoriented, before responding.

“Hello, Athena. Where are you now?”

Claire’s cheerful voice greeted me as soon as I picked up the phone.

“I’m at home,” I answered softly.

“Is Beckham not present with you?”

“Mm.”

Claire’s voice suddenly rose in pitch: “Do you know who I just saw?””

I didn’t respond, and she said, “I saw Beckham!”

“He was with another woman, a much younger one. And get this: he was showering her with gifts and spending money like it was nothing! Do you think he is cheating on you?”

Spending money was nothing...

It dawned on me that Beckham hadn’t bought me anything in a long time.

“Mm.” My voice was barely audible.

Claire exclaimed in surprise, “What!” That jerk! How long have you been married

and is he already cheating on you? Just watch me, I'll rip that woman apart!"

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Claire's heavy breathing from anger made me chuckle softly.

At least in this world, someone cared about me.

I quickly stopped her and said, "Please don't go looking for him. I'll find a time to divorce him."

"Athena, you must be feeling terrible right now. Would you like me to come over and keep you company?"

I calmly told her, "No, don't come. It is already late. "You should rest."

How could I not want someone to live with me?

Claire had her own family now, and her baby was only a month old.

It didn't feel right to ask her to leave her child and spend the night with me.

"I've just asked my husband. The other woman is Beckham's student! He's such a creep, stalking his own student.

Dickson, Claire's husband, was a close friend of Beckham's, so I trusted his information, but I never expected Beckham to cheat on one of his students.

Beckham worked as a professor at the university.

With his refined appearance, students frequently confessed their feelings for him, but

he always maintained professional boundaries and never flirted with them.

I never imagined he'd break his own rules.

“Her name is Anna Bright, and she's quite well-known in their class...”

Claire continued to share the information she had gathered, but I no longer wanted to listen.

Then, one by one, notifications from my bank account began appearing on my phone.

I frowned at the figures; it was almost as much as our entire annual budget.

I couldn't wait any longer and called Beckham.

The phone rang for a long time, and I thought he wouldn't answer, but he did.

His voice was cold on the other end: “Yeah, what is it?”

I took a deep breath and asked, “Did you use our money to buy anything for her?””

There was a brief pause before he casually replied, “Yeah.”

My brow furrowed, and anger seeped into my voice: “How dare you spend my money on things for another woman? Do you remember whose husband you are?”

He scoffed, “Your money?” You haven't worked in how long? Haven't I been there to support you? This is my money. “I'll spend it on whomever I want.”

My voice shook. “We're married. “All of our assets are shared as a couple.”

Earlier this year, my company was in trouble. The boss kept piling on more work, expecting one person to do the job of three, and even after hours, we were stuck working late with no chance of a rise.

I lasted a month before deciding to quit.

I remembered how anxious I felt the day I resigned.

With no income and little savings, I felt extremely insecure.

Beckham sensed my unease and wrapped his arms around me, gently stroking my hair.

He said, “If your job makes you unhappy, leave. There’s no reason to stay in a negative environment. I’m your husband; what’s mine is yours. I’ll work hard to support our family, and I’ll always be your staunchest advocate.”

Back then, I completely trusted him.

I put my worries aside and concentrated on caring for him, preparing him a different breakfast every day.

But now he was using my unemployment as a weapon against me.

His irritated voice came from the other end: “Then let’s get a divorce.”

My heart sank.

The phone slipped from my grasp and dropped to the floor with a dull thud.

I had never considered divorcing Beckham.

Beckham and I hadn't spoken since our bitter argument.

He unlinked my name from our joint bank accounts.

My health continued to deteriorate; my hair fell out in clumps, and despite being exhausted, I couldn't sleep at all. I felt like I was getting sick, but assumed it was just a cold.

I went to the hospital and had some scans done, but the doctor told me I needed a brain CT. I felt a wave of panic, my mind adrift and grasping for nothing solid.

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I collected the scans from the self-service machine, but as I was heading upstairs to find the doctor, I unexpectedly ran into Anna. The results arrived half an hour later.

