

Letting Go of Me Is Your Greatest Mistake in Life

Chapter 2

When I opened my eyes again, I had already become a spirit floating in the air.

I looked down. Leah was shaking my body non–stop.

“Mommy, please wake up, okay? I’m so hungry. I want to eat,” she said, pleading.

My body was just sitting quietly against the bed. My head was lowered. If it weren’t for the blood all over, it would look like I was just asleep.

“Leah, I’m sorry. I should have taken you away sooner,” I whispered, full of regret.

Even as a spirit, my heart ached so much. It was hard to breathe.

Leah was still a child. What would happen to her now?

“Mommy, are you sleeping? I won’t bother you. I will sleep with you, okay?” she asked softly.

Leah curled up into a circle next to me. She blinked her big eyes. I wasn’t sure what she was thinking. Then, she slowly fell asleep next to me.

At 3 a.m., the door creaked open.

Hudson walked in, reeking of alcohol. He didn’t turn on the lights.

Leah was woken by the sound of the door opening. She rubbed her eyes. She got up and walked out.

When Hudson saw Leah, a trace of displeasure flashed in his eyes.

“Leah, why are you still up so late? Don’t you have school tomorrow?” he asked, irritated.

Leah shook her head. Then she nodded. She stood there, unsure of what to do. "Where's your mom? It's so late, and she didn't put you to bed. How dare she let you run around on your own," Hudson said, frustrated.

Hudson took Leah's hand and walked toward the master bedroom where I had been sleeping.

I followed them, my heart pounding with nervous anticipation.

Would Hudson feel even a hint of regret or sadness when he realized that I was already dead?

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