She was leaving the gynecologist's office wearing loose clothing and with her hand resting on her belly.

Beckham was behind her.

I noticed her gently caressing her stomach, and Beckham was watching her intently, as if afraid she would stumble—just like a devoted husband and wife.

I gripped the scans tightly, attempting to turn around and return downstairs.

But Anna saw me and called out, “Athena!”

I stiffly turned to face her as she cheerfully enquired, “What brings you to the hospital?” Are you feeling unwell?”

As she spoke, her arm remained linked to Beckham's.

I didn't want to engage, so I tried to avoid them and go upstairs, but I tripped over something.

I fell hard, angrily kicking at whatever had tripped me; my hands scraped against the floor, drawing blood, and the scans flew out of my grasp.

Anna crouched, clutching her foot in pain.

“Ouch, Athena. Why aren’t you looking where you’re going? “Beckham, it really hurts.”

Beckham immediately knelt to check her foot before standing up.

He looked at me with disdain: “Athena, can’t you stop being so reckless all the time?”

He scolded me without even considering what had just happened, ignoring the fact that I, too, had fallen.

I responded, “Don’t you see why I fell in the first place?”

Beckham didn’t notice my scraped and bleeding hand on the floor until then.

His eyes shifted with a sense of guilt.

I pushed myself up to sit and took a tissue from my pocket to wipe the blood off the floor.

I slowly got to my feet, looking around until I found my scans.

I walked over to pick them up, but Anna looked down and deliberately stepped on them.

I squatted and tried to pull the scans out from under her foot, but they wouldn’t budge. I tugged harder, but they still didn’t move an inch.

Anger and frustration swept through me.

Who did she think she was, this mistress brazenly challenging me, the woman he

married, right in my face?

So I raised my hand and gave her a hard slap across the face.

Anna screamed in pain, tears streaming down her cheeks.

She jumped back, clutching her cheek, her eyes welling with tears as she looked pitifully at Beckham.

Beckham stepped forward and shoved me aside.

I stumbled back a few steps, barely catching myself on the wall.

“Enough, Athena!”” He yelled, “Look at yourself; you’re acting like a crazy woman!”

I responded, “She stepped on my scans and refused to move. Could your bias get any more obvious, Beckham?”

He fell silent, as if he had just realised I was in the hospital because I was ill.

His brow furrowed, and a flicker of concern appeared in his eyes. “Are you ill?”

I bent down to pick up my scans from the floor, hesitating for a moment before saying something.

But Anna jumped in first: “You just got a cold. Do you really need scans for that?”

Beckham exhaled sharply and felt relieved.

“A cold?” Do you have to be so dramatic about it? Anna is pregnant, for goodness

sake.”

I scoffed at him: “What does her pregnancy have to do with me? Is the baby mine?”

I couldn’t be bothered explaining further.

I turned and walked away.

In the doctor’s office, I handed over the scans that I had struggled to obtain.

The doctor inspected them, his brow furrowing tightly.

He reviewed the scans several times before raising his glasses, his expression serious.

He told me I had late-stage brain cancer and only a few months left to live.

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There was a tumour pressing on my nerves, and my chances of surviving surgery were only 30%.

He advised me to seek conservative treatment in order to live a little longer.

I was stunned, but I finally understood why Anna insisted I only had a cold.

As a medical student, she could not have overlooked the problems on my scans.

She had said it on purpose, hoping to keep Beckham from discovering I was seriously ill, fearing he would feel guilty towards me.

But it was better that he didn't know.

I didn't need his guilt, anyway.

I nodded to the doctor and went to get my medication.

I remained calm as I walked out of the hospital, accepting the news that I would die soon.

It appeared that there was nothing left in this world worth holding onto.

I hailed a taxi and returned home.

The room remained dark and shadowy, so I walked over to the curtains and pulled them open.

Sunlight poured in, stinging my eyes for a moment before forcing them shut.

When I opened them again, I noticed Beckham's lilies on the dining table from a week earlier.

They were wilted, lifeless, and drooping.

We chose the cushions for the sofa together, and I chose the rug on the floor in a pattern I knew Beckham would like...

Looking around, I realised how many memories of us were still present.

I let out a bitter laugh, took out a large garbage bag, and began tossing in everything—the wilted flowers, vase, and all, as well as every small detail I had previously carefully arranged.

I tied the bag shut, throwing away the last of my hopes.

After an entire afternoon of packing, I managed to fill only one box with my belongings. As I gazed out at the darkening evening sky, I wondered where I should go next.

The doorbell rang, and I heard Beckham's voice from outside.

He'd come back.

I opened the door, and he stumbled inside, smelling of alcohol.

He collapsed on the sofa and noticed the suitcase I had placed next to the coffee table.

He froze for a moment before slowly asking, "Are you leaving?"

I replied: “We should take some time apart to cool down.”

“Now that you’re back, I’ll return the keys to you. “This is your house; it should be returned to you.”

With that, I grabbed my suitcase and prepared to leave.

Beckham suddenly stood up and blocked my path.

“Don’t go,” he said, his breath heavy with alcohol and his tone almost pleading.

I shook my head, convinced that I must have imagined it.

“Beckham, if you love someone else, just let me go,” I told him.

But he drew me into his arms with a sudden force.

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He was mumbling something, but I couldn't figure it out—and didn't want to.

I struggled violently to break free, but he held me tight, his eyes closed, and his head slowly lowered.

Did he try to kiss me?

I fought back, breaking away and slapping him hard in the face.

The impact caused his head to snap to one side.

After a long pause, he returned my gaze with clear eyes.

He opened his mouth as if to speak, but nothing came out.

I grabbed my suitcase, pushed past him, and left without looking back.

Beckham did not follow; he would not follow me again.

As I approached the neighborhood's gate, I looked out at the bustling street beyond. Cars and people filled the scene, with lights everywhere turning night into day, but there wasn't a single light shining just for me.

I hesitated for a moment before flagging down a taxi and heading to my mother's house.

My father had died early, and my mother now lived with my younger brother, Joe

Abbott, who was already married and had recently given birth to a child.

When I arrived, I could hear the TV playing through the door, and my mother was cooing to her young grandson.

I hesitated for a moment before raising my hand and knocking on the door.

There was a brief silence inside before my mother arrived to open the door.

When my mother opened the door and saw me, she froze, and her eyes flickered with confusion as she looked at the suitcase beside me. I forced an awkward smile and followed her inside.

My sister-in-law, Lydia Amber, who had been happily playing with the baby, saw me and her expression immediately changed.

My mum poured me a glass of water.

“What is going on?” Why are you here in the middle of the night?” she asked.

I didn’t want to explain, and my voice was rough as I responded, “Mom, I’ll only stay for one night. “I will leave tomorrow.”

She didn’t say anything, and I looked over at Joe. When we were kids, I spoilt him the most, always saving the best food for him.

Lydia nudged Joe with displeasure in her eyes.

Joe cleared his throat: “Just one night, okay, sis?” Will you leave tomorrow?”

“Yeah.” I said, nodding.

Lydia pinched Joe and, visibly upset, took the baby and entered the bedroom.

Before bed, my mother brought over a blanket and smoothed out the sofa for me, saying, “I know you and Beckham had a fight, but couples don’t stay angry forever.” Just be sensible and return tomorrow. You can see there is no space for you here.”

I saw my mother busy making my bed, and after a long silence, I murmured a soft response.

The sofa was too small, and I couldn’t get comfortable. My head began to ache again, so I got up, filled a glass with water, and took two painkillers.

I couldn’t sleep, so I sat on the sofa with my knees pulled to my chest, tears streaming down my face. The walls were thin, and I stifled my sobs to avoid disturbing anyone.

I fell asleep just before dawn, but the sunlight soon woke me up again. I sat on the sofa, lost in thought, wondering where I should go today.

I didn’t have much in savings and had no intention of touching Beckham’s money.

I was deep in thought when I heard a knock on the door.

My mother called and went to open it.

Beckham walked in, carrying bags full of things, and spoke sweetly to my mother and Lydia, who both smiled and were clearly won over.

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After some small talk, he said, “Mom, it is entirely my fault. I upset Athena yesterday, so I rushed over first thing this morning, afraid you’d be angry and refuse to let her come back with me.”

My mother, laughing, said, “Oh, of course not,” and encouraged Beckham to take me back.

I resisted, but she gave me a warning look before discreetly pinching my arm.

I ended up leaving with Beckham.

As we approached the complex’s gate, I yanked my hand away from his.

Beckham turned around and rubbed his temples, “Athena, stop causing a scene. Your mother wants you to return with me. If not, where will you go?”

He went on, confidently weighing the pros and cons, implying that I couldn’t possibly cope without him.

“I don’t need you to care,” I shot back. “I could sleep under a bridge or by the river and it wouldn’t bother you.” Aren’t you preoccupied enough with your little pregnant girlfriend?”

Beckham became irritated when he heard my mocking tone: “Athena, can’t you act like an adult?” You’re not getting any younger.” “Exactly, I’ve spent all of my youth on you.”

Beckham's face darkened, and we were at a standstill by the gate.

Suddenly, a familiar voice called out and someone grabbed my wrist.

"Athena doesn't need your concern about where she goes."

I turned and saw someone I hadn't seen in a long time: Maxwell Clinton.

Maxwell was my childhood friend, and we grew up together.

As a child, he was always stubborn, getting into heated arguments with me over trivial matters until his face turned red. He'd do something nice but never admit it.

But then he went abroad, and we gradually lost touch; I never expected to run into him here today.

As I looked at his hand on my wrist, memories of our childhood flooded back, and I couldn't stop smiling.

Beckham was furious when he saw it and snapped, "Athena, do you have the nerve to accuse me? Who is he? Have you been sneaking around with him all along?"

I wiped away my smile and frowned at him, "Beckham, not everyone is as revolting as you. Maxwell and I are just friends." Maxwell responded, "That's correct. In contrast to Beckham, Athena and I have nothing to hide. Everyone is talking about you and your little romance with your student."

Beckham furrowed his brow deeply, ignoring Maxwell and looking directly at me. "Athena, think carefully. If you leave today, don't ever look for me again."

I looked straight into his eyes and said, "Fine."

With that, I grabbed Maxwell's hand and left, unconcerned about Beckham's reaction.

His feelings no longer mattered to me.

Maxwell took me back to his house and explained that he had just returned from a trip abroad when Claire informed him of Beckham's affair.

He came looking for me right after he dropped off his luggage.

My condition worsened, and the painkillers were no longer effective.

Eventually, I couldn't keep it from Maxwell any longer, and I found myself in the hospital, with him right by my side. Each day, the moments when I felt awake and aware dwindled.

He stood by my bed, his eyes red, watching me lie motionless on the hospital bed.

I smiled and enquired, "Why are you crying?"

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“Come on, you’re not that little crybaby you used to be,” I told you.

Maxwell sniffed and replied, with a defiant tilt of his chin, “Who’s crying? “I’ll just get you some food.”

When Maxwell turned away, he wiped his eyes roughly.

I felt like crying, too, but I blinked hard, fighting back the tears.

Outside the window, the cheerful chatter of birds filled the air, their lively song breaking the silence, and I turned my head to look outside, a trace of longing in my eyes.

Suddenly, the sound of a plastic bag dropping to the floor brought me back to reality.

“Why are you back so quickly...” I began with a smile, but my words faltered when I realised who had arrived.

Beckham was looking anxious and flustered, with a plastic bag at his feet and Claire standing awkwardly next to him.

“Athena, I swear I didn’t mean to bring him here,” Claire exclaimed, fiddling nervously with her fingers. “I just ran into him at the hospital, and I couldn’t help it—I started yelling at him and accidentally let it slip.”

I noticed Claire’s frustration and laughed softly.

“It is fine. Perhaps it is for the best. Some things need to be cleared up.

I asked Claire to wait outside for a moment.

Looking at the concerned Beckham, I said calmly, “Beckham, let’s get a divorce.”

He jerked his head up and said, “I don’t want to!”

I gently shook my head, “Beckham, do you remember why I married you in the first place?””

He was taken aback by my question and lowered his head.

I continued, “When I was very young, my father died, and my mother raised me on her own. But she always preferred my brother. I grew up with little love, constantly feeling insecure and sensitive. I was afraid to promise myself to anyone.

“But you were so good to me back then—you brought me breakfast every day, helped me with my presentations, and surprised me with little thoughtful gifts. You even won over my mom and earned the respect of my brother. You promised me you’d work hard to give me all the love I had missed...”

Beckham listened quietly, his eyes becoming redder with each word until he couldn’t hold back his tears, covering his face and sobbing.

I ignored his reaction and continued, “Beckham, since you can’t give me that love anymore, it’s better to let go. It’s best for both of us.”

Beckham lifted his head, his voice choked with emotion, “No, I don’t want a divorce, Athena. I regret it—I regret everything. I shouldn’t have agreed to any of it. I shouldn’t have done those things.”

I furrowed my brow, puzzled by his words.

Beckham wiped away his tears and said, “The truth is that the baby Anna is carrying isn’t mine, and she isn’t some mistress I keep on the side; she’s my ex-girlfriend’s younger sister.”

“My ex passed away last month, leaving only Anna behind. She was assaulted and became pregnant, but she has no idea who the father is. Before my ex died, she held my hand and begged me to care for her sister until she could give birth safely.

“Athena, you know... my ex once saved my life. She ended up with all those health problems because of me.”

The misunderstanding was resolved, but the explanation appeared almost absurd.

I closed my eyes for a moment, then said, “Beckham, that’s your debt, and if you want to repay it, I can’t—I won’t—but the pain you’ve caused me is real.”

Beckham’s voice was hoarse as he apologised: “I’m sorry, Athena. It was my fault.”

“Beckham, let’s leave it at that. I’m not here to argue about who’s right or wrong. I just want a divorce. I’m too tired.”

Beckham paused, his lips parted as if to speak, but then his phone rang. He looked at the caller ID, and I noticed a flicker of conflict in his eyes.

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I gave a bitter laugh. “If you have something to deal with, just go.”

Beckham answered the phone, and his expression immediately changed.

Without hesitation, he turned and walked away.

Claire yelled at him from the door, “Hey, you’re just going to leave like that? If you walk out now, don’t ever come back!”

I texted Beckham, “Monday morning, 8 a.m., in front of the lawyer’s office. I hope you won’t be late.”

Then I deleted his contact information and blocked him from everything.

On Monday, I felt surprisingly well.

I applied some light makeup and had Claire braid my hair.

Looking in the mirror, I noticed a much younger version of myself smiling back.

For a brief moment, I felt transported back to my vibrant university days, before I met Beckham.

I arrived at the lawyer’s office promptly at 8 a.m.

Maxwell waited in his car.

Beckham stood at the entrance, holding our marriage certificate and lowering his head.

When he heard footsteps, he looked up.

I noticed that in just a few days, he had become much more haggard.

Dark circles under his eyes, a pale and drawn face, colourless lips, and an empty gaze—all in stark contrast to my polished and bright appearance.

Anna was beside him.

After several months, her pregnancy was clearly visible.

She attempted to link her arm with Beckham's, but he pulled away.

She stubbornly stood next to him, raising her brow in challenge.

But it didn't matter anymore; I'd stopped caring a long time before.

Beckham asked cautiously, "Athena, do we really have to go through with this?"

I nodded.

"You're not well right now. I can take care of you. Can't we reconsider the divorce?" he added, still unwilling to give up.

I shook my head and looked straight ahead. "No need, someone else will take care of me."

Maxwell caught my gaze from the car and waved.

I smiled. “Let’s hurry up, or we’ll have to wait in queue.”

Beckham followed behind me, looking defeated.

The divorce process moved quickly.

The lawyer attempted to mediate, but no matter what she said, I just smiled and shook my head.

She sighed and said, “I’ve never seen anyone this determined before.”

Fortunately, there was no waiting period for divorces where we were.

When we came out, our marriage was officially ended.

I turned to leave, but Beckham stepped in front of me and said, “You can’t drive. Let me take you home.”

Anna glared at me, tugging on Beckham’s sleeve with obvious annoyance.

I shake my head. “No need, someone’s here to pick me up.”

I walked over to Maxwell’s car, opened the door, and entered.

After that, I never saw Beckham again.

After I was released from the hospital, I decided to spend my remaining time on a spontaneous journey.

Claire left her baby with her husband to join Maxwell and me on the trip. We visited Spring Valley to see the sea of flowers, East Bay to enjoy the crystal blue ocean, and

Egypt to witness the changing of the guard at the national monument...

I regretted not being able to ride horses on the Eastern Plains or visit the Southern Desert, but it was sufficient.

Claire kept me up to date on Beckham.

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She'd reply: "I heard Beckham is drowning in regret now. He drinks at home every day."

When she said it, she spoke with barely concealed glee.

"Anna had the baby-it's a boy, and Beckham is still taking care of her."

"It looks like the two of them have really ended up together..."

When she said that, her tone became even more indignant.

I smiled, assuring Claire that I was no longer concerned about what had happened to him. Whether he was happy or unhappy, it didn't matter to me anymore.

Not long after, I died.

In my final moments, I only allowed Maxwell to stay by my side.

"Maxwell, do you like me?" I enquired, lying weakly on the hospital bed.

He snorted. "Who would like you? Don't flatter yourself."

I chuckled softly. "Good. Don't like me, Maxwell. I'm about to die."

His eyes turned red, and he snapped, "Don't say things like that, Athena!"

His tone was harsh, but his hand, which was hanging by his side, trembled.

I looked at him seriously and said, “Okay, I won’t say it anymore, but you shouldn’t love me.”

I looked at him without blinking.

I noticed his eyes turn even redder, tears welling up, and he turned away, refusing to look at me.

I quietly closed my eyes.

I heard him start crying, no longer holding back.

I felt him gently shake me, but my eyelids felt like lead.

I couldn’t open them, and my consciousness was fading away.

I died.

They say that before people die, their lives flash before them like a movie reel.

But, before I died, I had no memories of Beckham.

All I could see was Maxwell’s tear-stained face as he desperately shook my body, fumbling to press the call button by the bed and shouting for the doctor.

His tears fell steadily on my hair.

The doctors and nurses rushed inside.

I watched as they attempted to revive me with a defibrillator.

After a while, they left the operating room, removed their masks, and shook their

heads at Maxwell.

His six-foot frame appeared to collapse inward as he hunched over and sobbed quietly.

It felt like someone had twisted a knife in my heart, but as a soul, I shed no tears.

I watched Maxwell silently for a long time.

Eventually, he stood up and made plans for my final goodbye.

He honoured my wishes by cremating me and applying for a sea burial.

He lifted his hand, scattering my ashes into the wind, and I became one with the sea.

The scene changed, and I spotted Beckham again.

His hair was messed up, and his clothes were wrinkled and dishevelled.

Empty bottles were scattered in front of him, and he held a photo of me, saying, “I’m sorry,” over and over.

Then I saw Anna, who appeared exhausted and frumpy.

She shuffled in her slippers, her hair carelessly tied up.

When she saw Beckham clutching my photo while drunk and slurring his words, she slapped him twice.

“Athena is dead, and you’re still clinging to her picture every day?”

A mocking smile twisted her lips. “When she was alive, you didn’t treat her well.

Now that she's gone, who are you trying to fool with this act of devotion?"

Beckham stared at her, dazed and silent, without bothering to defend himself.

Anna's frustration erupted into a scream.

I shook my head, wondering why I had to witness this even after death.

But I couldn't deny that I felt strangely satisfied.

My soul gradually faded until I saw Maxwell again.

I touched his face and whispered softly, "You have to live well."

He closed his eyes, a single tear glinting as it fell down his cheek. The breeze caught his hair, and he leaned into it, as if trying to cling to a fleeting moment. However, in the end, he was unable to grasp the wind.